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Manhattan O.H.
1907-08

Opera.	Composer.	First performance.	Times given.
La Gioconda.	Ponchielli	Nov. 4	4
Carmen.	Bizet	Nov. 5	11
La Damnation de Faust.	Berlioz	Nov. 6	3
Trovatore.	Verdi	Nov. 9	5
Aida.	Verdi	Nov. 11	9
Les Contes d'Hoffmann.	Offenbach	Nov. 15	11
Thais.	Massenet	Nov. 24	7
Faust.	Gounod	Nov. 28	4
*La Navarraise.	Masseret	Dec. 9	5
*Pagliacci.	Leoncavalli	Dec. 9	9
Ernani.	Verdi	Dec. 11	1
Rigoletto.	Verdi	Dec. 20	5
Un Ballo in Maschera.	Verdi	Dec. 27	4
Don Giovanni.	Mozart	Dec. 28	3
Cavalleria Rusticana.	Mascagni	Dec. 31	4
Louise.	Charpentier	Jan. 3	11
La Traviata.	Verdi	Jan. 15	5
Lucia di Lammermoor.	Donizetti	Jan. 20	8
Siberia.	Giordano	Feb. 5	3
Pelléas et Mélisande.	Debussy	Feb. 10	7
Dinorah.	Meyerbeer	Feb. 28	1
Crispino e la Comare.	Ricci brothers	Mar. 6	3
Andrea Chenier.	Giordano	Mar. 27	1
*Parts of double bills			124

To complete the record of the company's activity it must be added that two performances were given in Philadelphia and that there were eighteen concerts on Sunday nights, at the last few of which operas were given in concert form. Twice the opera house was kept closed on Sunday nights because of the enforcement of a rigid interpretation of the law prohibiting theatrical entertainments on Sunday.

A study of the list of performances shows that the 116 performances were distributed among twenty-three operas. Of these four had never been given in New York before (they were "Thais," "Louise," "Siberia" and "Pelléas et Mélisande"), three had been given in New York, but so long ago that they were to all intents and purposes novelties ("Les Contes d'Hoffmann," "Crispino e la Comare" and "Andrea Chenier"), and three, though familiar to the public, were new to the house ("La Gioconda," "La Damnation de Faust" and "Ernani"); the other thirteen were in the Manhattan repertory for the season of 1906-'07. Compared with the preceding season at the Manhattan Opera House the record stands as follows:

	Season 1906-'07.	Season 1907-'08.
Weeks	20	21
Performances	113	116
Operas	22	23
Novelties (absolute)	0	4

The performances were pretty evenly divided between French and Italian operas; of the former there were sixty-one, of the latter sixty-three. Counted by their places of birth, the list shows seven Italian composers, six French and three German (Mozart, Meyerbeer and Offenbach); the nationality of the operas, indicated by the language in which they were composed (not always sung), was Italian, sixteen; French, seven.

When Mr. Hammerstein issued his [illegible]

November 7—E. A. McDowell's "Lamia" produced by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

November 9—Opening of the season at the Manhattan Opera House.

November 13—Revival of "Samson et Dalila" by Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House.

November 14—Opening of the new Academy of Music, Brooklyn.

November 14—Début of Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, song writer.

November 16—Opening of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House. Début of Arturo Toscanini, conductor.

November 17—First performance of Courtland Palmer's A minor quintet. (Kneisel Quintet.)

November 23.—Eugen d'Albert's "Tiefland" produced by Giulio Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House.

November 27—Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" produced by Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House.

November 27—Henry Hadley's symphonic poem "Salome" produced by the Philharmonic Society.

December 1—Max Reger's E minor trio, opus 102, produced by the Adele Margulies Trio.

December 2—First performance here of Debussy's "The Blessed Damosel." (Oratorio Society.)

December 8—First performance here of Gustav Mahler's second symphony. (New York Symphony Orchestra; Mr. Mahler conducting.)

December 10—Arturo Toscanini conducts "Gotterdämmerung" at the Metropolitan.

December 10—First performance of Alexander Scriabine's "L'Extase" symphony. (Russian Symphony Society.)

December 10—Début of Mischa Elman, violinist. (Russian Symphony concert.)

December 11—Rubinstein's piano fantasia in C major, opus 84; first performance here; Josef Lhevinne with the Philharmonic Society.

December 14—Reappearance of Mme. Melba at Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House.

December 15—First performance here of Grieg's unfinished quartet in F major. (Kneisel Quartet.)

December 17—Puccini's "Le Villi" produced by Guilio Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House.

December 19—Pierne's "The Children at Bethlehem," produced by Frank Damrosch at a Young People's Concert.

December 25—Verdi's "Otello" revived by Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House.

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AT THE METROPOLITAN.

A Review of Mr. Conried's Last Season.

With the performance of last night the twenty-third subscription season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House came to an end. The theatre was opened twenty-five years ago, but in two seasons there were no performances, once (1892-'93) because fire had destroyed the stage and audience room and once (1897-'98) because Mr. Grau and his backers were in financial difficulties and thought that an operatic fast of one season would whet the appetites of the public for the next year. The season just closed was the fifth during which Mr. Heinrich Conried administered the affairs of the house, and with it his operatic consulship ends. The lustrum has seen the tide of financial prosperity, which set in toward the close of the administration of Maurice Grau, reach a phenomenal height without betterment of the artistic conditions, and on the eve of a new administration which has proclaimed new policies the public is wondering what the future is going to bring forth. It would be interesting, perhaps diverting, to indulge in speculation on the basis of what those who have succeeded in displacing Mr. Conried have said they intend to do, but we are concerned just now with a retrospect—not with a horoscope.

The season began on November 18 and covered a period of twenty weeks, within which time there were one hundred subscription performances on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, twenty afternoon performances on as many successive Saturdays, twenty extra Saturday night performances at reduced prices and three special representations. One of the special performances was a matinee on Christmas, when "Hänsel und Gretel" was given; there was a performance of "Aida" for the benefit of the French Hospital on February 12, and on March 24 all the artists of the company were herded for the entertainment of curiosity seekers and the benefit of Mr. Conried, who, following the example of his predecessor, reserved the right of commanding one gratuitous performance and dumped them into a dish of musical mixed pickles for which the public gladly paid double the usual price of admission. The character of the season's offerings can best be studied if the subscription performances are separated from the others in the tabulated statements. The first list discloses the repertory of the subscription season of one hundred representations (the excess in the final column is explained by the double bills), the order in which the operas were produced and the time which elapsed between the successive productions:

REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION SEASON

Opera.	Composer.	First P'f'mance.	Times given.
*"Adrianna Lecouvreur"	Cilea	Nov. 18	2
"Mefistofele"	Boito	Nov. 20	3
"Aida"	Verdi	Nov. 21	5
"Rigoletto"	Verdi	Nov. 22	3
"La Bohème"	Puccini	Nov. 23	5
"Die Meistersinger"	Wagner	Nov. 30	3
"Der Fliegende Holländer"	Wagner	Dec. 2	3
"Iris"	Mascagni	Dec. 6	5
"Il Barbiere di Siviglia"	Rossini	Dec. 12	5
"Madama Butterfly"	Puccini	Dec. 14	5
"Lohengrin"	Wagner	Dec. 18	1
"Fedora"	Giordano	Dec. 19	3
"Tosca"	Puccini	Dec. 21	5
"Tristan und Isolde"	Wagner	Jan. 1	5
"Faust"	Gounod	Jan. 6	5
"La Traviata"	Verdi	Jan. 8	5
"Marta"	Flotow	Jan. 11	3
"Don Giovanni"	Mozart	Jan. 23	4
"Manon Lescaut"	Puccini	Jan. 25	4
"Tannhäuser"	Wagner	Jan. 30	3
*"Hänsel und Gretel"	Humperdinck	Feb. 6	3
*"Pagliacci"	Leoncavallo	Feb. 6	3
"Die Walküre"	Wagner	Feb. 7	3
"Siegfried"	Wagner	Feb. 19	2
"Il Trovatore"	Verdi	Feb. 26	3
"Mignon"	Thomas	Mar. 6	5
"Fidelio"	Beethoven	Mar. 20	3
Total			103

*Double bill.

SATURDAY POPULAR PERFORMANCES.

"Die Meistersinger"	Wagner	Nov. 23	1
"Rigoletto"	Verdi	Nov. 30	1
"Lohengrin"	Wagner	Dec. 7	1
"La Bohème"	Puccini	Dec. 14	2
"Der Fliegende Holländer"	Wagner	Dec. 21	1
"Mefistofele"	Boito	Dec. 28	2
*"Pagliacci"	Leoncavallo	Jan. 4	1
*"Hänsel und Gretel"	Humperdinck	Jan. 4	1
"Aida"	Verdi	Jan. 11	1
"Il Barbiere di Siviglia"	Rossini	Jan. 18	1
"Faust"	Gounod	Jan. 25	1
"Madama Butterfly"	Puccini	Feb. 1	1
"La Traviata"	Verdi	Feb. 8	1
"Tristan und Isolde"	Wagner	Feb. 29	1
"Siegfried"	Wagner	Mar. 7	1
"Manot Lescaut"	Puccini	Mar. 14	1
"Lucia di Lammermoor"	Donizetti	Mar. 21	1
"Tannhäuser"	Wagner	Mar. 28	1
"Il Trovatore"	Verdi	Apr. 4	1
Total			21
*Double bill.			21

Twenty-seven operas were in the list, of which only one, "Adrianna Lecouvreur," was new; this novelty, moreover, was offered only to the audiences of Monday and Friday nights. It was, without question, the most dismal failure which the records of the Metropolitan Opera show, and could not be saved even by the participation in its performance of Signor Caruso. Its choice, like that of "Fedora" in the season of 1906-'07, was due to the presence in the company of Mme. Cavalieri, for whose sake, it would seem, it was possible to produce the one novelty of the season. The bad judgment displayed in this may not have been Mr. Conried's, except by sufferance, but it will be charged up against his administration, as it will against the knowledge and taste of the persons who have used their influence to bring discredit to the Metropolitan repertory. The policy of the Metropolitan administration has for years been against repetitions of any opera at any of the subscription performances. It is a costly policy, in a way, since it compels the director to produce at least twenty operas, and prevents him from taking advantage of a marked success, or from attempting to enforce the merit of a work or performance not instantaneously appreciated. "Fidelio" offers a case in point. It was the most costly of Mr. Conried's productions this year from a scenic point of view, yet, because of the late day at which it was got ready and the prejudice of some of the boxholders against German operas, it received only three performances. At the last performance, on Wednesday night of last week, the curtain closed on the last scene amid an exhibition of enthusiasm for which a parallel could only be found in the annals of the German seasons from 1884 to 1891. A wise policy, looking toward artistic results and less deferential to the whims of the fashionable world, would have reckoned money lost on "Fidelio" as a greater gain than money made with "Trovatore." To some extent it is possible to read the taste of the boxholders and the subscribers for single nights in the distribution of the operas throughout the week. Each of these bodies had of necessity to forego from five to seven operas (again the double bills must be taken into consideration). Monday was confessedly the modish night. Its people, blessed with "Adrianna Lecouvreur" on the opening night, heard only two German operas, "Der Fliegende Holländer" and "Tannhäuser"; they were dispensed from hearing "Die Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Hänsel und Gretel," "Pagliacci," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Fidelio"—all German operas but one. In this respect a phenomenon of former seasons was repeated. From the patrons of Wednesday night "Adrianna Lecouvreur," "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Fedora," Tannhäuser," Hänsel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci" were withheld; Thursday's patrons got along without "Adrianna Lecouvreur," "Die Meistersinger," "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Lohengrin" and "Marta"; the Friday list dispensed with "Rigoletto," "Lohengrin," "Fedora," "Marta," "Manon Lescaut," "Tannhäuser" and "Siegfried"; the Saturday matinee list with "Adrianna Lecouvreur," "Lohengrin," "Don Giovanni," "Die Walküre" and "Fidelio." Saturday night's audiences are democratic and much less attracted by fashion or fad (if at all) than those of any other night in the week. In their case the subscription does not play a large role and it has been the policy of the manager to offer his best operas so far as he could do so without calling for the services of Signor Caruso. Mr. Conried made an exception of the closing night. "Die Walküre" and "Fidelio" were the only German operas omitted from the Saturday list. The others were Caruso operas, viz., "Adrianna Lecouvreur," "Iris," "Fedora," "Tosca," "Manon Lescaut," "Marta," "Don Giovanni" and "Mignon."

Distinguished by the language in which the operas were composed (not always by that of performance) fifteen Italian operas were given, ten German and

HANDEL AND HAYDN CONCERT.

better choice than that of the Requiem Mass, written by Verdi in 1873-74 in honor of Alessandro Manzoni, as the attraction for the midwinter concert of the Handel and Haydn Society at Symphony Hall next Sunday evening could hardly have been made. The work is well suited to show the ability of the chorus under Mr. Mollenhauer's direction, and it is a composition so dramatic that it appeals to the average concert audience. The mass will be sung by the society for the first time since January, 1901.

The solo singers will be Mme. Kileski-Bradbury, Mme. Isabella Bouton, Mr. Daniel Beddoe and Mr. Frederic Martin. The orchestra will be largely increased for this occasion. Mr. H. G. Tucker will be the organist. Seats not taken for the season go on sale at Symphony Hall next Monday morning.

"THE WONDER-WANDER MAN."

Great interest is being manifested in the musical play, "The Wonder-Wander Man," founded upon Eugene Field's poems, to be given at the Tremont Theatre to aid the Morgan Memorial. Public dress rehearsal Saturday morning, the 29th, at 10 o'clock; matinees, Thursday and Friday afternoons, March 5 and 6, and Saturday morning, March 7, at 10. Mrs. Eugene Field will be present at the first performance. The play has been adapted by Miss Eager and Wendell Endicott has assisted in the writing of the book. Samuel C. Colburn has written the music. The cast will be as follows: Odette, Miss Lilla Ormond; Wonder-Wander Man, Wendell Endicott; Hildegarde, Hawthorne, Katherine Foote; Sissy Scott, Miss Cherry Bullard; Lady Buttons Eyes, Miss Sallie Carleton; Pitty Pat, Miss Kohler; Tippy Toe, August George, Summer Dew, Miss Harrington; June Buttercup, Miss Marguerite Mason; Gander Feather, Pauline Pfeiffer; Miss Bray, Miss Davis; Mistress Sans Merci, Miss Roby West; Vase, Frank Mitchell; Plate, Mr. Paul Shute, Clock, Mr. Perry; Thistle Down, Miss Florence Fisher; Tyrolean, Miss Sadie Mitchell; Boy, Mr. McMurray.

Feb ... 1908

Men and Things

We should like to read the memoirs of a barkeeper. There are famous memoirs of hairdressers, chiefs of claques, chambermaids, ladies' maids; "The Only William" compiled and edited a barkeeper's guide, with a thoughtful preface; but we have never come across the reminiscences of a barkeeper, not a reformed, converted barkeeper, but one that was proud of the usefulness and dignity of his calling. What opportunities he has to study life and manners! Paul Verlaine, about to die, regretted that he had not made his son choose the life of a waiter in a restaurant instead of a military career, and Mr. Herkimer Johnson told us only yesterday that he would give anything, as an earnest student of sociology, to tend bar for a month.

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Last Friday night we stepped up to a bar—not too anxiously, yet not with an air of hauteur—and asked for a glass of ale. The weather was propitious: the ale, well kept, was neatly served. Drinking the first glass, we thought of George Borrow's adventures in search of ale in Wales and his critical remarks on the quality of various brews; how he preferred the ale about nine or 10 months old, somewhat hard, tasting well of the malt and little of the hop. Drinking the second glass, we became interested in the conversation of co-mates on either side. On the right there was animated talk as to whether any diver received less than $2.50 a day. We learned for 10 cents more about divers and sub-marine work than if we had taken a course at the Divers' College. One man insisted that the job was worth no more than $2 a day, but he was hooted down.

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On the left a quiet, elderly man was drinking his glass of ale leisurely and munching cheese. The combination suggested to him theories concerning the ideal Welsh rabbit. Should the cheese be toasted? He and the barkeeper were wise, and we learned much about various recipes and different tastes. Truly a well spent half-hour! At no genteel club have we gained so much information at so little expense.

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For one of the barkeepers, a sparkling spring of information, gave astonishing facts and some figures about the effect of the water pressure on a diver far down in the sea. "Do you think I'd stand that weight on my chest for $2.50 a day? Not on your life, gentlemen. Working on old Mother Earth is good enough for me. Why any decent man can earn $2.60 a day in Boston. Am I right, gentlemen?" A guest, who was evidently stranded on the bar, moaned in acquiescence: "Yes; or even three dollars."

• • •

Yet we were more deeply interested in the theories concerning the ideal Welsh rabbit. We have suffered in our time from certain theorists who insist on blazing demonstrations in their otherwise happy homes. It has been said that every man knows he can play Hamlet and run a newspaper. There are few who do not think that they can make an ideal Welsh rabbit. Yet some are so wild as to insist that crackers are preferable to slices of bread; there are some who have individual ideas as to the condiments; there are some who are adamant in the matter of the precise moment when the ale should be introduced; some affect imported cheese; and there are others who put all sorts of strange things into the rabbit. We know one who has been accused of adding a little of Day & Martin's blacking. Shun the experimenter with rabbits as you would the amateur that insists on taking a "really artistic" photograph of you—a photograph that pictures you "in a natural attitude."

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What sort of a thing are the rabbits of Wales? Do the Welsh eat them and then sing bardic strains to the sound of the harp? We have a suspicion that the ordinary rabbit in Boston, or even the less domesticated rabbit of the adventurous amateur is not at all like the real thing. Our suspicion is strengthened by one of the maxims of Morgan Odoherty as recorded by Dr. William Maginn.

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"I like it best," said Maginn, " in the genuine Welsh way—that is the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast beef, with mustard and horse radish, and then on the top of all, the superstratum of Cheshire thoroughly saturated, while in the process of toasting, with cwrw (ale) or, in its absence, genuine porter, black pepper, and shallot vinegar. I peril myself upon the assertion that this is not a heavy supper for a man who has been busy all day till dinner, in reading, writing, walking or riding—who has occupied himself between dinner and supper in the discussion of a bottle or two of sound wine, or any equivalent—and who proposes to swallow at least three tumblers of something hot, ere he resigns himself to the embrace of Somnus. With these provisoes, I recommend toasted cheese for supper."

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We discussed a few evenings ago the charm of old jokes and jocose anecdotes, moved thereto by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's "Rambling Recollections." There is nothing better than a fine old well seasoned jest, and it is surprising that Robert Hinckley Messenger, who was born in Boston a century ago, did not add time-hallowed jokes to the old wine, old wood, old books and old friends in his poem "Give Me the Old." Probably he thought that old friends included old jokes.

Feb. 8. 1908

THIRD TERRY CONCERT.

Cecil Fanning, Baritone, Heard in Recital at Hotel Somerset. *K. L.*

Cecil Fanning, baritone, gave a recital at the Hotel Somerset yesterday afternoon, this being the third concert in Miss Terry's series. H. B. Turpin was the accompanist. The programme included these songs: Handel, Aria from "Julius Caesar"; Schubert, "Der Wanderer" and "Wohin"; Schumann, two Venetian songs; Grieg, "Ein Schwann" and "Kid-Dance"; Strauss, "Caecilie"; Loewe, "Henry the Fowler" and "Edward"; Massenet, "Vision Fugitive" from "Herodiade"; Old Irish, "The Minstrel Boy"; Old Scotch, "Caller Herrin'"; Campbell-Tipton, "If I Were King"; Liza Lehmann, two songs from "The Vicar of Wakefield"—"With My Bible and My Staff" and "The Mad Dog."

Again there was a good-sized audience, and there was sincere enthusiasm over the performance. The concert was one of unusual interest, for it was a pleasure to hear Mr. Fanning, and the programme was a good one of uncommon variety. The voice and the performance of the singer evoked much applause.

The concert next Monday afternoon, the last of the series, will be a piano recital by Miss Katherine Goodson.

Men and Things.

H. N. S. sends to The Herald from Rolla, Mo., a St. Louis journal that contains this entertaining information concerning baseball in Boston:

"Never in the past has a team of champions been broken up in such a short time. They seemed to tumble in a night, and today the stars that brought such honor to Boston have nearly all disappeared, and new and younger faces are striving to fill their shoes."

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This last clause might come under the record published bi-monthly in the Mercure de France, under the heading "Le Sottisier Universel." Here are some quotations from the January numbers.

"They explained by gestures that they were Spaniards."—Le Matin.

"A traveller whose close shaven and elongated face was barred by a heavy brown mustache."—Le Journal.

"* * * when a person completely naked appeared. They found on him papers of identification in the name of Paul Mabry."—Le Journal.

"The Swiss, although they live in the same latitude as ours, have thought to show independence by adopting the German time of day."—Michel Provins in Les Joies.

"In parliamentary regime, the question of cabinet comes from the bowels of the situation."—Le Petit Belge.

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But what are these in comparison with the grotesque statements made by historians, philosophers and other deep thinkers, collected by Flaubert for his "Bouvard et Pecuchet"? A few of them are quoted by de Maupassant in his preface to "Letters of Flaubert to George Sand."

This reminds us of a singular statement made in the last number of Current Literature. A writer is considering the literary career of Flaubert. " 'Mme. Bovary' was not written from any spontaneous impulse on Flaubert's part, but at the suggestion of his two most critical friends, who hoped, by thus pinning him down to a simple everyday sort of story, to check the verbal extravagances which in their opinion had ruined his first novel, 'The Temptation of Saint Anthony.' "

Tut-tut! Pish! Likewise, go to! "Mme. Bovary," Flaubert's first novel was published in 1857. "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," his fourth novel, if the fantastical book can be called a novel, was published in 1874, although some fragments of it were published a dozen years before.

One of the most biting satires ever written against the methods of certain newspapers and against the contents and style of articles published in them is Loyson-Bridet's "Moeurs des Diurnales," which appeared in Paris five years ago in book form, though the chief articles in it were printed previously in the Mercure de France. "Loyson-Bridet" was a name assumed on this occasion by the late Marcel Schwob.

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The opening article is a witty and at the same time withering attack on Sarcey, the dramatic critic. Then follow pages that treat of the origin of newspapers, and these pages are worthy of Swift in his dirtiest and most scornful vein. The list of the "100 good books" for a journalist is amusing reading for one who is acquainted with the topics that exercise the erudition and the wit of Parisian journalists. "The Cravats of Stendhal," "Did Napoleon Eat Poached Eggs or Soft Boiled Eggs with the Shells Taken off?" (78th Edition); "Death to the Saxon Element: by a Humanitarian" (Proposed for the Nobel Prize); "Baudelaire Popularized," "The Psoriasis of Napoleon at St. Helena," "The Passionate Consumptives—a Contemporary Romance," "Chrysanthemums of Fiords," poems; "The Artists of the People," Whistler; "Grand Almanach Gotha of Parvenus," "The Complete Manicure," with reproductions in heliogravure of the nails of Napoleon, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Buffalo Bill, Taine, Tolstoi, Duse, Dreyfus, Joseph Chamberlain and others; "Nietzsche Condensed for Society People."

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The quotations from Parisian journals are delightful. François Coppee did not hesitate to write: "Miss Acacian is a budding star who sings with a masterly hand." We find in Le Journal: "Tall and supple, her profile is exquisito; she uses it to kindle all the masculine hearts that frequent the house."

Here is a fine burst from Le Gaulois: "Dr. Syndon, if tomorrow some relation of Mr. David should meet you and shoot you dead, what would you say?"

• • •

Schwob gave exercises for students in the school of journalism. Here for instance is an item of news: Mr. Jean Richepin has contracted typhoid fever from eating oysters.

The student may develop this, as follows:

Murderous oysters!

The rare poet, Jean Richepin, is stricken with a fever, which, it is feared, is typhoid, but we hope it is only mucous. It is thought he gained this disease by eating oysters.

A leading physician, to whom we announced this sad news, assures us, in connection with this, that not only are oysters to be feared when they are not fresh, but that, especially this year, even the neighborhood of oyster beds is very dangerous.

This reminds us that our distinguished colleague, Mr. Leon Daudet, has also been a victim of typhoid fever contracted from oysters eaten at Venice.

There cannot be too great distrust of this delicious, but murderous mollusk.

Feb ... 1908

KNEISEL QUARTET IN FOURTH CONCERT

Miss Katharine Goodson Pianist, Assists in Pleasing *K. L.* Programme.

The Kneisel quartet, assisted by Miss Katharine Goodson, pianist, gave its fourth concert of the season last evening in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows: Cesar Franck, two movements from quartet in D major; Strauss, sonata in F major for piano and 'cello; Beethoven, quartet in C sharp minor, op. 131.

A well contrasted programme, for there could hardly have been a greater divergence between any two of its numbers, yet they stood well together. The two movements—larghetto and scherzo—from Franck's sonata instilled a soft desire to hear the rest of the work although it was a praiseworthy and wholly legitimate act to isolate two movements.

In listening to this sonata by Strauss it was difficult to realize that a few years ago his name stood for cacophony to many concertgoers, and does today to a not inconsiderable remnant. It is not acquaintance, painstakingly cultivated, with Strauss' music that makes this sonata in F major seem today innocuous, for it is not cast in the peculiar mould of certain works that have raised an outcry, and, barring one short passage in the first allegro that seems frankly cacophonous, the music is warm, vivid and often of winning melody and sweetness.

The performance by Miss Goodson and Mr. Willeke was brilliant and emotional, and the two soloists were recalled repeatedly to the stage.

If there were any to whom the modern music still seems anarchic, the quartet by Beethoven must have seemed as oil upon troubled waters. It did indeed sound delightful and the performance of it was admirable in the highest degree.

There was a large and most enthusiastic audience.

MR. SCHELLING'S RECITAL

Pianist Entertains with Long and *K. L.* Interesting Programme.

Ernest Schelling, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. His programme was as follows: Bach-Liszt, Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; Schumann, Fantasia in C major; Chopin, Barcarolle, Etude, op. 25, No. 1, Chant Polonaise, No. 5, Ballade in A flat; Alkan, "Le Tambour Bat aux Champs"; Pugno, "Tintements de Clochettes"; Debussy, "La Soiree dans Grenade," Toccata; Paderewski, Nocturne; Wagner-Liszt, "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde."

The programme was a fairly long one, yet nothing could well have been spared from it, unless possibly Bach's Fantasia and Fugue and the Nocturne by Paderewski, and these were the least interesting only by comparison. The programme was well made because there were no stop-gaps, and the hearers' interest was intensely concentrated from first to last by both the programme and the performance.

It was indeed a delight to hear Schumann's Fantasia and the Ballade by Chopin played with evidence of real passion, and to hear the narrative element of the latter properly characterized. Mr. Schelling was equally successful in the French music, of which the half-martial, half-piquant piece by Alkan appeared to give the most pleasure.

In spite of its charm, however, and the contrasting charm of Pugno's suggestive little piece, the two works by Debussy remain the most engrossing of the group, the Toccata for pure brilliancy and the Spanish piece for its impressionistic yet pictorial quality, as of scenes beheld through a haze of enchantment. That this peculiar quality, a characteristic of Debussy's music, should have made so distinct an impression yesterday afternoon is sufficient testimony to the interpretation.

The audience was of good size and was justly enthusiastic, and Mr. Schelling added to the programme.

Men and Things.

THERE has been discussion in New York over the word "wish-bone," and the discussion has excited folk-lorists to pleasing activity. Is "wish-bone," as some say, an Americanism?

The common English word for the "furcula" or forked bone between the neck and breast of a bird is "merry-thought." Why was this name given? The explanations are hardly satisfactory. Here is one from the "British Apollo" (London, 1708): "The original of that name was doubtless from the pleasant fancies that commonly arise upon the breaking of that bone, and 'twas then certainly first called so, when these merry notions were first started." Cotgrave said a century earlier in his French-English dictionary: "'Lunette'; the merry thought; the forked crawbone of a bird, which we use in sport to put on our noses."

Or did the name come from the old custom of two persons pulling the furcula until it breaks? "The one who gets the longer (in some districts the shorter) piece will either be married sooner than the other, or will gain the fulfilment of any wish he may form at the moment." It seems to us that "wish-bone" is the better word.

of the storm

"jerry totter" for "see-saw" "...ng" ever used in New Eng-

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So Emma Nevada's daughter has made her first appearance in opera. An unkind correspondent says she has inherited her mother's voice, and more than her mother's beauty, which was never remarkable, even in the sleepwalking scene in "La Sonnambula."

The mother sang here in 1885 as Amina, Lucia, Elvira, and she sang here in concert that season. She also impersonated that season Mirella when Gounod's opera was performed here for the first time.

In the fall of 1901 she visited the United States and gave an old-fashioned concert at the Colonial Theatre. It was a sad affair, yet she had with her then a violoncellist, Pablo Casals, who is ranked by many today as the rival of Jean Gerardy, Leon Moreau, a composer and pianist of talent, and Daniel Maquarre, who is now one of the flutists in the Boston Symphony orchestra.

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There is an interesting allusion to Emma Nevada in Pagnerre's life of Gounod. The composer of "Faust" endeavored to convert Sarah Bernhardt to Catholicism. "His failure was complete. But he succeeded in causing the divine grace to fall on the heart of Miss Nevada." She was baptized in a Parisian church in 1884. The next year she married Dr. Palmer.

Some may remember that there was a great row in Seville in 1899 when the audience showed disapprobation because she was an American.

Her maiden name was Emma Wixon and she was born in Nevada about 1860.

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A man died a few days ago when he was over 90. It is said of him that he used tobacco from the time he was 10 years old, and up to a few days before his death he chewed a paper of tobacco a day. If he had used plug—but not much sweetened—he no doubt would have seen his 100th birthday. However alluringly the paper of fine cut may be named, the contents scatter, or soon become dry, and never afford the firm consolation of the pressed leaf. Plug tobacco induces calmness of thought and life; it inspires philosophic meditation; nor does it speck and fringe a patriarchal beard. The young should be taught this important discrimination early in life—at home; if not, in the public school.

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The coachmen of "the best families" in Chicago gave a ball recently. The committee on invitations first respected the coachman's blue book, or social register, which includes only 117 names. The Chicago Tribune gives a pleasant description of the ball. The entrance of Miss Victoria Heinz, who honors Mrs. Marshall Field by cooking for her, was hailed with enthusiasm. "Sure enough, it was Victoria, but who was that young man with her? That blonde, slight young man with the firm jaw and the stooped shoulders? Surely he was no coachman. A chauffeur? Mrs. Fields'? Well, let him in. He was in the company of a respectable cook. But he was about the only chauffeur present."

Mr. Clarence Wise, Mr. C. H. Morse's coachman made a sensation in the grand march. He wore a "dinner jacket," a white waistcoat, and a long black four-in-hand cravat with a large scarf pin inserted knowingly in the knot of it.

Mr. McHattie, president of the Coachmen's Benevolent Association, was highly pleased: "None but the best people are here. We do not admit cab drivers. Nobody but first-class coachmen from private families are desired. It is strictly respectable. We do not care either for the chauffeur class."

Many of the coachmen did not dance, but found a quiet place and smoked a briarwood pipe, of the straight stem variety.

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It will be remembered that a like fastidiousness in the matter of guests characterized the "sworry" to which Mr. Sam Weller was invited. The greatest snobs are the male servants of snobs. The wonder is that they can put up with their masters.

GIVES "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE"

Opera Company Produces Lyric Version of Drama, First Time In America.

DREAM MUSIC, DREAM MAETERLINCK PLAY

Remarkable Presentation Is Given at the Manhattan by Capable Artists.

By PHILIP HALE.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 19—"Pelleas and Melisande," a lyric drama in five acts, text by Maurice Maeterlinck, music by Claude Debussy was performed tonight at the Manhattan Opera House for the first time in America. Cleofonte Campanini was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Pelleas.....Jean Perier
Golaud.....Hector Dufranne
Arkel.....Mr. Arimondi
Little Yniold.....Miss Sigrist
A Physician.....Mr. Crabbe
Melisande.....Mary Garden
Genevieve.....Miss Gerville-Reache

A play that is as a dream in which men and women are seen wandering, wondering and unhappy! And they themselves are in a dream. Music that is heard in dreams, elusive music, now vague yet anticipated, now more defined and feared; music of bodement, music that whispers of hopeless love and certain death; music of hands folded in resignation; music of mystery not to be explained.

This lyric drama is lonely and incomparable. There is no predecessor, no forerunner in announcement. There is no companion to it. It will remain unique; perhaps perplexing to the student and the antiquary who will know it only as a strange manifestation of poetic individuality in a material, commercial age; perhaps enchanting future hearers, who under its spell will believe that the period which saw its birth was a romantic one.

And this lyric drama now seems to demand a special, carefully selected audience. There are many to whom the "Pelleas" of Maeterlinck is foolishness, though they applaud the student of the bee and the eulogist of the automobile. If they do not see the beauty of the play itself and are not moved by its pathos, the unfamiliar and subtle music of Debussy will be to them as the babble of an amiable maniac.

Mr. Hammerstein, an opera director adventurous to such a degree that he might be charged with flights of imagination, has produced this season "Thais" and "Louise" in spite of this belief, so firmly established that it is a dogma: an American public does not welcome new works in the opera house.

His audacity saved him. But the two operas are spectacular, alert and dramatic in an accustomed way, so far as the intrigue is concerned. Recklessly daring, Mr. Hammerstein produces "Pelleas and Melisande," which, though it is now firmly established in the repertory of the Opera Comique in Paris, is still a stumbling block to the majority. He not only produces the opera, but he also brings over Miss Garden, Miss Gerville-Reache and Messrs. Perier and Dufranne, who were in the original cast.

This evening the audience might justly be called a special one. It was composed largely of New Yorkers and of strangers—some of them came from afar—who were acquainted with the methods and purposes of Debussy. In New York there had been preparatory lectures by Walter Damrosch, who saw suddenly a great light and the vision of a new form, a new expression of art to which that of Wagner, as some say, is material and gross. There was not, however, the curiosity that distinguished the production of "Parsifal." There were no protests like unto those uttered by the Widow Wagner and assorted clergymen. There was no chatter about irreverence and sacrilege. Nor was there the prurient curiosity that attended the production of "Salome," the salacious anticipation of a sensual dance, the sensual desire to see the erotic pranks of royal perverts. For once there was true curiosity concerning a form of art.

It is not necessary at this late day to tell again the simple story of the play which is known to many readers of The Herald, not by the performance given in Boston by Mrs. Patrick Campbell in April, 1902, but by perusal of the drama. It is the eternal story of two men and a fair woman; of the mismated; of the loved one known too late. But here is no intrigue of a sly adulterous couple; here is no world-defying, stormy passion. The purity of the love between Pelleas and Melisande is ineffable. Only the rude Golaud cannot refrain from vexing the dying Melisande with his questions of torturing doubt. The old Arkel, the incarnation of experience, the mature, contemplative, sympathetic observer of life knows better.

Nor is it necessary, nor would it be advantageous to inquire curiously into the symbolism of the drama. Life itself is a symbol. All that we see in nature, the great globe itself, is an illusion. The only realities are purely spiritual. The sombre forest, the moaning sea, the wind—these are outward phases of that which passes in the souls of these players in Maeterlinck's drama and in those in the continuous performance of the world.

I shall discuss more carefully the nature of this lyric drama next Sunday. At present it is possible to record only impressions made by a performance that on the whole may justly be called remarkable. A quotation from Debussy's reply to a Parisian critic who reproached him with the old reproach of putting the statue in the orchestra and its pedestal upon the stage, may here be made, as an explanation, if an explanation be necessary, of his operatic purpose. First stating that he wished the action to be continuous, and without any interruption, Debussy said: "I wished to dispense with parasitic musical phrases. Melody is, if I may say so, almost antilyric; it is powerless to express the constant change of emotion or life. Melody is suitable only for the song that confirms a fixed sentiment. I have never been willing that my music should hinder, through technical exigencies, the changes of sentiment and passion felt by my characters. It is effaced, as soon as it is necessary that these should have perfect liberty in their gestures, in their cries, in their joy, or in their sorrow."

In this music there is not even the pronounced form of the arioso. The dialogue is at the most a heightened speech, heightened and intensified by reason of the passion within, not for the purpose of a musical climax. Not even Wagner has respected so rigorously the naturalism of human speech.

The musical expression is in the orchestra. There are constantly shifting and impressionistic harmonies rather than the continuous melody attributed to Wagner. The impressionism is in the peculiar instrumentation of peculiar chords that portray a sentiment or a deeper emotion; that now suggest and now affirm; that add to the effect of scene, situation and human speech; that are full of present mystery or hint at the inevitable end.

For the first two acts is seems as though Debussy, by the use of orchestral instruments, as well as by his choice of harmonies, by his continual employment of muted strings and muted trumpets, endeavored deliberately to lull the hearer into a hypnotic state, so that the more agitated music of the third act and the ecstatic passion of the fourth might have a more stirring and dramatic effect and yet not pass out of the land of dreams.

It is now impossible to speak in detail of the infinite beauty of this score, or to tell how Debussy, with an orchestra of modest size, works wonders by his art in the distribution of instruments and by an inimitable sense of timbres blended or opposed.

There are certain passages and whole pages that will strike at once the conventional hearer of conventional opera, as the few measures that follow the question put by Melisande to Pelleas: "Oh, why do you leave us?"; the music that anticipates the coming of Pelleas from the vault that smells of death, music full of air and sun and life, the marvellously beautiful pages of the final declaration of mutual love, and all the music of the final act.

These are perhaps the salient features of this lyric drama, yet they are only the more obvious beauties in a work that is crowded with haunting musical expression of that which passes on the stage. I do not pretend to say that there are not pages which, after a hearing at both the dress rehearsal and the performance, seem comparatively pale and inexpressive, just as in the play itself there are sentences which, read for the first time, seem irrelevant, or useless repetitions, or childish. In a performance that consumes four hours there must be moments that seem wasted or tiresome to him that is not bound by the spell of Maeterlinck or willingly entranced by the harmonic sorcery of Debussy.

The performance was, on the whole, as remarkable as the drama itself. There was one disappointment. The part of Arkel was taken by Mr. Arimondi, a singer of distinction in Italian opera. Obliged to sing in French, he had not mastery of enunciation and pronunciation of that language, so that the memorable words of the old King of Allemonde in the last act failed of their due effect. "The human soul is very silent. The human soul loves to go forth alone. It suffers so timidly. But the sadness of it, Golaud—but the sadness of all that one sees!"—these words, apropos of Melisande's death, were almost unintelligible. On the other hand, Mr. Arimondi's hearing was dignified, and at times he was singularly impressive, as in his delivery of the speech: "If I were God I should take pity on the hearts of men," to which Debussy has set music of awful majesty and yet of divine compassion.

Miss Garden was an ideal Melisande, the dream maiden, the dream wife imagined by Maeterlinck; a shadowy being, sad without reason, sadder with just

PRIMA DONNA; COMPOSER

Mary Garden as Melisande.
(Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.)

Claude Debussy,
Composer of "Pelleas and Melisande."

...ise, womanly, yet not of the earth, passionate without the sensuousness of this world, passing from life as mysteriously as she came into the lives of the two brothers. Her voice was an instrument of emotion. Her speech was exquisite music. There was no thought of admired prima donna; there was no wish to hear her in formal aria; there was the apparition of Melisande.

Equally fine and by reason of the drama's construction still more impressive was the impersonation of Golaud by Mr. Dufranne, a singing actor with a voice of rare manliness and superb timbre, unusually well schooled, and a tragedian of uncommon force and intelligence.

Mr. Perier, a baritone rather than a tenor, was conspicuous by his acting rather than by his musical speech, but his portrayal of a loyal brother drawn by fate into a love fatal though innocent, as the world counts innocence and guilt, was effective by reason of its grace, sincerity and ecstatic expression.

Miss Gerville-Reache was admirable in her reading of Golaud's letter and in the eloquence of her repose.

The highest praise must be awarded to Mr. Campanini for his masterly and imaginative reading of Debussy's score. The orchestra under his direction was a poet of golden speech.

The drama as a whole was finely mounted, though in one or two scenes the colors were a little crude.

A PARENT AT BAY.

One of the chief parental joys of the father worthy of children is to assist the youngsters in their school lessons. At night, after the business cares are over, he lights a cigar and is comfortable in slippers; for many men wear slippers, although these things are said to spread the feet, while cool boots are recommended by some sanitarians. The father says to Johnny and Lucy: "How about your lessons? Can I help you?" The fancied ability to aid them, to show them how easy the tasks really are for a scholar, a man of culture, is a symptom of innate vanity. Parents would fain shine brilliantly in the presence of their little ones.

Thirty-three years have passed since Mr. Guffington entered college. Although he was not an honor man in his class, he had a pretty taste for the languages, and he escaped without conditions in mathematics. He still remembers a few lines in Virgil, Horace, Xenophon and Homer, and he taps out occasionally a quotation in the original, to the delight of Mrs. Guffington, who belongs to several clubs, as the Bulgarian, formed to spread a knowledge of Bulgarian literature; the Silurian, for hearing discourses on geology, and the E. P. Roe Society, devoted to the study of that master's works.

Johnny shows his father a passage in Caesar that he cannot translate, and Lucy is discouraged by a problem in algebra. Mr. Guffington exclaims. "Ah! Caesar? He was one of my favorite authors. His clearness, terseness, modesty are admirable and cannot be too highly commended." He reads a sentence. Johnny laughs. "How funny that sounds! We don't pronounce like that." Mr. Guffington frowns. "Young man, I was taught the good old-fashioned way. 'Stabat' should rhyme with 'a cat.' The so-called modern method, the continental, is a ridiculous affectation. As a matter of fact, no one knows how the ancient Romans pronounced their language. Now, I shall first read the whole sentence to you. Then you must give me your idea of the meaning in English." Mr. Guffington reads after the old manner. As he reads he sees that he has not the vaguest idea of the meaning. Sweat starts on his forehead. Fortunately, Johnny snickers. "I can't help it, pa; it sounds so silly." "Boy, go straight to bed. I will help you tomorrow, perhaps, when you have learned to be more respectful."

"As for you, Lucy, I used to be pretty strong in algebra. What is the difficulty here? It seems to me there are two or three ways of doing this." Mr. Guffington is busy with the pencil. He calls for more paper. At last he says to his fidgeting daughter: "I am not feeling very well tonight, and I am afraid this work will bring on a headache. I'll look at it in the morning." By a stroke of luck, he solves the problem at 11:45 that night.

The next morning Mr. Guffington stops at a bookstore and buys a translation of Caesar's Commentaries and a key to the algebra. At night he is amiability personified, and a fountain of wisdom. He no longer is that frightful object characterized by Frank Stockton as a parent at bay. And as the children grow up, Mr. Guffington studiously prepares himself for their tasks. He hides his keys and ponies.

Little does he think of the inevitable exposure if the children should survive him. They will weep over his departure, remembering how kind, how helpful he was in their school days. "And what a scholar he was! How could such a busy man keep up his classics? How shrewd he was in mathematics!" And, clearing the shelves of his bedroom closet, they will find with an old opera hat and other rubbish a pile of the books that had helped him.

CONCERT FOYER.

New Tenor Is Discovered in the Kitchen of Berlin Bakery; Contest in Paris.

COMMENT BY THE WAY ON MATTERS MUSICAL

A NEW tenor has been discovered in the kitchen of a Berlin bakery. Leading German tenors have been taken from cab boxes, and Kraus began life as a restaurant waiter. The tenors at the recent competition in Paris were field laborers, cobblers, bakers, clerks, hairdressers, stone masons, mechanics, carpenters, postmen, waiters, veterinary surgeons, pastry cooks and dogs' barbers. In other words, if as Buelow asserted, a tenor is a discase, the disease is widespread. Here are some of the examiners' notes: "No. 3, no qualities at all; No. 4 suffers from funk, voice cracks; No. 8 a carpenter, a pretty voice; No. 14, grocer's assistant; all right; No. 22, not up to the mark, sings out of tune; No. 23, laundryman, sings in his throat and often out of tune; No. 27, over emotional, weeps while singing; No. 32, carpenter, but nevertheless has good qualities."

Two competitors were wholly inaudible, and it is said that in consequence the hearers beat their sides and almost rolled on the floor with laughter. But no small coins were thrown to those that pleased and there is no mention of a hook used in answer to imperious demand.

"Ouida" made more than one curious blunder in referring to music. We remember that one of her characters was never weary of playing on the organ excerpts from "Mendelssohn's Masses." The tenor in "Moths" used to sing heart melting "airs by Palestrina." In the same novel a woman remarks: "I never let a maid make a dress. * * * You might as well expect Rubinstein to make the violin he plays on." In another novel a fiddle is destroyed. "Ouida" says that the wooden shell could be restored, but "the keys were smashed beyond all hope of restoration."

The Daily Telegraph, quoting this last remarkable statement, is reminded of a recent English novel in which the heroine Phoebe "would have destroyed her best hat any day sooner than have omitted to sit down to the piano and strike the opening chords of the 'Marseillaise' at 10 minutes to nine"; as soon as her father was in his armchair with his first cup of coffee, she began the martially pious strains of the "Old Hundreth." A family to be avoided by those who are in the habit of visiting!

The Musical News (London) informs us that "Miss Ada Forrest has been refueed permission to perform Handel's 'Alexander's Feast' in Russia, owing to the censor's suspicion that the work had some revolutionary reference to the late Czar."

The young Russian violinist, Zimbalist, thinks that he is not only a man of an ear but one of ears. "When I was only three years old, a well known physician, who happened to see me, told my parents that I was likely one day to become a great musician, and he explained that he formed this opinion from the shape of my ears."

There are Englishmen who even now are not inclined to accept Wagner. One declares that "'Maritana' is worth the whole of Wagner's operas, lock, stock and barrel" He heard "Lohengrin" recently and thought that "navvying was a light and airy pursuit in comparison with the singing of Wagnerian roles." Nor would he "condemn his worst enemy to the singing, or, rather, the shouting of Teiramund's music." "Tristan" to him is "one immense, long, hideous, monotonous discord," and hearing "Siegfried" he declared that "if a coster shouted out the merits of his vegetables in as harsh and unmusical a way as these singers shouted out the story of 'Siegfried,' the coster would get locked up for being a nuisance."

There are several good stories in the "Journal of Sir George Smart," whom Thackeray caricatured unmercifully in "The Ravenswing." Here is one of them. William IV. fell asleep during a performance of "Israel in Egypt." While the duet for basses was singing the Queen woke him up suddenly by saying: "What a fine duet 'The Lord Is a Man of War.'" The King gave a start and said: How many guns does she carry?"

The Washington Star comments as follows on the recent announcement concerning the Metropolitan Opera House:

"Perhaps to differentiate the effects of the Hungarian invasion which the United States is now experiencing, the directors of the big opera in New York have decided to bring in a new brand of European name for public delectation. Gatti-Cazazza will be henceforth the arbiter of musical fortunes in the metropolis. Gatti-Cazazza! Is this the way to draw the crowd to the opera? Is it likely that the hoi polloi will take seriously a musical enterprise headed by a man with a comic opera name, a farce comedy appellation? Gatti-Cazazza! It suggests the seltzer bottle drama. It instantly reminds the hearer of ragtime. Truly, if the directors of the grand opera corporation felt compelled to pick this particular man to lead their forces in Herr Conried's place they might at least have persuaded him to modify and musicalize his name, so to speak. Gatti-Cazazza! It is to sneeze."

The recent performance of the "Ring" in English at Covent Garden under Richter's direction, was apparently a great success. Singers who had been apparently unknown were thus brought to the front, as a tenor, Walter Hyde, the Siegmund, in "The Valkyrie," who, a few months before, was singing in "Miss Hook of Holland." But there is nothing surprising in this. Materna was for some years a favorite in operetta. It may also be said that experience in light opera is of much benefit to any singer who looks forward to more ambitious tasks.

There were some in London who took a low view of these performances at Covent Garden, as Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, who made bold to say: "If I declare, then, at once, as a patriotic music lover, that the whole scheme of the 'Ring' in English is artistically worthless, it may cause some surprise." The Daily Telegraph made this comment: "On this point Mr. Holbrooke may rest assured, for nothing that he chose to say on any subject would or could surprise anybody acquainted with his previous utterances."

MR. TOWNSEND'S RECITAL.

Baritone Singer Draws Applause from Large Audience.

K. L.

Stephen Townsend, baritone, gave his second recital last evening in Steinert Hall. His programme included four songs by Foote, "The Wanderer's Song," "The March Wind," "Autumn," "A Good Excuse"; Converse's "Indian Serenade"; Whelpley's "I know a Hill" and "O, for a Breath of the Moorlands"; Hopekirk's "From the Hills of Dream," "The Dark Eyes to Aline"; Townsend's "Drink to Me Only"; Beach's "Ecstacy"; Bullard's "Beam from Yonder Star," "Barney McGee," "The Kavanagh"; Chadwick's "Thou Art to Me," and songs by Johns, Lang, Manney, Clough-Leighton, Atherton, Colburn, Loud, Hill, Apthorp and Fisher. J. A. Colburn played the accompaniments.

The same comment might be made upon the programme that has been made concerning previous recitals by Mr. Townsend—that songs of more or less tender sentiment predominated, whereas the singer's voice and style are more agreeably displayed in the songs of frankly joyous, even robust, nature. Not that the songs of sentiment suffered in interpretation; on the contrary, they were sung with much sympathy, and each, of itself, gave pleasure; but the programme was a long one, and needed every movement of contrast that it contained. Such movements were Whelpley's "O, for a Breath of Moorlands," and Bullard's "The Kavanagh," and the latter was like a bath, when the faculties have become a little dulled through the day's routine.

Mr. Townsend is happy in his delivery of these ringing songs. His voice and singing gave much pleasure last evening, and there was hearty and repeated applause from an audience that was of good size, in spite of the storm.

Feb 21. 1908

Men and Things.

The Emperor William is superintending the production of a ballet at the Berlin Opera House. The ballet is entitled "Sardanapalus," and it is based on Byron's tragedy. When Byron published this tragedy in a volume with "The Two Foscari," he wrote a preface in which he insisted that "they were not composed with the most remote view to the stage." Mentioning the fact that a former tragedy by him had been played in public against his protest, he added: "With regard to my own private feelings, as it seems that they are to stand for nothing, I shall say nothing."

Yet was not this tragedy, or a sumptuously mounted ballet spectacle based on it, produced in New York in the seventies, and were not the students of Yale invited to attend for strictly educational purposes? If we are not mistaken, there was at the time an instructive discussion throughout the land whether, in pronunciation of the monarch's name, the accent should be thrown on the penult or antepenult. Operas have been based on Byron's tragedy, as the one by the Baroness de Maistre and the one by Joncieres, although the librettist of the latter, Henry Becque, the celebrated playwright, followed at the end the tradition rather than Byron's departure from it.

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The rulers of Prussia have long been famous for enlightened patronage of the ballet. The devotion of Frederick the Great to the famous dancer Barbarina turned out to be of political importance. Was she not painted at full length by royal command, and was not the portrait hung at the head of a staircase in the royal palace? The present Emperor's grandfather, a man of simple tastes, dearly loved the ballet. He did not personally superintend the productions, but he did not hesitate to comment on both the old and young ladies of the corps.

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"Sardanapalus" will be produced, it appears, with great care for historical and national accuracy. A distinguished Babylonian scholar is making the drawings from which the costumes and scenery will be designed, and "the world's greatest Assyriologists" will be invited to the first performance. And why not? Assyriologists are human, after all. That they may give intelligent criticism, they will be placed in the front rows, especially as they are all probably nearsighted.

What will the music be like? We are assured by Mr. Rowbotham that the ears of the Assyrian people found delight in drums, trumpets, cymbals, and singers with high pitched and shrill voices. A bas-relief of Sandanapalus in the British Museum shows that ruler at a little supper with his presumably favorite wife, while close to his elbow a lyre is plucked and a big drum pounded.

* * *

Mr. Hughey Ardleigh, the chief "sartorial scout" of the Merchant Tailors' National Exchange, is interested in reporters because, as he coyly admits, he does a little writing himself. "I cover sports for May Manton's Magazine and I'm musical critic on the Haberdasher."

* * *

This reminds us that Mr. Joseph Jules Labadie, who has been sending love letters to women of prominent New York families, wrote to a sister of Harry Payne Whitney that he would be able to keep himself in clothes and carriages for about $960 a week. This is a modest estimate if Upton Sinclair's descriptions of high life in New York are worthy of belief, yet Mr. Labadie's estimate is considered by men in authority as a symptom of insanity. In the same letter he said that he was a fine dancer. Is this also a symptom of insanity? Many have boasted down the centuries of their grace and prowess on a waxed floor. Nor have women looked on them with less favor.

* * *

Jim Smith, highly esteemed in England as a pugilist, recently sued the proprietor of Lloyds Newspaper for alleged libel. In the article complained of one Gosse was referred to as being the only policeman that ever "outed" the manly Smith. Judge Darling asked the meaning of being "outed," to which the witness replied: "If you give a man a punch in the face and make him senseless he is 'outed.'" A wholly correct answer! Ten years ago, in "Pink Un and Pelican," a character remarked: "Yer don't want to knock 'im out yet; give ue a little show o' yer quality afore you outs him." The verb with this meaning is in the Oxford English dictionary, which is edited by Dr. Murray, "with the assistance of many scholars and men of science," and a "pug" should surely belong to the latter class.

* * *

They are still telling stories in Paris about the marksmanship of the assassinated King of Portugal. He once attended a meeting of Le Pistolet Shooting Society in that city and won a medal by killing a running rabbit with 12 bullets in its body and knocking over 16 dolls at a distance of 50 yards with an American revolver. And he was suffering from influenza at the time. The

next day, feeling better, he fired a pistol at the word of command at a figure 80 feet away, and scored 33 points out of a possible 36. With a rifle he aimed at a travelling target 50 feet away and made 12 hits within the third circle. Five of them were bullseyes.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette has received the second list of reforms in spelling recommended by the Advisory Board, but it does not seem to be favorably impressed: "'Tiss' may be shorter than phthisis, 'tograf' than photograph, while 'lam' may be as tender as lamb, and 'gost' as fearsome as ghost; but really we must beg to be excused a preference for the old style. We would rather suffer the shame of being unprogressive than mow our literature with an American 'bord' made 's the.'"

ADAMOWSKI TRIO

The Adamowski trio, Mme. Antoinette Szumowska, piano; Timothee Adamowski, violin, Joseph Adamowski, 'cello, gave the first of two concerts in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was as follows: Mozart, trio in B flat major (Peters No. 2); Grieg, sonata in F major for violin and piano, op. 8; Gretchaninoff, trio in C minor, op. 38 (first time).

An audience of good size was kept interested and it was warmly applausive. Mozart's piano trios are seldom heard here in public. Pianists probably disdain them or their contempt may be based on fear, for the apparent simplicity of Mozart is a stumbling-block to those of superficial mechanism, who may shine with specious brilliance in works of a bombastic nature, but come to grief in the singing of Mozart's long, melodic line and in the expression of his delicacy and grace.

It was a pleasure to hear this trio yesterday, especially as it was performed delightfully, with an elegance that was not mere glitter, with a sentiment that was Mozartian.

Grieg's sonata was also well played and one might reasonably suppose that it served as a transition to the most modern work of the three, but the modernity of this Russian is chiefly a matter of chronology.

Gretchaninoff, born in Moscow in 1864, studied with Safonoff in that city and with Rimsky-Korsakoff in St. Petersburg, but this trio is not Cossack, it is not oriental; it follows for the most part approved models; it is for the most part occidental in thematic material and there is more than once the suggestion of Schumann, both in short, intense melodic phrase and in restless rhythm.

The first movement has nervous strength and the second theme has a beauty that is universal, not national.

The second movement, a romance with a strongly contrasting section, has poetic fancy. In the animated finale there is a theme of exotic flavor, of wild folk song character. As a whole, the trio is interesting both in musical contents and in workmanship. It was played with much spirit.

The second concert will take place on Thursday afternoon, March 26, when the programme will include a trio by David H. Smith of New Haven (Ms. first time), a sonata by Beethoven for 'cello and piano, and d'Indy's piano trio.

ENGLISH PIANIST HEARD.

Leslie Harris Gives Varied Entertainment in Steinert Hall.

Leslie Harris, the English pianist, gave the second in his series of three humorous musical entertainments at Steinert Hall last evening. The programme began with a sketch called "A Little Music," which set forth by means of monologue, punctuated by runs and chords on the piano, the tribulations of "the cheerful maiden of 50 years ago, and the modern vocal blight." This was followed by "an impression of Albert Chevalier," which included Chevalier's impersonation of an old Somersetshire farmer whose boast was, "E can't take a roise out of Ol." In the course of the evening Mr. Harris gave two other sketches, "White Folks' Burdens" and "When We Are Married," both of which were received with uproarious applause. There was also an impersonation of Mr. George Grossmith, a recital "The Lanw of the Migh'-Have-Been," various musical illustrations which included a clever burlesque of a "Rhapsodie Hongroise," and a brief pantomime entitled "Silent Oratory."

The third and last musicale will be given tonight.

Harris gave his 1st Entertainment Feb 20 in Steinert Hall.

DEBUSSY'S 'PELLEAS' STIRS UP CRITICS

In the dispatch I sent to The Herald from New York I recorded the impressions made by the first performance of "Pelleas and Melisande" at the Manhattan Opera House, the first performance in America. This dispatch was published Thursday.

It is not my purpose now to rewrite that article. The impressions then made are still strong; the spell of the play with music is still potent. A few supplementary notes—notes made at random—may not be superfluous.

I was present at the dress rehearsal and at the first performance. The "dress rehearsal" was without costumes. Arkel wore a derby hat and a short coat. Miss Garden and Miss Gerville-Reache were in street dress and Messrs. Perier and Dufranne were in the clothes they donned in the morning. Yet the effect of the dialogue, action, music was irresistible at this rehearsal. The men and women of Maeterlinck were playing their strange, sad drama and Debussy gave them speech. It mattered not what they wore, so far as the dramatic-musical expression was concerned.

It has been said that this lyric drama is tapestry with music. Many things have been said about Debussy's opera, many foolish things as well as wise, and this is no more foolish than other epigrams suggested by the play. It is true that Debussy has given sonorous life to these characters. Henri Ghéon well said that the important thing in the opera house is "not the idea, which is anti-musical in principle unless it becomes a sentiment or a sensation"; the important things are "the sentiment and the sensation themselves," and Debussy puts them in a close relationship so that they soon become one and the same thing; with the same succession of chords or same orchestral pattern he invokes the one or the other for a common impression; the depth of the castle vaults and the anxiety of Golaud, "all the air of the whole sea" and the youthful intoxication of Pelleas, the freshness of the fountain and the unconsciousness of lovers—these sing with one voice and that is emotional. The passion of the characters and the atmosphere which they breathe are musically and scenically only one, and from the beginning to the end of the drama the characters breathe "the atmosphere of their passion." The "picturesque" and the "human" cannot be separated here as in this or that romantic drama.

Mallarme condemned the inclusion in verse of anything, but "for example, the horror of the forest, or the silent thunder afloat in the leaves; not the intrinsic, dense wood of the trees." There are thousands who see in a forest only cordwood or material for paper. To them "Pelleas and Melisande" will be tiresome foolishness.

There are others who will have much to say about the "lack of dramatic interest." They would like to see the characters "doing something." They will miss the prima donna with her eagerly awaited grand aria; the baritone with his fortissimo climax; the tenor with his brilliant assortment of notes above the staff; the material and roaring orchestra. Even in conventional opera the beauty of the nuance escapes them.

How can Debussy's lyric drama become popular?

Mr. Hammerstein said in his little speech last Wednesday night: "If a work of such sublime poetry and musical grandeur meets with your approbation and receives your support, it places New York at the head of cities of musical culture throughout the world. As for myself, I have had but one object in presenting the opera—to endear myself to you and perpetuate myself in your memory."

Adjectives are dangerous, and let us not discuss the propriety of "sublime" nor ask whether "grandeur" should be the precise word to characterize Debussy's music. No one will question the sincerity of Mr. Hammerstein's purpose in producing "Pelleas and Melisande," and no one will refuse to honor him for his courage and for the pains he took in the production. Mr. Hammerstein has put the Metropolitan Opera House to shame both by his boldness in bringing out unfamiliar works and by his engagement of admirable singers. No wonder that the Metropolitan Opera House is endeavoring to hire his best singers away from him.

"Pelleas and Melisande" will suffer in two ways: from the invincible ignorance of philistines and from the hysteria of faddists.

Many years ago Jean Philippe Rameau declared: "To enjoy fully the effects of music, it is necessary to be in a state of complete self-abandonment." There are many that have ears and will not hear, because they, deliberately prejudiced and fanatical, will hear only music to which they have long been accustomed. The history of opera abounds in proofs of this. Debussy is only one of a long line of composers misunderstood, abused, maltreated. Monteverde, Gluck, Rossini, Verdi, Wagner—each one in turn, was anti-Christ in music. They that were the last to accept Wagner are now the most bigoted in their admiration of him. He said the last word. Anyone coming after him must be an imitator. If they hear an English horn in a recently composed opera, they say significantly: "Tristan!" Their only enjoyment in listening to new operatic music is to hear echoes of Wagner's music dramas. But there are anticipations of "Tristan" in the introduction to Beethoven's "Pathetic" sonata, as Mr. Huneker said to me a few days ago.

There are few works of art from the time when there was an art of any kind down to the present day that are so wholly original in form and expression of beauty as is the "Pelleas and Melisande" of Claude Debussy.

The probability is that Beckmesser himself was finally converted and actually succeeded in singing freer songs than those approved by the obdurately conservative mastersingers. The fanatical admirers of Wagner, amusingly fanatical at this late day when Wagner himself must be ranked among the conservatives, when many of his pages must be characterized as "old hat," may at last see a new light and show the zeal of the late convert. The hysterical faddists are more dangerous foes to Debussy, dangerous even when they do not attempt to imitate him, to "debussyize" in music.

These faddists are found, of course, in their perfection, in Paris. The late Jean Lorraine wrote a bitter article about them and named them "pelleastres." He described them as they appear at the Opera Comique with long hair carefully arranged over the forehead, with their coats with velvet collars and slightly puffed sleeves. They all have fine hands, and they wear precious rings of Egypt or Byzantium. The "pelleastres" are of families that are in fashionable society.

In the large cities of our own country the majority of the musical faddists are women. They decree suddenly that this or that composer must be in fashion. They crowd the hall or parlor where some one lectures on the chosen composer and "explains" his work. Already there are lecturers on Debussy. Already has the Baedeker for "Pelleas and Melisande" been published. Yet never was there an opera less in need of explanation, of guide book.

And there are some who are mightily concerned about the "symbolism" of this lyric drama. Where is the kingdom of Allemonde? What is the esoteric significance of the word? Why did not Pelleas go to see his sick friend? Who are the three asleep in the grotto? Why did not Melisande tell Golaud where she lost her ring? What is the symbolism of Melisande's golden crown? The scene in which litte Yniold endeavors to lift the rock and then wonders at the actions of the sheep is omitted in the performance at New York, or these questioners would be at their wit's end.

If the beauty of either Maeterlinck's or Debussy's work rested solely on symbolism it would be only specious and short lived. Gerard de Nerval "knew that the whole mystery of beauty can never be comprehended by the crowd, and that while clearness is a virtue of style, perfect explicitness is not a necessary virtue." But he did not insist on symbolism alone.

Debussy's music has no existence apart from Maeterlinck's drama. It has no life in the arrangement for voice and piano. It is purely orchestral, and its purpose is to supply the emotional atmosphere in which the stage characters live, which the spectator must breathe.

After all, Golaud is the one dominating figure of the drama, and the play might well bear his name. No one who has seen Miss Garden as Melisande will ever forget the impersonation, but Mr. Dufranne's Golaud is also a remarkable apparition. A few words about this true artist may not be impertinent.

Hector Dufranne was born at Mons, Oct. 25, 1871. He studied at the conservatory of that town, and leaving it in 1895 with the highest honor, he soon joined the company of the Monnaie in Brussels. He made his debut as Valentin in "Faust" (1896) and remained at the Monnaie until 1900 when he became a member of the Opera-Comique, Paris. Escamillo to that of the Dutchman, from that of Alberich to that of Lothario; and he has created many parts, from that of Marcus in "Princess d'Auberge" (1898) to that of Le Chemineau in the opera of the like name (1907). He has sung in London, Monte Carlo and in the provinces of France. He has also shown his rare art as a concert singer in oratorio and cantata. His versatility or rather his range of dramatic expression is remarkable. He has a voice of unusual compass and quality; but he is much more than a singer; he is a musician; more than this he has a dramatic imagination and the finest self-control.

The tenor Jean Alexis Perier, who took the part of Pelleas, is a Parisian. He was born in 1869. Studying at the Paris Conservatory he took the first prize for singing in 1892 and the first prize for opera comique in the same year. He sang at the Menus-Pyaisirs, the Folies-Dramatiques, and the Bouffes-Parisiens until in 1900 he became a member of the Opera-Comique. His voice has little sensuous charm, nor is his tonal delivery flawless, but his diction is dramatic and he is an excellent actor.

The scenery provided by Mr. Hammerstein was for the most part beautiful. In one or two instances the colors seemed garish, but seldom is an opera mounted in this country in such marked taste, and never have I seen here or in Europe better stage management. The changes of scene—and they were many—were made quickly and quietly, and throughout the play there was not a detail that had not been carefully studied, that did not contribute in the performance to the general effect.

It had been feared that Mr. Campanini, although he is known as a conductor of the first rank, would not be wholly sympathetic in his reading of Debussy's score; not because he would be unappreciative, but because the temperamental force that makes him distinguished might lead him to undue emphasis. It was feared that his Italian nature would be restless in dreamland.

These fears were groundless. Mr. Campanini's reading was singularly poetic, full of exquisite nuances, elastic, alive with the sense of continuity even in impressionism.

It is a pity that a work of this rare beauty should not be seen in Boston this season. It is a pity that it will not probably crowd the Manhattan Opera House.

Alfred Bruneau said of "Pelleas and Melisande:" "The idea of fatality, of death, on which all the pieces of Maeterlinck are based, the atmosphere of sorrowful legend which enwraps them as in a great veil of crape, that which is distant and enigmatical in them, their vague personages, poor kings, poor people, poor inhabitants of unnamed lands whom fate leads by the hand in the midst of the irreparable, the resigned, naive, gentle, or solemn conversation of these passive unfortunates—all this suited in a most exact manner the temperament of Claude Debussy."

But the great crowd of opera-goers does not care for all this. It prefers tinsel to crape, electric lighting to shadows in which shapes lurk or wander. "He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry or he sleeps."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Midwinter concert of the Handel and Haydn Society. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem." Solo singers, Mrs. Kilcski-Bradbury, soprano; Mme. Isabelle Bouton, contralto; Daniel Beddoe, tenor; Frederick Martin, bass. There will be an enlarged orchestra. H. G. Tucker will be the organist. The box office at Symphony Hall will be open this afternoon.

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mme. Katharine Goodson (fourth and last concert of Miss Terry's series). Schumann, "Kinderscenen," op. 15; Brahms, Rhapsodie, op. 119, No. 4; Schubert, "Wanderer," fantasia, op. 15; Chopin, Etudes, op. 25, No. 1, Posthumous, No. 2, op. 25, Nos. 3, 9; R. Strauss, "Reverie"; Hinton, Rigaudon (new); Joseph Holbrooke, Etude Fantastique (new); Liszt, Rhapsody, No. 2.

Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Brice Trio. This trio was organized by Miss Brice, a violinist, who has recently returned from study with Cesar Thomson in Brussels. The pianist is Miss Margaret Gorham and the 'cellist is Miss Catherine Hallilday.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson of Baltimore will give a concert of music for two pianos. Mozart, Sonata in D major (by request); Brahms, Andante and Scherzo from Sonata in F minor, op. 34 (after the Quintet for piano and strings); Hutcheson, Caprice in F sharp (MSS.); Liszt, Concerto Pathetique.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara, d'Archambeau). Schubert Quartet in A minor, op. 29; Sammartini, Sonata for two violins and 'cello; Dvorak, Quartet in E flat major, op. 51. Giuseppe Sammartini (San Martino), a brother of the celebrated organist and composer, Giovanni, was an oboe virtuoso, who went from Italy to London in 1727, became chamber musician to the Prince of Wales, and died in 1740.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pianola recital, with Leon Van Vliet, 'cellist, as soloist.

Girls' Latin School, 8 P. M. Concert by the Music Department of the City of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich: Beethoven, overture to "Coriolanus"; Rubinstein, "Song of the Spheres," from string quartet, op. 17; MacDowell, "To a Wild Rose" and "In Autumn," from "Woodland Sketches"; Verdi, selections from "Falstaff"; Halvorsen, march, "Entrance of the Boyars." Harlowe F. Dean, baritone, will sing the Toreador's Song from "Carmen" and King's "Israfel." Charles K. North, flutist, will play two movements from Mouquet's "Flute of Pan." Mr. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last of the series of concerts organized by Chickering & Sons, and given under the direction of Mr. Dolmetsch. J. S. Bach, Concerto in D major for harpsichord, flute and violin obligato, violin, viola, violoncello and violone, ripieni; Comic Cantata for soprano and bass voices, flute, horn, two violins, viola, violone and harpsichord. Singers, Mrs. Marie Sandborg-Sundelins, Alfred Denghausen. Players, flute, Andre Maquarre; horn, M. Hess; violins, A. Bak, F. Mahn, Laura Kelsey; viola, K. Rissland; 'cello, A. Hadley; violone, Mrs. Dolmetsch; harpsichord, Arnold Dolmetsch.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Felix Fox, pianist, assisted by E. Ferir, first viola of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will give his third chamber concert. Piano pieces: Bach, Fantasia in C minor; Beethoven, Andante; Liszt, "Jeux d'eaux de la Ville d'Este." Cecil Forsyth, "Chanson Celtique," for viola (Mr. Ferir). Piano pieces: MacDowell, "Idyl"; Widor, Valse; d'Albert, Scherzo; Rubinstein, Sonata for viola and piano.

Dorchester High School, 8 P. M. Concert by the Music Department of the City of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich: Mendelssohn, overture, "Fingal's Cave"; Rubinstein, "Song of the Spheres," from string quartet, op. 17; Saint-Saens, Dance, from "Samson and Delilah"; Ivanoff, "In the Mosque" and "In the Village, from "Caucasian Sketches"; Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro." Miss Emma Buttrick Noyes, soprano, will sing Agatha's air from "Der Freischutz" and Ries' "The Dark Blue Eyes of Spring." William F. Dodge, violinist, will play Sarasate's "Zigennerweisen." Mr. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Hotel Vendome, 3 P. M. Piano recital by George Henry Howard, assisted by C. Pol Plancon, baritone. "Drink to Me Only with Thy Eyes," Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" (Mr. Plancon); Beethoven, sonata op. 2, No. 2 (Mr. Howard); Leoncavallo, prologue to "Pagliacci" (Mr. Plancon); improvisation; Liszt, ballade; Mendelssohn, "Songs Without Words," Nos. 25, 2, 15 (Mr. Howard); Foote, "The Wanderer's Song"; Hawley,

"Greeting" [illegible] Love Song" (Mr [illegible]) [illegible] provisation symphonic poem [illegible] ballade op. 38 (Mr Howard)

Potter Hall, 8 P. M. Third and last concert of the Hoffmann quartet: Schumann, quartet in F major, op. 41, No. 2; Debussy, two movements from quartet, op. 10; Mrs. Beach, piano quintet, op. 67 (MS). Mrs. Beach will be the pianist in this first performance of her new work.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. Schumann, overture to Byron's "Manfred"; Dohnanyi, concert piece for 'cello and orchestra (first time in Boston); Bischoff, symphony in E major. Mr. Warnke, 'cellist, will be the soloist.

Roxbury high school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces, led by Mr. Kanrich: Gounod, entr'acte from "Philemon and Baucis"; Tschaikowsky, andante from quartet in B flat major; MacDowell, "To a Wild Rose" and "In Autumn," from "Woodland Sketches"; Berlioz, overture, "Roman Carnival"; Luigini, finale from "Egyptian Suite." William H. O'Brien, bass, will sing "O God Have Mercy," from St. Paul, and Sargeant's "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind." Ernest C. Gatley, clarinetist, will play a fantasia on themes from "La Somnambula." Mr. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixteenth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

The second concert of the Adamowski Trio, announced for March 16, has been postponed till Thursday, March 26, when trios by d'Indy and David H. Smith (first time, ms) and a sonata by Beethoven for 'cello and piano will be performed.

Miss Jessie Davis will soon give a piano recital in Steinert Hall. She will be assisted by Mr. Rannay, baritone, and Mr. Eichhelm, violinist.

The Czerwonky quartet, assisted by Mr. Fox, pianist, will give its first concert in Steinert Hall on Monday evening, March 2. The programme has already been announced.

Mr. de Gogorza, baritone, will give a song recital in Chickering Hall, on Monday evening March 16, when the programme will include operatic arias and songs. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr Mudgett at Symphony Hall until the morning of March 6, when the box office sale will open.

Mr. de Pachmann will give his last piano recitals in Boston on Saturday afternoons, March 21 and 28 in Jordan Hall. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Mudgett at Symphony Hall until March 13, when the box office will be open.

J. H. Maunder's cantata, "Olivet to Calvary," will be performed at the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon, at 4:30 o'clock.

The Thursday Morning Musical Club will give a memorial concert in honor of Miss Fanny T. French in Jordan Hall, Thursday morning, the 27th, at 11 o'clock.

MME. CALVE CHARMS LARGE AUDIENCE

Mme. Emma Calve, assisted by Miss Renee Chemet, violinist, Mr. d'Aubigne, tenor, and Mr. Decreus, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a very large audience.

Mme. Calve came on the platform lowering as a thunder cloud, but she soon recovered her spirits and was then in holiday mood. She sang arias and songs, among them "My heart to thy dear voice," from "Samson and Delilah"; Gounod's "Serenade du passant" and "Printemps"; Martini's "Plaisir d'Amour," a group of songs of her province in France and a group of Spanish songs. Applauded heartily, she sang other songs, those of the people and those of the parlor.

Her voice at the end of much concert-giving was surprisingly fresh, and only in a few instances did she show slight signs of fatigue. The tones had, as ever, the peculiar quality that sets her voice apart from other voices; the upper tones were as before of crystalline clearness and the lower and middle were indescribably rich, warm, womanly. She indulged herself now and then in extreme head tones, emitted in her own freakish manner, but her singing as a rule was a fine exhibition of true and admirable vocal art. There was again the long and flowing melodic line sustained without apparent effort; there was again the deft coloring of a phrase or of a tone for poetic or dramatic effect. Especially praiseworthy was her interpretation of the air of Delilah and the familiar but ever charming song by Martini.

Mr. d'Aubigne was last heard here in the melancholy and at the same time grotesque performance of "Carmen" by the San Carlo opera company, when the Carmen of the evening made her only dramatic stroke by knocking off his decorative moustache. Both he and the young woman that craned her neck and strutted about as Carmen, who had been announced with a flourish of trumpets, disappeared quietly, as those who leave a town between trains. And lo, Mr. d'Aubigne was yesterday in Symphony Hall. He sang "Donna e Mobile" from "Rigoletto" with an aplomb that snapped fingers at rhythm and pure intonation, and for this was applauded loudly. He sang other songs, and he sang them a little better.

Miss Chemet gave pleasure by her performance of Ambrosio's "Romance," and Sarasate's "Zapateado," in which she showed full and sensuous tone and real brilliance. The programme stated that she would also play the finale of Lalo's "Spanish Symphony." Mr. Decreus played a fugue and choral by Mendelssohn, a nocturne by Chopin and a pretty little piece by Heller, "In the Manner of Teniers," with a pleasing touch and in a musical spirit. He accompanied sympathetically.

Music Notes.

A concert will be given in aid of the coffee room of the Church Temperance Society on Friday, the 28th, in Chickering Hall. Among those who will take part are Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto; Miss Priestly, 'cellist; Miss Pierce, pianist.

Mr. George Copeland, Jr., will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening.

STRANGE MEAT.

Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis is preparing a new edition of "The Gourmet's Guide to Europe." We may then learn at last whether the inhabitants of Dundee live chiefly on marmalade and those of Parma on the cheese named after the city. For the gallant officer is an intrepid explorer. He has eaten Chinese puppy dogs that have been fed on cream and rice, the fretful porcupine, elephant's foot, kangaroo's tail, the iguana, snails, sea slugs, shark's fins, cuttlefish—what has he not tasted from a stern sense of duty? There are two things that he has refused—monkey and the flesh known euphemistically by sailors as long-pig.

We are told that in the United States muskrat is taking the place of terrapin; that if, in reckless mood, you order diamond-back terrapin, you are served with a stew of which at least three parts are muskrat. There was a time when terrapin itself was despised, when it was contemptuously left for the negroes of the Chesapeake tidewater. The negroes have for a long time known the deliciousness of muskrat. Terrapin is now an expensive dish, and the diamond-back is fast becoming extinct. So, in the never ending order of transfers and promotions, muskrat will also become a delicacy and at last a rarity.

An entertaining book might be written on food that has been despised for years and at last has come into fashion. Many of us remember when sweetbreads were thrown away as offal, when grapefruit were considered only fit for pigs. There is still a prejudice in some country districts against tomatoes, as there is in more than one European land. Frogs' legs are repulsive to many Americans, who also shudder at the Frenchman's passion for snails. There is no reasoning in these matters. An inhabitant of another planet would, perhaps, faint at the sight of a meat stall in the market.

The English lieutenant-colonel has eaten, or at least tasted, many dishes, yet he is only an amateur in comparison with Capt. Mauger, who figures in one of Mr. Octave Mirbeau's powerful and unpleasant books. This retired officer boasted that he had eaten everything, insects, birds, flowers, rats, bats, crickets—he was willing to wager that no man in the world had a taste of such catholicity. At last, persuaded by the malicious chambermaid that kept an extraordinary diary, he ate his pet ferret, but he was never again the same amiable gourmand. He had eaten the one thing he loved, and not from curiosity, but to find grace in a woman's eyes. Could Lieut.-Col. Newnham-Davis be persuaded to eat a monkey, in spite of the fact that, as he now thinks, he would thus be of close kin to a cannibal? Or does he indorse the views of a distinguished French entomologist, who advocates, in all seriousness, dishes of insects, and recommends especially a puree of cockroaches?

Feb 24, 1908

CHORUS EXCELLED IN VERDI'S REQUIEM

Verdi's Requiem Mass in honor of Manzoni was performed last night at the 761st concert of the Handel and Haydn Society. Emil Mollenhauer conducted, H. G. Tucker was the organist and J. W. Crowley was the concertmaster of the Boston Festival orchestra. The solo singers were Mrs. Kileski-Bradbury, Mme. Isabelle Bouton, Daniel Beddoe and Frederic Martin. There was a large audience.

The programme stated that this performance was the seventh by the society. The first was 30 years ago. It is interesting and profitable to read the critical notices that were then published. Some condemned the work as dramatic. As though the "Dies Irae" were not dramatic; as though the quietest death were not dramatic! Because Verdi was a man of the opera house, they therefore argued that this Requiem must be operatic, forgetting that Cherubini wrote music both for the theatre and the church; that Mozart, whose Requiem still lives, wrote at least three operas that are now in the repertory of every opera house of importance.

"But Verdi was an Italian." So was Cherubini; and Mozart, as the composer of "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro" and the Requiem, was Italian, as far as the character of the melodic line and pervading musical spirit are concerned.

An Established Masterpiece.

Thirty years have gone by and Verdi's "Requiem" is now ranked among the musical masterpieces of the 19th century. To discuss its form of expression, to doubt its profoundly religious character, would be to waste time, to beat the air.

Matthew Arnold once defined religion as morality plus emotion. There are requiems that are highly moral; the most austere and bigoted pedant cannot find in them a trace of technical immorality.

Verdi, an Italian of a volcanic nature, an elemental man, was emotional in his music for the sublime, the awful service for the dead. He could not have written his music otherwise. If he had deliberately endeavored to write it in a manner foreign to him, he would have been false to himself and to the art he worshipped.

Chorus and Orchestra.

The performance of this supremely emotional work must necessarily be dramatic. As far as the chorus and the orchestra were concerned there were intensely stirring moments last evening. Nothing could have been more thrilling than the trumpet fanfare and the tremendous explosion that follows in the lines beginning "Tuba mirum."

The trumpeters, it is true, were not stationed in various parts of the hall; they were all on the platform, and were thus under immediate control. What was possibly lost in an imaginative way was made up by the sure and irresistible result.

Nor was the dramatic singing of the chorus in the "Dies Irae" the only feature of the choral performance.

The divinely beautiful opening "Requiem" was sung with exquisite effect, and the performance of the "Sanctus" was impressive, although in the flowing hymn-like section there were not enough violins to give the whole effect; their figure was almost lost.

The Soloists.

An ideal performance of this "Requiem" calls for four solo singers of the first operatic rank. This solo music must be sung with the breadth, feeling and the grand style that are gained only through operatic experience. Mr. Martin, who I believe has not had this experience, was the most successful of the four in the interpretation.

To say that the others were inadequate would not be fair; they were often respectable in a conventional way. But they are not the ones to sing this music of Verdi. Time after time opportunities for legitimate and necessary effects were slighted by the soprano or they were unknown to her.

Mme. Bouton, who has had some little experience in grand opera had a better idea of what was demanded by the text and the music, but her voice is not one that responds fully to those demands, either in range or in quality.

Mr. Beddoe sang conscientiously, as in any oratorio with Isaac or Hezekiah as the hero. Mr. Martin was always interesting, and he was at times admirable, as in the delivery of "Mors Stupebit," and in the trio, "Lux Aeterna"; excellent vocally, and an interpreter with imagination.

On Easter Sunday, April 19, the Handel and Haydn Society will give a performance of Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah," with Mme. de Cisneros, George Hamlin and Emilio de Gogorza as the solo singers.

Men and Things.

A week ago we expressed the wish to read the memoirs of an unconverted barkeeper and mourned the fact that no book of this character has been written. We have received the following letter:

Boston, Feb. 20, 1908.

Editor of The Herald:

A barkeeper competent to write the memoirs desired by Men and Things—if he could be persuaded to collaborate with a capable literary hack—presides over the counter of a well known hotel in Boston. The idea ought to tempt publishers unless they argue that it wouldn't appeal to the feminine taste. "From Rum to More Rum" would perhaps be a good title, for the genial barkeep remarked the other day, in speaking of changes in the manners of men, that when he first donned the apron, New England rum was still the favorite drink among all classes of Bostonians and that now, in this Rooseveltian era, when Dr. Wiley has frightened half the drinking men of the continent with his tales of adulteration, hundreds of his patrons are turning back to the historic beverage of our forefathers.

As for the bartender's opportunities to see life as it is, these, as Men and Things observes, have long been well understood—as, for example, by a body of Harvard students back in the eighties, headed by a very wealthy young man, now publisher of a chain of newspapers, who, says the tradition, once bought a saloon in Boston and ran it, unprofitably and yet profitably, for several days.

Possibly, too, this practical observer could tell an interested world why Rum, which seems anyway to be more than holding its place as the most healthful of the intoxicants should have come to be used as a synonym for all of them.

Very truly,
RALPH BERGENGEN.

* * *

The barkeeper known to our correspondent should write his memoirs without the assistance of any literary hack, capable or incapable. The book should come straight from the barrel, cask or at least from the demijohn. (We should prefer it from the puncheon). The flavor of these memoirs should be sweet and strong, in short, a rummy flavor, not a literary one. The hack would be a sorry substitute for Pegasus blowing rum from its "nosterils"—a nobler word than nostrils. The memoirs should be as frank and direct as those of Gen. Grant, whose style is a model in narration for all those who have forgotten De Foe and Bunyan.

* * *

The memoirs, however, should be annotated copiously, and we know of no better commentator than Mr. Horkimer Johnson, if he could be persuaded to use some of the material collected for his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast." The 17th volume of this Magnum Opus is entitled "Rum"—just "Rum," although he treats therein of Jamaica, Santa Cruz, Pineapple, New England and more remote forms of this species of strong waters.

* * *

Our correspondent asks why the word "rum" was applied to other forms of strong drink. We do not know. There was a time when New England was a land flowing with rum. Meeting houses were raised with its assistance. Doctors of divinity drank it gratefully. Perhaps its domination spread the name as the greater includes the less.

* * *

Think for a moment of the material for notes! In the first place where does the word itself come from? Blount included it in his "Glossographia: or a Dictionary Interpreting the Hard Words." (We quote from the fifth edition, London, 1681) "Rum, a drink in the Barbado's (much stronger than brandy) which they otherwise call kill-devil."

In a manuscript description of Barbadoes published in 1651, we find this delightful sentence: "The chief fudling they make in the Island is rum bullion, alias kill-divil, and this is made of sugar canes distilled." There are also the superb words "rumbo" and "rum booze"; the latter means good drink of any kind, though it may seem to the purist an instance of tautology in one word. We have read that the word "rum" coming from the Barbadoes went to England via New England. The word 'rumbustical," meaning noisy or rude, is probably not derived from the monosyllable, which by some is thought to be a shortened form of "rumbullion."

* * *

Think of the digressions! "Rum and Pirates"; "Why do retired sea captains, when they sweep the offing with a powerful glass, have a case bottle of pineapple rum at hand?"; "Hot buttered rum as a medicine"; here are subjects for whole chapters, not merely footnotes. When did the phrase "the Demon

[illegible] first spring into existence? The [illegible] works on demonology do not include rum in the hierarchy of devils.

When Byron wrote

> There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
> As rum and true religion,

[illegible] he think of rum in its broadly applied meaning? Thackeray more than once sneered at Byron for preferring gin to all other beverages. We are inclined to think that the seamen described by Byron drank rum, straight, unadulterated rum. O the euphony of the word itself! Not only is the word euphonious; it suggests the sweetness and the strength. It falls on the ravished ear as a fragrant benediction.

Feb 25. 1908

A HISTORIC JEST.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 13 tells the story of Lincoln and the Duke of Devonshire, apropos the recent disquieting news regarding the Duke's health, news that was published on the anniversary of Lincoln's birth. When the Duke was introduced to Lincoln, the President's "manner at the reception was said to be rather disconcerting." The Duke was then Marquis of Hartington, and Lincoln, failing to remember this name, "made the rather insipid remark: 'Why, Hartington, to be sure, rhymes with Partington!'"

The Pall Mall Gazette thus spoiled a good story. It did not mention the fact that the Marquis on this occasion had the execrable taste to wear a Secession badge. Lincoln, instead of resenting the insult, took his revenge by addressing him, and alluding to him throughout the evening, as the "Marquis of Partington." The remark in view of these circumstances was far from being "insipid."

FOURTH TERRY CONCERT.

Miss Katharine Goodson, Pianist, Gives Last of the Series.

The fourth and last concert in Miss Terry's series at the Hotel Somerset was given yesterday afternoon by Miss Katharine Goodson, pianist. She played Schumann's "Kinderscenen"; Brahms' Rhapsody, op. 119, No. 4; Schubert's Fantasia, "Der Wanderer"; Chopin's studies, op. 25, No. 1; Posthumous, No. 2, op. 25, No. 3, op. 25, No. 9, Strauss' "Revery"; Arthur Hinton's Rigaudon (new), Joseph Holbrooke's "Etude Fantastique" (new) and Liszt's second Rhapsody.

There was an appreciative audience of good size. Miss Goodson was in the vein, and the recital was an agreeable one. The latter part of the programme was interesting, with the two new English works and Strauss' "Revery," which is not too familiar, and it was this group that called forth the most enthusiasm. Chopin's "Butterfly" study had to be repeated, although the performance of it was not superior to Miss Goodson's performance of the preceding study, op. 25, No. 3; and there was prolonged applause after the Rigaudon by Arthur Hinton, the husband of the pianist. Her playing of the study, op. 25, No. 1, was not altogether rhythmic, but elsewhere she did excellent work, notably in the lighter passages of Schubert's Fantasia.

'THE ORCHID' AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE

[illegible]JESTIC THEATRE—"The Orchid," [illegible] comedy in two acts presented [illegible] following cast:

[illegible] ....Flavia Arcaro
[illegible] ....Rose Botti
[illegible] ....Marietta di Dio
[illegible] ....Ruth Langdon
[illegible] ....Jean Salisbury
[illegible] ....Ada Gordon
[illegible] ....Florence Martin
[illegible] ....David Bennett
[illegible] ....Roy Atwell
[illegible] ....Geo. C. Boniface, Jr.
[illegible] ....Knute Erickson
[illegible] ....William Cameron
[illegible] ....Barrington Foote
[illegible] ....Florence Douglas
[illegible] ....Gertrude [illegible]
[illegible] ....Genevieve Tucker
[illegible] ....[illegible]
[illegible] ....[illegible]
[illegible] ....[illegible]
[illegible] ....George L[illegible]
[illegible] ....Barrington Foote
[illegible] ....Joseph Fr[illegible]
[illegible] ....B. A. [illegible]
[illegible] ....L. McAndrews
[illegible] ....Gene [illegible]
[illegible] ....J. [illegible]
[illegible] ....[illegible]

[illegible]n and Things.

[illegible] writes to The Herald: "I heard [illegible] men disputing yesterday. One [illegible] that if A. should call B. a [illegible] would be a greater insult [illegible] to call him a 'flubdub'? One of the disputants [illegible] said that 'flap-doodle' is an Americanism. This I do not believe."

• • •

First of all, let us be didactic and improving before we enter into speculation concerning degrees of verbal insults.

"Flap-doodle" is by no means an Americanism. It is a good English word of a respectable age. The formation of the word, according to lexicographers, is arbitrary. The earnest student is invited to look at "fadoodle," an obsolete word, meaning "something foolish or ridiculous."

The first meaning of "flapdoodle" may be known from a passage in Marryat's "Peter Simple" (1833): "The gentleman has eaten no small quantity of flapdoodle in his lifetime." "What's that, O'Brien?" replied I. "Why, Peter," rejoined he, "it's the stuff they feed fools on." Charles Kingsley, in his "Waterbabies," mentions the place "where flapdoodle grows wild."

The New English Dictionary (Dr. Murray's) gives these meanings: "Nonsense, bosh, humbug," and the word in this sense is used also as an interjection. "Flapdoodle" also means "a trifling thing, a gewgaw." There is a verb, "flapdoodle," to talk nonsense; thus the Westminster Gazette, in 1893, said of a man: "He flapdoodled round the subject in the usual archiepiscopal way," and there is the noun "flapdoodler," "a charlatan, namby-pamby political speaker."

• • •

Neither "flub" nor "flubdub" is recognized by the great English dictionary; nor is "dub," as a slang word. The slang dictionaries admit "flubdub" as an Americanism; "flubdub and guff," meaning "rhetorical embellishment." They do not contain the words "dub" or "flub," yet in our younger days both terms were applied to unfortunate beings who for some reason or other were held in light esteem by their school companions. But neither the "dub" nor the "flub" was necessarily a "chump." A "dub" was a poor hand at games or lessons. He was often amiable; foolishly so, perhaps. A "chump" has more character; he is more aggressive in his churlish stupidity.

We have often heard of flapdoodle and flubdub articles, speeches, sermons, books. We have never heard a man called "a flapdoodle," but the word is elastic, and there is no reason why it should not be thus used in the heat of argument. We see little difference between the two words. One is as insulting as the other, as the sensitive count insults. Neither term is so disagreeably descriptive as "chump" or "smart Aleck."

Mr. Journet, the bass, who has been for several seasons a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company, and now leaving for Europe, makes faces at the directors and at the New York public, but should not be taken too seriously. He is not so distinguished a singer as he thinks. He was merely one of a large company in New York until he became conspicuous through a peculiarly unpleasant scandal that ended in a tragedy. The reputation thus gained did not better his singing. A heavy, ponderous bass and a logy actor, he now prescribes to himself, very preposterously, as Falstaff put it.

• • •

Hundreds who know Mme. Marchesi by name knew nothing about her husband, or, if they remembered she had a husband who was a marquis, they looked on him as the traditional husband of a prima donna or boarding house mistress, possibly a model of deportment, surely an idler supported uncomplainingly by the wife. But the Mr. Marchesi who died last Thursday, the Chevalier Salvatore de Castrone, was not an ordinary man. Born of a noble family, he studied law and philosophy, and, fortunately for him, singing. A revolutionary, he was obliged to leave Italy, and he fled to New York, where he made his first operatic venture as Don Sylva, the grim old man with a horn, in "Ernani." Max Maretzek gave a most amusing account of his debut. This is a squeamish, if not prurient, age; the Watch and Ward Society is all ears and eyes; we therefore refer the curious reader to Maretzek's "Crotchets and Quavers," pp. 51-54, for the whole of the entertaining story. It is enough to say that on Castrone's entrance he tumbled over his own sword, entangled his spurs in the dress of the prima donna, and at last found refuge near the prompter's box, from which he could not be induced to move; that in the last act he forgot to put on his "unmentionables." "There he stood, representing the Spanish idea of an inexorable Fate, clad in a black velvet doublet, but with a pair of flesh-colored and closely woven silk inexpressibles upon his nether man. For the details of his grotesque appearance and singular adventures in this act the reader must really consult Maretzek's book.

Castrone, knowing that he was not prepared for the stage, went to London and studied with Manuel Garcia. He afterward sang with success as Marchesi, and in 1852 he married Mathilde Graumann, the famous teacher. He, too, became a teacher. He composed songs, translated librettos into Italian, wrote a treatise on singing, and was otherwise busy and no doubt useful.

Feb 26. 1908

FLONZALEY QUARTET

The Flonzaley quartet (Adolfo Betti, Alfred Pochon, Ugo Ara and Iwan d'Archambeau) gave its second concert last night in Chickering Hall. There was a large and highly appreciative audience. The programme was as follows: Dvorak, quartet in E flat major, op. 51; G. San Martini, sonata for two violins and 'cello; Schumann, quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3.

There were two brothers San Martini or Sammartini. Giovanni was an organist at Milan, who was a predecessor of Haydn as a composer of symphonies and chamber music. His first symphony for orchestra was performed at Milan in 1734. He was a fertile composer and among his works are 12 trios for two violins and bass.

The other, Giuseppe, was an oboe player of high renown and he went to London, where he became chamber musician to the Prince of Wales. He died in 1740. He composed trios for two oboes and bass. The programme stated last night that the "G. San Martini" who was represented died in 1740. It would seem, then, that the trio played might have been originally an oboe trio, especially since music in the 18th century was often written indifferently for oboe or violin. But "doubtful things are mighty uncertain." It is enough to say that the sonata is for the most part fresh and charming. The first movement is cast in the conventional mould of the period, but the sarabande and pastorale that follow have an individual physiognomy, an old world grace, a distinctive perfume; and the final rondo is something more than perfunctory and idle chatter.

The quartets by Dvorak and Schumann are familiar here. The former might be called irresponsible music, music by Dvorak writing at ease, remembering the songs and dances of his beloved Bohemia, unmindful of the schools. It is often naive with the naivete that recalls Dvorak's earlier and spontaneous work, before he was harmed by English flattery, before he was unhappy in New York. It is music that at times is irresistible in its frank appeal, and at other times it is without character and significance. It is best when it is closest to the Bohemian soil. The quartet by Schumann, which was long rejected by the purists, is now justly counted among that composer's better works.

The performance of the Flonzaley quartet gave pleasure in many ways. It was characterized chiefly by unusual delicacy and euphony. It was a true chamber performance, one that suggested a private music room and a small and intimate audience. It is unnecessary to speak of the excellent mechanism in the ensemble or of the fine sense of proportion, for these qualities are taken for granted in the case of a quartet of high reputation. It is not impertinent, however, to call attention to the beautiful singing in the ensemble and to the well defined yet elastic rhythm. Nor did sentiment degenerate into sentimentalism; nor was there a lack of dynamic contrasts.

The third and last concert will be given on Tuesday evening, March 24. The programme is an interesting one, and lovers of chamber music, when it is played with unusual distinction, should fill the hall.

TWO-PIANO CONCERT.

Randolph and Hutcheson Render Programme in Steinert Hall.

Messrs. Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson of Baltimore gave a concert of music for two pianos yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: Mozart, sonata in D major; Brahms, Andante and Scherzo from sonata in F minor, op. 34 (after the piano quintet); Hutcheson, Caprice in F sharp (MS.); Liszt, Concerto Pathetique.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to play together in unity! The ensemble performance of Messrs. Randolph and Hutcheson is distinguished not only by nicety of precision; it is remarkable for one and the same animating aesthetic spirit. The players are in agreement as to interpretation, and there is the constant impression of one controlling mind.

The delightful sonata of Mozart has been played here before by the Baltimore pianists. The excerpts from Brahms' composition recalled the history of the work; how Brahms first composed the music in the form of a quintet for strings (two violoncellos), but as Joachim and others complained of the structure and the character of the expression he put it away and turned it into a sonata for two pianos. In this form it was first played by Brahms and Tausig in Vienna, but without success. Then the composer adopted a third and final form, that of a piano quintet. Mr. Hutcheson's Caprice is a brilliant and interesting work; furthermore the music is truly capricious, whereas the great majority of caprices for the piano suggest a long term of hard labor.

Concertos, like books, have their fate. Liszt's "Pathetic" Concerto, neglected here by pianists for many years, has been heard twice this season. Mr. Burmeister, unless we are mistaken, played his arrangement of it with orchestra some years ago, but performances of the version for two pianos are not common. There are impressive passages in the concerto, there are beautiful ideas, but on the whole, as a rounded and complete work, it is not in the same rank with the composer's first and second concertos for piano and orchestra.

An audience of fair size was applausively demonstrative and the pianists acknowledged the appreciation by playing another piece.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Apollo Club will give a concert this evening in Jordan Hall.

The last of the three concerts of ancient music organized by Chickering & Sons and directed by Arnold Dolmetsch will take place tonight in Chickering Hall. The programme will include a concerto and a comic cantata by Bach.

Felix Fox, pianist, assisted by Mr. Ferir, the solo viola player of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will give a chamber concert tonight in Steinert Hall.

Men and Things.

Mr. Timothee Adamowski, the violinist, played in St. Louis a few nights ago, and the audience liked him. The Times complimented him warmly on his playing, and added: "In appearance he is most conventional and might be taken for a college professor or a prosperous banker."

Timothee a man of conventional appearance? Perish the thought! How should a violinist look to satisfy the longing of St. Louis? Should he have long hair and a wild expression in his eye? Should he be dressed fantastically, perhaps with a wisp of straw in his hair, like the mad lady in old-fashioned tragedy? And are all college professors and prosperous bankers conventional in appearance? What will Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sartorial authority and earnest student of sociology, say to this?

• • •

Years ago an earnest clergyman was frequently described as a painful preacher of the word of God. Thus Dr. Thomas Beard, the school teacher of Cromwell, in the preface to "The Theatre of God's Judgments," addressed the mayor, aldermen and burgesses of Huntington: "Whom to should I rather dedicate this book than to you the principal members of this corporation, wherein I have lived 30 years complete, and have painfully preached the Word of God unto you, and led my life without scandal?" Painful, in connection with preaching, meant, of course, diligent assiduous, laborious, careful.

• • •

But the preaching of the Rev. J. W. Hedden at Belle Fourche, S. D., may be described as painful in the modern and accepted meaning. He arrived recently in Belle Fourche, and received converts to a sect known as "The Holy Ghost People." He had peculiarly winning ways. "One of the first surprises came when the pastor insisted on osculatory greeting for such of the fair sex who met his approval, and, shortly afterward, standing on the platform, he emphasized some strong words by casting his hat and coat into the audience."

He might be said to have shied his castor into the ring, preparatory to his struggle with Satan.

Let us listen, however, to the correspondent of the St. Paul Dispatch: "When he declared that he had left Deadwood for Belle Fourche because the former city was doomed and its inhabitants were on the road to hell, the excitement became intense, and the pastor, unable to keep his audience seated, used prayer books for missiles to aid in carrying out his commands. So wrathy did he become that word was sent for an officer, and on learning this, Hedden broke up the meeting in confusion by overturning the organ in the middle of the floor, and, heaping curses upon the multitude, fled."

It may fairly be said that there has been a revival of religious interest in Belle Fourche, S. D. It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Hedden came from the East.

• • •

The London Telegraph has been discussing the origin of the word "quack," "an ignorant pretender to medical or surgical skill," and says the word was undoubtedly devised by suggestion from the quacking of a duck. The word, as a matter of fact, is an abbreviation of "quacksalver," an early modern Dutch word of the 16th century. The first syllable, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, is commonly regarded as the stem of "quacken," to quack,

although it may mean "to work in a feeble, bungling fashion." "Salver" is from "salf" or "zalf," ointment, and thus a quacksalver is one that quacks or brags about the efficacy of his salves. A remark made in the 17th century might be applied today, especially to specialists: "One accidental fresh cure of a disease makes a quacksalver a great physician."

By the way, John Evelyn in his diary describing the case of his mother, who died of a malignant fever, says that Sir Sanders Duncombe tried "his celebrated and famous powder." This was in 1635. What was this powder? Quinquina or Jesuits' bark was known in England as early as 1656, whereas, quinine was not introduced into medical practice in that country before 1820.

* * *

Here is a pleasing specimen of English humor that we may soon expect to find in an imported musical comedy. Fred Wright, a London comedian, is playing in the production of "The Prince of Pilsen" in Paris. Visited by a reporter, he said that he is "getting on splendidly" with French. "I find the conjugation of verbs so difficult that I am starting a conjugation of my own. I do it by association of ideas. 'Savon' means 'soap,' doesn't it? Very well, then, conjugate 'savoir': 'Je sais, tu sait, il sait, nous soap, vous savez, lis soap.' Don't you see?" The late Prof. Hannibal of Yale University used to name things that "would make a man laugh, if he were all alone, by himself, without any one with him, in the woods." We doubt if Hannibal would have included this in his list.

* * *

A woman in Glasgow sued in the Sheriff court a tenant for rent due. The defendant lodged a counter claim for loss, damage and annoyance through an irruption of rats. The defendant's child was bitten by a rat and food, clothing and furnishings were destroyed. The owner through her factors endeavored to free the house from rats, but it took two months to get rid of them. The sheriff found that the defendant failed to prove that the plaintiff did not make every reasonable effort to expel the rats. "The irruption of rats into a house is a misfortune to a landlord as well as to a tenant, and in itself is not evidence of breach of contract on the landlord's part. It accordingly lies upon a tenant who is making a claim against his landlord for loss caused by rats to prove that either their entry or their continuance in the house has been due to the landlord's fault. In this case defender does not blame the landlord for the rats getting into the house, and has, in my opinion, failed entirely to prove that the landlord did not exercise due diligence in taking measures for their expulsion."

Feb 27 1908

FELIX FOX GIVES CHAMBER CONCERT

Mr. Fox gave the third of his chamber concerts last night in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Ferir, the solo viola player of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Messrs. Ferir and Fox played Rubinstein's sonata for viola and piano op. 49. Mr. Fox played these piano pieces: Bach, Fantasia in C minor; Beethoven, andante, F major; Liszt, "Jeux d'eaux de la Villa d'Este"; MacDowell, Idyl; Widor, valse; d'Albert, Scherzo. Mr. Ferir played Forsyth's Chanson Celtique.

Mr. Fox was heard to his advantage in the pieces by Liszt, Widor and d'Albert, in which brilliance was especially demanded. His performance on the whole was not so interesting as at preceding concerts. His playing of the pieces by Bach and Beethoven was disappointing, for it was rigid, metronomic, without varied color and emotion. The melodic phrases in Beethoven's andante were not sung and the whole effect was angular.

Mr. Ferir has a remarkably beautiful tone, which was displayed fully in the characteristic piece by Forsyth and in the andante of Rubinstein's sonata. It would be a pleasure to hear him, if only for the sensuous enjoyment of tone; but he is a rounded artist, and he gives a momentary charm to whatever he plays. I believe this Forsyth is the composer of a concerto for viola, from which Mr. Ferir has played excerpts.

The sonata by Rubinstein awakened melancholy thoughts. Rubinstein was a great virtuoso who had a mania for composing.

There was a time when his compositions were heard in all concert halls. Now even his songs, some of which are charming, are seldom sung, and his more ambitious pieces, with the exception of the piano concerto in D minor, are heard less and less. There are chamber works of his that begin superbly, but after the first movement they lose in quality and there is a steady decrescendo of interest to the end, which is usually a finale of extreme vulgarity.

Some have ascribed his failure to a lack of constructive skill; others have insisted that he had too many ideas in his head and was not patient enough to work out artistically any one set. This viola sonata is not a work of high rank. The themes are for the most part common; the development of them is ordinary; there is irritating repetition of that which is inherently insignificant.

An audience of fair size was enthusiastic over the performance of the solo pieces and the sonata.

DOLMETSCH CONCERT.

Third in Chickering Hall Is Revelation to Audience.

The third and last of three concerts organized by Chickering & Sons and directed by Arnold Dolmetsch took place last night in Chickering Hall. The programme was made up of J. S. Bach's "Concerto in D Major" for harpischord, flute and violin obbligati, violin, viola, 'cello and violone, ripieni, and "Comic Cantata"—"Mer hahn en neue Oberkeet"—for soprano and bass voices, flute, horn, two violins, viola, violone and harpischord.

The singers were Mrs. Sundborg-Sundelius and Mr. Denghausen. The players were: Mr. Dolmetsch, harpsichord; Andre Maquarre, flute; M. Hess, horn; Miss Kelsey and Messrs. Bak and Mahn, violins; K. Rissland, viola; A. Hadley, 'cello; Mrs. Dolmetsch, violone.

The cantata is delightful, and is as a revelation to concertgoers who think of Bach as a composer of "sacred" music and of fugues. The music of this cantata, written to celebrate the accession of the chamberlain, Carl Heinrich von Dieskau, as lord of the manor of Klein Zschocher, in 1742, abounds in gay melodies and vivacious musical dialogue. According to the notes in the programme, many of the tunes are popular today in parts of Germany; they are for the most part dances and folk-songs. The entire work is charming in its spontaneity, freshness and humor, and has all the qualities that give both immediate and abiding pleasure.

The performance did full justice to the music, both on the part of singers and players. The two soloists made the most of the dialogue passages, both displaying notably good enunciation, and Mrs. Sandelius' voice was peculiarly suited to the requirements of the music. The "chorus," really a quartet in addition to the two solo voices, sang well the little that it had to do, and the performance by the players, individually and in ensemble was admirable.

The audience was not a large one, but it showed marked enthusiasm. The series of concerts has been unique, and has done much to fill a definite want in the musical life of this city.

APOLLO CLUB IN JORDAN HALL.

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its third concert last evening in Jordan Hall. Frank Ormsby, tenor, of New York, assisted. The programme was as follows:

Davies, "Hymn Before Action"; Thayer, "The Nun"; Zauder, "Minstrel Song"; Gounod, "Lend Me Your Aid" (Mr. Ormsby); Herbeck, "Maid of Valley"; Weinzierl, "Thou Loveliest Maid"; the Most Rev. H. H. O'Connell, D. D., hymn, "Praeclara Custos Virginum" (tenor solo by Mr. Ormsby, organ accompaniment); Osgood, "Proposal"; Reinecke, "Dan Cupid and Dame Fortune"; songs—Henschel's "No More," R. L. Smith's "Sea Song," Matthews' "Autumn" (Mr. Ormsby); Debois' "Brier Rose," Chadwick's "Song of the Viking." Mr. O'Shea was the organist and the pianists were Messrs. O'Shea and Drake.

The feature of the concert was the hymn by Archbishop O'Connell. It was given a sympathetic and excellent performance, and was received with so much applause that the composer was obliged to bow his acknowledgments from the orchestra.

For the rest, the concert was a characteristic one and gave keen pleasure to a large and enthusiastic audinece. There were repetitions, including the whole of Reinecke's "Dan Cupid," and Mr. Ormsby added to the programme.

FOR COLD EARS.

The New York Sun and its corps of ingenious contributors that write at ease are discussing the subject of cold ears. There are various suggestions to sufferers in winter: Rub the ears, wear ear caps, sit by the fire, go to a meeting of a woman's club, have the ears boxed, "boil them thoroughly in a strong soda solution, after which put them on a tray and place in the oven to bake until you need use them."

There are objections to all of these remedies or precautions. A once popular comedian bewailed the fact that he wore ear caps on a night when an unusually generous and general invitation was extended by an "opener" for all in the room to draw nearer to the bar.

Mr. Rufus Massey of New York proposes a sure cure: "Wiggle 'em constant." This advice is ungrammatical, and to some it will appear cruelly ironic. Forgetting that this whizzing ball is a world of wonders, they will answer: "A man cannot wiggle or wag his ears." Thus do they in their ignorance put the cure away.

There have been and there are men who can move their ears at will. Pierre Bayle writing the life of Hercules remarks: "A very particular circumstance is told concerning the greediness with which he devoured his victuals, it being said that the motion on these occasions made his ears move." The Journal of the Academia Naturae curiosorum (1685) describes a maiden who could move her ears. Jean Crassot, professor of philosophy, who died at Paris in 1616, was slovenly; his hair was neglected, and his beard was long and bushy, so that fowls of the air could nest therein, but he could move his ears up and down without touching them; so could the son of one Cinna mentioned by Martial. Saint Augustine in "The City of God" does not hesitate to say: "Some persons move their ears either singly or together," and he knew a man who moved both ears and hair at pleasure without making the least motion either with his hands or head. Casaubon argued the point at length, beginning: "This interferes directly with the common nature of men, to whom only of all animals, unless apes ought to be excepted, heaven has given ears which move of themselves * * * I have been told by persons worthy of credit that the ears of a certain man of learning" (probably Anthony Muretua) "were plainly seen to move, when, travelling by the borders of Savoy, he found that he was in danger of being burnt alive by the magistrate."

Vesalius, the great anatomist, saw men at Padua, who could wiggle their ears, and he explained the phenomena "Sometimes by means of certain delicate fibres, the fleshy membrane called by us 'carmosa,' is stretched above the ears, and gives the skin next the ear, and the ear itself, an arbitrary motion." Du Laurent and Valverdus knew men thus pleasingly gifted. Then there is the case of the great Justinian, who was likened by Procopius to an ass, "not only on account of his dullness and stupidity, but likewise because of his self-moving ears, whence he was called in a full theatre 'master-ass' by those of the green faction, or Prasini, to which he was an enemy."

We quote these instances, not for a vain show of pedantry, but to encourage those who suffer from cold ears and would be inclined to look on Mr. Massey's advice as a heartless jest. A man need not be a Hercules to wiggle his ears. The ability to do this is within reach of the weakest and the humblest. There should be incessant practice when the sufferer has passed the roaring forties. A half-hour a day should be enough for those of tender years.

CONCERT FOYER.

"Song of Solomon" on the Stage; Musical Activity Out in Cleveland.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE CONCERTS TO COME

LONDON correspondents say that there will be a stage performance of Solomon's "Song of Songs" in Queen's Gate Hall, under the auspices of the English Drama Society. They speak of the production as "novel, not to say daring."

But there was a dramatic performance of "The Song of Solomon," a symphony of spiritual love in eight mystical devices and three paraphrases," in Paris, Dec. 11, 1891. The translation was by Paul Roinard, and the "musical adaptations" by Flamen de Labrely. The affair was a singular one, for there was an appeal to eyes, ears and noses. The programme stated, for example: "First device, orchestration of the word in I, illuminated with O; orchestration of the music, D-major; of the color, bright orange; of the perfume, white violet." This description may be thus interpreted: The vowels, i and o dominated in the recitation; the music was in D-major, the stage decoration was of a bright orange color, the hall was perfumed with violet. Each succeeding scene had its particular color in speech and in scenery, its particular tonality in the accompanying music, and its particular perfume.

Nugent Monck, the originator of the scheme in London, considers "The Song of Songs" "originally a dramatic poem, if not strictly a stage drama." This is announced with a flourish of trumpets, but Mr. Monck is a belated individual. Renan arranged the poem as a drama in five acts with an epilogue, and he drew up a list of characters in the play. While he admitted that there is no trace of a theatre at Jerusalem before the time of Herod, who wounded the feelings of the Jews by building a playhouse, he was of the opinion that this poem was acted at family gatherings, especially at wedding festivals, and he agreed with others who preceded him that the poem should be divided into days corresponding to the days of these festivities. He classed the "Song of Songs" with plays that stand between the regular drama and the eclogue or pastoral with dialogue.

And before Renan published his translation with an elaborate study of the work, the poem was arranged for dramatic representation. One version was by Gustave Nicolai.

Mr. Conried says that when he first took the Metropolitan Opera House company to Chicago, a reporter called on him at his hotel and insisted on an interview, although he was about to bathe and admire himself. "He seemed an intelligent and earnest young man, and I was willing to do that much for him." Mr. Conried turned on the water and took off his coat. "What do you open with?" asked the reporter.

"I open with 'Tristan and Isolde.'"

"Have they ever been here before?" asked the reporter.

Francesco Guardabassi, a baritone who sang small parts in Metropolitan Opera House performances, went to Jean de Reszke. The eminent Pole in Paris said he would turn him into a tenor. At the end of three years Mr. de Reszke pronounced him to be one of his best pupils. Mr. Guardabassi went recently to Nice and took the part of Vasco di Gama in "L'Africaine." Before the second act was finished the audience named him Fiasco di Gama, for he was already without a voice.

Cleveland, O., hears much good music and there is an acute critic in every other house. We were reminded of this by the report of a musicale published in the Leader. Mr. James Goodwin, a sign painter, of temperament, acquired a mastery of the guitar. He took his instrument and also a "young lady friend," to the house of Mr. John Waters, 3704 Croton avenue, S. E. The music was delightful and the guests were loud in praise until Mr. Goodwin played a selection to which Mrs. Waters objected. There were angry words and at last, Mrs. Waters, forgetting the duties of a hostess, slapped the guitarist's face, whereupon, Mr. Goodwin drew a knife, possibly from behind his coat collar, possibly from a boot, and sallied in. His technic was admirable, for Mr. Waters was soon wounded in nine places. Mrs. Waters, however, was not idle, for she smashed the guitar. Her lovely daughter ran through backyards and over fences till she reached a police station, but Mr. Goodwin and his "lady friend" had fled. What in the world did Mr. Goodwin play that aroused such keen emotion?

The Pittsburg orchestra performed recently Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony and the Gazette-Times informs us that "the second section, the familiar 5-4 movement was not particularly enthusiastic."

Mr. Jahn Sickesz, a pianist now playing in this country, comes of a family that "occupied high places near the seats of Holland's mighty," but his uncle and his cousin did not wish him to be a pianist. As the press agent puts it: "The old Dutch blood, which had rescued the land from the sea and then torn down the dykes to drive the Spaniards from the country, was roused to the fiercest stubbornness on both sides, the family asserting its authority, the boy his independence. The tortures of starvation, privation, suffering and want that were Sickesz's during the years of his studies have been compared to those of Hugo when striving for recognition as a writer in Paris, which the novelist told as happening to Marius in 'Les Miserables.'"

This reminds us that Harold Randolph, who played here with Mr. Hutcheson last Tuesday, was introduced by a circular as follows: "Mr. Randolph comes of the best stock in the Old Dominion—the Randolphs of Roanoke. His father and uncles showed their old cavalier strain by the part they played in the victories that Lee achieved for the Lost Cause." There should have been a larger audience—but the northern roundheads and mudsills did not turn out.

Arthur Nikisch has declined to conduct the Good Friday performance of

Bach's "Matthew" Passion in the Thomas Church at Leipsic. It may be remembered that some time ago he was bitterly attacked by a man who declared that he was not worthy to conduct the sacred work. The assailant was brought into court and fined.

Two hundred and sixty-nine letters written by Wagner to his first wife, Minna, are to be published by a Berlin firm.

The German music journals all pay tribute to MacDowell's memory in articles of considerable length. Dr. Walter Niemann says the individuality of his music is not in the melodic invention, but in the richness and fineness of his harmonic scheme and in the elasticity of his rhythms. H. Richter Austin admits that MacDowell found his own manner of expression, but that he was firmly grounded in German art. He classes him with Emerson and Longfellow as a representative of American culture.

The programme of the Symphony concerts tomorrow and Saturday is as follows: Schumann, overture to Byron's "Manfred"; Dohnanyi, concert piece for 'cello and orchestra, Mr. Warnke, 'cellist (first time here); Bischoff, symphony in E major.

George Copeland, Jr., will give a piano recital this evening in Steinert Hall. He will play pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin, Liszt, Debussy, Grieg, MacDowell and Chabrier.

The third and last concert of the Hoffman quartet will take place in Potter Hall this evening. The programme will include Schumann's quartet, op. 41 No. 2; two movements from Debussy's quartet, and Mrs. Beach's piano quintet, op. 67, which will be played for the first time. Mrs. Beach will be the pianist.

The concerts next week will be as follows:

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the Czerwonky Quartet (Messrs. Czerwonky, Krafft, Scheurer, Nagel). Haydn, Quartet in D minor; R. Strauss, Sonata for piano and violin (Mr. Fox, pianist); Glière, Quartet in G minor (first time here).

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Carolyn Belcher Quintet (Misses Belcher, Eichhorn, Langtry, White). Mozart, Quintet in A for clarinet and strings (Mr. Grisez clarinetist); Moszkowski, Suite for two violins and piano (Miss Gertrude Belcher, pianist); Brahms, Quartet in A minor, op. 51.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30. Seventeenth public rehearsal of Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. Converse, "Jeanne d'Arc," dramatic scenes; Hinton, Concerto for piano, Mme. Goodson, pianist (first time in Boston); MacDowell, "Indian" Suite.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventeenth concert of Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Feb 28 1908

HOFFMANN QUARTET

The Hoffmann quartet, assisted by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, pianist, gave its third concert of the season last evening in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows: Schumann, quartet in F major, op. 41, No. 2; Debussy, two movements from quartet, op. 10; Mrs. Beach, piano quintet in F sharp minor, op. 67 (Ms.).

An inviting programme for Mrs. Beach's quintet was performed for the first time, and Debussy's andantino and allegro ("assez vif"), placed between the other two works, was well calculated to change the atmosphere as subtly and completely as a draught of enchanted air would have done. The feature of the evening in interest was the quintet, which was given a wholly appreciative performance by the composer and her colleagues.

The first impression received from the work was, perhaps, an impression of unbroken sweetness, even in the more highly wrought passages; the second, an impression of sustained motion, even more marked than the common effect made by concerted strings, like the inevitable shifting of the sea. The work is sonorous, often orchestral in effect, without perverting its function as chamber music or taxing too severely the instruments so as to produce a strident effect. It was warmly received, applause being generous after each movement, and at the end Mrs. Beach was recalled several times with hearty enthusiasm.

The members of the quartet also were recalled, and it was evident that the concert as a whole gave much pleasure. There was an audience of good size.

MR. COPELAND'S RECITAL.

Delightful Programme and Performance at Steinert Hall.

George Copeland, Jr., pianist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall, playing the following programme: Bach, Andante from "Italian Concerto"; Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio; Chopin, [illegible] in A flat and Ballade in A flat; [illegible] in D flat; Paganini-Liszt, [illegible]; Debussy, Nocturne and "Passepied"; Grieg, Humoreske; MacDowell, "From an Indian Lodge"; [illegible], Tree Fantasie."

The programme was delightful, and the performance was not less so. It was a pleasure to hear a programme of marked variety, quality, and brevity, with no ballast in the form of a sonata fagged by overwork, and no Hungarian rhapsody in the position of rudder. Mr. Copeland's programmes are known pleasantly for their partiality to modern French music; last evening he contented himself with the three pieces by Debussy and Chabrier, but he is quite as thoroughly at home in music of different nature, notably in that of Scarlatti and of Chopin.

Of the former, he gave an exquisite performance of the Pastorale, a performance that, for limpid tone, fluency, and the creation of an imaginative spell, made this number perhaps the most notable feature of the concert. The Capriccio was quite as charming in its way, but the piece itself has not the fragrance and the pictorial value of the Pastorale.

Admirable also was his playing of Chopin Ballade, a work too often played recklessly and much thumbed.

By pitching the whole work upon a moderate output of physical strength Mr. Copeland made nice effects of balance and of color, and attained an irresistible climax without apparent effort or forcing of tone.

There was a rather small but intensely interested and enthusiastic audience.

Men and Things.

MR. EDWARD BRECK, writing from Boston to the New York Sun, says that, visiting the kitchen department of a store in this city, he saw an article labelled "Sad Iron." He asked the meaning of word and article. The woman in charge answered: "One of the old meanings of the English word sad is heavy; a sad iron is, therefore, an unusually heavy flat iron."

* * *

Is it? The Century defines "sad iron" as a smoothing iron for garments and textile fabrics; especially, one differing from the ordinary flat iron "in being hollow and heated by red hot pieces of iron put into it."

But in certain English provinces, as Yorkshire, a sad iron is the ordinary iron used in the laundry, "as distinguished from the now extinct irons made hollow for the reception of a heater." This contradicts flatly the definition given by the Century.

* * *

"Sad" in English dialect as applied to bread, pastry, etc., means heavy, close, sodden; applied to porridge, it means "stodgy"; to potatoes, soapy, waxy. Not only in Noya Scotia and parts of New England, but also in New Jersey and Maryland, heavy bread is characterized as "sad."

Undoubtedly a sad iron is a heavy iron. A solid flat iron is presumably heavier than one that is hollow. We therefore are unwilling to accept the Century's definition.

(It may here be remarked that in Yorkshire, Eng., "sad of" is used with the meaning "deficient in"; as tea insufficiently sweetened is said to be "sad of sugar.")

* * *

We have asked men and women from Nova Scotia, Canada and various villages of New England concerning sad irons. Not one of them had heard the term. Some said that only the "old folks" in Nova Scotia spoke of a "flat iron" but they know the term "box iron." Now a box iron is a smoothing iron with a cavity to contain a heater and here we are back to the Century's definition. Flat iron is apparently not an old word. The first instance of its appearance in literature as quoted by the Oxford English dictionary was in 1810. The term "iron" however, applied to an implement used when heated to smooth out linen, etc., goes back to 1613. According to shape and structure, these irons were defined as box iron, sad iron, flat iron, Italian iron, etc. The Italian iron was a cylindrical iron with rounded end made hollow for the reception of the cylindrical heater used for fluting or crimping lace, frills, etc.

Heated irons are comparatively modern. They seem to have come into use in England in the latter half of the 17th century. During the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James large stones inscribed with a scripture text were commonly employed. Du Cange describes a "lischa," a glass cylinder for polishing clothes.

But we have not yet found a satisfactory, unanswerable definition of sad iron. We invite information about this all important matter.

* * *

Joseph Goldstein of New York lost a six months old daughter 15 years ago. He found her a piano player in a public school orchestra. When his nephew described her to him he shouted "'Tis her! 'Tis her!" 'Twas no time to be strictly grammatical. Furthermore has not the opinion been pronounced at Harvard University in tones of thunderous authority that "It's me!" is the one eminently proper construction.

There are men who are passionately given to the study of statistics. They commit long tables of figures to memory, for the sake of the figures, without any reference to their significance. We know a man who can recite glibly the tonnage of the chief Atlantic ocean steamships, and for this alone he is described by his admirers as "a regular man of the world." Another man knows the statistics of the jute crop for the last 25 years. For the benefit of these lovers of statistics we now say that both the birth rate and the death rate for England and Wales in 1907 were the lowest on record. The former was 26.3, while the average is 28.4; the latter was 15.0, while the average is 16.7. During the fourth quarter of 1907 London's birth rate was 24.4, against 16.4 at Brussels, 18.0 at Paris, 18.4 at Prague, 22.1 at Berlin. Her death rate was 14.3 against 15.8 at Berlin, 16.6 at Paris and 17.2 at New York. Of the 524,321 deaths of all ages in England and Wales in 1907, 108,214 were of infants under one year of age. This was at the rate 118 by the thousand births, while in 1905 the rate was 132, and for the preceding 10 years, 145. We do not vouch for the accuracy of the figures or any calculations or inferences.

* * *

A much more important matter is whether women in leap year have the advantage of the whole year or only one day. The Pall Mall Gazette says only on the extra day have they the liberty to propose to weak, unstable man. But is this day the 25th, the extra day inserted in the calendar of the church, or the 29th, the added day in the civil calendar?

About 1228 the Scottish Parliament passed an act by which it was "ordainit that during ye reign of her maist blessed maiestie, Margaret, ilka maiden ladee of baith high and lowe estate schal hae liberty to speak the man she likes. Gif he refuse to tak hir to be his wif, he schal be mulct in ye sum of ane hundrit poundis, or less as his estate may be, except and alwais, gif he can mak it appear that he is betrothit to anither woman, then he schal be free."

There is no doubt that manners and customs have gradually improved.

Feb 29 '08

Men and Things.

"SPANISH marquis in a cell." The last one we saw in this deplorable condition was in a performance of "La Perichole." For 10 long years he had not "tasted food or clothes," but with the aid of a little penknife he at last made his escape.

R. S. A. writes to The Herald: "Reading with interest the editorial in your issue of Feb. 27, 'For Cold Ears,' I am moved to ask the writer for suggestions for cold nose. To the faddist (according to the Chatterer) who sleeps out o' nights in winter, this is a vital question. No satisfactory nose-muff has as yet come to my observation. The cold nose prevents sound sleep and is a source of unrest from fear of a frostbite. The movement cure, as suggested for the ears, seems to be a physical impossibility for the nose, though I have heard of people who turn up their noses on occasion."

* * *

Has R. S. A. tried the nasal, the nose piece on a helmet? Turbans are also provided with this defence. Nosecap is hardly the word, for that means the metal cap on the nose of a gunstock. Nosebag is for a horse's provender and a nosetent is for insertion, not for outward protection.

There are proverbs about cold noses, but they might be thought uncomplimentary, and we, therefore, do not quote them.

* * *

Even the most matter-of-fact woman does not wish her nose to be frost-bitten. Dr. Bessie M. Andrews, whose nose was broken by a brake released suddenly by a motorman, sued the street railway company—this was all in Chicago—for $20,000 damages, and the jury awarded her $2500. But her nose must have been a wonder. It was not as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus; nor was it thick and pulpy like a small tomato. She herself described it on the witness stand. "It was of the perfect type. Many persons admired the beauty of my nose and commented upon its graceful and perfect lines. It is commonly called a perfect Grecian nose." If Dr. Bessie had worn a nasal, her nose would even now be one of the seven wonders of Chicago.

* * *

Brother Munsey is still dreaming of a chain of 500 newspapers "under a single control," with a $100,000 or $200,000 a year man at the head of the editorial force, and "another God-made genius in charge of the business end," with "the greatest authors, artists, essayists, engineers and statesmen," uniting for these newspapers, "with authority on every question of importance." It's a golden dream. All that prevents the realization is the fact that no newspaper man could be persuaded into the belief that his services are worth $100,000 a year, and Mr. Munsey would not take a cheaper man. The "greatest authors," and their colleagues are all ready; they are only waiting for the order to go ahead.

* * *

We learn from the Lyceumite and Talent that the "mystic philosopher," Frank Bennet Lane, "presents objectively abstract truth in concrete forms." In other words, he deals in solid chunks of wisdom. His advertisement ends: "At home—sometimes—Vineland, N. J." This reminds us of the notice once pasted on the door of an office in Court street: "Office hours, 12-1 P. M. Every other Wednesday."

* * *

Here is a problem for family discussion in front of the hissing radiator or under the fishtail burner. An Englishman X married Y in 1881. He had good reasons for declining to recognize her in 1883. In 1888, having heard nothing about her, and thinking she was dead, he married Z, who died in 1907. Then X discovered that Y was alive, and she, too, had married, in 1897, the man who proved to be her affinity in 1881-1883. X now petitions for a divorce. Has he disentitled himself by his own conduct?

* * *

George R. Sims, commenting on the Druce case, recalls preposterous swindles that ruined many who wished to make money without working for it. Almost a hundred English bubble companies were dissolved in 1720; among them was one "For a Wheel for Perpetual Motion, Capital One Million"; another was "For Insuring All Masters and Mistresses the Losses They May Sustain by Servants, Capital Three Millions." The most remarkable one was "For Carrying on an Undertaking of Great Advantage, But Nobody to Know What It Is." The capital asked was £500,000 in 5000 shares of £100 each. The deposit on the application was £2 a share. Each subscriber that paid the deposit was informed by the advertiser that he would be entitled to a premium of £100 a share. The promoter rented an office in Cornhill and opened it to receive applications on a certain day at 9 A. M. He closed it at 3 P. M., and went away with £2000—the deposits paid on 1000 shares for which subscription had been made. For some reason or other, he did not return the next morning or on any morning. His face was no more seen.

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Elizabeth Towne is the author of "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus." Is it dedicated to Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons?

Mar 1 '08

16TH CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

Bischoff's Composition Given Repetition by Dr. Muck's Orchestra.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Overture to Byron's "Manfred"..........Schumann
Concert piece for orchestra with 'cello obbligato..........Dohnanyi
(First time here.)
Symphony in E major..........Bischoff

Bischoff's symphony, which was played here for the first time early in January, was performed again last night. It was only meet and fitting that a symphony of so great dimensions and important contents should be heard again, and especially under the conductor who brought out the work with the most patient rehearsal and the keenest objective interest.

Unfortunately the symphony suffered last evening by coming after a long drawn out concert piece by Dohnanyi. The performance of this piece might well have been deferred. The concert would have been long enough without any middle piece between the overture and the symphony, and the mood of the "Manfred" overture is an excellent preparation for that of the first symphonic movement of Bischoff. The sweetness of Dohnanyi's music, too often cloying and stretched out as molasses candy may be pulled, was here incongruous. The symphony is defiantly long, but it is well worth hearing as a whole. To enjoy it, or to appreciate with only moderate

rapture the hearer should have heard little music and that should have been familiar.

Dohnanyi's music, by the way, is in the form of a concert piece with 'cello obbligato. The solo 'cello part was played by Mr. Warnke of the orchestra, and he displayed a fine tone and many nicetles in phrasing. The music is out of the common. It is monotonously sweet in sentiment: the composer, enamoured of this or that thought, either for the 'cello or as an orchestral figure in accompaniment or in the background, is loath to let anything go. But there are interesting things in this concert piece.

There are novel and charming orchestral effects; there are one or two exquisite tone pictures in miniature; there are instances of the rhythmic monotony that is oriental and hypnotic; there is, above all, a brave departure from the conventional form of the 'cello concerto with its cantilena for the mistress' eyebrow and the irritating acrobatic feats, from the pursuit of unseen flies to the imitation of the pump-handle. The bravura passages are apparently not extraneous and aggressively ornamental. They come directly from the melodic thought and are as extensions of it. Soothing music, this, but too long spun out.

Now the overture to Byron's "Manfred" and the symphony would have gone well together. Schumann's overture is probably better known to concertgoers than the tragedy that inspired it. How many in the hall could have passed a rigid examination, could have answered satisfactorily a paper of "Manfred" questions? What were Astarte's feelings toward Manfred? Explain the difference between the various spirits invoked. What did the chamois hunter think of Manfred? Whither did the latter go when he died? Was the abbot sure of Manfred's destination?

Perhaps Manfred was Byron himself, as Hazlitt insisted, with a drapery over him, but it is a pity that the poem is not studied in the schools, for at the time when it appeared and for some years afterward it had a great influence in Europe. Goethe, no honey dauber, thought highly of it. But it became the fashion to sneer at Byron, his misanthropy and his tragic lines. Some poohpoohed him as though he were a Fitzball or Moncrieff of oriental melo-drama with: "Now let the Almahs, with their feat steps beguile awhile my soul from moody care." But they accepted the orientalism of Disraeli and later that of Mr. Kipling.

Surely any drama that moved Schumann and Tschaikowsky to musical sympathy and to intense expression deserves even in this commercial age respectful consideration, and after a course in "Manfred," "The Corsair" and the other plays with scowling heroes, there should be a course in "Beppo" and "Don Juan." The latter is much healthier reading for the young than much of that which now serves them as literary fodder.

According to Bischoff's argument prepared for the first performance, this symphony is written in Byronic spirit. A second hearing enlarged the respect felt for the composer after the first performance. The first movement throbs with the blood of extravagant youth. There is the riotous expression of delight in the cheap joys of life. The expression is perhaps at times frankly Asiatic, to use a term dear to the old rhetoricians. There is excess here as in other movements, but this excess is not a revelation of weakness; on the contrary, it is the excess that Samuel Palmer described as "the vivifying spirit of finest art."

The second movement was more impressive throughout than at the first performance. There are passages in it that recall certain moods of "Parsifal," but they are only faint echoes of determined voices. Bischoff follows neither Strauss nor Wagner blindly. As an intimate friend of the former he has contracted certain mannerisms of speech and gesture, the way of cocking his hat—his thoughts are his own, his speech is his own, and there are times when he goes beyond his master in imaginative flights. This second movement has noble and memorable pages. The third movement is remarkable in many ways. The finale still seems the least striking of the movements.

Although there were a few false attacks in the performance of the symphony, the interpretation as a whole was a superb one, full of the rush and roar of life and the splendor of the animal man exulting or downcast. The performance of the overture was stirring and the finale was singularly beautiful as read by Dr. Muck.

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Samuel C. Colburn has written much pretty music for "The Wonder-Wander Man." The melodies are singable even for the smallest children, and the dance and incidental music has character. The instrumentation is discreet and the accompaniments and stage music as played by Carl Behr's orchestra were interesting and effective.

William Ludwig, the distinguished Irish baritone, is expected here this week.

Mr. de Pachmann's farewell recitals will be in Jordan Hall on Saturday afternoons, the 21st and 28th. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. Mudgett at Symphony Hall until Thursday evening, the 12th. The box office sale will begin on Friday morning, the 13th.

Mr. Mudgett will receive subscriptions at Symphony Hall for Emilio de Gogorza's song recital in Chickering Hall, Monday evening, the 16th. The box office sale will begin at Symphony Hall next Friday morning.

The Symphony Hall box office sale of tickets for Mme. Carreno's recital in Jordan Hall, Wednesday afternoon, the 18th, will begin Monday morning, the 9th. Mr. Mudgett will receive subscriptions until next Saturday evening.

For other announcements see the "Special Section" of this issue.

MASTERS FIGHTING, SINGERS PROFITING

The merry operatic war still rages in New York. Mr. Hammerstein produces new lyric dramas at the Manhattan Opera House and the Metropolitan Opera House endeavors to take his singers away from him. Meanwhile second and third-rate singers demand extravagant prices and the European is more and more convinced that the American has a pagoda tree which he shakes every morning after breakfast in his back yard.

As a result of Mr. Hammerstein's courage shown in the production of unfamiliar operas, there is actually more talk in the Manhattan about the works themselves than about the singing men and singing women hired to take part in them. This is incredible but true. Nevertheless, the singers are still talking about themselves. The wonder is that they have any breath for strictly vocal purposes.

It has been said by deep thinkers that there is no trace of any public dramatic performance at Jerusalem before the reign of Herod, who offended the Jews by building a playhouse. Yet I should not be surprised if Solomon, who tasted many pleasures, did not have an opera company of some sort. He says in "Ecclesiastes": "I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments and that of all sorts. * * * Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and behold, all was vanity, and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." Is not that a lifelike description of an impresario?

What a pity that Solomon did not write his memoirs; or if he wrote them, that they did not come down to us! We should then have known more about the superb Balkis, Queen of Sheba, and whether the gossip about her use of depilatories was ill-natured and false; and we should have no doubt learned many interesting facts about his singing men and women.

Miss Bessie Abott, who came to an agreement with Mr. Conried, is now very happy, so happy that she can hardly sit still. She will soon appear at the Metropolitan as Filina. Does she discuss the composition of the part, whether Filina should be coquettishly heartless even in bravura? Does she analyze the music written for her by Ambroise Thomas? O, no; but she has something to say about sensational costumes.

Miss Abott does not intend to be outstripped by Miss Mary Garden as Thais or by the eminent Russian bass, Mr. Chillblain, as some pronounce his name, who, in the Brocken scene, as Mephistopheles, wounded the sensibilities of unsophisticated New Yorkers—by showing much of his skin.

"You see," says Miss Abott, "Filina masquerades as a fairy when she sings the air 'I Am Titania.' I am planning to revel in my fairy costume! I don't want to say too much about it, because I'm not certain about it myself yet; but I should describe it as mostly diamonds and gauze." But why should gauze be added?

Let no New Yorker abuse Miss Bessie in print. In the first place, she has a charming figure, and the costume of Filina will become her. Let not the critics look on her with sour faces and tell her how she should dress the part. They should remember the lines of glorious John—not Sullivan, but Dryden:

> Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty I remember yet.

Miss Abott has surely disarmed them. She says that the New York critics are sincere. "I have learned a great deal from them myself, and I think any other singer could who was able to believe that adverse criticism is not inspired by malice. It is absurd to think that the earnest criticism we get in New York is written by men with petty axes to grind. They write what they think, and they demand the highest standard in the world."

This is handsomely said, but why did Miss Abott add: "Anywhere else in the musical world the public and the papers are satisfied with what is best at the moment, even if it is very poor, but the critics here have heard Lilli Lehmann and Jean de Reszke and others, and they do not forget. They know that artistic perfection is possible and they demand it; and they are right."

We infer from this that the critics in cities of Europe, Arope, Irope and Orope and the towns of America except New York have not heard Miss Lehmann, Mr. de Reszke and other singers of a dazzling past. Yet we are under the impression that the singers named have been heard by critics in Philadelphia, Chicago and even in our own little village.

Puccini, it appears, has rewritten the music of "Mme. Butterfly" for Miss Abott and she is to study the "higher version" with him next summer. This will provoke the higher criticism. She will also spend "a great deal of time in the galleries and museums of Paris planning new costumes for parts I shall sing." We like to think of her now in the Louvre, now in the Cluny.

They say that Mr. Caruso is unhappy; that he and the two Italian directors of the Metropolitan are not good friends; that he would like to sing at the Manhattan, etc., etc. I saw him in a box at the first performance of "Pelleas and Melisande," and he had a dazed look, as of one stupefied by the ultra-modern expression of operatic emotion. He gave an excellent imitation of a man that was thoroughly bored. But Mr. Caruso has a marvellous voice and he need not fear for the future. Debussys may come and Debussys may go; [illegible] as Mr. Caruso [illegible] when the opera house will be crowded and managers will deal with him on their knees. Mr. Hammerstein is an exception. He has found that his audience does not look with favor on vox et praeterea nihil. Mme. Tetrazzini is much more than a voice. Her bravura is more than a pyrotechnical display; it is alive and eloquent; furthermore, Mme. Tetrazzini is an accomplished actress. With her, Miss Garden, Dalmores, Renaud, Sammarco, Gilibert and the conductor, Campanini, Mr. Hammerstein may well wear an aggravating smile as he looks toward the Metropolitan.

They are already counting up the operatic profits in New York. It is estimated that the sum of $2,075,000 will have been spent in the purchase of seats at the two opera houses before the end of the season in April; that Mr. Hammerstein will clear at least $25,000; that the Metropolitan will have $30,000 or $35,000 for a dividend, and this in spite of the fact that Mr. Caruso receives $168,000 for a season of 80 performances. I do not vouch for the accuracy of these figures. They were published in the World.

Meanwhile there are in Berlin 2000 chorus girls, ballet dancers and "statists"—young women who stand on the stage and look beautiful—who are clamoring to go to New York.

Mr. Bonci, a truly remarkable singer, has been talking wisely, not about himself, not about the musical conditions in America, but about "bel canto" and modern singing. He does not look coolly on modern music as music, but because it offers temptations to neglect the sort of study that produces great artists. "I have known cases where study has not been necessary, a natural voice and a great amount of dramatic talent supplying the years of attention to detail and to correct placing of the voice. Such a voice can be used in modern opera, but never in the older forms, where everything depends upon perfection, and where the aim of everything is perfection."

He alludes to the fact that in modern opera the orchestra covers up many vocal shortcomings. The effects called for are dramatic rather than vocal.

"I hold to the incalculable value of the older form of opera even for the purpose of meeting the present tendencies. Everything in music comes by evolution, and the most modern music is actually based upon the classical simplicity of the past. While the daring of the impressionist in music as in art effaces all suggestions of the rigidity of earlier forms, a thorough grounding must be his first asset, so that if the form be abandoned or broadened or changed, he who does it knows exactly why he departs from the fountain head, and he must also know from what he departs."

Mr. Bonci, however, is not narrow in his views. He admits that some voices which have had the right foundation do not suffer from modern methods. "I would not put my own voice to the test. I love singing better than effects. I love polish and everything that is exquisite and artistic, and the great essentials of artistic singing are purity of tone, purity of style and purity of diction."

All students of singing should ponder these words of Mr. Bonci: "In the matter of word as applied to tone I would say that when a tone is properly placed the word need not necessarily affect it, but a great deal of harm is wrought by applying the word too early and beyond this by using several languages. It is a question, and a serious one, whether those who teach singing understand the application of the word to the tone, and the dangers are obvious in languages where nasals and gutturals prevail."

These and other sound and interesting remarks by Mr. Bonci were published in the New York Evening Mail.

Will Mme. Eames go to the Manhattan? It is said that she is willing to be persuaded. Mr. Hammerstein is a coy man. When asked what he purposed to do with Mme. Nordica when there was pother about her at the Manhattan he said to the reporters swarming about him: "Why doesn't one of you marry Mme. Nordica and settle this business for me." Asked about Mme. Eames, he replied: "I should not think of depriving the Metropolitan of such a distinguished singer."

Miss Garden, Miss Farrar, Mr. Chillblain, the eminent Cossack bass, and Mr. Journet have had something to say about the attitude of the American public toward art, and by art they mean singing in opera, and by singing in opera each one refers to her or his own singing. It is a pity that Messrs. Chillblain and Journet have left New York, but possibly Miss Garden, Miss Farrar and Miss Abott would like to say a few words about Judge Holmes' recent dictum:

"A musical composition is a rational collocation of sound, apart from concepts, reduced to a tangible expression, from which the collocation can be reproduced either with or without continuous human intervention."

Let us turn a moment from the opera house and view in anticipation our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Emil Paur, spending his vacation abroad next summer. The Pittsburg Dispatch describes him as a mountain climber.

"The summer months will see him garbed in a picturesque costume for roughing it, with Alpine stock in hand and a great nacket of his favorite Russian cigarettes, struggling up lofty peaks in the Alps and Hartz mountains. It is now that he takes on such muscular exercise as he has not been able to obtain during the professional season, that his features acquire a shade of tan, betokening perfect health and wholesome vigor, and that his lungs, swelling with draughts of pure, invigorating air, manufacture the rich blood that brings about a rejuvenation of the man and sends him back to Pittsburg brimming with life, enthusiasm and ambition. No [illegible] While rambling through the grand vista of the mountain tops the man's mind is grasping new thoughts, new ideas that shape themselves into such form as better enable him to interpret the great works of the masters of long ago, compositions that it is his delight to present."

A prima donna could not ask for a more eulogistic dithyramb.

With the engagement of two Italians of Milan as directors of the Metropolitan, the survivors of the Old Guard in New York fear the domination of Italian opera in that house. They already see the fine hand of the Ricordi firm of publishers and they hear the voice of Puccini. But why are they thus perturbed? If the great public prefers Italian opera, the managers will give works of this school. If it should prefer Gluck and Mozart it would produce their operas. If there were an imperative demand for Wagner's music dramas to the exclusion of operas by Donizetti, Verdi, Puccini and Giordano, Wagner would again rule the stage. There have been fine words about the policy of the coming managers, but there are always parsnips to be buttered.

The opera impresario is after all human, though his talk may be of art. He cannot afford to be a partisan from sole to crown. Artemus Ward's partner Billson, had the true managerial mind. Their company played "The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved" with a real drunkard. "The play didn't take particularly, and says Billson to me, let's give 'em some immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says No, Billson: and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he: Yes I have, old hoss-fly (the was a low cuss)—Yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the Czerwonky quartet—Richard Czerwonky, W. Krafft, Carl Scheurer, Rudolph Nagel—all members of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Felix Fox, pianist, will assist. Haydn, quartet in D minor; R. Strauss, sonata in E flat for piano and violin; Gliere, quartet in G minor, op 20 (first time in Boston). Reinhold Moritzovich Gliere was born at Kieff in 1874. He studied with Taneleff at the Moscow Conservatory. He has written a symphony in E flat major and considerable chamber music. His string quartet in A major, op. 2, was played here at a Kneisel quartet concert, Nov. 6, 1906.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Carolyn Belcher String quartet (Carolyn Belcher, Anna Eichhorn, Margaret Langtry, Charlotte White). Georges Grisez, first clarinetist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Miss Gertrude Belcher, pianist, will assist. Mozart, quintet in A major for clarinet and strings; Moszkowski, suite for two violins and piano; Brahms, quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2.

Chapman school, East Boston, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Albert M. Kanrich; Nicolai, overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Villanueva, poetic waltz for strings; Goldmark, serenade from "Rustic Wedding" symphony; Puccini, selection from "Mme. Butterfly"; Halvorsen, march, "Entrance of the Boyars." Miss Celestine Cornelison, contralto, will sing "I Have Lost My Eurydice," from Gluck's "Orpheus," and Foote's "Constancy." Ernest S. Williams, cornetist, will play Rogers' "Volunteer." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventeenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. Converse, "Jeanne d'Arc," dramatic scenes (first time at these concerts); Hinton, concerto for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston); MacDowell, "Indian" suite. Mme. Katharine Goodson will be the pianist.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventeenth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

THE GRAND OPERA SEASON.

The only performance of grand opera at the Boston Theatre the present season will be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company during a single week, beginning Monday, April 6, and ending Saturday evening, April 11. Of the operas planned for the season, Mascagni's "Iris," Puccini's "La Boheme" and "Manon Lescaut"; Verdi's "Trovatore," Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," and Thomas' "Mignon" will all be sung in Italian; Wagner's "Walkuere" and "Tristan and Isolde" will be sung in German. The management of the company announce the retention of many of last year's favorites in the list of solo artists, as well as the appearance of a number of singers who have gained a reputation the present season with their New York audiences. Rodolfo Ferrari, Alfred Hertz and Samuel Bovy will be the conductors. The subscription sale of season tickets (subscriptions accompanied by check to be sent to Manager Morison) will end on Saturday, the 21st, and on Monday, the 23d, season tickets may be had upon application at the box office on Monday, the 30th. A pamphlet giving full details of the season may be had by addressing Lindsay Morison, Boston Theatre, during the present week.

Coming Concerts.

Mme. Teresa Carreno will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 18th.

Next Saturday afternoon a pianola recital will be given in Steinert Hall. Frederick Hastings, baritone, will sing. Admission free.

Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, will give the third and last of her series of chamber concerts Wednesday evening, the 11th. Karl Wendling, violin, and Heinriche Warnke, 'cellist, will assist.

Personal.

Carlo Buonamici, pianist, of this city, will sail for Europe March 7. He will play a concerto and a group of pieces

a symphony [illegible]ert at Wuerzburg on March 24. He will play a concerto at a concert of the Cherubini Society in Florence April 6, and soon after that he will probably play at a Saint Cecilia concert in Rome. Mr. Buonamici expects to be back in Boston about the end of April.

Federico Troccoli, a young musician of this city, has composed a "moto perpetuo," an "allegro di concerto" for violin and piano, which has been published. It is favorably spoken of by violinists.

Max Bruch told a Berliner recently that his royalties have not amounted to a large sum. Unknown and poor, he sold his violin concerto in G minor for [illegible] thalers.

Some say that Charpentier is completing an opera for the Opera Comique, [illegible] of "Louise." Others say that he is broken in health and unable to work, the result of too much Montmartre.

Marshall Steele of London objects to "the [illegible]ted superior young person, the affected connoisseur et id genus omne. There is, for example, the musical young woman, who has nothing but [illegible] contempt for the bourgeois folk who sing Sullivan's songs, or [illegible] a performance of "Norma." I [illegible] to shut her up in a dark cupboard before. I should like to seal it [illegible] now. She will have nothing but Brahms and Beethoven and she [illegible]es the latter's longest sonatas to display her incompetence on the violin. I asked her for one of the 'Songs Without Words' by way of a change the other night. 'Oh! Mendelssohn,' she [illegible] scarcely refraining from a pitying [illegible]. 'Don't you think him dreadfully [illegible]?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'and I am on my knees to heaven in thanks for his [illegible]ess whenever I have heard it. I also adore Gounod.'"

Claude Debussy five years or so ago went to London to hear Wagner's "Ring" and to write impressions of it for Gil [illegible]. He said many things, among them this: "It is difficult for any one who has not had the same experience to picture the condition of a man's mind after attending the tetralogy of four consecutive evenings. A quadrille of leit-motifs dances in one's brain, in which Siegfried's theme and Wotan's lance are vis-a-vis, while the malediction motif cuts some wierd figures. It is more than an obsession; it is a complete possession. One loses one's identity, and becomes transformed into a walking leit-motif, moving in a tetralogical atmosphere. It seems as if, for the future, our habitual [illegible] will not prevent us from [illegible] our friends with Valkyrie exclamations: Hoyo-toho! Hei-aha! Hoyo-hei! How gay it all is! Hoyo-hei. * * * Ah! [illegible]! How insufferable these people in helmets and wild-beast skins become by the time the fourth evening comes round. Remember that at each and every appearance they are accompanied by their [illegible] leit-motif. There are some who even sing it themselves. It is as if a harmless lunatic were to present you with his visiting card while he declaimed [illegible] what was inscribed thereon." He also wrote: "Suddenly the most supremely lovely music, irresistible as the sea, surges into one's ears, and criticism flies to the winds. * * * Such a work is a monument, the architectural [illegible] of which stretch far into infinity." Debussy says that Greig's music gives him "the charming and bizarre sensation of eating a pink bonbon stuffed with snow."

Mr. Arthur S. Hyde, organist and choirmaster of Emmanuel Church in Boston, will leave this city in the fall to take charge of the choir and organ of St. Bartholomew's in New York.

Mar 2 . 08

PAINFUL INTRODUCTIONS.

There is a singular story in "Leaves from a Life," a volume of reminiscences published recently in London. The author's name is omitted from the title page, but she is supposed to be a daughter of Frith, the painter, the photographic painter who is dear to thousands of middle-class English men and English women, and the abomination of desolation to Mr. George Moore.

The author's "papa" made the acquaintance of Bret Harte and he thought it would be eminently desirable to bring Harte and George Augustus Sala together. In this "papa" showed a woful ignorance of human nature. X is fond of Y. He is also fond of Z, who does not know Y. He thinks that Y and Z, if they should only meet would be sworn friends. Telling Y that Z is a delightful fellow, and Z that Y is a man he ought to know, he thus inspires mutual distrust if not absolute dislike. The meeting takes place and it is a sad affair. Y detests Z and the two of them are cool henceforth toward X.

What happened in this instance? Mr. and Mrs. Sala arrived at Frith's house some time before the dinner. Bret Harte was at last announced. "I noticed Mr. Sala start and look out eagerly into the other room; but before he could move, papa came up with Bret Harte, saying: 'I want to introduce my old friend Sala to you, Mr. Harte.' Sala got up, but before anything else could be said, Bret Harte looked straight at Sala, and remarked quite coolly: 'Sorry to make unpleasant scenes, but I am not going to be introduced to that scoundrel.'"

Sala was far from being a scoundrel and Harte's conduct was, of course, boorish. It is said that the animosity displayed was of "a professional rather than a personal origin," whatever that may mean. It matters not: the scene was disagreeable and unnecessary. Frith made the mistake of introducing two men without first inquiring whether or not the meeting would be agreeable. Having made it, through reckless good nature, he nevertheless should have been spared Harte's insult.

Harte should have bowed and made some conventionally amiable remark. After he left the house, he was free to cut Sala if he thought it advisable. Or he could bow coldly with a meaning look, as much as to say: "I'm on to you, sir."

And here was an occasion for "de-introduction," a matter of etiquette strongly recommended. Persons who have nothing in common are introduced to each other. The enforced recognition in public is a bore. Why should there not be a process of "de-introduction"? Thus Frith might have said as his guests were leaving the house: "Harte, let me de-introduce you and Sala." The two could then have gone away in a civil manner, but as strangers.

Men and Things

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has been "going into society" this winter, solely for the purpose of collecting material for his colossal work to which we have referred on sundry occasions, informs us that "our best people" discourage a course of raw oysters at a formal dinner; that they substitute caviare with cut up red peppers and other "fixin's" or grape fruit wet with sherry or rum.

"They are afraid of oysters," said Mr. Johnson, and he shook his head.

* * *

"How many oysters should be served as a first course, Herkimer?" Mr. Johnson said: "There is a great difference of opinion on this subject. The ancient Romans ate raw oysters before the feast and also during it, whenever the appetite began to grow stale. Slaves opened the shells in the sight of the eaters. A friend of Brillat-Savarin used to put down 32 dozen and was then tuned for heroic performance. Grenville Tudor Jenks, known years ago as the Cicero of the Brooklyn bar, thought nothing of eating 100 before a formal dinner. When oysters were not in season, he would substitute a cold chicken. Thackeray in his 'Memorials of Gormandizing' praised a dinner where nine dozen Ostend oysters were served for six persons. Thomas Walker, a judicious eater, proposed this dinner for two at the Athenaeum: 'First, a dozen and a half of small oysters, not pampered, but fresh from their native bed, eaten simply after the French fashion, with lemon juice to give an edge to the appetite. In about 20 minutes, the time necessary for dressing them, three fine flounders water-zoutchied with brown bread and butter. At a short interval after the flounders, a brace of grouse, not sent up together, but one after the other, hot and hot like mutton chops, each accompanied by a plate of French beans. With the flounders half a pint of sherry, and with the grouse a bottle of genuine claret . . . after which a cup each of strong hot coffee. This is a style of dining which made us think of the gorgeous, encumbered style with pity and contempt.'"

* * *

"How in the world, Herkimer, do you remember that description?"

"It made a deep impression on me when I read it. As for myself I like 18 littleneck clams for a starter."

* * *

"Did you ever read Charles Astor Bristed's essays on eating, his 'Table Aesthetics'? He had a fastidious taste and he was a sensitive soul. Once he went to the opera at Washington and removing his overcoat his dress coat went with it. A brilliant audience saw him in shirt sleeves. He left the theatre immediately and did not go out again that season. It was Bristed who insisted that a full bottle of champagne and a bowl of cracked ice should be put by the plate of each guest, for he thought the wine should not be cooled in any other way. It was Bristed who objected to Roman punch introduced before the game; but he said it would do for women who are not always able to appreciate canvas back and venison. Bristed believed solemnly in oysters as the very best way of preparing for a repast, but he protested against two dozen or even one dozen. 'Three oysters of the size we have them, or six like the European ones, give the proper whet.' Me for a dozen Cotuits," said Herkimer—"but no heating and insulting sauce, no horse radish, nothing but the 'scuse' of a lemon," and Mr. Johson's eyes were shot through with a tender lovelight.

* * *

We respected his emotion. Again he lifted up his voice: "Thackeray, a name never to be mentioned save with reverence, speaks of cayenne pepper with the lemon—the mistake of an accomplished gourmet. No thoughtful person, only a feeder takes a cocktail before oysters. One of the real griefs of my life is the disappearance of an oyster house that used to be in Essex street. There were old-fashioned box stalls, and, if I am not mistaken, a curtain could be drawn. What oysters!"

* * *

Mr. Johnson at home is one of the most abstemious of men. For breakfast he eats a baked apple and two slices of hot buttered toast. He dines simply at 1 o'clock chiefly as from

> A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied
> And water from the spring.

His supper at 6:30 consists usually of bread, butter and apple sauce. Sometimes he adds gingerbread or a cooky. On a holiday he revels in fried hasty pudding. A simple soul as Johnson the citizen; but as Johnson the sociologist his taste is catholic, his enjoyment is not far removed from gulosity; a stout, two handed drinker. For he knows the words of Hazlitt to be true: "There is nothing that goes down better than what relates to eating and drinking, on the stage, in books, or in real life."

* * *

We discussed Mrs. Waldorf Astor's entertainment for the benefit of poor mountaineers of Virginia; how one noble dame represented Semiramis in a tableau, another one Thais. Mr. Johnson wondered why they did not prefer to pose as Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale. Then there was Mrs. Eustis posing as Salammbo with a live and spotted python, 15 feet long and 45 pounds in weight, coiled about her neck and shoulders. "The Roman girls in the time of Martial," mused Mr. Johnson, "wore little cool snakes about their neck in summer as ornaments. It seems that Flaubert was all wrong in making the python a sort of protecting deity of the Carthaginian home, as he was wrong about many details in his admired descriptions, if Maurice Pezard's article in the last Mercure de France is trustworthy."

Mch 3, 1908

QUARTET HEARD IN FIRST HUB CONCERT

Czerwonky and His Players

The Czerwonky quartet (Richard Czerwonky, W. Krafft, Carl Scheurer, Rudolf Nagel) gave its first public concert in Boston last night in Steinert Hall. Felix Fox, pianist, assisted. The programme was as follows: Haydn, quartet in D minor; R. Strauss, sonata in E flat for violin and piano (Messrs. Czerwonky and Fox); Gliere, quartet in G minor, op. 20 (first time here). There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The players, after each composition, were recalled again and again.

Mr. Czerwonky is a violinist of warm virtuoso blood. He is a born virtuoso of pronounced individuality. He is a virtuoso in the finer sense of the word, for he is much more than a juggler with the bow, a fiddler of surprises and concert tricks.

In this he is fortunate, for the period is one conspicuous for the worship of personality in the opera house, the concert hall, the theatre. A young man, he will in all probability go far. It is said that at the end of this season he will leave the Boston Symphony Orchestra, of which he is the second concert master, to devote himself to solo performances.

The qualities that distinguish him as a solo violinist do not necessarily fit him to be the leader of a string quartet. Too often last evening, in Haydn's quartet, there was the suggestion of a solo violinist accompanied in the ensemble by three capable musicians.

The music of Haydn was highly modernized in the performance. The music was often played in an incongruously nervous, restless spirit, and the expression of emotion was swollen to an intensity that was foreign to Haydn's day. There was a lack of the serenity and of the artful naivete that characterize the chamber music of the latter years of the 18th century and the early years of the 19th. Many passages were played "in Ercles' vein." There were broadly marked contrasts, rather than quiet nuances of sentiment. The performance was interesting in a way; it was often spirited; Mr. Czerwonky's solo playing was in itself, and without consideration of the necessities of ensemble, engrossing; but as an example of ensemble playing, the performance was neither magnificent nor was it Haydn.

On the other hand, the performance of the quartet by Gliere, the Russian, was legitimately exciting and appropriately fantastical. An earlier quartet by this composer was played some time ago at a Kneisel concert and it gave much pleasure. This later work is more out and out Russian, both in thematic material and in treatment. The themes have now the hopeless and haunting melancholy of the Russian folk song and now the wildness of oriental melody with the rhythmic monotony, the harmonic persistence, the delight in repetition. The music is interesting throughout and there are passages that are thrilling in a barbaric way, as, for instance, the trio of the third movement. The music was played with marked comprehension of its character and with uncommon brio.

Messrs. Czerwonky and Fox gave an excellent interpretation of Strauss' violin sonata, which made a marked impression here late in 1902, when it was produced by Messrs. Kneisel and Lamond. It was composed at the time when Strauss stood midway between his respect for Mendelssohn and Schumann, who, mirabile dictu! were once his gods, and his interest in the music of Liszt and Wagner, an interest fostered by Alexander Ritter, for some years Strauss' guide, philosopher, friend. Ultra-modern music fades away and dies all the more quickly if its immediate popularity is based only on surprise and the delight in unconventional form and expression.

This sonata, however, appears already as an example of classical romanticism. Here and there a melodic phrase may seem a little common in sentiment, but the work is built on a broad foundation; it has a proud, heroic spirit and beauties of a rare and precious order. Mr. Czerwonky and Mr. Fox vied with each other in a rivalry that served the composer's purpose.

Seldom has the first concert of a string quartet in Boston awakened such enthusiasm from an audience, and seldom has one interested so thoroughly the more hardened concertgoers. The second concert will take place on Monday evening, April 2.

OPERA AT THE BOSTON.

Manager Conried Announces His List for Week of April 6.

The operas with the casts for the week of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, Heinrich Conried manager, at the Boston Theatre beginning Monday evening, April 6th will be as follows:

Monday, April 6, Mascagni's "Iris." Mme. Eames and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti.

Tuesday, April 7, Puccini's "Boheme." Mmes. Farrar and Dereyne and Messrs. Bonci, Stracciari, Blass and Begue.

Wednesday, April 8, matinee: "Il Trovatore." Mmes. Fornia and Homer and Messrs. Caruso and Stracciari. Evening performance: "Die Walkuere." Mmes. Leffler-Burckard, Morena and Kirkby-Lunn and Messrs. Burrian, Van Rooy and Blass; Gustav Mahler, conductor.

Thursday, April 9, "Le Nozze di Figaro." Mmes. Eames, Farrar, Alten, Messrs. Scotti, Campanari, Barocchi; Mr. Mahler, conductor.

Friday, April 10, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." Mme. Cavalieri, Messrs. Caruso, Scotti, Barocchi, Lucas.

Saturday, April 11, matinee: "Tristan und Isolde." Mmes. Fremstad and Homer, Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass and Muehlmann; Mr. Mahler, conductor. Evening performance: Thomas' "Mignon." Mmes. Farrar, Jacoby, Alten, Messrs. Bonci, Dufriche, Lucas, Plancon.

Subscriptions by mail will now be received by Lindsay Morison, manager, Boston Theatre. They will also be received at the box office on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23, 24, 25.

Mail orders for seats for single performances will be received on and after Monday, March 23.

The sale of single tickets for one or more single performances will begin on Monday, March 30, at the box office of the Boston Theatre.

Men and Things.

WE asked for information last Friday night about sad irons as known and used in New England. It should be remembered that "sad" in certain English provinces and in parts of the United States still means "heavy"—as "This bread is sad."

S. E. W. writes from New Bedford: "In regard to the question of sad irons I would say that I have always heard that they were named for the man who first made them, John Sadd."

We should think more favorably of this explanation if Mr. Sadd's Christian name had been Jonas or even Elihu.

* * *

It seems that all the Pittsburg millionaires are not able to leave pleasure at

home for business in New York. The New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch gives these unfortunate's points concerning clothes as seen on Fifth avenue, on the stock exchange and in night restaurants; concerning observances of etiquette, conversation and the like. He recently told the Pittsburg millionaires how they should wear the hat "to look rakish." "To be absolutely correct you must wear your hat, that is, a derby or silk, thrust down toward your right ear and crushed pretty well down on your head at this angle."

We were reared in a village on the Connecticut. The people there were a simple, godly folk. If any young man wore his hat tilted on one side, he was looked on as dissipated and was suspected of wild nights in Springfield, Mass. Mothers warned their daughters against him. Nor was a peculiar formation of the head accepted as a reasonable excuse.

The New York correspondent says nothing about the practice of wearing a hat, if it be a new one, in the parlor while making a formal call. Walt Whitman sang:

Whimpering and truckling fold with powders for invalids, conformity goes to the fourth-removed.
I cock my hat as I please, indoors or out.

But Walt Whitman did not live for any length of time in Pittsburg and he was perhaps not an example for a millionaire.

* * *

England has not always been the great ale land. In the middle of the 13th century there were at least 530 breweries in Hamburg, which supplied England and the other northern or beer-drinking countries of Europe. In 1604 the lattices of English ale houses were generally painted red. (From Facts That Everyone Should Know.)

* * *

There have been several restaurant cases recently in London courts. The court of appeal has decided that a waiter's tips are an integral part of his earnings, for the purpose of assessing his employer's liability in case of his death by accident. But suppose the employer forbids tips and puts up a notice to that effect? There are such landlords, the Lord be praised.

In another case, a guest at luncheon had his overcoat stolen. He sued for its value but in vain, for the judge thought the manager had taken all reasonable precautions. He was not bound to have a man watch each hook. There was no coat room in this restaurant.

This reminds us that in Berlin, where expensive fur coats are common, a restaurant trick is played in this manner: Two confederates enter to eat when there is a crowd. One of them wears a fur coat. In due time he leaves the room with the coat of a stranger. If he is stopped on his way, he apologizes and takes his own. If he makes his escape, the other confederate goes out with the coat that belongs to the firm.

* * *

The intimate relationship that exists between nations is shown again by the fact that the "financial crisis" in the United States has affected seriously thousands of men, women and children in the Erz mountain districts of Bohemia, for the glove industry there has been practically destroyed and the work people are almost starving. The yearly output of kid and leather gloves of these factories amounted to 12,000,000 dozen pairs, and nearly all of these gloves made their way to the American market.

* * *

An Austrian named Krumholtz, dwelling in Paris, has been charged with being a spy. He quarrelled with the wife of a concierge, struck her, and then the police rummaging his room found documents which excited the suspicion that he was trying to find out the secrets of French war balloons. But what especially aroused injurious comment was Krumholtz's practice of putting wine in his plate of kidney beans. Americans purposing to visit Paris this spring should make a note of this.

* * *

Will the London Times be sold at auction? Mr. Munsey in this event would be able to lengthen his chain of newspapers.

* * *

John S. Wise, who has been saying many things, stated in the course of an address in New York that "no man ever lived who could fold a sweet young bud as gallantly in his arms and salute her as gracefully and with as much benediction as Robert E. Lee." To quote the once popular song: "Well, I don't know." There was Casenova; there was Mirabeau. Our own Hobson made a promising start. Then there is the vast army of the silent unknown. The complete history of osculation through the centuries has not yet been written.

mch 11 '08

Men and Things.

We read a few days ago an account of the restoration of Saint Pierre. How the city that was devastated and ruined by the volcano is again a vision of fairness to the eye; the shops are open, there is excitement at the port, the air is heavy with perfumes of flowers—there is gaiety in the playhouse, at night strains of mandolins and guitars are heard and languorous eyes look kindly on the stranger. 'Twas an enchanting description, worthy of Lafcadio Hearn and his lushness of rhetoric, a description that would melt even a New England conscience.

Last Sunday we met a woman who visited Saint Pierre recently. She said the town was a huge, dreary graveyard. There is no trace of business or pleasurable life; there is, however, a little shack with a few rooms, which is dignified by the title of hotel, and serves to accommodate roughly any stranger who may stop from curiosity.

Later, on a steamer with her was a German who amused himself by stuffing the passengers that had not visited the island with romantic tales about the present sensuous and swooning life of the inhabitants of the "restored" city. A Havana newspaper in some way or other learned of his stories, accepted them and published the account from which the article that appeared in northern journals was taken.

We tell the tale as 'twas told to us. We do not vouch for anybody's accuracy. This is a mad world and it is also a lying one.

* * *

For instance, we said a few days ago that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was to play Mephistopheles in a new drama by Henri Bataille. As a matter of fact, she has broken with Bataille and will be obliged to pay him an indemnity of f.20,000; but she now hopes to impersonate Faust in Edmond Rostand's new play. If she does, may she be spared the fate of Mr. Thomas H. Clark, who was the Faust in a recent performance of a play during the engagement of the Fanning-Howard Company in Grand Forks, South Dakota. While Mr. Clark was in the act of summoning Mephistopheles his whiskers caught fire—just as though he had been impersonating Santa Claus at a Sunday school entertainment and had thus added to the Christmas joy.

* * *

Mr. Albert S. Block of St. Louis went into an office to get payment on a check. The manager was out and the head book-keeper, Miss Kerone, told Mr. Block he could get his money an hour later. Displeased, he expressed himself in such a way that the young women in the office giggled. Mr. Block then addressed Miss Kerone as an "old hen" as as an "old cat." She demanded an apology, and on his refusal to apologize she brought suit against him for $20,000. In court he admitted he used the terms, but he meant no disrespect. "The jury gave Miss Kerone one dollar actual damages and $500 punitive damages on account of angulsh of mind."

Which term especially distressed her? Would you, for instance, Mrs. Overdon, prefer to be called an old hen or an old cat? Of course no woman can be both at the same time. For at least five centuries the term "cat" in English as applied to a woman, whether she be old or young, is a reflection on her moral character, but an "old hen" may be rigidly virtuous. It would be a pleasure to learn which term in this instance provoked the keener anguish.

* * *

C. R. L. writes: "You mentioned lately in the Men and Things column a handsome nose which was on the face of a Chicago woman physician until it was broken by an accident. She said in court that it was of the perfect type—Grecian. Is a Grecian nose generally considered the handsomest?"

Madam, we do not know. This is a matter regulated by time and place. Solomon described the nose of his beloved Shulamite as like unto "the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus." Many Orientals believe that a large nose worn prominently by a woman is the sign of a masculine nature. Dahnash, the Ifrit, describing the beauty of the Princess Budur in the wondrous tale of Kamar al-Zamon, said that her nose was like the edge of the burnished blade Northcote, the painter, discussed with Hazlitt the characteristics of a handsome nose. "A long nose is not a handsome nose; neither is a short nose a handsome nose; it must then be one that is neither long nor short, but in the middle between both." Bacon said that there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion, but this saying can hardly be applied to the rose. Nor is a wart on a nose a true embellishment. Any one would prefer "the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose." The Greeks ridiculed long noses; the Hebrews respected them as indicating prudence and lung suffering. Arethne tells us that the Persians, after the death of big-nosed Cyrus, "esteemed no man beautiful, nor worthy to reign, unless he had a nose of like size." Francis I. of France was a great King because he had a large nose. See Bouchet on noses, tome III., pp. 110, 111; also Tallcotius "De Cartorum Chirurgia," lib. 1, chap. a. As the latter justly says: "There is, besides, something august and regal in the nose, either because it is the sign of corporeal beauty and mental perfection, or because it denotes some peculiar aptness and wisdom in governing."

Reading this over, we see that we have not answered your question.

mch 5 '08

MAX FIEDLER TO SUCCEED DR. MUCK

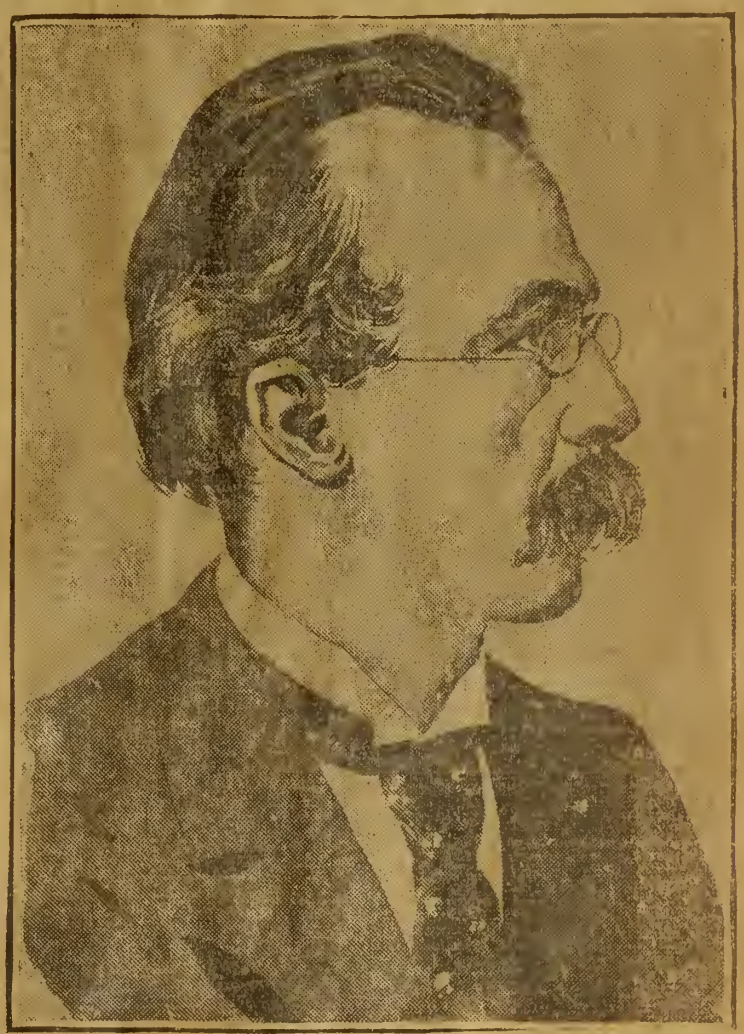
Hamburg Conductor Engaged to Head Symphony Orchestra Next Season.

The management of the Boston Symphony orchestra announced yesterday that arrangements have been completed whereby Max Fiedler of Hamburg becomes the conductor of the orchestra next season.

As soon as it was decided that Dr. Muck could not get further leave of absence from Berlin, negotiations were begun with Mr. Fiedler, who ranks among the leading conductors of Germany, and was highly recommended by Dr. Muck himself as his successor. Dr. Muck knows him well, as they were students together in the Leipsic Conservatory.

NEW SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR

Max Fiedler of Hamburg, Who Will Next Season Succeed Dr. Muck. He Was a Fellow-Student with the Latter Who Strongly Recommended Him.



Mr. Fiedler was born in Zittau, Dec. 31, 1859, and his whole life has been devoted to music. Before he became conductor he was one of the leading pianists of Germany, and he ranks high as a composer. His first lessons on the piano were given to him by his father, Karl August Fiedler, a music teacher in Zittau, and he studied theory and organ playing under G. Albrecht. From 1877 to 1880 he was a pupil at the Leipsic Conservatory on the Holstein foundation.

Since 1882 he has been in the faculty of the famous Hamburg Conservatory and since 1903 he has been its director. During these years he did considerable work as a pianist, but most of his time has been given to teaching and conducting. Since 1894 he has been the conductor of the Hamburg orchestra concerts, and he has served as conductor at the Hamburg Opera House. As "guest conductor" he has appeared in Berlin, St. Petersburg, London, Paris and New York.

In the last named city he conducted the Philharmonic Society on Dec. 15 and 16, 1905, and of the various conductors brought to America by this society none seems to have made a more favorable impression on the musical public of New York. His compositions include a symphony in D minor, which was produced in Hamburg in 1886, a quintet for piano and strings, a string quartet, songs, piano pieces, etc.

Mr. Fiedler is said to have authority as a disciplinarian and also an emotional nature that inspires his men and vitalizes the works performed. He is catholic in his taste; he respects the masters of the past, and he is deeply interested in contemporaneous tendencies and movements. He is a warm admirer of Richard Strauss, but he is not a partisan in the obnoxious meaning of that word.

When he visited New York to conduct two concerts of the Philharmonic Society his programme was as follows: Prelude to "The Mastersingers," Strauss' "Don Juan," Beethoven's symphony in C minor. The choice of a symphony by Beethoven was not, perhaps, wholly his own, inasmuch as the concerts were commemorative of Beethoven's birthday.

Mr. Fiedler's distinguishing characteristic as a conductor is said to be his power of suggestion, which he exercises quietly on the orchestra.

CONCERT FOYER.

Antonio Jagrossi, Watervliet, Bursts Into Song About

a "Sweet Girl."

HOW SOUTH AND WEST APPRECIATE VOCAL ART

BY PHILIP HALE.

WE advise young concert singers in search of new songs to freshen their programmes to look at "Sweet Girl" by Anthonio Jagross. The first verse runs as follows:

M[illegible] sweet girl
[illegible] you all the time.
[illegible] want my ring,
[illegible] take it off and give it to you.

The [illegible] verse is still more intimate:

My sweet [illegible],
I am getting down hearted,
[illegible]
You [illegible] round and see me and make [illegible]

The [illegible] verse is material in spirit [illegible] reassuring to the girl.

My sweet girl,
[illegible] are [illegible] all the time,
[illegible] very word I promised you,
[illegible] make you [illegible] all your life.

In the sixth and last the poet shows [illegible] he is an honorable man and not a [illegible] and roving troubadour.

[illegible] am a good man
[illegible] k [illegible] my face.
You take and marry me,
And don't be afraid

And each verse is followed by a chorus:

I take a walk in Italy,
I take a walk to far away,
I like to hear you sing alone,
Let me come over to your house and I can rest.

A copy of the song is now before me, the song without the music. Instead of notes in notation there is a portrait of the gifted poet and composer. His hair is pleasingly combed over his forehead and although his lips are closed as he reads with a smile his own composition, his face itself is music.

If Miss Tottie Coughdrop, the charming soubrette, or Mme. Evelyn Belinda Snorer, the eminent dramatic soprano, wishes to sing this song, she must visit Mr. Jagrossi.

"For permission to sing this song in public, see composer at Young's barber shop, 1593 Broadway, Watervliet, N. Y."

The barber shop in old times was a temple of the muse. A cithern, an instrument of the guitar kind, but strung with wire, was commonly kept in London barbers' shops in the 16th and 17th centuries. A man waiting his turn—I believe he would now be described as a "client"—would take down the cithern from the wall and strum, or sing to his own accompaniment. Today a comic weekly takes the place of the cithern. The cithern, by the way, often had a grotesquely-carved head, and so the term "cithern-head" was applied contemptuously by the irreverent to citizens who, no doubt, were highly respectable and of weight in the community.

Does Mr. Jagross' Caruso a stave or two while he adroitly dodges with his razor a pimple or dashes the rum that is not demoniacal on arid hair?

How would you like to summer and winter with the Mobolo family in Traverse City, Mich.? There are seven children, and they are all musical. Inez, 19 years old, fiddles. The others are Nettie, 17, harp; Marie, 16, 'cello; Lillian, 14, piano; Ervin, 12, flute; Willard, 9, violin; Elmer, 4, cornet. Oh, Elmer! So young, and yet so heartless toward others!

Mme. Albani has been singing at Glasgow, and the music critic of the Herald says she still sings with great effect. "The question of her retirement need not trouble us yet awhile."

They were enthusiastic in Atlanta, Ga., over Mme. Calve's company. The Constitution informs us that Mr. d'Aubigne's [illegible] production is "flowing"; that Mme. [illegible]'s "firm, flexible wrists were no [illegible] than her pure, virile tone, and feeling [illegible] resonant in it." And how about Mme. Calve? "Throughout the programme there were hints of the Carmen temperament, whether the diva sang a [illegible] ode or a spring song, the [illegible] of the [illegible] and the notes of the [illegible] the spring song being submerged [illegible] passion of the lover's [illegible] the budding flowers, and her [illegible] of noonday heat." [illegible] says that America [illegible]

[illegible] a reporter of the [illegible] Courier-Journal. "There [illegible] none of that bisre spirit of [illegible] and indifference usually [illegible] persons who are habitually in-[illegible] and [illegible] more habitually ad-[illegible] by [illegible] and [illegible] is charmingly tolerant [illegible] even, artistic, vanity, [illegible] these neither [illegible] cold [illegible] to forced and icy [illegible] a single gesture and [illegible] an intimate [illegible] the most [illegible] and [illegible] like [illegible] cannot bring [illegible] seem to [illegible] and [illegible] sounds like [illegible]

To go back to Atlanta. The Constitution is catholic in taste. Undying in its devotion to Mme. Calve, it rejoices in the fact that there are others. Here is the evidence:

"What an artist, what a woman, what a soul is Schumann-Heink. One time she sounds the depths of tragedy, and the hearers' eyes distend with the sorrow of it; she sings a tender lullaby, and then tears rise close to brimming over; breaks into a group of songs that are all laughing music, and a ripple of smiles spreads among her audience; her mood changes, and a poem of passion converts the theatre into a company of romanticists; and finally she lifts her voice to the Almighty, and the reverent spirit of all creeds rises on the wings of her prayer."

The Carolyn Belcher String Quartet, assisted by Mr. Grisez, clarinetist, and Miss Gertrude Belcher, pianist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall this evening. The programme will include Mozart's clarinet quintet, Moszkowski's suite for two violins and piano, and Brahams' quartet in A minor—op. 51, No. 2.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will play tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening Converse's "Jeanne d'Arc," dramatic scenes; MacDowell's "Indian" suite, and, with the assistance of Mme. Katharine Goodson, a piano concerto by her husband, Arthur Hinton.

There will be comparatively little music next week. The new operetta "Atlantis," book by Mr. Gardner, music by Mr. Odell, will be performed in Jordan Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings; Miss Janet Duff, an English contralto, will give a song recital in Potter Hall on Tuesday evening, when she will sing songs by Gluck, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Hollaender, Mallinson, Bruneau, Saint-Saens, Young, Cox, Meredith, Korbay and a group of Scottish folk songs. Miss Laura Hawkins will give her third chamber concert in Steinert Hall on Wednesday night. She and Messrs. Czerwonky and Warnke will play trios by Zanella, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Foote.

The Boston Singing Club, led by Mr. Tucker, will give a concert on Wednesday night.

The programme of the Symphony orchestra public rehearsal and concert will include Balakireff's symphony in C major, Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" and Chabrier's overture to "Gwendoline."

In the week beginning the 15th Mrs. Alice Stevens and Mr. de Gogorza will give song recitals; Mme. Carreno and Mr. de Pachmann will play the piano; the last Kneisel concert will take place, and Mr. Debuchy will give his Berlioz concert.

Mch 6 1908

CHAMBER MUSIC BY STRING QUARTET

The Carolyn Belcher string quartet (Carolyn Belcher, Anna Eichhorn, Margaret Langtry and Charlotte White), assisted by Georges Grisez, first clarinetist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and Gertrude Belcher, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: Mozart, quintet in A major for clarinet and strings; Moszkowski, suite for two violins and piano; Brahms, quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2.

There was once a man named Anton Stadler, a man of jests and practical jokes. One of these jokes was to borrow 500 florins from Mozart, who was sorely in need of the money himself. He borrowed, and his motto was that of Dando, the terror of oyster houses and pubs in London: "I never pay." Stadler was a jovial fellow with a liquorish tooth, a brave two-handed drinker. For some reason or other Mozart was fond of him, possibly because Stadler blew the clarinet in admirable fashion, and the composer wrote a quintet for him.

There are charming things in this quintet, and there are also pages of formulas, perfunctory pages that might be played at table without serious injury to the digestion. There are also pages that are Mozart himself. The larghetto has the gently melancholy mood of the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro." Compare, however, the perfunctory measures of Mozart with those of Moszkowski and note the difference. Even when Mozart chatters he does it with a certain serenity. His babble does not irritate. What piffle this music of Moszkowski is! Yet the man had a pretty talent, and much was expected of him at first. For years he has been content with writing pot-boilers, sweet things for the drawing room, glittering things with a specious elegance, for the pleasure of the ladies.

The hall was well filled with an audience that was evidently much interested and very appreciative. Mr. Grisez is an amiable clarinetist, who in these days seldom moves the hearer by any display of romantic or poetic feeling, and his brilliance is not of the first order.

He showed unexpected ability when he played here at Mr. d'Indy's chamber concert, and, as he is a young man, there was hope of him at the time; but of late his performance reminds one of the sermons of a securely settled minister. The quartet played with him in a true spirit of ensemble. The performance of the Misses Belcher and Miss Eichhorn also gave pleasure, though it was a pity that they had spent time on an inferior composition.

The quartet shows progress with each successive performance. It would be easy to say that when strength is demanded the players are lacking in tone. But strength is not everything in ensemble, and the young women show a musical spirit and a sincerity that in-[illegible]

Men and Things.

WE have received a letter from E. W. B.: "Tracing back the line of my family, I find that some of my people in England were named Doyley. I was telling this to a friend, and he laughed, and said: 'Your ancestors must have taken their name from the French word for napkin.' Was he right?"

* * *

There are various ways of spelling the word that means a small ornamental napkin used at dessert. The approved form is "doily." The other forms are doiley, doyly, doyley; and there are erroneous forms as d'Oyley, d'oylie. The word came from the personal surname "Doiley" or "Doyley." There is much entertaining information about the word in the "New English Dictionary" on "Historical Principles." As far back as 1712 Budgell wrote in the Spectator: "The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel." In 1727 Sir H. Sloane referred to a Mr. Doyly, "who was a great searcher after curiosities, and gave name to a sort of stuffs worn in summer." And one Pegge, who kept a notebook during the second half of the 18th century, mentioned a Doyley, a linen draper in the Strand.

The word "doily" at first was applied to the name of a woollen stuff "at once cheap and genteel," introduced for summer wear in the latter part of the 17th century. Dryden spoke of "Doily Petticoats." There were "Doyly drugget new coats." Dr. Arbuthnot, in his "John Bull," tells of children "reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs." The word in this sense is obsolete.

The noun as used today was originally "doily-napkin." Thus Swift wrote to Stella: "After dinner we had coarse doiley-napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with." And then—the "New English Dictionary" does not mention the fact—Swift made an execrable pun, although he theoretically disapproved puns. "My Lord Keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a fringeship (friendship) between Mr. Prior and his lordship. Prior swore it was the worst he ever heard; I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard."

Mr. George A. Aiken in his edition of "The Journal to Stella," has this footnote: "Dolley, a 17th century linen draper, probably Thomas Doyley, at the Nun in Henrietta street, Covent Garden—invented stuffs which 'might at once be cheap and genteel,'" and he refers to the number of the Spectator (283) from which we have already quoted.

Samuel Rogers, the poet and banker, wrote in 1802: "After dinner (in Paris) she threw about her some ugly and dirty English doyleys, which she also explained as the English fashion, and of which I felt quite ashamed."

* * *

Eliezer Edwards in his "Words, Facts and Phrases," says that doyleys were so named from a tradesman of that name who first introduced them; that the family lived in a house at the corner of Upper Wellington street in the Strand, from the time of Queen Anne until abot 1850. (There is no mention of this family in the great dictionary of English biography).

Wedgwood will have nothing to do with this derivation. He suggests to the Dutch "dwaele," a towel. Then there is the Swiss word "dwaheli" for a napkin.

* * *

G. F. H. writes: "Is the expression 'to catch cold' good English?"

It is sound and approved, as was once the phrase "to catch heat." "To catch cold" formerly meant to become chilled by exposure to cold.

* * *

The Cleveland Leader speaks bitterly in an editorial entitled "Cattish Opera Singers."

"Then comes Mary Garden, an American girl who is a Parisian favorite, who sneers at Americans because they wish singers who can sing. She can merely act and show her undraped spinal column." Miss Garden, by the way, was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. It is true that she can act. Would that more opera singers could act half so well! Her spinal column is a poem, but she also shows the front of her body to the keen delight of all those enamored of beauty.

The Cleveland Leader also finds Miss Farrar "toadying to Germany in an interview which crept across the ocean and had to be denied for her husband's salvation," but it lauds Miss Bessie Abott, for, according to her, American audiences are "the most cultured in the world, the most cosmopolitan, the most critical." All up for Miss Bessie! Hooray! Thrice and a tiger!

* * *

Max Zach, formerly of Boston and now the conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, has been suffering from erysipelas. The Republic, speaking of his popularity in St. Louis and expressing the public sympathy, gives information that will be news in Boston: "Mr. Zach made his reputation as a conductor of the Boston popular concerts on Sundays."

* * *

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says: "It has been discovered that Chicago's love for operatic productions depends on the recognition given them by the social leaders. If the gilded element pronounces an opera company good, Chicago hastens to enjoy it. The claims of art for art's sake seem to be unknown in the big town." But does not the Plain Dealer know that opera is the plaything of fashion, whether the performances be given in Chicago, Cleveland or New York.

Mch 7, 1908

Men and Things.

RANDOLPH Miller, editor of the Chattanooga Weekly Blade, tells the brethren that Adam's first wife was created simultaneously with him and that her name was Delinnah; not Dinah but Delinnah. They did not agree. She was a "dark brunette" and she had a daughter by Adam. Cain paid attentions to the daughter, and when she with her mother moved to a jungle in Africa, Cain followed. Hence the negro race.

* * *

It is an interesting and highly plausible theory. So is the proposition of Manasseh Ben Israel, the learned rabbi, viz., that Adam was created double—male on one side and female on the other. The bodies were joined at the shoulders. The heads looked opposite ways, as those of Janus. When the Lord wished to create Eve, he simply split Adam down through the middle. This reminds one of Plato's theory of the double beings who were split in two by Zeus. They have ever since been trying, each, to find the original other half. Hence the phenomenon of love.

But if Delinnah was the first wife of Adam, what became of our old love Lilith?

It was Lilith the wife of Adam;
(Eden bower's in flower).
Not a drop of her blood was human,
But she was made like a soft sweet woman.

Lilith was a blonde, we are informed. It all goes back to the eternal question: blonde or brunette? The testimony leads one to the conclusion that Adam was not over happy with either.

* * *

The Chicago Inter-Ocean assures us that only a quart of milk daily, fresh from the cow, stands between Gladys Hansel and a successful musical career. Gladys is "broken in health after several years of hard work struggling toward the goal of her ambition." Milk is the only nourishment she can take, and it is impossible to purchase at any price milk of the desired purity and freshness. Chicago always was unfortunate in the matter of cows. One kicked over a kerosene lamp and thus started the great fire.

* * *

There is musical-religious excitement at Diamond Grove, Mo. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Christian Church bought an organ on the installment plan. A portion of the congregation demanded that the "devil's music box" should be removed. The believers in the organ consulted a lawyer who advised them to let the organ "stay sot." To quote from the thrilling description published by the St. Louis Republic, wife opposed husband and children are arrayed against parents. One morning the organ was found in the woodshed back of the church. That night it was back in the church and chained to the floor. Even now the "anti-progressives" are swearing that they will "lambast the devil out of the contraption with axes."

* * *

"Lambaste" is a sinewy, heroic word. We prefer it to its variant "lambust." And it is a word of respectable age. "Stand off awhile and see how I'll lambaste him" was written in 1637. It

comes from the word "lam" to beat soundly, and "baste," which means the same thing. The tautology is here only intensive. But the word should always be spelled with a final "e."

"Contraption," though much younger, is also a good word. It means contrivance, "device (with suggestion of ingenuity rather than effectiveness)," and it is a popular formation from "contrive." Dr. Murray says that some vague association with "trap" may have entered in.

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Miss Mary Craig, a "co-ed" at the Missouri State University, refused to take a cold shower bath after a practice game of basket ball, and was therefore suspended from the team. Miss Agnes O'Brien, captain of the team, championed her and she, too, was suspended.

On the other hand, Miss Helen T. Barry of Norwich, Ct., formerly principal of a school in South Windsor, hae been awarded $3000 damages by a jury. She sued the school superintendent who had reported to the committee that she needed a bath. This report caused her to lose her position. The superintendent said in court that he had spoken in good faith.

There are men and women who, in spite of a daily tub, never look clean, and there are many who with only a dry rub and one bath a week or one in ten days are fair and sweet to the eye and nose of the beholder, no matter how the wind may blow. It will be remembered that Susanna, Bathsheba and the daughter of Count Julian had no end of trouble because they were given to bathing.

There are physicians and other deep thinkers who insist that a daily bath is injurious; that a natural oil is thus washed away to the great detriment of the body. Michelet described a century in the history of France as a century without a bath. The gallants and noble dames at the courts of Henry III. and Henry IV. were not given to soap, and Henry IV., we are told, was a singularly unpleasant person in a close room. In the religious houses for women of high rank cleanliness was counted a voluptuousness inspired by Satan.

There are men, and even women, who are always talking about their daily bath. "I was taking my bath when there was a ring at the telephone"; "I always drink a glass of water before my bath," etc., etc. Look out for them. Ten to one they do not bathe daily or they contracted the habit late in life.

mch 8, 1908

'JEANNE D'ARC' AT SYMPHONY HALL

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

"Jeanne d'Arc," dramatic scenes..Converse
Concerto for piano.....Hinton
"Indian" Suite.....MacDowell

Mr. Converse's suite is taken from the music to Percy Mackaye's drama, which was produced in Philadelphia and played here a little over a year ago at the Boston Theatre, with Julia Marlowe as the Maid of Orleans. Mr. Sothern at the time was anxious that his plays should have appropriate music, and he provided an orchestra of respectable size, for a playhouse, and a competent conductor. Unfortunately he did not reckon on the indifference of the audience.

In Boston the entr'actes were heard with difficulty by those who were interested in Mr. Converse and his work. Some men left their seats, presumably in search of fresh air, and returned smelling of fireworks. Others entertained the women in their charge by finding fault with the drama and by diverting gossip. There was much coughing. The music was lost in the din. Soon after this performance the suite was played at an orchestral concert, led by Mr. Goodrich, in Jordan Hall, and it then made a pleasing impression, as descriptive or suggestive music without any inevitable association with the play that called it into being. The performance last night confirmed this impression.

Mr. Converse has not attempted to compose a symphonic poem in five movements, a work laid out on broad lines. He has not endeavored to explain in music the singular theory of Dr. Icard concerning the cause of Jeanne's hallucinations, nor do his scenes purport to be deeply psychological. He wrote music for a drama and with the playhouse in view. His music should be taken in the spirit in which it was composed.

Let it be granted at once that the "Battle Hymn" is purely theatrical and without marked significance for concert purposes, and that as a concert piece the interest of the finale is not sustained from the beginning to the end. Yet in this very finale there are beautiful pages and the ending has genuine pathos.

The other movements, "In Domremy," "Pastoral Reverie" and "Night Visions," have excellent qualities. The melodic lines are clear, flowing and individual. There is a sense of dramatic contrast and a marked richness of orchestral color; above all there is the successful expression of a sympathy with a heroine, a sympathy that is not allowed to become either weakly sentimental or bombastically heroic; in a word there is the expression that comes from the exercise of the imaginative faculty.

Nor is it necessary to know the text of the drama in order to share the various moods of the composer. Furthermore, in his expression of thought Mr. Converse is here freer and more spontaneously poetic both in lyric flight and in poignant suggestion than in some of his more important and preceding works. The overture would be a more complete and rounded whole if the last few measures were omitted. They are not only superfluous; they change, and without effect, the mood and line of thought which a sensitive hearer feels should bring the logical, inevitable conclusion.

There are charming orchestral pictures throughout the work. The blending of timbres and the succession of timbres are often arranged with uncommon skill; this is to be observed especially in the "Pastoral Reverie." It should also be remarked that although Mr. Converse employs a very large orchestra, some of his most striking effects are gained by apparently simple means; by an exquisite sense of the value of tints and demi-tints in his orchestral painting.

Mr. Hinton's concerto was played in Boston for the first time. When it was played at the last Worcester festival by Mme. Katharine Goodson, the composer's wife and the pianist of last evening, the piece seemed well suited to the virtuoso's purposes. Last night the concerto seemed on the whole laboriously construeted, without real melodic charm; music that is not a lucid expression of the composer's intentions, however honorable they may have been; music that suggested manufacture by contract labor. Mme. Goodson played with nervous energy and brilliance of mechanism, and displayed a spirit of wifely devotion.

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a most eloquent interpretation of the "Dirge" in MacDowell's "Indian" suite. The "Dirge" itself is the crowning glory of a highly original and engrossing work. This lamentation might be that of the dying race. There is nothing of the luxury of woe; there is nc conventional music for "threadbare crape and tears." There is the dignity of man who has been familiar with nature, who has known the voices of the day and of the night on lonely prairie and in sombre forest. There is serene yielding to fate.

To many in the audience this performance was the most touching of memorial services in honor of the dead composer.

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Wendling, concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will return to Stuttgart at the end of the season and will not come back. His decision, regretted by many, rests exclusively on family reasons. If he is in good physical condition next summer he will fill his old position as concert master at the Bayreuth festival. The nerves of his left arm have troubled him of late. As The Herald stated some days ago, Mr. Czerwonky, the second concert master, will leave at the end of this season to pursue the career of a virtuoso. The two successors will not be chosen probably until late in the sprnig.

Gaston Dethier, a distinguished organist of New York, will give a recital in the Eliot Church, Newton, Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Alice H. Stevens, soprano, will give a song recital in Potter Hall Thursday evening, the 19th.

Pupils of Joseph Gregory will give a vocal recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening.

MISUSED HANDS.

A sociologist writing recently to a London journal commented on the fact that the high handshake is no more seen in English fashionable society. This intolerable manner of shaking hands has not been observed in Boston for some time, the world is informed by frequenters of afternoon teas and receptions, adventurous fellows versed in manners of greeting, significance of visiting card edges and corners, and other matters that are of importance to many.

The high handshake was intolerable because it was not only a silly affectation, it was also a public expression of condescension, superciliousness, arrogance. A simple, natural man could not endure it any more than he can now be comfortable when he is surveyed leisurely from boots to baldness through a poised lorgnette. In the latter instance the woman may have no intention of being impertinent. She would probably say in defence: "I have such an absurd little nose that I cannot wear eyeglasses. You surely would not have me put on spectacles at my age." But the lorgnette is itself an impudent stare. The gentlest woman cannot change the natural character of the thing whether the support be of gold, silver, or tortoise-shell.

There are ingenious explanations of the high handshake; how a royal personage at a reception in London where men and women were jammed together, recognizing a friend, put out a hand high over the shoulder of a neighbor. This was at a time when if the Prince of Wales forgot to button his waistcoat, the howling swells immediately went about with waistcoats deliberately unbuttoned. The royal personage was seen by many shaking a hand high in air. That was enough. How ridiculous, how uncomfortable the practice was! In spite of assurances to the contrary, we believe it is still observed by some, late comers into the sacred circle, belated beings who are not quite sure of themselves, and are unable to find definite instruction in books of etiquette, although there may be a few pages headed, "How to enter a parlor"—through the door, not on all fours, not by way of the chimney, not by the aid of a vampire trap.

Handshaking is an art that should be taught the young in the dancing schools, at select institutions for still more select young ladies, and even in the public schools. Few women know how to shake hands gracefully, discreetly and sympathetically. There is nice conduct in determining the degree of non-resistance or the precise force of the pressure. They go too far who wish to shake "like a man." Men worthy the name of man do not wish a woman to resemble them even in a handshake. Men themselves are sadly in need of lessons. We have all suffered from the gusher who milks a hand and will not let it go; from the man who wishes to show how strong he is; from the insufferable snob who holds out two or three fingers. Then there is the pathetically courteous person, caught late in the net of good manners, who, meeting you on a windy street corner, says, "Excuse my glove" or insists on taking it off that he may give an imitation of a pump-handle in action.

MEMORIES RECALLED BY DEATH OF LUCCA

In William Hazlitt's "Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R. A.," one of the most entertaining of all books, the old, shrewd, and miserly painter is quoted as follows:

"My neighbor, Mr. Rowe, the bookseller, informed me the other day that Signora Cecilia Davies frequently came to his shop, and always inquired after me. Did you ever hear of her?" No, never! "She must be very old now. Fifty years ago, in the time of Garrick (Hazlitt's book was published in 1830), she made a vast sensation. All England rang with her name. I do assure you, that in this respect Madame Catalani was not more talked of. Afterward she had retired to Florence, and was the Prima Donna there, when Storace first came out. This was at the time when Mr. Hoare and myself were in Italy; and I remember we went to call upon her. She had then in a great measure fallen off, but she was still very much admired. What a strange thing a reputation of this kind is, that the person herself survives, and sees the meteors of fashion rise and fall one after another, while she remains totally disregarded as if there had been no such person, yet thinking all the while that she was better than any of them. I have hardly heard her name mentioned in the last 30 years, though in her time she was quite as famous as any one since." I said an opera reputation was after all but a kind of private theatricals and confined to a small circle, compared with that of the regular stage, which all the world were judges of and took an interest in. It was but the echo of a sound, or like the blaze of phosphorus that did not communicate to the surrounding objects. It belonged to a fashionable coterie, rather than to the public, and might easily die away at the end of the season."

Who remembers today even the names of the sisters Marianne and Cecelia Davies? Yet Metastasio wondered at Cecilia's singing and wrote an ode for her to which Hasse set music. The Italians called her "L' Inglesina" and swore that she was far superior to their operatic countrywomen save Gabrielli. But she soon outlived her fame and died in 1836, "having for years suffered from the accumulated miseries of old age, disease and poverty."

Pauline Lucca died a few days ago, but not in want and not after years of suffering. To the younger generation of music lovers in this country she was only a name. To the oldest generation the mere mention of this name was as a spell to summon delightful memories. Old opera-goers, hearing the singing women applauded today, shake their heads and say: "Ah, you should have heard and seen Lucca." Yet in this country she was never known in her greatest impersonation; for "Carmen" was not produced until she had left America never to return.

It is not my purpose to tell at length the story of her career on the stage. This story is told in the dictionaries of biography, the music lexicons and other books of record and reference. Any one can thus easily ascertain that she was born at Vienna in 1841; that she sang as a child in church; that she attracted attention by leading the Bridesmaids' chorus in "Der Freischuetz" at Vienna, when she was only a chorus girl and Amalie Joachim sulked and thought the music beneath her; that she made her debut at Olmuetz in 1859 as Elvira, the beloved one of Ernani; that after she queened it at Prague, she was engaged at Meyerbeer's instigation for the Berlin Royal Opera House, and engaged for life, but that in 1872, after she had conquered London and St. Petersburg, she broke her engagement and came to the United States; that afterward she made Vienna her dwelling place, but triumphed in many European cities as a guest; that her voice was a full soprano with a compass of two and a half octaves; that she outlived her husbands, the Baron von Rhaden and the Baron von Wallhoffen; that she had a villa at Gmunden, etc., etc. And yet no one will thus know the true Pauline Lucca.

She came to the United States in 1872 and she sojourned here for about two years. Her first appearance in Boston was in "La Favorita," Jan. 8, 1873. Max Maretzek was the manager, and in the course of that engagement she impersonated Marguerite, Cherubino, Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," Zerlina in "Fra Diavola," Mignon, Valentine, Clara Doria, now Mrs. H. M. Rogers of this city, took the part of Donna Elvira in the performance of "Don Giovanni." Lucca was here again in the fall of 1873 when she impersonated Marguerite, Leonora in "La Favorita," Zerlina. Mme. Rudersdorff in the course of this engagement appeared in America for the first time in opera, as Leonora in "La Trovatore;" Oct. 30, 1873, and Ilma di Murska, hilled as "the Hungarian Nightingale" sang here for the first time, Oct. 28, as Amina.

There is dispute about her parentage. Some say that her father and mother were Jews of Vienna, and that her real name was Lucas; but "La Mara," generally a painstaking and accurate biographer, says that her father was a Venetian Jew, who, marrying a German woman, abjured his faith and was baptized.

I heard Lucca for the first time in New York in "La Favorita." Campanini was the tenor, and Nannetti, a young and superb bass, took the part of the monk. It is the fashion to sneer at this opera of Donizetti, yet there are fine things in it, and the whole of the last act is a masterpiece of dramatic pathos and intensity. The memory of Lucca's performance is still vivid in my mind. Vocally it was by no means faultless. There was an abuse of portamento. She often attacked a tone with a heavy slur upward or downward. She was given to dragging the tempo in order to gain an effect. The voice itself was full and warm; it throbbed with womanhood; and her action was remarkably beautiful in its burning passion.

Her sojourn in America was not one of unalloyed pleasure, although she was frantically applauded by her audiences. Maretzek, her manager, and Jarrett, her agent, quarrelled. At the end of the season she procured a divorce from her husband, Adolf von Rhaden, whom she had married in 1865, when he was lieutenant, after a romantic courtship. She accused him of squandering her earnings, of gaming, of riotous living, and of infidelity. The custody of their child, Maria Helena, was awarded to her. Pauline married almost immediately the Maj. A. D. Baron Emil von Wallhoffen, who died in 1899. Lo and behold, the first baron put in an appearance in court by counsel. He insisted that he had not been informed of the projected proceedings; that when he was wounded severely in the Franco-Prussian war, she hastened to him and nursed him devotedly; that Von Wallhoffen was also wounded in the same battle; he afterward visited them, and Pauline fell in love with him; but Von Rhaden said little or nothing about a certain Adelheid Grossi, and nothing about another lady named by Pauline. Von Rhaden's complaint was dismissed in the New York court, but Judge Donohue "commented severely upon the conduct of Mme. Lucca in coming to this country for the purpose of using our laws to obtain a divorce to which she knew she was not entitled; one she could not have obtained in her own country."

In the middle of her second season in New York, a financial panic caused her manager severe loss. After a few weeks, the company went to pieces. Christine Nilsson, however, was highly successful, and this exasperated Lucca. Maretzek brought suit against Pauline and recovered substantial damages. With Ilma di Murska she organized a company and went to Havana. One of the tenors was hissed every time he appeared on the stage; another was put into jail because he had the presumption to have a sore throat; Tamberlik, the male star, suddenly left for Europe. (He sang in Boston in the fall of 1873). Worst of all, the Cubans preferred Ilma to Pauline. The company struck for wages. The chorus and orchestra sued the principals who were about to leave and the court issued an order prohibiting their departure from the island until the wages were paid. Lucca attempted to get away. The police arrested her as she was about to embark. Mmes.

LUCCA, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING PRIME IN FIVE CITIES

BOSTON.

VIENNA.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

PAULINE LUCCA

(FROM ONE OF THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT GMUNDEN.

Lucca, di Murska and Mr. Vizzani were allowed finally to sail, after they had deposited in court the amount demanded.

Lucca is best known to some lovers of scandal and to collectors of curious photographs through the photograph which represents her and Bismarck as sitting amiably together. There was no ground for scandal, though the story is a warning to distinguished and bald-headed statesmen. Bismarck and Pauline happened to be at Ischl at the same time. As he was leaving his hotel one morning, the prima donna met him and asked him to go with her to the photographer's. "But I am waiting to have my dispatches deciphered." "Let them wait"—and they waited. After Lucca had sat several times and Bismarck had frowned twice at the camera, Lucca exclaimed: "I have a magnificent idea! Let's be photographed together!" A week later photographs of the two together were in every shop window of Ischl, and the news went over the world that Bismarck had met Delilah, who had sheared him of his remaining three hairs. "Just what Bismarck heard from home at this time will probably be carried unrevealed with him to his grave. From all his old Lutheran friends in Germany he received letters of warning, regret and exhortation, which soon moved him to have the supply of offending letters cut off short." He wrote to Pastor Andre: "If I had foreseen for an instant how much pain this trivial incident would cause my many true friends, I should have got myself out of the camera's range at once."

The photograph itself is not a sensational one. Bismarck wears a statesman's coat and collar, while Pauline has a long cloak, and, as she sits, one arm rests on a table, while the other holds a parasol. Very different is the photograph of Dumas the elder and Mazeppa Menken, in which Alexandre looks like an amorous gorilla, while the playactress and poet has the costume of a trapeze performer.

What would be thought of Lucca were she now singing, were she now at the zenith of her fame?

When she visited the United States she startled some by the "realism" of her acting. Her Marguerite was by no means the glove-box figure of Gounod's librettists; it was the Gretchen of Goethe. John S. Dwight sounded her praises in eloquent prose. Richard Grant White kept a cool head. It was inflamed later by Mmes. Lydia Thompson and Pauline Markham. Of Lucca he wrote: "She was a strong, not to say a coarse, peasant woman, whose inherent rudeness of fibre was softened and enriched by a warmly emotional nature, and by something that Miss Kellogg and Mlle. Nilsson both lacked entirely—humor. Her [illegible] was large and luscious and full of warmth; but it was altogether lacking in the capability of expressing elevation of feeling or serenity. Her performance of the saucy Cherubino was charming, [illegible] even here we might have welcomed a little more refinement. Her Marguerita was as real as Miss Kellogg's was ideal. She was merely a strong-bodied, simple-minded, warm-hearted peasant girl, who had fallen [illegible] in love with a handsome fellow who captivated her eye, stirred her emotional nature, and flattered her [illegible] by [illegible] her [illegible] presents. It [illegible] have been impossible to have [illegible] and [illegible] of poetic feeling [illegible] of sentiment in Lucca's presentation of Goethe's heroine. Her singing was of a piece with her acting. It was of the flesh, fleshy."

In the matter of rhythm, Lucca, like Calvé, was the despair of opera [illegible]. Singing 'Batti, batti' in the Berlin Opera House, she took such liberties in the allegro that Taubert, [illegible] beat his baton on the [illegible] to bring her to her senses. For [illegible] censured bitterly by the [illegible] of leading newspapers. Pauline was the Queen; she could do no wrong. Heinrich Ehrlich, whose [illegible] was not recognized [illegible] he was suspected in Berlin of being a spy in the service of Austria [illegible] I believe, the suspicion [illegible] groundless—did not hesitate to [illegible] that Lucca was neither [illegible] artistic; yet he gladly [illegible] homage to her genius, [illegible] Carmen and Selika in[illegible]ations [illegible] Berlin Opera House she was [illegible] She broke her contract in a fit of spite, but she was pardoned by court and public, and when she appeared years later as a guest she was welcomed with royal honors, for the orchestra sounded the "Tusch" that had hitherto been blown and thumped only at the appearance of royal personages entering the box on a gala night. If on any occasion there was the slightest protest in the opera house against her liberties with the music of a composer or against any wanton disregard of art, she would go to the footlights and express herself in language that was "painful and free."

Jealousy drove Lucca from the Berlin Opera House, jealousy of Mathilde Mallinger, who married the Baron Von Schimmelpfennig. (No German soprano without a baron—or two.) Mathilde went from Munich to Berlin in 1869. She was then 22 years old. She was much liked in Wagner's operas, and she was in many ways a capable singer—when she sang in tune. Beatty-Kingston described her as an excellent actress, "endowed with a voice of singularly unpleasant quality, and with an ear well nigh as defective as that of Herr Fricke." She soon had hysterical supporters in Berlin, who pitted her against Lucca. The Intendant, von Huelsen strove to conciliate the rivals, but in vain, nor were the efforts by William I. successful. The worshippers of Mallinger would wait at the stage door to hoot and pelt Lucca when she came out. Once a ruffian in the disguise of a lover of art threw a stone at her carriage; the stone broke a window, and cut her cheek. On the other hand, when Mallinger appeared on the stage, she was hissed and whistled down by the admirers of Lucca. More than once the curtain was lowered, more than once the police had to interfere energetically. One night Lucca stepped forward and addressed the audience: "You are very badly bred people! I am not accustomed to be insulted! Understand this once for all!" She left the stage and did not return that evening. "Indeed, but for the entreaties of an exalted personage, from whom she had received countless proofs of esteem and affection, that hot rebuke would have been her final farewell to the Berlin public." She did go at last, and "even the Mallingerites were profuse in penitential utterances."

I have referred to the welcome of later years. She appeared as Carmen, and the performance of the Berlin public surpassed hers. Ehrlich wrote at the time that the enthusiasmus of many hearers reached hippanthropy, the form of madness in which a man believes himself to be a horse; but the prima donna preferred the four-footed to bear her to her hotel. "She should be satisfied with her reception and be willing to forgive us all our former caprices," said Ehrlich with an ironic final flourish. And he took a malicious pleasure in his "Dreissig Jahre Kuenstlerleben": the reiteration of the fact that she was recklessly indifferent in matters of art: how she had no rhythmic sense; how she would distort a phrase, turn the Zerlina of Mozart into the Zerlina of Auber; that the only critic she respected was the box office, and to support his views he quoted Dr. Gumprecht, Prof. Engel and other deep thinkers. But the great public was faithful to Pauline Lucca until she left the stage.

There are foolish biographical sketches of her. In one by Josef Lewinsky we learn that Pauline's voice was fully developed at the age of 3 years; that at the age of 10 she was a formidable chess player. There are pleasing anecdotes about her sojourn in America: how a deputation of 30 Indian chiefs in full war paint called at her hotel to sing to her; how, once in New York, when she was suffering from diphtheria, the manager would not allow a physician to be called, but yanked her out of bed, dressed her, put her in a carriage, drove her to the opera house and forced her to sing. This, Mr. Lewinsky assures us, was her "traurigste Erfahrung" in America.

She lived in Vienna, taught and enjoyed herself. It is said that she was offered a million dollars by an Australian for an engagement of 12 months. She answered: "I have enough money. Why should I import so much silver from Australia?" Her last appearance at the Vienna Opera House was as Carmen in January, 1889. In 1900 she slipped on a piece of orange peel, fell and was confined to her bed for several months.

Few singers have had, on the whole, a more brilliant career. Few have been so loved by the great public. And yet in a few years her art, whatever it was, will be only a tradition. There was no graphophone when that voice was in its full splendor. In this Lucca was fortunate. The graphophone is a faithful preserver of vocal faults, vices, crimes. What singer, unless she have a pathetically supreme confidence in herself, would not prefer the vague but kinder immortality that tradition bestows and maintains?

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M., Miss Janet Duff's song recital. Miss Duff a contralto, from London, Eng., will be accompanied by Miss Jessie Davis. Gluck, "Che Faro"; Brahms, "Auf dem Kirchhofe," "Sapphische Ode"; Schubert, "Der Doppelgaenger"; Schumann, "Der Nussbaum"; Strauss, "Traum durch die Daemmerung"; Hollaender, "Die Abloesung"; Mallinson, "Slow, Horses, Slow," "A Blood-red Ring," "Wind of the Western Sea"; Bruneau, "L'heureux Vagabond"; Saint-Saens, "La Cloche"; D. Young, "Bredon Hill"; G. W. Cox, "Night"; M. Meredith, "Mother's Song"; Korbay, "By the Woodlawn Lake," "Invocation," "My Brown Boy"; Scottish folk songs, "The Land o' the Leal," "Comin' Thro' the Rye."

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M., third chamber concert of Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist. Messrs. Czerwonky, violinist, and Warnke, 'cellist, will assist. Zanella, trio op. 23 (first time here); Beethoven, trio op. 97 (allegro moderato); Mendelssohn, trio op. 49 (andante con moto and leggiero e vivace); Foote, trio op. 5 (allegro comodo); Amilcare Zanella, composer and pianist, was born Sept. 26, 1873, at Monticelli d'Ongina. He studied with Andreotti at Cremona, and at the Parma Conservatory with Ficcarelli, Dacca and Bottesini. He went as a conductor under Mancinelli to South America with an opera company and played there as a pianist. Since 1903 he has been director of the Parma Conservatory. He has composed two operas, a symphony, a fantasia and fugue for piano and orchestra, piano pieces, etc. He is known in Boston as the composer of a "realistic" minuet for piano.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M., second concert of the Boston Singing Club, H. G. Tucker director. Miss Emma B. Noyes, soprano; Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto, and Giuseppe Picco, baritone, will assist. Choral pieces, Tschaikowsky, "A Legend"; Praetorius, "Lo, How a Rose"; West, "Love for Such a Cherry Lip"; Arensky, "Must I Forever"; Pinsuti, "Eldorado"; Mendelssohn, "Hunting Song"; Grieg, "At the Cloister Gate"; Franz "Spring Faith"; Leslie, "How Sweet the Moonlight" and "We Roam and Rule the Sea"; Mendelssohn, Psalm XIII., "Lord, How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me?" Baritone solos, air from Massenet's "King of Lahore." Tosti's "Mattinata," prologue to "Pagliacci."

THURSDAY—Girls' high school, 8 P. M., concert by music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Albert M. Kanrich. Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Raff, "The Mill"; Schubert, "Moment Musical"; Saint-Saens, selection from "Samson and Delilah"; Arditi, Tarantella. Miss Mary F. Sherwood, soprano, will sing the Jewel song from "Faust," and Henschel's "Spring." Mr. Kanrich, violinist, will play Nachez' Gypsy Dance. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 18th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. Balakireff, symphony in C major (first time); Loeffler, "A Pagan Poem"; Chabrier, overture to "Gwendoline."

Charlestown high school, 8 P. M., concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich. Bizet, suite, "L'Arlesienne"; Goldmark, Bridal Song from "Rustic Wedding," symphony; Puccini, selection from "Mme. Butterfly"; Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro." Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto, will sing "Oh Love of Thy Might Let Me Borrow," from "Samson and Delilah," and Griswold's "What the Chimney Sang." Jacques Benavente will play de Lannoy's fantasia for saxophone on "Weber's Last Thought." Mr. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

"ATLANTIS."

"Atlantis," a new comic opera in three acts, text by William H. Gardner, music by Herbert F. Odell, will be performed for the first time by the Boston Operatic Club, Mr. Odell, conductor, in Jordan Hall, on Monday (tomorrow) night. The chief singers will be Miss Daisy Pierce, Miss Margaret Coveny, Miss Yvonne Fortin, Mrs. A. W. Cushing, H. M. Handy, Walter T. Wingfield, George B. Bigelow, William Wilson, N. T. De Verge, L. E. McGowan, J. E. Thornton, H. J. Dowd, F. Carnahan, C. W. Messer, F. H. Thurston, A. L. Horton. The performance will be repeated on Tuesday night.

The plot of "Atlantis" deals with a mythical island where the king thinks to raise funds for a treasury by compelling every unmarried subject to wed by a certain time or pay a fine. Knowing that Atlantis for many years was short of a supply of "affinities," King Canto counted on most of his people preferring to pay the fine. But the opportune arrival of two Yankee promoters changes the course of events. They form a partnership with Salambo, proprietor of the Bureau of Encouragement for Matrimony and open a College of Courtship.

very pup ... life ... before e time exp... King C... decides to ...ate and ...omes a partner in the ...lege scheme, going to a neighboring ...and, where a branch is opened.

COMING CONCERTS.

Albert Debuchy will conduct a concert of music by Berlioz in Jordan Hall on Friday afternoon, the 20th. The concert will begin at 3:15 and it will be over before 5 o'clock. The programme will include the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," the ball scene from "Romeo and Juliet," the trio for flutes and harp from "The Flight Into Egypt," the minuet and Rakoczy march from "The Damnation of Faust" and the first scene of the second act of "The Trojans at Carthage." The solo singers will be Miss Igelmann, Miss Burns, Mrs. Glenn and Messrs. Shirley, Rattigan, Frank, Bowdoin and Marshall. There will be a chorus of 60 and orchestra of 64. Tickets may be obtained at Symphony Hall. There will be no public rehearsal of the Symphony orchestra the afternoon of the 20th.

The programme of the last Kneisel concert Tuesday evening, the 17th, in Chickering Hall will be as follows: Caetani, quartet op. 12 (first time here); Cesar Franck, piano quintet (Mme. Samaroff, pianist); Haydn, quartet in G.

The programme of the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, next Thursday evening will be as follows: Haydn, Symphony in G "The Surprise"; Schumann, piano concerto in A minor (Mme Samaroff, pianist); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Caprice on Spanish Themes.

Miss Jessie Davis, pianist, will give a chamber concert Thursday evening, the 26th, in Steinert Hall. She will be assisted by Leon Rennay, baritone, and Henry Eichheim, violinist.

Stephen Townsend's last song recital will take place in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, the 25th.

Mrs. Gertrude Miller Woodruff, soprano, will be the soloist at a pianola recital in Steinert Hall, on Saturday afternoon, the 21st.

Felix Fox's last chamber concert will take place in Steinert Hall on Monday afternoon, April 6. The programme will probably consist wholly of music for the piano.

Tickets are on sale at the Symphony Hall box office for Emilio de Gozorsa's song recital in Chickering Hall, Monday evening, the 16th.

Subscriptions for Mr. de Pachmann's last piano recitals, Saturday afternoons, the 21st and 28th, may be sent to Mr. Mudgett, Symphony Hall, until next Friday, when tickets will be sold at the box office of Symphony Hall.

Tickets may be obtained tomorrow morning for Mme. Carreno's piano recital, which will take place in Jordan Hall Wednesday afternoon, the 18th.

Works and Deeds.

Franco Leoni's music for baritone and orchestra to Poe's "Bells" was performed at a Philharmonic concert in London, Feb. 13. The Pall Mall Gazette described it as "somewhat of a trivial composition." "The attempt at realistic effects with bells and celesta did not strike a convincing note at all, and one felt that there was very little real musical expression. The orchestration was certainly cleverly done, but it did not result in illustrating the spirit of the text." Charles Tree was the baritone.

Here is a significant remark by the Pall Mall Gazette (Jan. 30) apropos of a performance of Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony: "The truth is, one is beginning to get a little tired of the Russian composer's unrestrained emotionalism. There is not that refinement in style in his melodies which is necessary if the music is to remain fresh, and the new note that he undoubtedly struck, by the remarkable skill he had in instrumentation, ...s day by day with the later developments of other writers to make a less ...eal." Nevertheless the writer ad...ted the "splendid vigor and force" of ... symphony. It should be remem...ed that Mr. Wood has dosed the Lon... public with Tschaikowsky ad nau...m. No composer is benefited by such ...ritism.

...ris will see a new version of ...aust." Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will ...ay Mephistopheles in Henry Bataille's ... Many of the characters will be ...sed as animals: and a troop of acro... has been engaged.

...dward Maryon's setting of "The ...tudes" was produced in London ... 12. The music is for baritone solo, ...s and orchestra. Each verse is sung ...he baritone and then treated exten...ly by the other voices. The Pall ... Gazette said of it:

"The principal characteristic of the ...c is what is but an attempt at mod... chromaticism, but done in a very ... way. The truth is, the composer ...not really enough technique to write ... on so large a scale. Time after time ...ages occurred which were hopelessly ...ctive for various reasons, a clumsily ...n accompaniment, badly placed for ...ice, or combination of melodic pro...on which did not fit. There are ...s of melody here and there, and ...sequences of a rather well-worn ... The orchestration is for the ...rt as poor as the rest. Some suc... attended the end, where a big ... was developed; this, perhaps, and ...ning solo, the theme of which was ...ain in the final section, were the ...ments in a work which honestly ... called monotonous and ineffec...

The solo part was sung with ad...e intention by Mr. Thorpe Bates, ...r. Fagge conducted a performance ...as only moderately good."

...h Holbrooke's music to Poe's ... was performed at the same con... The same critic said: "This lat...ork is an excellent example of the ...oser's remarkable skill in writing ...resque music. Every device that ...modern writer for the orchestra has ...ht of, and many new ones, are em...d with a certainty of touch that is ... convincing. Did but Mr. Hol...e's constructive powers equal his ...y in orchestral invention, there ... be but little fault to find with his ...osition. As it is, it is undoubtedly ...ng and too diffuse; also, it may be ... it leans more to the color method ... expression than drawing and the appeal is in consequence more to the sensations than the emotions. Still, it is an exceedingly successful work—perhaps the best Mr. Holbrooke has yet done."

Reger's variations on a theme by Hiller were played in Paris on Feb. 2. The Guide Musical said that the audience was bored; that there was faint applause, but much hissing; that the musical invention of Reger is extremely cheap and common, and the instrumentation is as heavy as the music itself. Mr. Jemain of the Menestrel described the music as "a heavy and indigestible lump of musical pedagogy, in which one looked vainly for one true emotion or for anything save indifferent rhetoric."

GRAND OPERA SEASON.

The Metropolitan Opera House company will be at the Boston Theatre for one week beginning Monday, April 6. There will be six evening and two afternoon performances.

A notable feature of the season will be the first appearance here of Gustav Mahler, the great conductor from the Vienna Opera House, where he has been the guiding spirit for the last 10 years. He has been classed with Richard Strauss among the composer-conductors of the day and is credited with possessing the most interesting personality of any of the great present conductors of the musical world. His success with the company in New York, since his arrival in this country, has fully justified the high estimate put upon his abilities in Europe. Associated with Mr. Mahler in the direction of the operas will be Samuel Bovy and Alfred Hertz, as well as Rodolfo Ferrari, recently from the Theatro Constanzi of Rome.

The season will open with Mascagni's "Iris," a Japanese opera which has been performed in Boston only once, and then under the direction of the composer.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" will be performed here on Friday night, April 10, for the first time in Boston. It contains four powerful scenes from Prevost's story.

The other announcements for the week will be: For Tuesday evening, Puccini's "La Boheme"; for Wednesday afternoon, "Il Trovatore"; for Wedneseday evening, "Die Walkuere"; for Thursday evening, "Le Nozze di Figaro"; for Saturday afternoon, "Tristan and Isolde," and for Saturday evening, "Mignon." It is promised that the casts of the several productions will be equal in every way to those attending the season's performances in New York.

Subscriptions for the season may be mailed, with checks inclosed, to Lindsay Morison, Boston Theatre, until Saturday, the 21st inst. Season tickets may be bought at the box office the 23d, 24th and 25th inst. Mail orders for one or more performances, with check, will be received on and after March 23, and the regular box office sale for any of the operas will open March 30.

March 9, 1908

A NEW JERSEY RING.

A dinner party was given recently in a town of New Jersey. The hostess wore a ring which had been given to her on her birthday. "This ring is said to have been worth $1000." Unfortunately for exact knowledge, the date of the birthday is not given, so we cannot calculate the present value according to rules of depreciation and appreciation. The women guests could not help seeing the ring, although the hostess did not flourish it unduly. There were half a dozen of them and the ring was passed to them in turn. There were exclamations of admiration, pretty squeals of joy. Something occurred to change the subject: the serving of a course, or a remark about the conduct of a neighbor. A few minutes later the hostess said: "I presume you all have finished with my ring." Thus she is reported, but her speech was probably less formal and genteel. The guests looked at each other; heads were shaken; every woman was sure that she had passed it on in turn; skirts were shaken; there was inspection of the rug; the ring was not found.

This story was published some days ago. We have not yet read the sequel. What became of the ring? Did one of the guests yield to temptation? The town is a small one and a predatory guest could not wear the ring in public. Few women dress and bedeck their bodies only for their own pleasure. Did one of the guests keep the ring with the hope of turning it into money? Hostesses at table seldom have a pocket and this one would surely have put her treasure back on her finger.

Years ago in the school reading books there was a pathetic story of a poor army officer who was present at a stag dinner when the host displayed a valuable watch, which was passed about. The watch disappeared and a search was ordered. All the guests turned their pockets inside out, except the officer, who refused to submit to the indignity, for he had secreted some sweetmeats, jam or charlotte russe, taken off the table to give his children pleasure. If we remember the story the host burst into tears and saw to it that the officer was appointed to a lucrative position. The watch was afterward found, we do not remember where; possibly the host, absent-minded, had put it in his whiskers.

Suppose this New Jersey ring has not been found and, as we like to think, the guests are guiltless. How uncomfortable the social life in the town must be! Mrs. Jones, no doubt, secretly suspects Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Smith looks askant at Mrs. Robinson. Think of the whisperings, the nudging of elbows, the meaning looks, the diabolical snickering. Ring, ring, who's got the ring? The moral is this: if you have a valuable ring, show your ornamented finger, but do not pass the bauble about for admiration. Saturn's ring excites the envy of the other planets, although he keeps it to himself. There are ringed birds and serpents who do not commit solecisms. There are other morals, as many as you please: as, a perfect hand needs no ring; a ring is inevitably a badge of servitude; the exhibitor is as bad as the thief.

Men and Things.

An anxious soul in Washington, D. C., asked the Herald of that city whether it is "good form to wear a frock coat to a Sunday night supper at 8 o'clock." The Herald answered: "No. It is never good form in Washington to wear a frock coat for dinner or in the evening."

But Washington is a formal town, necessarily formal in consequence of army and navy etiquette, the dignity of the supreme court, the presence of ambassadors and "you uns there with the gewgaws on," to quote Andrew Johnson's description. Not long ago a young married woman of Baltimore's "smart" set went to a "subscription costume" dinner in a bathing suit. Dashing young blades threw her into a fountain and played on her with siphon bottles. This could not have happened in Washington at a dinner in the "best society." It was too unexpected, too original.

* * *

There is nothing pleasanter than a Sunday night supper or high tea. Let each make out his list of preferred dishes: Lobster salad and brown bread toast; cold game and celery salad; oysters in their season, cooked as they can be cooked only in this country; Mr. Quilp's ironical recommendation of something light and palatable to Mrs. Quilp and her visitors—a cool, refreshing lobster, for there are those who prefer the naked beauty of the lobster to its meretricious disguises and adornments; cold corned beef of the finest quality—how seldom it can be obtained at the most pretentious inn; cold chicken and spaghetti, with a sauce of a dozen ingredients, one of them the dried Italian mushroom. The pleasure of this meal is not merely in the sensual appeal of food. There is the thought of relaxation, of informality, whetted by the knowledge of an impending and black Monday—for all Mondays are black. Formal dress should be discouraged. There should be an outward, visible distinction between the meal of unrestrained enjoyment and that of conventional ceremony and dull pomp.

Yet we should not go so far as to insist with a well known author now living in Washington that no woman, young or old, or "between 30 years of age," generously hony or sumptuously upholstered, of the Gothic or of the latest and exuberant Flamboyant, shall appear on Sunday evening in his house with a low-cut bodice. Are not the neck and the shoulders, and the demesnes that there adjacent lie, as fair on Sunday as on a worldly day?

* * *

In Chicago, wishing to escape conventionality, the manager of the International Theatre engaged female ushers, "usherettes," or "usherines," as they are called in the fa... town. For three w... watched them givin... seats, guiding them ... chewing gum with ... proached frenzy. Al... endured, but a few ... one of the young wom... do in case of a fire or any p... swered at once: "I'd run like h—!" And now the ushers in his playhouse are male. After all, there are dangers in the attempt to shun the conventional.

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There are men born to wear frock coats, created for this purpose in the divine plan, as others are born to serve on committees, to supply heads for postage stamps, to write flawless verse, to fiddle. A statistician should always be frocked. We like to think of an editorial writer on economical questions as wearing a frock coat, a choker, a black, severe cravat and chaste spats. There are men who inevitably suggest the frock coat, whether they speak or write, even when they are clothed to the outer eye in a Seymour and spotted lights. And there is an advantage in always wearing a frock coat thoughtfully buttoned: you are ready for the historical painter or the man with the camera.

* * *

The Sunday night supper should be for intimate friends, with here and there an amiable acquaintance who is sure of himself. There is then no need of swallow tail or frock. The house coat may be permitted, if it become the wearer, but the exposed shirt front is a source of anxiety at table, and the employment of fork and spoon is constrained and circumspect, no longer a spontaneous action. A cutaway is not had if it be respectably old. Let the waistcoat be brilliant. It cannot be too spectacular, but it should button high, and a spirited cravat should float over the waistcoat, not over a bare shirt. Trousers should be inhabitable. In other words, the supper, the clothes, the talk, should all be without any depressing suggestion of formally appointed entertainment.

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"ATLANTIS" HAS ITS FIRST PRODUCTION

Boston Operatic Society Meets Success with New Work at Jordan Hall.

The Boston Operatic Society gave last evening, at Jordan Hall, the first performance of "Atlantis," a comic opera, book and lyrics by W. H. Gardner, music by H. F. Odell. The cast was as follows:

Princess Malda, Miss Daisy F. Pierce; Tita, Miss Margaret Coveney; Cena, Miss Yvonne Fortin; Maylo, Miss Alice Cushing; Nona, Miss Edith Cote; Leeta, Mrs. J. A. Furfey; Canto, Frank Carnahan; Mantho, Harry Handy; Bibo, W. T. Wingfield; George Washington Jones, George B. Bigelow; Willie Wingles, William Wilson; Salambo, Napoleon De Verge; Mike McWherry, Louis McGowan; Tinto, J. E. Thornton; Mino, H. J. Dowd; Sido, Charles Messer; Prince Garda, F. H. Thurston; herald, A. L. Horton.

The stage manager was George V. C. Lord. The music was by the Odell Orchestra. The performance of this operetta had been postponed some weeks on account of the illness of Mr. Odell, who was to have conducted the performance. As he is not yet sufficiently recovered, the orchestra was under the direction of his father, I. H. Odell. It was announced that the composer may conduct tomorrow evening.

The opera had a good reception last evening, although it was so long that many were unable to hear the end. The performance was much prolonged by encores. It must be confessed that the performance last evening was not without certain hitches, suggesting insufficient rehearsal; but the principals and chorus warmed to their work as the evening progressed, and by the end of the second act all was going with much more smoothness.

The music generally is very pleasing. The score abounds in tunes that will probably be sung and whistled outside, and these had to be repeated, until the public may well be familiar with them. Miss Pierce and Miss Coveney may be mentioned for the singing and for an attractive appearance and make-up. Mr. Handy was a gallant soldier, and he, too, had solos that were encored. The fun making fell to the lot of Messrs. Bigelow and Wilson, and much of their work, while not to be distinguished from that of the ordinary musical farce, called forth laughter and applause.

No doubt by the second performance the work will go more smoothly, and more adequate idea of the opera ... be given. Last evening the ense... numbers went, for the most par... tremely wel..., the chorus singin... good intonation and volume.

LUCCA, [illegible]ngs.

[illegible]e Herald of [illegible] da[illegible] said: "I've always [illegible]ed what the negus in Thack[illegible]s was like."

[illegible]estion, it will be observed, is rather than general. Mr. Hale beyond doubt and peradventure [illegible]egus of New England—and prob[illegible] has put it down his throat freely, [illegible]nly to study the color effect.

• • •

What is negus? This question is easier to answer than "What song did the sirens sing?" or "What are Keats?"

Let us first consult the dictionaries. Bailey's, the oracle of our grandfathers, knows [illegible]t the word, though the drink is older than the dictionary. Dr. Johnson passes it by morosely. Let us leap to the latest, to that huge storehouse of information, "The Oxford English Dictionary": "A mixture of wine (especially port or sherry) and hot water, sweetened with sugar and flavored." Alas, this is a shabby definition. Flavored with what?

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And why negus?

The drink negus, young ladies and gentlemen, was named after Col. Francis Negus, who must have been a fine fellow in his day. He was of a Norfolk family, and, at first secretary to the Duke of Norfolk, he served under the Duke of Marlborough in the war against France. Afterward he was commissioner for executing the office of master of the horse in the reign of George I., master of George II.'s buckhounds, a member of Parliament from Ipswich. He died in 1732, and the Ipswich Gazette bewailed him in a touching poem, beginning: "Is Negus gone? Ah, Ipswich, weep and mourn!"

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There are at least three explanations of the origin of the prepared drink. One is as follows: Negus was present at a hot discussion between Whigs and Tories. The argument became so violent, for no one of the disputants was tied to his chair, that Negus recommended dilution of the wine with hot water and sugar. The argument was then shifted from politics to drink.

The second explanation, pleasantly long-winded, was given by a writer to the Gentleman's Magazine in 1799: "It is now nearly 30 years ago that, being on a visit to a friend at Frome, in Somersetshire, I accompanied my friend to the house of a clergyman of the name of Potter. The house was decorated with many paintings, chiefly family portraits, amongst which I was particularly pleased with that of a gentleman in military dress which appeared by the style to have been taken in or about the reign of Queen Anne. In answer to my inquiries concerning the original of the portrait, Mrs. Potter informed me that it was a Col. Negus, an uncle of her husband's, and that from this gentleman the liquor usually so called had its name, it being his usual beverage. When in company with his junior officers, he used to invite them to join him by saying: 'Come, boys, join with me; taste my liquor.' Hence it soon became fashionable in the regiment, and the officers, in compliment to their colonel, called it negus."

The third explanation, attributed to Dr. Fennell, is ingenious, and yet preposterous. He suggested that the name may have a punning connection with the line in "Paradise Lost": "Th' empire of Negus to his utmost port" (Book xi., 397).

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And here a remark of Thomas Vernon ([illegible]-17[illegible]) may be quoted pertinently: 'After a morning's walk, half a pint of white wine, made hot and sweetened a little, is reckoned very good. Col. Negus, a gentleman of taste, advises it, I have heard said."

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Dr. Maginn spoke many words of wisdom concerning various drinks. "Tap [illegible]ret tastes best out of a pewter pot"; "There are only three liquors that harmonize with smoking—beer, coffee and [illegible]k", "In making hot punch, you must put in the spirits before the water"; "Never taste anything but whiskey on the moors, porter or ale blows you up, and destroys your wind"; and he wrote the magnificent line "As to the beautiful [illegible] adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite a[illegible]ements"; but we recall no dictum of Maginn concerning negus. He probably thought lightly of negus as a drink that does not quickly search out the centre [illegible]

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A portrait of Col. Negus was owned by a nephew in 1799. Where is that portrait now? It should be reproduced, that it might adorn a bar-room, hung in line with portraits of Col. Joseph Kiley Rickey, the famous Remsen, the Collins of blessed memory, and the bibulous twins, Tom and Jerry, more congenial souls than Castor and Pollux of ancient days, now in the admired constellation, Gemini. These portraits would be an agreeable relief from the bulky woman pictured as recommending beer; more scantily clad and still more emancipated dames sipping a certain brand of champagne; the odalisques puffing the pernicious cigarette. The memory of these great men would thus be preserved and toasts to them would be fittingly drunk standing.

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We are told that a lineal descendant of Col. Negus was employed some time ago at the Bussey Institution. Where is he today? Possibly he carries next his heart the original recipe.

JANET DUFF'S SONGS

Miss Janet Duff, contralto, gave a song recital last night in Potter Hall. Miss Jessie Davis was the accompanist. The programme was as follows: Gluck, "Che faro"; Brahms, "Auf dem Kirchhofe" and "Sapphische Ode"; Schubert, "Der Doppelgaenger"; Schumann, "Der Nussbaum"; Strauss, "Traum durch die Daemmerung"; Hollaender, "Die Abloesung"; Mallison, "Slow, Horses, Slow," "A Blood-Red Ring" and "Wind of the Western Sea"; Bruneau, "L'heureux Vagabond"; Saint-Saens, "La Cloche"; Dalhousie Young, "Bredon Hill"; G. W. Cox, "Night"; Margaret Meredith, "Mother's Song"; Korhay, Hungarian Melodies; "By the Woodland Lake," "Invocation," "My Brown Boy," Scottish Folksongs—"The Land o' the Leal" and "Comin' thro' the Rye."

Miss Duff sang some songs that are unknown to the great majority of our concertgoers. Those by Albert Mallison were the most striking. The composer, an Englishman, has lived for some time in Dresden, and a season or two ago he and his wife gave concerts in London. His songs are interesting for this reason: There is a blend of the straightforward expression of sentiment that easily degenerates into the rank sentimentalism of the ballad dear to bulbous English matrons, and of the modern German harmonic expression of a mood which takes the place of a significant melodic line.

Mallison's songs are far removed from the class of which Arthur Sullivan's "Let Me Dream Again" is a brilliantly shocking example. They are also much less vague, more poetically melodic than many of the contemporaneous German wallowings, otherwise known as "tone pictures" for voice and piano. The song by Dalhousie Young is more conventionally English; the one by Cox has a quiet intensity; but the "Mother's Song" of Miss Meredith is of the conventional and sweet "sheet music" order, so much in favor with deep-chested English contraltos.

Miss Duff has been announced as coming from London, Eng., and also as coming from Canada. As a rule, the English contraltos that have visited us within recent years have not given unalloyed pleasure. Miss Clara Butt, for she was unmarried when she visited us, did extraordinary things with the aid of a piano and a parlor organ, but she also gave a remarkable interpretation of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," an interpretation worthy of the greatest artist. She was an imposing woman with a seductive smile, who often reminded one of Bruennhilde dispensing half and half and strong waters behind the bar, that bulwark of the English constitution. Miss Muriel Foster, a handsome woman with a sumptuous voice, was a compendium of vocal faults.

Miss Duff has been well taught. Her voice is of ample compass and it is agreeable throughout. Her upper tones are singularly well placed and she uses them with uncommon skill. The lower tones are naturally effective and she is not given to forcing them. As a singer, pure and simple, she afforded uncommon pleasure, for singers are not plenty in these days when there is so much chatter about diction and young women sing cheerfully in four languages when they are unable to speak the foreign ones correctly or with understanding of the meaning of the words and are also sadly deficient in the enunciation of their own language.

As an interpreter, Miss Duff has much to learn. Her voice would lend itself easily to the expression of emotion, but the singer last evening was self-restrained and too often uninteresting. There were times when she showed dramatic feeling, as in the "Doppelgaenger" and in "A Blood-red Ring," but in these songs she might have worked a more potent spell. To say that she is naturally lethargic would be unfair. To say that she gave few revelations of her inward emotions provoked by text and music would be eminently true.

The hall was filled with a friendly and applausive audience.

Men and Things.

H. E. W. writes to The Herald: "Is it true that the word 'mule' is derived from the Latin 'mulier,' or is this alleged derivation a base aspersion on the sex?"

Mr. Herkimer Johnson happened to be in the office when we received this letter. We handed it to him and asked him if he would look up the derivation and if he had any notes that would bear on the point in the materials for his exhaustive and colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast."

We received a letter from him yesterday, or rather a sheet of paper with a measure or two of musical notation. We showed this to our associate, the music critic, although we had only a faint hope of his ability to decipher it. He laughed coarsely and hummed the burden of a low song that was popular a season ago: "My wife won't let me."

The etymological editor says that mule is derived from the Latin "mula," meaning originally a she mule, hence generally a mule, and the word is classical and fully Ciceronian. When we asked him whether "mula" and "mulier" might not have grown from the same root, he had a foolish, doubtful expression and could not answer. Nor could he tell the origin of either "mule" or "mulier."

Mr. Johnson, however, sent a second letter, which contained this valuable information: "If you fumigate a house with the left foot of a mule, no rat will remain in that house." He added this note: "May not the dread of the woman for mice and rats be reciprocated?" The letter also reminded up of the fact that letter also reminded us of the fact that the ashes of a mule's hoofs cure baldness.

But why the old phrase "to shoe one's mule," which means "to embezzle"?

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The "last real Daughter of the Revolution," Mrs. Rhena Miller, died at Mount Vernon, N. Y., last Monday. She was almost 101 years old. But there are still at least 2000 survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade and there are 175 oldest living graduates.

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A. Hildebrandt's book on airships has been translated into English by W. H. Story and published recently in London. We have not seen the book, but we have read an elaborate review of it, and we fear there is no mention by Hildebrandt of Dante's flying machine. The reviewer himself apparently never heard of it. This Dante was not the man that was personally conducted by Virgil through the Inferno, but John Baptist Dante, a native of Perugia and an excellent mathematician. The account of his most celebrated aerial adventure published in 1737 is so quaint that we reprint it here: "One of his most subtle inventions was to make a pair of wings so exactly proportioned to the weight of his body that he made use of them to fly with. He made the experiment of it several times over the lake of Trasimenus, and with such success that it inspired him with the boldness to divert the whole city of Perugia with his flight. The time he pitched upon was the solemnity of the marriage of Bartholomew d'Alviano with the sister of John Paul Baglioni. When the crowd of spectators was assembled in the great square, behold our Dante, at once shooting from the highest place of the city, appeared all covered with feathers and moving two large wings in the midst of the air. He directed his flight over the square, and struck the people with admiration. Unfortunately, the iron with which he managed one of his wings broke, and then, not being able to balance the weight of his body, he fell on the Church of Our Lady and broke his thigh. It was set by chirurgeons; and he was afterward invited to profess the mathematics at Venice." All this happened toward the end of the 15th century.

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Mayor Leopold Markbreit of Cincinnati has sent a special message to the city council recommending an ordinance prohibiting women from operating automobiles. "I do not believe running an automobile is the proper sphere for woman. The only proper machine for a woman to run is a sewing machine." Thus spoke the mayor, and how foolishly! There are women in Boston who not only run automobiles skilfully, they understand the mechanism, they can make ordinary repairs, and they take care of their devil-wagons.

Whenever we hear the phrase, "proper sphere of woman," we recall the adventure of Artemus Ward with a "he-lookin' female with a green cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks in the other." "She sed every woman should have a Spear." After asking whether her "spear" was to stay at home and darn stockings and be "the ser-lave of a domineerin' man," she inquired whether there was one sister in the railroad car that had her "proper spear." "Sayin' which, the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times and finally jabbed me in the weskit with it. 'I have no objecshuns to your goin' into the Spear bizniss,' said I, 'but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please.'"

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Certain persons in New York, nephews and nieces of a dead man, Dr. Clark W. Dunlop, wishing to have some of his money, for he was rich, assert that his mind was affected when he made his will. Physicians were appointed to examine the old man before he died, and it is said that when one of them asked him what a duck was, he answered: "A young lady that dances on the stage." The late Dr. Dunlop seems to us, who are wholly unprejudiced, as a keen observer, a man of accurate diagnosis, and a warm humanitarian.

CHAMBER CONCERT BY MISS HAWKINS

Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, gave her third and last chamber concert of this season last evening in Steinert Hall. She was assisted by Messrs. Czerwonky, violinist, and Warnke, 'cellist, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The programme was as follows: Zanella, Trio op. 23 (first time here); Beethoven, Allegro moderato, from Trio op. 97; Mendelssohn, Andante con moto tranquillo and Leggiero e vivace from Trio op. 49; Foote, Allegro comodo from Trio op. 3.

Amilcare Zanella was born in Italy in 1873. He studied under various masters and went as a volunteer conductor with Mancinelli to South America. Since 1903 he has been the director of the conservatory of music at Parma. He has composed two operas, a symphony, a fantasia for piano and orchestra, and other things, among them this trio which is at least two or three years old. A minuet by Zanella for the piano was played here about a year ago by Mr. Fox and it has been played here since. I believe it is called realistic, or socialistic, or anarchistic; for it has an argument to the effect that while perfumed dames of noble birth and high born cavaliers are disporting themselves in a sumptuously furnished palace voices are heard in the street calling hoarsely for bread and plotting deeds of horrid violence. As the Elder Vestris remarked, "How many things there are minuet!"

There are Italians who deliberately put aside their birthwright of sensuous melody the moment they gird up their loins to work over a symphonic or chamber piece. They would fein be German in seriousness, depth and breadth. As a rule they make a mess of it, and succeed only in equalling or surpassing certain modern Germans in thickness. Zanella is not ashamed of his nationality. He is frankly melodic. He delights in the long cantilena; he does not desdain the duet form; he is now dramatic in the better meaning of the word, and he is now theatrical. He is a modern, but not an ultra-modern. His harmonic system is orthodox. Yet he has produced novel effects in this trio by ingenious employment of progressions and by skilful blending and opposition of strings and piano.

The first movement is little more than an exposition and repetition of themes, but the second movement has character and it suggests a programme. The third and fourth movements suffer, perhaps, from a lack of contrast, for the continuity of thought gives one the idea of an abnormally extended scherzo, but the scherzo is skilfully constructed and yet spontaneous, and the finale is exciting to the tumultuous finish. The trio was played with much spirit by Miss Hawkins, and the flowing melodies for the strings were played con amore by Messrs. Czerwonky and Warnke.

Miss Hawkins, who in the selection and arrangement of her programmes is never conservative or conventional, did not hesitate last evening to give excerpts from chamber works. Her example might well be followed by other givers of chamber concerts. The hall was well filled and there was hearty applause.

BOSTON SINGING CLUB.

Programme of Part Songs and Glees in Jordan Hall.

The Boston Singing Club, H. G. Tucker conductor, assisted by Miss Emma B. Noyes, soprano; Mrs. Bertha Cushing child, contralto; Giuseppe Picco, baritone; Miss Mary D. Chandler, pianist, and B. L. Whelpley, organist, gave the second concert of its seventh season last evening in Jordan Hall. The choral pieces were as follows: Tschaikowsky, "A Legend"; Praetorius, "Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming"; West, "Love for such a cherry lip"; Arensky, "Must I for ever" ('cello obbligata by Carl Barth); Pinsuti, "Eldorado"; Mendelssohn, "Hunting Song"; Grieg, "At the Cloister Gate"; Franz, "Spring Faith"; Leslie, "How sweet the moonlight sleeps" and "We roam and rule the sea"; Mendelssohn, Psalm 13, "Lord, how long wilt thou forget me." Mr. Picco sang: Massenet, air from "The King of Lahore"; Tosti, "Mattinata"; Leoncavallo, Prologue to "Pagliacci." Mrs. Picco played the accompaniments to the songs.

The programme was one of the most generally pleasing that this society has given in recent seasons. It is a task to choose a programme of short choral pieces that will maintain interest and pleasure with but little variety in the line of "assistance." Last evening's concert was happy in this respect, and the works performed were on the whole suited to the attainments of the [illegible] Of the choral works the

to 50%. [illegible]

wa G[illegible] though there is but little [illegible] to do, for the work con[illegible] wholly of a dramatic dialogue between the two solo voices. This was [illegible] with much sympathy by Miss Noyes and Mrs. Child, and the short choral passage at the end came in with thrilling and beautiful effect. The chorus continues to do creditable and often excellent work.

The songs by Mr. Picco added greatly to the pleasure. He has a voice of good range and extremely agreeable quality, that is smooth, virile and ringing, especially so in its upper register. He sang with much fire and spirit. He aroused enthusiasm by both voice and singing, and added to the programme.

There was an enthusiastic audience of fair size.

CONCERT FOYER.

Notes on Siebel's Costume and Revelations; News About Musicians Here, Abroad.

"CLEOPATRA" WILL BE GIVEN BY ORCHESTRA

By PHILIP HALE.

THE Brooklyn Grand Opera Company gave a performance of "Faust" a few nights ago, and we are informed by the Daily Telegraph of New York that Miss Laura Biggers appeared in "tight-fitting things" as Siebel, "but they were not so close-fitting that you could notice it." She wore "the conventional attire of an English gentleman when he goes out to play golf." "She wore the most modest gold trouserettes of the noisiest pattern that Marguerite or Mephistopheles ever saw on any stage. The trouserettes made a hit with the very aesthetic and high-browed audience," and the Telegraph adds that one of the most enthusiastic was an attorney-at-law, the head of the Allied Arts Association of Brooklyn.

But how should Siebel dress? We have all seen many Siebels. They might be divided into "Siebels whom I should like to meet" and "Siebels whom I should avoid."

Mr. Spanuth, formerly of New York and now the publisher and editor of the Signale, in Berlin, wrote a savage article about the recent revival of "Faust" at the Paris Opera. This article was published in the Signale of Feb. 26. The directors provided new costumes and attempted to dress the characters with a view to accuracy. Mr. Spanuth unfortunately does not describe Siebel's costume.

The young woman who feels sure of herself, who thinks that she has Atalanta's better part, to quote Orlando's tribute to Rosalind, wears as Siebel the tradition costume of a page. Whether this costume be correct or incongruous is a minor matter. I remember gratefully some Siebels that charmed the eye, if not the ear. Olympia Guercia was a sumptuous Siebel at Mechanics' Hall, in 1894. Here was not a good singer, but she was fair to look upon. She had been admired in South America, and admiration had found expression in precious stones. Rich and rare were the gems she wore. There was a Miss de Vigne, who was attractive in a less heroic way, and she sang much better than Olympia. Mme. Scalchi looked like an overgrown tomboy in the part. Mme. Mantelli was a superb creature. Carrie Bridewell was one of many, who looked like a woman masquerading. Long before them Miss Cary was an admirable Siebel. When Mme. Homer first took the part in Boston she wore strangely disfiguring trousers, although they may have protected her from stage draughts. She discarded the fringed bags after her first season here.

The Brooklyn Eagle is of the opinion that a theme with variations is at the best "a slightly mechanical composition; it is an edition de luxe of the vaudeville stunt that shows a popular tune used as two-step, hymn, waltz and funeral march." Messrs. Strauss and Reger will please take notice.

The Rev. Charles A. Eaton of Cleveland said recently at a meeting of ministers: "Most churches of Cleveland are wasting good money on their music. A preacher cannot produce effective religious results when the people in the choir loft are no better than pagans." But is it not the blessed privilege of the clergyman to turn them from the error of their ways?

There were 896 concerts and recitals in the chief concert rooms of London in 1907, and the Daily Telegraph estimates the total number of concerts for the year in London as not far short of 1500.

Mr. Paderewski was near Volunteer Park, Seattle, when "the clouds, rolling away, revealed the snow-capped Olympics and Cascades in startling distinctness." The Seattle Times informs us that "the balmy breeze and scenic combination seemed to enrapture the soul" of the eminent Polish hypnotist, so that he bought a lot there for $10,000. "The sentimental atmosphere which surrounded the deal makes it seem hardly probable that he will deal with the purchase merely as an investment."

When "A Waltz Dream" was performed for the first time in London (March 7), the line which received most applause was Mr. Grossmith's: "No, I'm not married; I'm still living a la carte."

[illegible] I quote this not because it is strikingly original or a gem of delicate humor, but to show the taste of a London audience fed for years on musical comedy. The London cast was hissed.

John Coates, singing Granville Bantock's music to five lyrics from "Ferishtah's Fancies," was obliged to contend with such lines as these:

If good therein outweighs
Aught faulty judged, judged justly!
Justice says—

To J. E. C.: Fred F. Bullard's Stein song was composed March 14, 1898; the Winter song was composed the next day. The Stein song was sent to a prominent Boston publisher on March 16, 1898, and he declined it. The present publishers accepted it promptly and it appeared early in the following summer. I am indebted for this information to Mr. Leo R. Lewis of Tufts College, who has Bullard's notes in his possession.

Hans Albert has been released from a sanatorium at Pueblo. The Denver News says he is a musician of "world-wide fame." Yes, yes. What is his masterpiece? The opera—what do you call it, or the symphonic poem, h'm, h'm—thingamejig? Or possibly he has enchanted crowned heads by playing before them.

The Herald published some time ago a statement that the Society of Music Lovers in St. Petersburg had given 30,000 roubles to Ysaye to comfort him for the loss of his Stradivarius stolen at a concert in that city. Robert Newman, the representative of Ysaye in London, says that the violinist has no knowledge of any such gift.

Oscar Strauss is writing music for an operatic version of Shaw's "Arms and the Man." Shaw has given his consent to the translation into German, and the operetta will be produced in Vienna. One Jacobsen will be the translator, and Mr. Strauss says "with enthusiasm" that the libretto is the best he knows. The story of "The Dream Waltz" is founded on a tale in Hans Mueller's "Book of Adventures."

Fritz Kreisler told a reporter of the Denver Republican on Feb. 24: "Sometimes people say America is bad on account of the trusts and grafting, but my wife fights for it. I adore my wife. She is beautiful and loyal. We have been married six years and have not yet been separated 24 hours." The life of a virtuoso is an arduous one. Mrs. Kreisler is a daughter of George P. Leis, a tobacco merchant. She was divorced from her first husband.

"Parsifal" was performed as a play at Seattle Feb. 23, with Miss Keating as Kundry. "No Mother to Guide Her" was performed at another playhouse the same night.

Here is a fine burst from a novel published recently in England: "They heard the chantings of the priests of Aphrodite and Isis melt into the thunders of the Messe Solennelle. They heard the pale cries of the martyrs mingling with the purple thud of drums and the scarlet scream of trumpets. The music spoke of pride and arrogance, humility and despair. It snarled like a wild beast and then it crooned like a cradle song. It raged with fury like Alva's and cruelty like Cromwell's, that died into the wistful compassion of St. Teresa. It became sombre with sorrow, and the unseen strings seemed to drip with blood and tears. Then it soared int a pallid passion of mystical rapture that suddenly broke into a blasphemy of yellow sound. * * * The nerves of the congregation were lacerated."

Mr. Chadwick's symphonic poem, "Cleopatra," will be placed by the Theodore Thomas orchestra at Chicago, March 27, 28.

Walter Damrosch will deliver his lecture on "Pelleas and Melisande" at Mrs. Gardner's Fenway Court, the afternoon of April 1, at 3:30 o'clock. A few tickets may be obtained at the Symphony Hall box office.

The Musikalisches Wochenblatt of Leipsic says that Mme. Melba, backed by Oscar Hammerstein, will establish an operatic organization in Australia.

The final concert of the Cecilia Society will be in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, the 31st. There will be no concert on the Monday night before.

Pupils of Mr. Joseph Gregory will give a vocal concert this evening in Steinert Hall. Mr. Gregory will sing two arias.

The concerts next week will be as follows:

Monday—Mr. de Gogorza's song recital in Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Songs by Caldara, Handel, Gluck, Schumann, Brahms, Strauss, Dubois, Paladilhe, G. Faure, Alvarez, Homer, Brockeway, Parker.

Tuesday—Kneisel quartet's last concert in Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mme. Samaroff, pianist, will assit. Pieces by Caetani (first time), Cesar Franck and Haydn.

Wednesday—Mme. Carreno's piano recital in Jordan Hall at 3 P. M. Pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Brahms, Smetana, MacDowell.

Thursday—Mrs. Alice Huston Steven,s song recital in Potter Hall at 8:15 P. M. Songs by Rosa, Falconieri, Cavalli, Bellini, Ponchiello, Brun, Saint-Saens, Schumann, Strauss and others.

Friday—Mr. Debuchy's "Berlioz" concert in Jordan Hill, 3:15 P. M. Selections from "Benvenuto Cellini," "Flight Into Egypt," "Damnation of Faust," "Fantastic" symphony and "Trojans at Carthage." Solo singers, chorus and orchestra.

Saturday—Mr. de Pachmann's piano recital in Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., with a Chopin programme; sonata with the funeral march, fantasia in F minor, berceuse, etudes, nocturnes, polonaise, mazurkas and waltz.

mch 13 1908

Men and Things.

THE HERALD has received the following extraordinary letter:

"Boston, March 11.

"A friend of mine, whose hospitable summer domicile is at Kirkwood-by-the-Sea, rejoices in the familiar cognomen of 'Hennery'! The fact that he has become an ardent and successful poultry fancier prompts me to ask whether in your judgment a recurrent juxtaposition of the constellations which inspired, or by zodiacal control directed, the selection of his name can fairly be considered the cause of his present profitable obsession. Does Prof. Johnson treat of the zodiac and its influence on human lives in his forthcoming work? VERITAS."

* * *

Let us first clear the ground. "Hennery, an establishment or place for rearing poultry; a place where hens are kept," is not an old word. Its first appearance in English literature was in 1859. Although there were famous astrologers in England long before 1859, there could not logically have been any close relationship before that date between the stars and a Cockney name that was applied to a place for keeping or rearing hens. Hen-house, on the contrary, is a good old word; it goes back to 1512.

* * *

It should not be forgotten, however, that the stars known as the Pleiades have long been called in England "the hen and chickens." Thus Coverdale, in his commentary to the Book of Job, ix., 9—"which maketh Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades"—said in 1535: "Some call these seven stars the clock hen with her chickens." This is significant. Stars that are known as the hen and chickens may shrewdly be suspected of leading a man named "Hennery" to poultry raising. Let us not be led into digression by the fact that in English thieves' slang pewter measures, quarts and pints, are known as hens and chickens.

* * *

The hen figures in zoological mythology. In Italy, Germany and Russia the hen that begins to crow like a cock is of the worst omen, and its neck should be wrung at once, if the hearer does not wish to die before it. In Sicily there is a proverb that this sort of hen must neither be sold nor given away; its mistress must eat it. In Persia, however, because the crowing hen become a cock, "that means that it will be able to kill the demon," it is not slain; and at Persian tombs they were accustomed to set free a cock. If any one dreams of a brood hen with chickens in a lonely, deserted house, he should at once go and hunt for the treasure hidden there.

Here again is food for astrological thought: "The egg of the hen in the sky is the sun itself." Now the hen in the fairy tales that lays golden eggs is the mythical hen that gives birth every day to the sun.

* * *

Certain Hebrew writers believed that the stars are ranged in the sky in the form of letters, and that it is possible to read there whatsoever of importance is to happen throughout the universe. Keeping hens is a matter of the utmost importance. Men of supreme statecraft, rare poets, captains of industry and professional philanthropists have failed in this. For a full discussion of the engrossing subject of stellar literature see chapter 13 of Gaffarel's "Curiositates inauditae," Englished by Edmund Chilmead in 1650. No family should be without it. The fact that the book was condemned by the Sorbonne should not deter any one from procuring it at once. Gaffarel also discusses in chapter 6, 20, whether heavenly constellations bear a resemblance to sublunary things. He inquires into the celestial ram, bull, lion, dog, fish, scorpion, but, ignoring the English common name for the Pleiades, he says nothing about a hen. Searching vainly for an explanation of the influence of a celestial hen over a mortal man, we came across several stories that consoled us, among them one in chapter 5, 12: "A sister of mine had the Figure of a Fish upon her Left Leg, caused by the desire my Mother had to eat Fish. * * * and it is represented with so much Perfection and Raritie, that you would take it to be drawn by some Excellent Master. Now That, wherein the Wonder lies is that when ever the Girle eat any Fish, That upon her Leg put her to a sensible pain."

Nor is it generally known that if the figure of a scorpion be represented on a stone, and if it find in the place where it is "any nutriment or humor agreeable to the Nature of a Living Scorpion, it by little and little acquires Perfection and having at length drawn forth all that which was proper for a Scorpion, it becomes a Living Scorpion." Mr. Roosevelt might possible doubt this and class Mr. Gaffarel with Mr. Long. Nevertheless, we recommend the book heartily for both closet and family reading.

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There is certainly an eminent fitness in the fact that "Hennery" went to raising hens. It is not easy to think of Percy, or Eugene, or Augustus, at ease in a henhouse or wise in the matter of moulting. Mr. Paur, once the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, kept hens when he dwelt in Jamaica Plain; but his first name, Emil, was not favorable to his success as a poultry fancier.

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One more word, O "Veritas." Our distinguished friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the earnest student of sociology, is not a "professor." To profess is foreign to his nature.

Men and Things.

MANY violin stories have come recently out of the West. The Des Moines Capital tells the sad tale of a fiddle and Mrs. Julia Smith. She has filed a petition for a divorce on the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment, "alleging that her husband came home intoxicated, pulled her out of bed and forced her to listen to his playing on an old violin that served as an accompaniment to his wild and drunken songs." She also alleges that on another occasion he "reached for a valuable picture and ruined that article by bringing it over her head with such force as to leave the frame hanging on her shoulders." Mr. Smith is not a restful person, but there is an originality in his cultivation of the arts that is not displeasing to the calm observer of the endless procession.

The consensus of opinion for three centuries has been that alcohol impairs tone production, but there is still the question whether bacchanalian ditties are best sung by total abstainers. The Apollo Club of Boston sings drinking songs in a manner that speaks volumes for the sobriety of the members. The fervor of delivery is that which comes from too free indulgence in raspberry shrub. Yet this same Apollo Club, admirably trained, is effective in choral works that breathe a refined sentiment or are charged with the highest emotions.

That a man treated by the hot juice of the Tuscan grape or fired to musical frenzy by stronger waters should both sing and fiddle at the same time is indeed a wonder of wonders, only surpassed by the trombone player who furnished an obbligato to his own interpretation of a touching ballad.

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Daniel Christie, a rich grocer of Muskegon, Mich., bought a fiddle 30 years ago. He gave $10 and an old overcoat for it. On March 10 he learned that the instrument was made by Gasparo da Salo, "one of the first perfect violins ever made and valued at $1000." Violins are still cheap at Muskegon, but at Youngstown, O., they bring high prices. Louis Barlo, a Hungarian, fiddled "an old Hungarian classic" in a saloon. Mr. Stephen Zutreger was not satisfied with the selection so he seized the violin, "dashed it to the floor," and put his foot on it, and, as he is no canary bird, the fiddle was smashed beyond repair. "It was a genuine Stradivarius made in 1710. It was one of the few in the world and was worth more than $25,000." This will be news to collectors and amateurs of violins.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette published recently a poem by a convert to modern diatetic theories. Here is one verse:

Ah me! the anguish that I feel
To hear a gourmand mention veal!
Quite gone my appetite is.
The barest hints of pork suffice
(I know because I've had it twice)
To cause appendicitis.

* * *

Miss Bessie Abott, sued by a dressmaker, remarked: "We of the profession are the natural prey of the Parisian modistes." The question naturally arises why should an opera singer be obliged to wear extravagantly dear "creations." There are some who thus wish to attract attention rather than by freshness and beauty of voice; but Miss Abott has a pretty voice and a pretty figure. From the description of her costumes we should judge that she was given to overdressing, in which respect she differs from Miss Mary Garden, who understands the art of underdressing and not dressing at all.

In certain Parisian theatres sumptuous costumes are imperatively demanded by the managers, and if the actress cannot afford to furnish them and disdains "guilty splendor" her career is over. In 1877 Marie Fechter, the daughter of the incomparable actor, sang for the first time on any stage at the Paris Opera Comique. Much was hoped of her. Tall and young, with "tenderly expressive eyes," a mobile face, an agreeable and well trained voice, sh-

...stinct for dramatic impersona... ...he was praised as Mignon, Marie ...nzague in "Cinq Mars," Rose Fri-...quet, yet she soon disappeared from the stage. And why? Because she was too poor to buy the required costumes.

Mme. Aguglia of the Sicilian company that has made a sensation in Paris and London said recently to a reporter of the Daily Telegraph (London): "Stage dresses? Pouf! We do not think so much of stage dresses. Later when I have done more and when I am perhaps a great artist, then I may use fine dresses."

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The San Carlo opera company has come to the conclusion that Chicago does not care for the higher forms of lyrically dramatic art. The audience that heard "Don Pasquale" was worth $242 in cash at the box office and the one that heard "Il Trovatore" the next day was worth only $200.

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James Hudson Brown of New York and Stamford has been knighted by King Victor Emmanuel. Mr. Brown is now Commander of the Cross of Italy. He does not care for these empty honors; but he is pleased because his cousin "Mr. Leffington Cargill and his sweet wife up in Yonkers will be tickled to death" when they hear the news. There was a time when the true American scornfully refused the decorations of effete monarchies and with a snort of defiance couched his refusal in the language of the passionate western orators portrayed in "Martin Chuzzlewit." but many of our untitled aristocracy now welcome gratefully these little attentions. Job, cursing the day on which he was born, wished that he had died; "then had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth." There are Americans who would fain live that they may dine with kings.

Mar 5 1908

CONCERTO PLAYERS IN WRONG SETTING

Parisians Hooting Down Kind of Intrusion Common at Symphony Hall.

BY PHILIP HALE.

In Paris there is a devoted band that goes to orchestral concerts for the purpose, apparently, of hissing every player of a concerto. The members of this band take pains to assure the violinist or pianist of their distinguished consideration. They mean no personal disrespect. They would not hurt any one's feelings for the world. "You are great artists, mesdames, messieurs, but you really should not expect us to listen to a concerto at a symphony concert in this year of an advanced civilization." So when the pianist prances forward to do a deed of derring do or when the violinist approaches with his fiddle in hand, there is howling in the gallery, there are remarks of a scornful, bitter, or at times, Rabelaisian nature, which reflect on the character of the composer and show a painful doubt concerning the immortality of his work.

This form of expressing an objection is unpleasant to the ear, and it at last annoys those who appreciate the purpose of the objectors, so that they in turn are noisy in a counter demonstration.

The Symphony concerts in Boston would be much more delightful if there were no virtuosos with their familiar and approved or formidable and dreaded concertos. The individuality of the virtuoso is a disturbing force. It is as though a drunken and voluble reveller should invade the chaste orgies of the m... s.

...ning is more disheartening to the lo...er of orchestral music than to some one say: "No, I don't care to go to the concert next Saturday. There's no soloist, you know." As ...gh a Symphony concert were only a ...ext for the ...ruption of some violi...st, pianist, singer or even 'cellist. In ...icago not long ago there was a solo ...ist. In old days bassoon, clarinet and trombone solos were heard in orchestral concerts of high rank, and within the last 20 years a concerto or elaborate concert piece for kettle drums has been played in this country and in England. I have the honor of knowing the accomplished virtuoso, Mr. Gordon Cleather, an affable and modest man, who drummed for a diversion and not for a living.

There is room for the virtuoso with his c... n ...er... b... the performance should be ... ... own concert or at a concert of a d...erately miscellaneous ...ure. The performance should not be in a hall so large as Symphony Hall. The older concertos, like the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, suffer thereby and the more modern ones are heard better in a smaller room, where a more intimate relationship between virtuoso and audience is established. Here is a case in point. Mr. Hinton's piano concerto was played by his wife, Mme. Goodson, at the last Worcester festival. The music then made an agreeable impression. The audience and the professional critics were well disposed toward it; at least they were not "agin" it. The critics said that the concerto was not an emotional work; that the chief themes were commonplace; that there was workmanship rather than sentiment; that the concerto was brilliant and a virtuoso piece.

This concerto was played a week ago last night by Mme. Goodson and the music seemed futile and wearisome. Mme. Goodson played with the same gusto; she was nervously interested in the success of the work and she displayed a nervous energy in her performance. She probably played fully as well as at Worcester, but at Worcester the hearers were nearer to her. Her own enthusiasm influenced the minds of the hearers. They soon began to be interested with her; they shared her hopes and rejoiced in her fleetness and dash. In Symphony Hall this intimacy was impossible. The energy of the pianist was seen rather than felt, and this very energy soon gave the idea of a laborious task. The music remained the same, but it was not so impressive or beautiful that it made its way in the larger hall without consideration of the performance.

Nor do I intend to be disrespectful to either Mr. Hinton or his wife when I say that the introduction of this concerto ruined the artistic effect of the concert as a whole. The concerto had no business to be between Mr. Converse's romantic "Scenes" and MacDowell's nobly conceived and highly imaginative suite. These orchestral pieces were appeals to moods. The introduction of a decided personality—for Mme. Goodson is not a conventional being in costume, arrangement of hair, or manner of attacking the keys—was disturbing. A short orchestral piece of a serious nature would have preserved the harmony of the programme scheme.

Mr. Debuchy, who conducted a concert of French music early in the season, is now still more adventurous. He will conduct on Friday afternoon a concert of music by Berlioz. Nearly all the important works of the great French master have been performed in Boston, and there is really no need of a propaganda. Berlioz has been appreciated in this city for half a century. The overture to "Waverley" was performed here in 1851, and the overture to the "Roman Carnival" was played here as far back as 1857. Even compositions that are not often heard in Paris, as "The Fifth of May," "Hamlet's Funeral March," "The Death of Ophelia," "The Marseillaise" have been performed in Boston. A catalogue of works of Berlioz that have been played and sung here, with notes of all the various performances, would fill much space.

But Mr. Debuchy purposes to produce a scene from Berlioz's opera, "The Trojans at Carthage." This music will be new to even the hardened concertgoers of Boston. Mr. Debuchy has trained the solo singers and the chorus in his native French, an arduous task, but his perseverance and enthusiasm are unbounded.

This labor was perhaps unnecessary, for "The Trojans at Carthage," arranged as a dramatic cantata by Henry E. Krehbiel, was performed in English at a concert led by Mr. Van der Stucken in New York, Feb. 26, 1887. The Arion Society, the Choral Society, and the choir boys of St. Francis Xavier College formed the chorus. The music of Dido, Anna and Aeneas was sung respectively by Mme. Marie Gramm, Marie Groebl and Max Alvary. For this performance a connecting narrative explanatory of the story was prepared by Joseph S. Tunison. This performance of the work was the first in America.

The second act of "The Fall of Troy" was performed in concert form at the music festival directed by Theodore Thomas in the armory of the 7th regiment, in New York, May 6, 1882, and the chief singers were Mmes. Materna, E. Alina, Osgood, Winant a... Messrs. Campanini, Toedt, Galassi, ...mmertz and M. W. Whitney.

The first scene of the second act may be described as follows: After dances of Almas and slaves, Dido exclaims that she is bored by the festivity, and she calls on Iopas for a song. The young Carthaginian poet strikes up a song in praise of Ceres, but Dido, not a restful person, is bored by this also, and she calls on Aeneas to tell her more about the fall of Troy, and to acquaint her with the fate of the tall and beautiful Andromache. It would seem that Berlioz himself had doubts about Iopas, for he gave permission for the excision of his song. When Dido learns that Hector's widow became the wife of Pyrrhus, who slew Priam and was the son of Achilles, her husband's conqueror, she cries out that everything conspires to conquer her remorse, for she has already given herself to Aeneas. A septet, with chorus, is followed by the duet of Dido and Aeneas. The text of this duet is patterned after the scene between Lorenzo and Jessica at the beginning of the fifth act of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." The lovers at Carthage sing alternately of Venus following Anchises, "In such a night," into the groves of Lida, of Troilus seeking Cressida, of chaste Diana letting her veil fall before the eyes of Endymion, but there is no such poetic flight as Lorenzo's

In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her Love
To come again to Carthage.

Dido and Aeneas sing of the "Night of drunkenness and boundless ecstasy," but Mercury appears, strikes with his wand the armor of the hero, and exclaims: "Italy! Italy! Italy!"

Berlioz has told us in his memoirs, which are as romantic and often as imaginative as his music, how as a boy he translated Virgil under the guidance of his father, the physician; how, one day reading the description of Dido's death, he was choked with emotion, so that the father feigned not to notice his son's confusion and closed the book with the remark: "That's enough, my boy; I am tired." "And I ran off," added Berlioz, "far from all eyes to give myself up to my Virgilian grief." Throughout his life Berlioz was faithful to Virgil, not the mild poet of the Eclogues, but the Virgil that sang in tragic strains the passion and the passing of the Carthaginian queen. Virgil and Shakespeare were his gods.

It is no wonder, then, that he was easily persuaded by the Princess Carolyne-Sayn-Wittgenstein at Weimar to write an opera on the subject of Troy's fall and abandoned Dido. There are many interesting allusions to the opera in his letters to the Princess. In 1856 he spoke freely of the great enterprise "of which you are the cause." He was working slowly, for as a candidate at the Institute he was obliged to run over all Paris to make his formal visits on those who had the power of life and death; then there was the feuilleton about music to be written at stated times, "the debutants, the debutantes," the revivals of old operas, the first performances of old operas, the concerts, etc., etc. The structure would be a great one, and he hoped that the bricks would not be like those used in the palace at Nineveh. As he drove about, a candidate, he was thinking, not what he should say to the members of the Academy, but what he should put into the mouths of his characters. In June, 1856, he had written the love duet that will be sung on Friday, but it still needed chiselling and polishing. He thought of calling his opera "Aeneas," "Dido," "Troy and Carthage."

And he had fallen in love with his own Dido. "I love her furiously, this beautiful Dido! You will find many things borrowed from Shakespeare in the midst of my Virgilian verse; I have dashed the wine of Cyprus with cognac." He wished Rachel to read over the poem, but she was then in bad humor over the success of Ristori.

He wrote to the Princess full details from Baden, a month or two later. "That which is immensely difficult is to find the musical form, that form under which music does not exist or is only the humiliated slave of the text. Here is Wagner's crime; he wishes to dethrone it, to reduce it to expressive accents by exaggerating the system of Gluck, who fortunately did not succeed in following his impious theory. I am for the music that you have called 'free'. Yes, free, and proud and sovereign and conquering. I wish that it should take to itself everything, that it should assimilate everything, that there should be for it neither Alps nor Pyrenees. * * * To find the means of being expressive, true, without ceasing to be a musician and to give new means of action to the music—this is the problem." There was another shoal for him; the sentiments of the poem moved him too deeply when he attempted to write the music.

In successive letters he reported his progress, the obstacles, his discouragement. In 1857 he wrote to her that there was no great merit in his refusal to accept an engagement in America. His opera was the one appointed task. "I am living in my score as La Fontaine's rat in his cheese, if you will pardon the comparison." Late in 1857 he was still changing text and music. Would the Emperor ever be willing to look at his work? Would he order a performance at the Opera? Berlioz remembered the passion of his boyhood, and he wondered at the power of genius; a poet dead centuries ago upsetting the soul of an ignorant naïve youth by his story that had come down through the ages.

In 1859 he spoke of a concert performance at Baden, of the duet of Dido and Aeneas. In 1863 he told her that he had been obliged to cut his opera in two, so that there would be "The Fall of Troy" and "The Trojans at Carthage." The latter opera was performed at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, Nov. 4, 1863. Berlioz wrote in his memoirs: O my noble Cassandra, my heroic Virgin, it is then necessary for me to be resigned—I shall never hear you!" And Berlioz died without having heard his opera as a whole in the theatre. "The Fall of Troy" was performed for the first time at Carlsruhe, Dec. 6, 1890. "The Trojans at Carthage" was performed there the next night.

It has been said that the influence of the Princess Metternich brought about the production of "Tannhaeuser" instead of "The Trojans" at the Paris Opera, and that this accounted for the bitterness of Berlioz against Wagner's work. In his letters to the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein he said little about the details of the performance at the Lyrique; he described Mme. Charton as a superb tragedian; the scenery was beautiful, the theatre was not large enough; the wind instrument players were not sufficiently virtuoso. The director, Carvalho, wished to produce "The Fall of Troy," but Berlioz would not consent: "The Parisian is too little epic; he would say, 'We have had enough Trojans.'" But Berlioz wished to dedicate his score to Virgil—"Divo Virgilio"—and to the princess. In the first edition of the score for voice and piano, this dedication was printed; in the later version the dedication is only to Virgil. According to Berlioz, the 22 performances provoked genuine enthusiasm in the musical world of Paris: "I have never witnessed similar emotions. They might be compared to the rage of my enemies." But he said nothing about a certain abusive pamphlet purporting to be written by a dead kettledrum player in Pere-la-Chaise; nor is it probable that he sent to her the paragraphs and caricatures inspired by the music and the performance. Here is a specimen of the jests: " 'The Trojans,' words and din by Mr. Berlioz, member of the institute, etc., etc. ... And ... another. "Why did not Mr. Berlioz conduct the orchestra? It would have been a fine sight. He is as thin as his orchestral baton, and one never knows just which one of the two beats time."

In his boyhood Berlioz read Virgil, and was inflamed with love for a young girl five years older than he was, Estelle Duboeuf. She was then 19 years old, tall, lithe, with a prominent chin, with an air of cold distinction, and if she smiled, it was "the smile of a virtuous heroine of Mme. de Genlis." Hector adored her and called her Stella Montis.

In 1864 his "Trojans at Carthage" had been performed. He visited Dauphine and recollections rushed into his mind. He saw Estelle, an old lady, Mme. Fornier, and for her he burned again. He exchanged letters with her. His have ben published, and the thin volume might well stand on a shelf with Hazlitt's "Liber Amoris." Her letters, eminently discreet they say, letters of a sane old lady, were burned.

In a letter written to Mme. Fornier in the fall of 1865 he said that the manager of the Lyrique wished to revive "The Trojans," but he had begged Mme. Charton, the Dido, not to accept any proposition. "It is too great a work, and the theatre is too little, and the means fail. I should rather not be performed than to be performed in this way, O God, that they would let me alone! I cannot, nor do I wish to, have anything in common with the world of promoters, directors, merchants, hucksters, tradesmen, grocers of 100 kinds disguised under various names."

He had buried his wife, Henrietta, the playactress, and his wife, Marie, the fourth-rate singer. His dearly beloved son died at Havana. He himself was over a year in dying, and the months were months of slow torture. His memory failed and Dido could not comfort him. Estelle lived placidly for several years after the last act of the long tragedy in which Berlioz was the romantic and often melodramatic hero.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Emilio de Gogorza's song recital. Arthur Rosenstein will be the accompanist. Caldara, "Come Raggio di Sol"; Handel, "Where'er You Walk"; Gluck, air of Thoas, "De noirs pressentiments," from "Iphigenie en Tauride"; Schumann, "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh," "Mondnacht," "Widmung"; Brahms, "Feldeinsamkeit'; R. Strauss, "Cecilia"; Dubois, "Par le Sentier"; Paladilhe, "Suzanne"; G. Faure, "Recontre," "Toujours"; Alvarez, "Cantare," "En Calesa," "Los Ojos Negros"; Homer, "Sing Me a Song"; Brockway, "A Life," "A Dream"; H. Parker, "The Lark Now Leaves Its Wet'ry Nest."

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Fifth and last concert of the Kneisel quartet. Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist, will assist. Caetani, quartet, op. 12 (new, first time); César Franck, piano quintet; Haydn, quartet in G. Don Roffredo. Caetani is the second son of the Duke of Sermonèta, head of the Roman family of Caetani. He studied in Rome with Sgambati, and afterward in Germany and at Paris. One of his "Symphonic Preludes" (A minor, No. 5, op 11) was played here at a Symphony concert Jan. 28, 1905.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Mme. Teresa Carreno's piano recital. Beethoven, sonata op. 53 ("Waldstein"); Chopin, preludes op. 23, Nos. 21 and 22, nocturne op. 48; Tarantelle, Barcarolle; Schumann, symphonic sketches; Brahms, rhapsody in B minor; Smetana, Am Seegestade; MacDowell, concert study in F sharp.

Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Albert M. Kanrich. Bizet, suite, "L'Arlesienne," No. 1; Grieg, "Bridal Procession"; Schubert, overture to "Rosamunde"; Mendelssohn, priests' march from "Athalie." Earl Cartwright, baritone, will sing Wolfram's song to the evening star ("Tannhaeuser") and Cowen's "Border Ballad." Ernest C. Gatley, clarinetist, will play a fantesia on themes from "La Sonnambula." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Mrs. Alice Huston Stevens, soprano. Alfred de Voto will be the accompanist. Rosa, Vado ben spesso; Falconieri, "O bellissimi capelli"; Cavalli, "Affe, mi fate ridere"; Bellini, "Qui la voce," from "I Puritani"; Del Valle de Paz, "Fior di dolcezza" and "Cosi fa chi s'innamora"; de Leva, "Voisiete l'alba"; Ponchielli, "Suicidio," from "La Gioconda"; Brun, "Avril en Fleurs"; Chaminade, "Chanson de Neige"; Saint-Saens, "La Feuille de Peuplier"; Schumann, "Der Nussbaum"; Strauss, "Heimliche Aufforderung"; Chadwick, "The Honeysuckle"; Clough-Leiter, "O Would I Were the Cool Wind"; Ronald, "A Burden," "The Captive Lark."

Knights of Honor Hall, Roslindale, 8 P. M. Concert by music department of city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Albert M. Kanrich. Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Gelli, gavotte for strings; Chaminade, scarf dance from "Callirhoe"; Verdi, selection from "Falstaff"; Nessler, march from "The Rat Charmer of Hamelin." Arthur D. Babcock, baritone, will sing the prologue to "Pagliacci" and Rubinstein's "Longing." Carl W. Dodge, 'cellist, will play Servais' fantasia, "Le Desir." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Jordan Hall, 3:15 P. M. Albert Debuchy's Berlioz concert. Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"; minuet of will o' the wisps from "The Damnation of Faust"; trio of flutes and harp from "The Childhood of Christ" (Messrs. Barrere, North and Mrs. Regis Rossini); ball scene from "Fantastic" symphony; first scene of second act of "The Trojans at Carthage" (Mmes. Burns, Glenn, Igelmann, Messrs Shirley, Rattigan, Frank, Bowdoin, Marshall). Chorus of 60 and orchestra of 64.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Mr. de Pachmann. These pieces by Chopin: Sonata in B flat minor, with the funeral march; fantasia in F minor, Berceuse, four preludes, etudes op 25, Nos. 2, 4, 5; nocturne in B major, op 32, No. 1; polonaise in C sharp minor, op. 26, No. 1; mazurkas, B flat major, op 7, No. 1; B minor, op. 33, No. 4; C sharp minor, op. 41, No. 1; valse in A flat major, op. 42.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Pianola recital. Mrs. Gertrude Miller Woodruff, soprano, will be the soloist.

...10:30 when Walter...

MISS M M. GLENN,
CONTRALTO

TERESA CARRENO,
PIANIST

MRS ALICE STEVENS,
SOPRANO

ALBERT DEBUCHY
CONDUCTOR

MISS NORA F BURNS
MEZZO SOPRANO

COMING CONCERTS.

The programme of the third and last concert of the Flonzaley quartet in Chickering Hall, Tuesday evening, the 24th, will include Tschaikowsky's quartet in E flat major op. 30; Bach's sonata in G major for two violins and piano, Haydn's quartet in D major.

Clayton Johns will give a concert of his compositions in the hall of the Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy street, Wednesday afternoon, the 25th. Miss Lilia Ormond will sing groups of songs and Mr. Bachner will play piano pieces.

Stephen Townsend will give his third and last song recital in Steinert Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 25th.

The second concert of the Adamowski trio will take place in Steinert Hall, Thursday afternoon, the 26th.

Miss Jessie Davis, pianist, assisted by Leon Rennay, baritone, and Henry Eichheim, violinist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Thursday evening the 26th. The programme will include Gabriel Faure's sonata for piano and violin, piano pieces by Gluck-Brahms, Debussy and Chopin, and songs by Weckerlina, Ferrari, Hahn, Del' Acqua, Holmes, Saint-Saens, Debussy, Peel and German.

Mr. George Howard's second concert at the Hotel Vendome will be on Thursday afternoon, the 26th.

Mr. de Pachmann will give his last piano recital in Boston on Saturday afternoon, the 28th, in Jordan Hall.

The last concert of the Cecelia Society, Wallace Goodrich conductor, will be given in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, the 31st inst. The programme will include the mythological ode set to music by Gabriel Faure, Bruch's "Flight of the Holy Family" and other pieces. The soloists will be Miss Josephine Knight, soprano, and Heinrich Meyn, baritone. Tickets for this concert will be on sale at Symphony Hall after Tuesday, the 24th inst.

The programme of the Symphony concert on Saturday, the 28th, will include Halvorsen's suite from the stage music to "Fossegrimen" (first time); two symphonic poems by Gustav Strube for orchestra and viola solo, "Longing" and "Fantastic Dance"—the latter will be played for the first time; Beethoven's Symphony No. 1.

Walter Damrosch will deliver his lecture on Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" at Mrs. John L. Gardner's, Fenway court, on Wednesday afternoon, April 1, at 3:30 o'clock. A few tickets may be obtained at the Symphony Hall box office.

A concert of Paul Allen's compositions will be given on Thursday evening, April 2. Miss Lottie E. Williams, soprano, Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass, Felix Winternitz, violinist, and Josef Adamowski, 'cellist, will take part.

FANNY THOMPSON FRENCH.

The Herald gladly publishes here this tribute to the late Fanny French, the president of the Thursday Morning Musical Club, for, though this club is in the catalogue a private organization, its influence has been wide reaching, and its generous interest in young singers has been of public benefit.

The Thursday Morning Musical Club had its beginning as a small group of amateur musicians meeting for mutual pleasure and help, but growing steadily with the years, increasing its membership, reaching out with new aims toward successful accomplishments and always through the impetus given by the zeal and ability of its president. Miss French possessed a rare combination of qualities—a personality always helpful and inspiring, unfailing enthusiasm and a faith in the club which knew no possibility of defeat. To these she added the generous gift of her time and strength, and the result was a leadership which the club feels it impossible ever to replace. No one not intimately associated with Miss French could realize how constantly she was on the alert for new ideas which might be of value, and the openness and fairness of her mind gave confidence in her judgments. She won devoted friends by being herself friendly, for "in her tongue was the law of kindness."

Of the many developments which have marked the growth of the club—and each one owed its existence and success to Miss French—it was perhaps in the scholarship fund that she felt the deepest and tenderest interest. This fund was established to aid worthy and promising students of music and has been increased by the profits of annual concerts given by the club, so that many young musicians have already enjoyed its benefits. Miss French watched the growth of this fund as if it were the child that should outlive and inherit—the sure and permanent survival of her devoted labors—and to this object she has left most substantial aid in a gift of money as a memorial to her mother.

The trustees of this gift and fund feel the high honor of the trust and are prepared to meet its responsibilities with a reverent sense of the high aims of their president and a loyal purpose of carrying them to fulfilment. For the inspiration of Miss French's life lives with those who worked with her, with every member of her much loved club. They will remember always the last words spoken officially to the club at the close of her address to the active members last spring, when she quoted from Henschel's "Morning Hymn" the final line, "Lord, let us strive and be victorious."

GRAND OPERA SEASON.

The subscribers to the week of grand opera by the Metropolitan Opera House company at the Boston Theatre have already almost exhausted the capacity of the dress circle and second balcony, as well as a large share of the orchestra and first balcony seats. Subscriptions, accompanied by check, will be received until Saturday next for the first two rows of the balcony (a few of which seats are still available) and for such seats on the orchestra floor as have not been bespoken. On Monday, March 23; Tuesday, March 24, and Wednesday, March 25, season tickets may be had at the box office, and on Monday, March 30, seats for either of the performances go on sale at the box office.

18TH SYMPHONY CONCERT GIVEN

First Performance of Composition by Balakireff

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in C major.....Balakireff
"A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil)....Loeffler
Overture to "Gwendoline".....Chabrier

Balakireff has been an influence in Russia for half a century, but his only symphony was not performed until 1898, when the composer was 61 years old. Little of his music has been heard in Boston. The "Islamey" has been played by several distingulshed pianists, who were tempted possibly by its reputation for mechanical difficulty. The few other piano pieces known to us in concerts have little distinction. The few songs sung here have flavor. The orchestral piece, "En Boheme," performed at Mrs. Hall's concert in Jordan Hall this season, is uninteresting, and it seemed to be more Russian than Czech, although it is founded on three Czech folk songs. We had heard nothing before last night that would give Balakireff a high position among composers of the second rank.

Yet his influence in Russian music is indisputable. He was for years the head of the "Invincible Band"—Cui, Borodin, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff; he taught them in his own way; and even Tschaikowsky, who more than once described him as a colossal bore and one that had turned from atheism to the most idolatrous superstition, courted his advice, accepted his suggestions and criticism and dedicated two of his most important orchestral works to him. The personality of the man was no doubt impressive, much more so than any individuality as displayed in his compositions. Turgeneff made fun of him in a letter to Pauline Viardot and denied him talent, yet he admitted in the same letter that he was "a character."

When the members of the "Invincible Band" met together to discuss their art, they agreed that orchestral music as written by Beethoven, Schumann, Berlioz and Liszt had gone as far as it was possible. There was nothing to be done in this direction. There were new paths to be made in the field of opera, for the Russians did not then, nor do they today, believe in the theories of Wagner or in his form of dramatic expression. The result of their agreement is ironical. Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff and even Balakireff are best known throughout the musical world by their orchestral music, and Balakireff has never completed an opera, though it is said he has worked on one.

The five also agreed that thematic material should be Russian or Russian-Oriental in line, rhythm, color, general character. True Russian music should not show the marked influence of the German and Italian schools. It should be Russian at any cost. Balakireff's collection of Russian folk songs, which is said to be excellent, served as a guide to the younger composers.

His symphony, played last night in Boston for the first time, has been performed in Chicago and Philadelphia. It is an unusually fascinating work, one that well deserved performance, one that might be repeated with profit. As I have said, it was not performed until 1898, but it is highly probable that it was at least sketched years before, as was "En Boheme," which was not published till a few years ago; as was "Tamara," a symphonic poem, which was begun in 1867, put aside and completed in 1882.

The symphony is by no means a work of continually sustained power. If it has exotic charm in melody, harmonic and orchestral color and rhythm, the charm that we have been taught to associate with the music of eastern Russia, it also has characteristics of oriental music that are not wholly agreeable to western ears: a delight in repetitions of a phrase; a persistence in rhythm that becomes monotonous; a barbaric joy in glaring colors and in the beating and clashing of pulsatile instruments.

In the finale the chief theme is a Russian folk song and the source of this tune is named in the score; but one Russian folk melody does not make a Russian symphony. This very tune is less picturesquely Oriental than other themes in the work. It has a rough, burly humor, but it has not the rhythmic or tonal suggestion of the East, nor has it the quality of a fantastical improvisation or of languorous sensuousness.

Certainly the themes of this symphony have as a rule a decided profile, and, apart from the inevitable repetitions dear to the modern Russians—Tschaikowsky did not escape from them—they are often combined or used alternately with poetic and technical skill. The instrumentation is often fantastic, at times almost bizarre, but it is generally effective. Once or twice it seemed to be injudicious, as in the finale, where the second theme in a fortissimo tutti was almost lost in the din of brass.

The first movement opens with quiet seriousness and in an orthodox manner that gives faint hope of future interest, but with the beginning of the main body of the movement, the composer's individuality begins to assert itself; there are frequent revelations of beauty and strength. The scherzo proper is a delight from beginning to end by reason of its originality and fancy; the trio is of a more conventional nature; but the free repetition of the scherzo section is a fresh delight and the close is charming in its unexpected and quaint delicacy.

The andante, on the whole, suffers from the mania for repetition, but its chief contents are characterized by genuine sentiment and melodic grace. The finale is the most frankly exotic of the movements and the second theme, with its treatment, is perhaps the crowning glory of the work.

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem," suggested by certain verses in the eighth eclogue of Virgil, was performed here for the first time last November, and Mr. Heinrich Gebhard was the pianist, as he was last evening. Indeed, it is almost impossible to think of a performance of the work without Mr. Gebhard's assistance in the ensemble. No one will ever play the piano part with greater comprehension of the composer's intentions or with keener sympathy. When the "Pagan Poem" was produced here The Herald described at length the nature of the work. It is not necessary to repeat the description. The performance last night was one of great brilliance and superb sonority. As before, Mr. Longy gave a marvellous reading of the solo for the English horn.

Mr. Loeffler's music will not stale with many repetitions, for in substance and in expression this "Pagan Poem" is a masterpiece of musical eloquence. It does not depend on an intimacy with the eclogue, and he that is anxious over the transliteration of Virgil's verses into music will lose the rare beauty of the music itself. The mere recollection of the amorous and forsaken woman casting her spells to bring back her lover, the remembrance of the burden of her incantations—these should be sufficient for those who insist on a programme.

Mr. Loeffler before this had composed music of indisputable originality, and for the expression of poetic and imaginative thought he had found for himself an individual musical speech that served as the language of mystery and horror, of the ironic and the macabre, of tenderness, of radiant love. With this "Pagan Poem" he has risen to a still greater height, and at the same time he has sounded a still more emotional depth. Here his appeal is broader; it is very human; his message is not merely for those interested in the tendencies of the most advanced moderns. While his melodic voice is richer and more irresistible, his orchestral rhetoric is still more diversified, fuller, more brilliant, more imposing. A composer of true genius acknowledged the applause last night.

The performance of the orchestra was one of uncommon splendor in the symphony and in the "Pagan Poem," and Dr. Muck conducted with a spirit and an authority that will be memorable.

It would be a pleasure to speak of cer-

in details of the performance. Thus Mr. Grasse, the clarinetist, played in the symphony with much more sentiment and a finer sense of tonal contrasts than has been his wont of late. Thus the trumpets in Mr. Loeffler's poem were even more effective than at the first performance.

The concert, one of the most interesting of the season, closed with a gorgeous interpretation of Chabrier's wild overture to "Gwendoline." It is often said that the untimely death of Bizet was the greatest possible loss to musical France. The death of Chabrier was perhaps an equally severe loss; for this strangely gifted composer had still much to say when he died after a cruel death-in-life; witness his unfinished "Briseis."

A WAIL FROM PARIS.

The gourmets tell us that French cooking has deteriorated sadly. They say it has lost its individuality and its refinement. Even in the few remaining historic restaurants of Paris there is no longer the worship of tradition. These statements are uttered calmly as though a philosopher were moralizing over the ruin of an empire. There are inquiries into the causes of the decline and fall of French cookery.

A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette thinks that the automobile has had a deleterious effect on cooking. "When a man motors he is usually not of the quiet and reflective temperament to enjoy good eating." This statement seems to us sweeping and rash. We have known automobilists in France who directed their cars solely with a view to becoming acquainted with inns of good cookery. An automobilist is not always whizzing, or if he does whiz he can at the same time be meditative. Witness the case of Mr. Maeterlinck, who, by the way, if his portraits are trustworthy, is a leisurely and ruminative eater. The Pall Mall Gazette man stands on firmer ground when he says that the automobilist, adventuring into strange and barbarous countries, contracts a taste for coarse dishes, and demands them afterward though he be safe in Paris.

Is the "Entente" to blame? Are roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, savories on toast, porridge and bacon served ostentatiously in Parisian restaurants merely to show a friendly feeling toward England? Six years before "Vanity Fair" appeared, Thackeray wrote a delightful essay, "Memorials of Gormandising," which we fear is not so well known as it should be. In this essay he dwelt on the sight of an English family at the "Rocher" in Paris, feeding, not dining, on mutton chops and potatoes. "Why not, in these cases, stay at home? Chops are better chops in England than in France." We remember meeting a Baltimorean in Dresden complaining in a restaurant, where the cookery of the country was unusually good, because the dishes of Maryland were not on the bill of fare.

Other causes for the deterioration are named. An old Parisian said, with fixed melancholy: "The cook has but followed the general downward movement in public taste. The high-class restaurant is open, nowadays, to any tasteless tourist with a purse. Restaurateurs cater for these persons. Do you know, I was asked the other day in the restaurant X. whether I would take an English sauce or ketchup with my meat," and he shuddered as he spoke. Another believes that music and flirtation have killed French cooking. No one can concentrate his mind when a band is playing, though he may not be spurred to the physical activity of Bill Simmons in the memorable song. Women distract the attention. The best cooking in Boston was to be found ago at an inn where women not admitted.

These are the causes of the alleged deterioration. We say "alleged" for we are sure some defender will arise to maintain stoutly the preeminence of France. There are still restaurants in Paris uninvaded and untainted by the American, English and German tourists. The knowledge of the precise location is jealously guarded. Dishes are still prepared there expressly for Monsieur, and if the landlord no longer offers his snuffbox between two courses, he brings tenderly with his own hands a bottle that is only for a tried and approved guest.

POLITICAL ELOQUENCE.

A political speech is today a carefully written apology, excuse or economic tract. There is no attempt at eloquent appeal. This is left for the summing up in defence of neurotic assassins or of men with confused notions of meum and the governmental tuum. Possibly in the far West there are stump speakers who are still able to introduce "eagle" and "bugle" in one and the same sentence. If in the East a politician warms with his subject he recalls the description given by Hazlitt of the Marquis Wellesley: "Soaring into mediocrity with adventurous enthusiasm, harrowed up by some plain matter-of-fact, writhing with agony under a truism, and launching a commonplace with all the fury of a thunderbolt."

Mch 16 1908

Men and Things.

In the West there seems to be a preconcerted effort to put an end to kissing, a pleasure that for centuries has been within the reach of the humblest. Claude Richardson, a young rancher, was married to Alice M. L. Beasley at Lewiston, Idaho, on March 7. Judge Coburn, who married them, frowned darkly on Claude at the beginning of the ceremony because the bridegroom insisted on holding Alice's hand. At last the question was asked: "Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" It would be a shame to paraphrase or condense the description given by the local reporter: "With a flood of happiness breaking over his face Mr. Richardson clasped the willowy form of his bride in his arms and shouted at the judge, 'You bet your life I do.' He showered her with kisses and only released her when admonished by the justice that further interruption would not be tolerated."

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The Rev. Liston D. Bass, formerly of Cairo, now of St. Louis, would approve this stern and summary repression of amorous enthusiasm. He announced recently from the pulpit that "holding hands" is a peculiarly pernicious practice. "There is a nerve that runs from the back of the hand to the brain and a nerve that runs from the palm to the heart. When a man holds a girl's hand and presses upon these two nerves, she comes completely under his control." Unfortunately for Mr. Bass' theory, which is as heartless as though it were drawn from the wood, deep thinkers among the ancients declare that the seat of love is the liver. As long as a girl's liver is not thrilled, she is therefore invulnerable.

Mr. Bass thundered from the pulpit that any girl who has had her hand held or been kissed before marriage by a man has lost "her power to charm." He believes in "the kissing devil," just as there is "the low-necked devil," "the peek-a-boo devil." Nor should any girl work in a man's office. "It is wrong for a girl to have conversation even upon business matters with a strange man." No wonder that 40 young women of Mr. Bass' church refuse to contribute to his salary.

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Judge Torrison of Chicago has no sympathy with any man who in a burst of appreciation and in a fine spirit of admiration kisses or hugs a woman to whom he has not been formally introduced. Miss Bessie Gallop of Janesville ran away from home to go on the stage. In a railway car she was seen by one Brittendale, who, remembering Marlowe's immortal line, hugged her at once, without any taking down of the conventional fences of conversation. The hugger objected, although as the hugger swore to her that he was a play actor, she might fairly have considered the embrace a stage one and counted it a part of her dramatic education. It is not necessary to review the evidence in the case. It is enough to state the scale of payment as established by the imposed fines: First hug, $50; subsequent hugs, $10; first kiss, $50; second kiss, $25; subsequent kisses, $5.

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Yet there are heroic souls in the West who are not deterred by courts or pulpits. Albert Murphy, owner of the Monarch Hotel in Kansas City, is not the least of them. Mrs. Murphy, it seems, has filed a suit for divorce, alleging that the "genial landlord" kissed a grass widow on the premises. "When I became of age," said Mr. Murphy, "people knew from then on that I would kiss a grass widow. What married man wouldn't? I defy any man in the city to name one that would not." When some one asked Emerson why he ate pie for breakfast the sage answered: "What's pie for?" Mr. Murphy recognizes the reasonableness of grass widows in the divine and beneficent plan.

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Yet there are beings in the West—in the catalogue they go for men—on whom Mr. Bass and the judges would look with favor. Ora M. Leedom of Chicago, arrested for deserting his wife, admitted that she is a good woman and an excellent housekeeper, but in spite of the fact that he is her second or third husband, she is too affectionate. "Now I'm not a chilly guy, but I don't want a woman kissing me all the time. When I come home from work in the evening I like to sit down and read the paper. My wife would want me to hold hands with her and say foolish things. Some actress down in New York made a hit with a kiss that lasted 45 seconds. When my wife read about that she said she could beat it with one hand tied behind her back. I'm ashamed to tell you what happened." Yet Mr. Leedom is not wholly obdurate. He says he will live with his wife, if she will limit herself to six kisses a day.

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On the other hand we like to think of Charles F. D. Higgins of Detroit and we see him now proving in court that he is a homebody, not caring to wander from his own fireside. He works all day and at night he sits and does fancy work. He showed the judge "the product of his needle, consisting of drawn work, embroidery and a baby's waist." His little boy in court was dressed in clothes chiefly made by him. "While I do the fancy work," Mr. Higgins added quietly, "my wife spends her time reading novels." And to think that it was Mrs. Higgins who was bringing the suit for divorce! Peace has its heroes.

Mch 17 1908

Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone,

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, accompanied by Arthur Rosenstein, gave a song recital in Chickering Hall last evening. The programme was as follows: Caldara, "Come Raggio di Sol"; Handel, "Where'er You Walk"; Gluck, air of Thoas from "Iphigenie en Tauride"; Schumann, "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh"; "Mondnacht," "Widmung"; Brahms, "Feideinsamkeit"; R. Strauss, "Cecilia"; Dubois, "Par le Sentier"; Paladilhe, "Suzanne"; G. Faure, "Rencontre"; "Toujours"; Alvarez, "Cantare"; "En Catesa," "Los Ojos Negros"; Homer, "Sing Me a Song"; Brockway, "A Dream"; F. Tours, "Mother o' Mine"; H. Parker, "The Lark Now Leaves Its Wat'ry Nest."

Mr. de Gogorza is deservedly a favorite here and the hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience. The Herald has often paid tribute to the many excellent qualities of his art as an interpretative singer and it is not necessary at this late day to analyze this art in detail. He was especially fortunate last evening in his interpretation of Gluck's noble air, which he delivered with impressive rhetorical emphasis and with a dramatic intensity that was in keeping with a concert performance. Schumann's "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh," Brahms' fine song, Strauss's "Cecilia" and the first of the group by Alvarez.

The singer's admirable diction gave distinction to the songs by Dubois and Paladilhe, which are inherently conventional. Mr. de Gogorza showed intelligence in other songs, as far as appreciation of detail and climax was concerned, but I have named those in which he was eminently successful both vocally and rhetorically.

It seemed last night as though his voice had more of a robust tenor quality than on previous occasions. It was not so distinctively baritone. Thus his range seemed increased, while his tones were virile, resonant and yet sympathetic as of yore.

And now a word about certain features of the programme. The songs by Alvarez with the exception of "Cantare" are not so strikingly dramatic and original as others by the composer which Mr. de Gogorza has introduced here. Homer's "Sing Me a Song" has true emotional quality. Parker's "Lark" is better suited to a soprano and it is more effective with orchestral accompaniment.

The tempo chosen by Mr. de Gogorza was a little too fast for the full exposition of the melody. Brockway's "A Life" had been mislaid, and F. Tours' "Mother o' Mine" was substituted for it. As sung by Mr. de Gogorza and some others, "Mother o' Mine" incites the audience to frenetic applause, probably by reason of the associations connected with the word "mother" and in consequence of the display of vocal energy in the last verse. The music itself is poor stuff, and consider for a moment the bathos, not the pathos of the ending.

The young man is confident that his mother would come to him, however unpleasant his plight might be; whether he were hanged, or, like McGinty, at the bottom of the sea, or condemned to unquenchable fire and the worm that dieth not. This confidence is human and praiseworthy. But why does the young man make all this fuss about it? Why should he bawl out with the full strength of his lungs his sweet and abiding trust?

This ballad of the heart and home was repeated, as were "Widmung" and "Par le Sentier." And yet Mr. de Gogorza did not receive this compliment for finer displays of vocal and rhetorical art in the course of the concert.

Men and Things.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra left Sunday to fill its last engagements this season in Baltimore, Washington, Brooklyn and New York, and Dr. Muck took with him a game arm. His right arm has pained him for several days, and on Saturday night, toward the end of the concert, he was obliged to use his left. On Sunday, in spite of the remedies previously administered, the pain was so great that he put on his coat with difficulty, and he looked forward to the work of the week with apprehension. In foreign orchestras the concert master is expected to lead if the conductor is disabled and there is no assistant. Mr. Wendling has had little or no experience as an orchestra leader, and although Messrs. Longy and Strube are conductors of ability, neither one would willingly lead the concerts of the trip with necessarily scanty rehearsal. Policeman's heel, housemaid's knee, writer's cramp, conductor's arm!

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The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, March 15, 1908.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Some time ago—I think is was on a Monday morning—you discussed in Men and Things the number of oysters that should be served as the first course at a formal dinner, and in your discussion you mentioned famous deeds of intrepid beings who had not fear of sewerage before their eyes. Reading a short story by Thackeray that is not known to many, I came across an incident of oysterian interest. Dando, who has been masquerading as Prof. Dandolo at Bulgaria House, a seminary for young ladies, goes into Grampus' fish and oyster shop, orders and consumes two lobsters, salad, two bottles of stout, bread, 14 pats of butter, four glasses of brandy and water and 11 dozen best oysters. When Grampus presents the bill the professor kicks the piece of paper into the air and shouts in a voice of thunder: "What a flat you are to think I'm going to pay! Pay! I never pay—I'm Dando!"

Was there any such man as Dando?

ADOLPHUS G. PARSONS.

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We believe there was a Dando in real life, "a bouncing, seedy swell," who was the hero of many ballads, and was constantly in the police courts charged with bilking. The word passed into English slang to designate a gluttonous person who "cheeked" it at taverns, restaurants and oyster bars. Farmer and Henley recognized the word; Macaulay in his journal described himself as "Dando at a pastry cook's and then at an oyster shop," and as late as 1885 the Illustrated London News, questioning the exact reading of the couplet concerning oysters and the months with an "r," said: "Spiritualists might be kind enough to consult Dando, who would, no doubt, have the true version at his fingers' ends, so as to rap it out on the instant."

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No wonder that the Emperor William expresses openly his appreciation of Mr. Charlemagne Tower. The poet Swinburne describes Meleager in his agony as apostrophizing Atalanta "whose name is as blessing to speak." Mr. Tower's name has been a blessing to him in his career. Charlemagne Tower! The very name suggests stately, courtly diplomacy! A man thus named could never keep a grocery.

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The latest additions to "Le Solitaire Universel," published by the Mercure de France, include two items worthy of republication. The first is taken from an advertisement appearing in London journals: "If the pills do not cure you, send them back and your money will be returned." The other is from Metchnikoff's "Optimistic Essays": "The duration of the life of the ox is at the most 20 or 25 years. And yet its fecundity is weak in spite of this short course of life."

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The San Francisco Call gives a graphic description of Mrs. Robert F. McCreery of Burlingame, who smokes "golden-tipped, slender Turkish cigarettes during the relaxation following an elegant luncheon." Mr. McCreery, it seems, is in the habit of smoking a Havana, "with his feet comfortably, if rudely perched on the crimson plush of a chair." Start not at the thought, nor call his conduct boorish! He has read that such stretching of the legs rests the heart. Think rather of Mrs. McCreery encircling her Gainsborough hat with a halo of cigarette smoke. "She did it well, too, with a graceful turn of wrist, a dainty raised chin and an enchanting pucker of lips. And in her costume there was a suggestion of Lenten severity, too," for ashes fell on her black and purple raiment.

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Sainte-Beuve once complained that his life was passed in writing and then reading proofs. Mrs. Ive Brodleique Summers declared at a meeting of the Woman's Club in Chicago that the history of her life might be summed up as "short sleeves and long sleeves, big sleeves and little sleeves, high hats and low hats, and then the Beggarman. Last of all, the Buttonman or what a work!"

At a meeting of the West End Mothers' Council in Chicago on the same day, Mrs. James Costello of Austin made the following incendiary remarks: "When a man is so stingy that he won't give his wife the money she shoud have, it is necessary for her to manage it in some other way. The only way that a woman can get a dollar from some men is to fool them about what it's for. * * * I've often paced items on husbands' accounts in such a way that their poor wives could have the benefit of a dollar now and then for their own use." A dangerous woman, this Mrs. Costello! Let us hope that she will not come east of Buffalo. Mrs. Edgar A. Hall said that she had heard of wives who would buy a sealskin sack and have it charged as "sheeting." We have not the heart to pursue this subject; we merely add a word of comfort to husbands. Richard Teague of South Amboy, N. J., says that if you put you wife's hands in salt water when she is asleep she will tell the story of her life. He tried the experiment with such success that on the next day he applied for a divorce.

Mch 8, 1908

KNEISEL QUARTET

New Composition by Caetani

The Kneisel quartet, assisted by Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist, gave the fifth and last concert of its 23d season last evening in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows: Caetani, quartet Op. 12 (first time here); Cesar Franck, quintet in F minor; Haydn, quartet in G Major.

Roffredo Caetani is the second son of the Duke of Sermoneta, the head of the Caetani family at Rome. The family was warmly disposed toward Listz when he made Rome his dwelling place, and there are allusions to the duke in Listz's letters. Roffredo studied music with Sgambati and afterward in Germany and at Paris.

One of a set of symphonic preludes by him was played here at a symphony concert early in 1905. It was richly orchestrated and it showed the unmistakable influence of Wagner.

The quartet played last night has a later opus number. It is in three movements. The first is an allegro in F minor; the second, a slow movement, is in E flat minor; the finale, a presto, is in G minor. The quartet as a whole is characterized by a passion that is yeasty.

The first movement is feverish and there is little relief from the febrile agitation. The nervous intensity of the composer is soon contagious. The themes have a certain character that arrests attention at the time, but leaves only a vague impression.

The development is complex and the movement seems crowded with notes. The hearer would fain find a resting place so that he himself might breathe easily. It is as though the composer, fearing the reproach of being an Italian and therefore presumably lyrical, made desperate efforts to assure the public that he had studied seriously.

In the second movement the chief theme has more true Italian character, and there is also the suggestion of music in a basilica, as there often is in the music of Sgambati. The finale, with its scherzo-like opening, is on the whole the most rounded movement of the work. The quartet is by no means to be sneered away. There are fine moments in it; there are evidences of a musical nature, sound scholarship and a serious purpose, there are original combinations and contrasts of timbres, but as a whole the music is yeasty.

The Kneiseis gave an exceedingly dramatic performance of the quartet, one that must be ranked with their highest achievements.

Beyond doubt and peradventure, the quintet by Cesar Franck must be reckoned not only among that master's noblest works, but also among the greatest compositions in all music. As a chamber work it is rivalled only by a few of Beethoven's quartets and by Franck's quartet. It is now appreciated in Boston by many who were perplexed or disquieted when Ysaye produced it in Music Hall.

The ineffable tenderness, the glowing passion, the towering sublimity of this masterpiece are now recognized by those to whom this musical speech was at first as a foreign tongue. There have been two memorable performances of the quintet—the first at one of Ysaye's chamber concerts; the second at a Kneisel concert, where Mr. Bauer was the pianist.

The performance by the members of the Kneisel Quartet last night was equally memorable; but Mme. Samaroff, except in the finale, was not fully in sympathy with the character of the work. She is first of all a brilliant, dashing pianist, who has admirable qualities as a virtuoso. She is not distinctively an emotional pianist, and her melodic lines are still inclined to be rigid, although she has improved in this respect since she first played here.

A peculiar temperament is required for the interpretation of this quintet. The player should be of a warm, poetic nature and highly imaginative. The poet should here wear the mantle of the mystic. The flight of imagination should attain to a fulness of celestial vision.

The hall was filled with a deeply interested audience and the applause was more than once enthusiastic. The Kneisel Quartet, in spite of various changes, is still the Kneisel Quartet, unrivalled, incomparable.

A NEEDED GUIDE BOOK.

The latest news about the haunted tenement house in Fitchburg reminds us that there is no book for American readers that corresponds to John H. Ingram's "Haunted Homes and the Family Traditions of Great Britain." Mr. Ingram describes the haunted houses in alphabetical order, so that the book is one of "handy reference." There are many haunted houses in the United States, nor is it necessary to go to Virginia, where every plantation has a family ghost, whether it be the negro at Grassdale in Louisa county, who is heard early in the morning polishing the floors, or the old lady at Ionia, owned by the Rives family, who tucks up the visitor in bed with hospitable care. There is, or was, a haunted house in Waterville, Me. There is a fine old country house in Lincoln, in which we would not sleep although armed guards watched at the door and windows of the bedchamber. Even at high noon the occupant of this room has a creepy feeling. There are at least a dozen haunted houses within a half-hour's ride from Boston. There are no doubt such houses in the city itself. But there is no Baedeker for these houses in the New England and other states. Here is a real want that should be at once supplied. Photographs of a few of the more distinguished ghosts would, of course, increase the value of the book.

Men and Things.

MISS SKINNER of Boston told the girls in the Northwestern and Chicago universities that they dressed like "harlequins;" that they had little taste and only a slight knowledge of the simplicity which should be the "governing feature in women's dress." Mrs. Alice Pelaubet Norton of the University of Chicago has "devised a shopping course." This, being interpreted means that she will teach the art of shopping prudently, the nature of materials, the wise expenditure of money and, let us hope, the fine art of courtesy toward clerks, shopgirls and sister shoppers. Extracts from Zola's novel about a department store might be read with profit. But we are not so much interested in this course as in Miss Skinner's reference to harlequins and in a dressmaker's reply.

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Harlequin is an old friend and we would not have him treated contemptuously even by Miss Skinner. We admired and loved him years ago in this city at the Theatre Comique, and we envied him embracing the Columbine, Miss Fanny Beane. How lithe and graceful he was! How lightly he carried his "bat" of lath, with which he performed wondrous tricks! And what pray, was the matter with his costume, shining, speckled and spectacular? It is not for stout women, for overblown girls; but there are Marys and Lucys and Henriettas who would be irresistible thus clad.

Of course, Miss Skinner had in mind parti-colored dresses, for we have the harlequin duck and harlequin china; but the harlequin hat is of a pale tawny-brown, variegated with white spots; the harlequin brant is only white-fronted, like a fair woman in a low-cut bodice; the harlequin pigeon is bronze-winged; the harlequin garrot is golden-eyed; the harlequin snake is orange and black, while the harlequin cabbage bug, Murgantia histrionica, has more brilliant markings. A girl may look like a harlequin and yet be eminently desirable.

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The New York drossmaker cannot brook the idea that college girls should abandon "the fluted and frilled frivolities which March winds discover beneath their walking skirts," the "rose-colored ribbons that peep beneath shirtwaists," "the lavishly decorated corset with its riot of glowing attachments." She is not consoled by the thought of a simple zone, temperate, not tropic Listen to the dressmaker of New York. "Half the attraction of a girl lies in the fact that she is a mystery."

This profound saying should serve as a footnote to a glorious passage in Hazlitt's works, a passage that is to be found in one or two of his essays on comedy, and appropriately in his reply to the essay by Malthus on population. Hazlitt praised the fancy dresses, "the perverse disguises," the counterfeit shapes, stiff stays, and enormous hoops worn by women in the time of the Spectator. "The senses were never satisfied in an instant. Love was entangled in the folds of the swelling handkerchief, and the desires might wander for ever round the circumference of a quilted petticoat, or find a rich lodging in the flowers of a damask stomacher. There was room for years of patient perseverance, for a thousand thoughts, fancies, conjectures, hopes, fears, wishes. There seemed no end to difficulties and delays; to overcome so many obstacles was the work of ages. 'A wife' had then some meaning in it; it was an angel concealed behind whalebone, flounces and brocade."

The keenest amorist is more enchanted by the girl in the skirt dance than by the captain and soldiers in the grand march of the Amazons or by the ballerina in her traditional costume.

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This reminds us that the citizens and citizenesses of Detroit display such violence in the barn dance that public halls and private houses are not safe and the building inspector of the town may be obliged to forbid this particular dance. Why this anxiety? The Michigan Cremation Society has its headquarters in Detroit, and there should be no fear of death, for each member is presented with a finely engraved certificate bearing the inscription: "This entitles the bearer to one incineration in the crematory of the Michigan Cremation Society"; he also has the privilege of cremation at a reduced price.

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Yet passionate dancers might well consider the sad lot of Miss Mary Ashe of Williamsburg, N. Y., who, returning from a ball became hysterical, and fell unconscious in the street. She was taken to the hospital and a New York newspaper informs us that she is suffering from a form of paralysis "known professionally as 'parapregia.' Para—what? Para—how? There is the word "paraplegia," which means paralysis of the lower limbs and a part or the whole of the trunk. If Miss Ashe had lived in the old years when dancing was considered as the favorite amusement of Satan because the daughter of Herodias, by an exhibition of her skill cost John the Baptist his head, she would have been quoted as an awful warning or as an example of demoniacal possession.

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Lepelletier's "Life of Paul Verlaine" has been translated into English and it will be published this spring. It is Lepelletier who tells us that while Coppee, Mendes and Barres were delivering eloquent eulogies over the poet's grave, his former boon companion seized the opportunity to run off with their umbrellas. We remember a Russian woman's account of a reception in New York which was attended by the leading literary and artistic lights. "It was a very brilliant affair," she said. "Everybody that was worth while was there. Mr. Gilder was present and so were Mr. Stedman and Mr. Howells and Mr. Chase and the room was full of distinguished persons. There was only one unpleasant incident: My husband's valuable fur overcoat was stolen."

Mch 19, 1908

CARRENO RECITAL

Mme. Teresa Carreno, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata op. 53, "Waldstein"; Chopin, Preludes op. 23, Nos. 21, 22, Nocturne in C minor, op. 48, Tarantelle, Barcarolle; Schumann, Symphonic Studies; Brahms, Rhapsody in B minor; Smetana, "On the Seashore"; MacDowell, Concert Study in F sharp major.

Mme. Carreno's last recitals in Boston were in January, 1901. Her first appearance in Boston was in 1863, when she was about 9 years old. What a career this woman has had! She has been before the public for 45 years and she still plays with infinite gusto and amazing brilliance.

The Germans characterize a certain class of pianists as "formidable." They use the word in a complimentary sense and yet some pianists to whom it is applied are avoided by the thoughtful, by those constitutionally nervous and by those whose heart action is irregular. There are women pianists who may justly be called Amazonian. Sophie Menter was one of them! Adele aus der Ohe was another some years ago; Mme. Carreno is still Amazonian.

The Amazonian is by no means heartless, nor was the woman warrior of antiquity, for Penthesilea loved Achilles in her wild and bloodthirsty fashion; Hippolyta listened to Theseus wooing her with his sword; Scathack, the sad, cruel queen, who ordered that a spear should be put through Ulric the Skald and that red brands of fire should be placed on the naked breast of Connla the Harper as he lay on the sand with his face to the stars, had loved Cuchullin. And in like manner the Amazonian pianist may be passionate in her strength. Her force is not necessarily granitic. Her brilliance is not inevitably metallic.

Mme. Carreno yesterday played the sonata in the grand style, a style that is fast disappearing in the interpretation of music by the aid of piano, violin or human voice. She played with breadth and dignity, and without belittling nuances, without febrile agitation. There was a lack of sentiment in her reading of the first page of Chopin's nocturne. The wailing melody should be heard at twilight. Yesterday it was incongruously virile under a noon-day sun. But the tarantelle was rhythmically superb, and there was the wildness of the "madly whirling" dancers whom Schumann saw before him when, hearing this music, his own senses began to reel. The performance of the preludes was not so satisfactory. The first lacked lyric emotion, the second was taken at a ruinously fast pace.

Schumann's Symphonic Studies are admirably suited to Mme. Carreno's fiery nature, and she vitalized portions of Brahms' rhapsody that as often played seem dry and perfunctory. Her bravura was displayed in its fulness in the pieces by Smetana and MacDowell. The former, written in 1862, was a remembrance of Sweden where Smetana had lived happily. The music is eminently for a virtuoso of the first rank, but it is more than a virtuoso piece, and it is far removed from music that is only imitative. Here are no conventional echoes of a casino lined coast. There is "the spasm of the sky, the shatter of the sea." Mme. Carreno's interpretation of this music was technically heroic and it was also imaginative.

The hall was filled with an enthusiastic audience.

CAPT. MADER'S SEA SERPENT.

Capt. Mader of the steamer Admiral Farragut, bearing bananas from Port Antonio to New York, saw a sea serpent "somewhere near the gulf." We say "a" sea serpent, not "the" sea serpent, for we believe there are others than the one that cools himself in summer by lolling off Nahant. There is evidence that cannot be lightly overthrown; furthermore, Capt. Mader's acquaintance has not the physiognomy of the Nahant visitor, but is about 150 feet long and his "ten-foot head" bears horns. Let us hope that they grew there from birth. This gulf serpent is amiably inclined. He grinned at the captain and his merry men before they threw food to him. He grinned in all for two days. No serpent would dare to take this liberty with the summer citizens of Nahant. The unthinking may doubt the word of Capt. Mader or suspect him of designs on marines and landlubbers,

[illegible] revive the stage just about alcoholic vision. Let them ponder the words of Pater, a man by no means credulous: "The strange things which may very well happen, even in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea."

CONCERT FOYER.

Renewed Energy by the Press Agent; His Tribute to Maud Allan.

BY PHILIP HALE.

FROM time to time The Herald has expressed its admiration for the mental activity of press agents, for the ingenuity of their appealing [illegible] statements and desires for [illegible] passion of their clo[illegible] [illegible] this activity has not been pro[illegible] [illegible] late, and some, easily depressed by nature have feared that the press agent, exhausted, had become at last a [illegible] matter-of-fact creature, no longer able to excite interest even in a far-off [illegible] or in a process for turning [illegible]gs into a breakfast food that would at the same time be carminative, diuretic and [illegible]. But The Herald has [illegible] lost faith in the press agent, and at last its confidence is justified.

Miss Maud Allan has been dancing at the Palace Theatre, London, dancing a series of classical dances. Listen to our friend: "Born in Toronto, she belongs to a land where the fires of the [illegible] temperament glow ardently through the icy purity of the People of Snow." Once more: "She has ransacked the shrines of plastic beauty and worshipped [illegible] and prayerfully before the Art of the Universe." This "sounds like old times."

Miss Allan, we learn, dances with bare feet, after the manner of Miss Duncan, and she wears diaphanous garments, or a diaphanous garment. [illegible] ago dancing women were clad in the transparent silk of Coos, [illegible] this was discarded. Some may remember Mr. Rowbotham's description of Nero's banquet in the third volume of his "History of Music": "While dancing girls in the lulls between the courses came dancing down the files of tables in troops, wrapped in their gauze and clattering their clacking castanets. And many of them were Spanish girls from Gades in Spain, who danced in line, rising and falling in waves of tremulous hips. And also Syrian dancing girls, more wanton than these, half-naked or entirely so; and these had cymbals that they clashed above their heads, and there was something fearful in their still immodesty." Or think of the matrons and virgins in old Babylon casting off their garments in the fury of revel and dancing, while "all around seethed with the riot of applause" and the whistle of flutes and harps.

But when Miss Allan dances to the music of Chopin's funeral march she is draped and hooded in sombre muslins. Other pieces she danced to were Chopin's waltz in A minor, Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice." Her chief dance, however, is "The Vision of Salome." In this the upper part of her naked body is "clothed in masses of pearls and jewels only," and the London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald hastens to assure his readers that there is "no kind of indecency in her appearance." As Salome she wears an unbecoming black wig. Since it is unbecoming it is indecent. At the end of the dance the head of John the Baptist appears as in a vision, "resulting in [illegible] disagreeable transports on the part of the dancer." Judges of [illegible] all agree in characterizing Miss Allan as singularly graceful. The Pall Mall Gazette, for example, praises her "genuine talent": "Her arms also are bare, and the most remarkable feature of her whole performance is the really exquisite use she makes of them and of her hands. We can recall no dancer who has made arms and hands so expressive and so fascinating."

Mrs. Alice Huston Stevens, who will give a song recital in Potter Hall tonight, is known here as a church and [illegible] soprano. She has studied [illegible] in Boston and in Italy. Mr. [illegible] will conduct solo singers, [illegible] and orchestra in works of Berlioz tomorrow afternoon in Jordan Hall. A scene from the second act of "The Trojans at Carthage" will be performed here for the first time. Mr. de Pachmann will give a piano recital on Saturday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme is made up of pieces by [illegible]. Mr. de Pachmann's last recital will be on Saturday afternoon, the 28th, and the programme will then be a [illegible].

[illegible] concerts will be given by the [illegible] quartet; by Stephen [illegible], by Miss Jessie [illegible], who will be assisted by [illegible], baritone, and Henry [illegible], violinist, by the Adamowski trio.

[illegible] Jones will give a concert of [illegible] next Wednesday afternoon. [illegible] Lillie Ormond will be the [illegible]. Miss Ormond sang with marked [illegible] at Worcester a week ago tonight [illegible] a night or two ago at a Dartmouth College concert in Hanover, N. H., and she has been engaged for music festivals at Manchester and Nashua, N. H., later in the season.

George Henry Howard's second piano recital will be at the Hotel Vendome next Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Clara Sexton Crowley will soon give a song recital.

Jean Sibelius made his first appearance in England at a Philharmonic concert in London Feb. 26, and conducted his third symphony. The Times said that portions of the work are so orthodox that they sound uninspired and dry. "The theme of the second movement, which is something in the nature of a folk song, is really beautiful and poetical, and is treated, at any rate at first, with a delicate and fanciful invention; and the final allegro ends with a broad, spirited tune that reminds one somewhat of the melodies used in the composer's 'Finlandia.'"

The San Francisco Musical Club, under the direction of H. J. Stewart, gave a successful performance of Mrs. Beach's setting of Dr. Holmes' poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," on March 5. The work was written for the Cecilia Society of New York and performed by them Jan. 21. The first performance in this city will be given on April 23 by the Thursday Morning Club, under the direction of Arthur S. Hyde. The piano part will be played by Mrs. Beach.

Frederic Delius' symphonic poem, "Paris: the Song of a Great City," was performed at London Feb. 26. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "Mr. Delius' methods are obviously founded upon those of Richard Strauss, and he is certainly a very worthy disciple of a great master. While all credit is due to those young writers of the modern school who attempt to advance the art of music a few steps, it must be confessed that the results of their efforts are not always entirely satisfactory. For the most part, they mean exceedingly well, but the effects which they invent are generally experimental, and, more often than not, those effects do not quite come off. Mr. Delius, however, is not one of these, and in his 'Paris' there is nothing that is experimental and nothing that does not come off. He is exceedingly modern, but he knows perfectly well what he is about, and he portrays the awakening of the great city to its pleasures, the movement and life of the cafes, and the contrast of the peace which comes with the approach of dawn with the hand of a master. It is impossible to do justice here to all the brilliance of the writing, and all the wonderful touches in the orchestration, of which those with which the final stillness is portrayed are among the most remarkable. These must be left for a future occasion, and it must be sufficient for the present to say that, as a piece of tone-painting, 'Paris' is surely without an equal in the writings of modern British composers."

Rosa Olitzka, the operatic contralto, who has sung in Boston many times, is betrothed to Boris J. Sinai of Chicago. She will marry and leave the stage in May.

There is a rumor that the Milano Opera Co. may visit "Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago and Boston on its way back to New York." The company lost money in New Orleans and the orchestral strike did not allow the proposed performance for the benefit of the singers. The San Carlo Opera Company had hard sledding in Chicago.

Sir Hubert Parry has resigned his position as Oxford professor of music. He will now have more time to compose scholarly and dull works.

Miss Myrtle Elvyn, pianist, played recently in Indianapolis and "in her tasteful Greek costume of white satin offered a charming picture in the surroundings of a country landscape (which furnished, however, a rather inadequate background to a grand piano)." What did the Indianapolis Sun expect? A marine setting with a volcano in the distance and a light-house to the left?

mch 20 1908

MRS. ALICE STEVENS GIVES SONG RECITAL

Mrs. Alice Huston Stevens, soprano, accompanied by Alfred De Voto, gave a song recital last night in Potter Hall. The programme was as follows: Rosa, "Vado ben Spesso;" Falconrieri, "O bellissimi Capelli;" Cavalli, "Affe mi fate ridi re;" Bellini, "Qui la voce;" Del Valle de Paz, "Fior di dolcezza;" "Cosi fa chi Sinnamora;" de Leva, "Voi Siete L'alba;" Ponchielli, "Suicidio" from "La Gioconda," Brun, "Avril en Fleurs;" Chaminade, "Chanson de Neige;" Saint-Saens, "La Feuille de Peupiler;" Schumann, "Der Nussbaum;" R. Strauss, "Heimliche Aufforderung;" Chadwick, "The Honeysuckle;" Clough-Leiter, "O Would I Were the Cool Wind;" Ronald, "A Burden;" "The Captive Lark."

Mrs. Stevens, a Maine girl by birth, has studied in Boston and in Florence, Italy. Boston is her dwelling-place. Her voice is a pure and lyric soprano of generous compass and of most agreeable quality. The tones are full and well rounded, admirably placed, naturally expressive. The voice is flexible and at the same time it lends itself easily to the calls of dramatic emotion, as in the aria from "La Gioconda"; but the voice is first of all and above all lyric, and it might easily lose in quality if it were used constantly in music that demands dramatic intensity.

Mrs. Stevens has mastered thoroughly important principles of vocal art; she has a fine control of the melodic line; her management of breath insures flow and grace of phrasing; her bravura is clean cut, fleet, and brilliant. Her attack and her release of a phrase are artistic. There is no slurring, no sliding, no groping for the tone.

She is much more than a singer with a polished vocal mechanism. The programme last night tested her versatility in interpretation and her appreciation of various vocal epochs and styles. Take, for instance, the first group of songs, melodies of the 17th century. The singer was at once successful in differentiating the character of songs that too often are interpreted with undeviating monotony of expression. How fresh, how modern the exquisite air of Falconieri seemed as sung by Mrs. Stevens! Her performance of "Qui la voce" was something more than an exhibition of technical proficiency; there was soul in the delivery of the aria, and the coloratura passages that followed were sung with delightful ease and with a modest confidence that took away any suspicion of a task.

Two or three of the songs on the programme were unfamiliar to the majority of the hearers. The most beautiful of these was the melody of De Leva. Mrs. Stevens' interpretation of the second group of Italian songs, and of those by Chaminade, Schumann, Strauss and Chadwick, was especially commendable.

Mr. de Voto was a sympathetic accompanist. He sustained the singer without an incongruous display of virtuoso qualities, yet his quality of tone and the finish of his mechanism were often enchanting, so that in the song by Brun the accompaniment seemed of more inherent worth than the melody itself.

A large audience applauded heartily.

Men and Things.

THE Indianapolis Star of March 16 gives us pleasing information about Mr. Henry Russell. Mr. Russell arrived in Indianapolis on the night of the 15th to "arrange the details" for the coming of the San Carlo opera company. He unbosomed himself to a reporter: "What my plans for the future will be in bringing a company to this city for a permanent home depends upon the patronage which Indianapolis gives during its engagement. * * * If the interest keeps up, I will arrange to meet some of the wealthy men here who are interested in grand opera and try to get them interested in the permanent establishment of a company." This has a familiar sound.

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Mr. Russell also told the reporter that he expects to lose "several thousand dollars this season," but "because he is in the business for art's sake, he is not discouraged." He hopes to "educate the people of this country to the grand opera, to establish permanent opera houses in Chicago, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and Pittsburg." The Star was informed by Mr. Russell that "the one in Boston is already being built."

* * *

Mrs. Mildred Manly Caldwell addressed last Wednesday the members of the National Society of Ohio Women, who meet in New York weekly during Lent at a fashionable hotel for the sake of their souls, and said to them, in a clear, bell-like voice: "Don't live in the kitchens of your bodies! Dwell in your belfries!"

But how if there are bats in the belfry?

* * *

Mrs. Caldwell also said: "If you sit slumpy, slumpy thoughts will come." This is a paraphrase of Bismarck's dictum: "People that drink beer, think beer." This did not prevent Bismarck from drinking vast quantities of champagne and porter mixed. Mrs. Caldwell mourns the fact that there are few thinkers in the world. She should remember the orphic saying of Mr. Alcott, or was it of some humbler sage, who wrote for the Dial: "A man that ises thinks thing-ing things," or was it "thinking things"?

* * *

The Duke of Abruzzi's friends in Rome say that the blood of the Elkinses is as good as that of the descendant of a Montenegrin shepherd, the woman whom the King of Italy married. Thus they intend to roast a handsome woman and a brave people. The Montenegrins should be held in honor if they had done nothing else than to inspire the sonnet of Tennyson that begins:

> They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,
> They kept their faith, their freedom on the height,
> Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
> Against the Turk.

And ends:

> Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
> Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
> Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

But why should the blood of the Elkins or of the Montenegrin royal family be poor? A mixture of sulphur and molasses is still a sure remedy in many households. In our youth we were dosed on "Elixer Pro." What was "Elixer Pro"? Are there any unhappy youngsters who are now compelled to take it.

* * *

Where did the name Elkins come from? Canon Bardsley suggests Elias. "As the armies lay before Acre, remembrance of Elijah and the prophet of Carmel must have oft recurred to their minds. Out of many forms to be found in every early roll, those of Ellis, Elys, Elice, Ellee, Edyas, Helyas and the diminutive Eliot or Elliot seem to have been the most familiar. Numberless are the surnames sprung from it. It is thus we get our Ellises and Ellices, our Elisons and Ellisons, our Elkins and Elkinsons, our Elcocks and Ellcocks, and our Ellicots, Elliots and Elliotsons. But Canon Bardsley is cocksure of many things.

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Mme. Calve was deservedly indignant when she was pumped about the probability of her marriage. "I, Calve, will talk about the sunlight, the weather, New York—anything but my so sacred heart affairs. If I, a public singer, may not marry privately, then I shall not marry at all."

In like manner bawls aloud the hero in "The Two Orphans": "Me sword's me king's; me life's me king's; but me affections are me own."

It is a pleasure to know that Mme. Calve insists on being married privately; not on the stage at the end of the last act in "Carmen"; not in a submarine boat; not in a balloon, captive or free; not in a cage at the "zoo," but privately. The Lord be praised that there is one prima donna ready to do anything privately.

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Temperance drinks in England turn out to be a snare and a delusion. "The chief offending drinks were ginger beer and herb beer. Many samples of these were found to be as intoxicating as claret or hock, while others contained as much alcohol as beer." No wonder that the teetotalers liked the soft drinks. On Cape Cod Jamaica ginger is still the favorite temperance beverage.

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The New York Evening Sun was rhapsodical over "Tannhaeuser" with Mmes. Morena and Fremstad as Elisabeth and Venus: "Two of the most splendid embodiments of womanly grace and charm in all the stage world today held dramatic duel to the death amid great scenic pantomime and fulsome pageantry of tone." Western papers will please copy.

mch 21 1908

A. DEBUCHY GIVES BERLIOZ CONCERT

Chorus and Orchestra of 64 Pieces Assist Ambitious Performance.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Albert Debuchy conducted, yesterday afternoon, a concert of music by Berlioz in Jordan Hall. The programme included the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps from "The Damnation of Faust," trio from "The Childhood of Christ" (Messrs. Barrere and North flutes, Mrs. Regis Rossini harp), Hungarian march from "The Damnation of Faust," and the first scene from the second act of "The Trojans at Carthage." The solo singers were Miss Nora F. Burns (Didon), Miss Margaret Glenn (Anna), Miss Elma Igelmann (Ascagne), C. B. Shirley (Enee), James Rattigan (Topas), A. R. Frank (Narbal), Millard Bowdoin (Penthee), Earl Marshall (Mercure). There was a chorus and there was an orchestra of 64 players.

The programme was slightly changed from the one announced: there was a request for a performance of the Hungarian March, and this piece was substituted for the Ball scene from the "Fantastic" Symphony. The announcement was made that Mr. Shirley was suffering from a cold and asked for the indulgence of the audience.

There was an audience of good size and the concert was evidently enjoyed, for there was hearty applause after the pieces, and the March was played a second time. It is a pleasure to pay tribute to the zeal, industry and the patience of Mr. Debuchy in rehearsal. His task was more than an ordinary one, for he believed that the text of the scene from Berlioz's opera should be sung in the original language, and he was anxious concerning the diction.

The concert was given in honor of Mr. Debuchy and his friends, but the character of it might well excite discussion. The purely orchestral pieces are very familiar, and it may be said with all due respect to Mr. Debuchy and the orchestra that they have often been performed here in a more musical and a more brilliant manner. The feature of the first part of the programme was the trio for flutes and harp from "The Childhood of Christ," which was well played, and this, too, has been a familiar piece in Boston for years.

Little of the music of "The Trojans at Carthage" is known here. It is an open question whether a concert performance of an operatic scene is fair to the composer, or whether the audience at the end has any satisfactory impression of the work. Operatic music is written with a view to the illusions of the stage. It is written with reference to dramatic situations, to costumed men and women moved to action, to scenic accessories. The music may be a definite speech or it may only contribute to the effect of the whole scene. Take this excerpt from "The Trojans at Carthage." It opens with two dances. Without the scenery, without the evolutions of the dancing girls, the music itself of the first dance was boresome.

That of the second had little more character, but as a concert piece it was practically futile. The vocal music that followed was sung after the manner of an oratorio or cantata, and it must be confessed that it made little impression. Berlioz himself allowed the excision of the air of Iopas, and yesterday afternoon the hearer was tempted to say with Dido, "Forgive me, Iopas, even your voice cannot captivate me this evening." The recitatives were declaimed in the good old oratorio fashion, with a deliberation that was fatal to dramatic interest.

The ensemble was effective to this degree: There was a desire to hear it in its proper place, the opera house, but the duet of Dido and Aeneas disappointed those who had read the glowing tributes paid it by the sworn partisans of Berlioz. Operatic music should be sung by opera singers, by men and women accustomed to the stage, and on the operatic stage, if any just opinion concerning its worth is to be pronounced.

THE WORD ITSELF.

We note that some persons seem to confound the words "merger" and "monopoly." "Mergý" is originally a law term. It means the extinguishment of a right, estate, contract, action, etc., by absorption in another. Thus where there is a confusion of rights, as when debtor and creditor become one, there is an immediate merger. As the word is now used in talk of the day in Boston and throughout New England, it means the combination or consolidation of one firm or trading company with another. This use is not over twenty years old, and it was originally American, though it is now common in England.

"Monopoly" is a wholly different word with a far different meaning: Exclusive possession of the trade in some article of merchandise; the condition of having no competitor in the sale of some commodity, or in the exercise of some trade or business; an exclusive privilege, conferred by sovereign or state, of selling some commodity or trading with a particular place or country; hence, exclusive possession, control or exercise of something. A merger may become a monopoly; it is not in itself one; it becomes one only through the criminal indifference of a free people or by the authorization of a sovereign power.

Men and Things.

FREQUENTERS of dime museums should read the New York Medical Journal in order that they may talk wisely at home concerning the wonders they have seen. If little Willie should ask: "Pa, what makes the blue man blue?" Pa now answers: "God made him blue, my dear boy," for when a parent is stumped by an inquisitive child he seeks refuge in a general ascription to the Universal Maker. In this instance Pa may try to remember what ailed the unhappy man in "Poor Miss Finch." How much more satisfactory to the dignity of a parent is the ready answer: "The unfortunate is suffering from a disease known to physicians as argyria of the tissues." To say "silver poisoning" would not impress little Willy, who would be sure to ask, "Where did he get the silver?"

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Reading the New York Medical Journal the parent would allude lightly to the ossified man as suffering from "polyarthritis deformans"; to the India rubber man as a victim of "generalized dermatolysis." But is "hypertrichosis" the complaint of the bearded lady? If the stories about the Queen of Sheba were true and Solomon was so impressed by them that he made the trial described in the Koran, was she not a victim of hypertrichosis. And yet she had no beard; she did not even sport side whiskers. The parent should remember that a dwarf is a case of nanism, and that a giant, whether he come from China or Kentucky, may be still further dignified by a scientific name. But what is "acromegaly?" Our dictionaries know not the word. In 1895 the case of one Molansky was reported and described as "acromygalia." Molansky, a cracker manufacturer, was then undergoing gradual physical metamorphosis; his face was beginning to resemble the head of an animal; his hands and feet were growing longer and larger; his jaw protruded and was enlarged, and the bones about the eyes were growing abnormally. He did not suffer much physical pain, and he was able to attend to his business. The disease was first noticed by Dr. P. Marie of Paris, and we believe that for a time it was named after him. Mr. Molansky, in 1895, according to our scrap book, was living in New York. It would be interesting to know whether he is still living. Some physicians claim that the disease is really a retrogression from the human to some primitive type of man.

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Henry Clay Jones, a well-to-do farmer, who lives near Milford, Del., disagreed with his step-daughter, Mary Bennett, over a question of butter and eggs. She is 25 years old and is described as pretty. We regret to say that Mr. Jones spanked Mary, "as mother used to," spanked her so hard that Dr. Stanton says she is injured internally. Mr. Jones must have a heavy hand or Miss Mary is extraordinarily thin.

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We like to think of the Rev. C. Hutchinson, the Rector of Hayne, who gives away beer and tobacco at free smoking concerts to his parishioners. The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the objections brought against this form of practical benevolence, says that church ales were a recognized festival of the Establishment, and there were clergymen who sold ale "to gain some private ends." The Rev. Mr. Carter, curate of Lashingham, was charged, a century ago, as a "very disorderly character, particularly by keeping a public house" and the archdeacon was asked to look into the case. Mr. Carter said he had a wife and 13 children. His stipend was £20 a year, and the fees were few. His wife ran the public house for his parishioners, who came 10 or 15 miles to church. "I take down my violin," said Mr. Carter, "and play them a few tunes which gives me an opportunity of seeing that they get no more liquor than necessary for refreshments. . . . When I announce time for return they are ever ready to obey my commands, and generally with a donation of a sixpence they shake hands with my children and God bless them." The archdeacon was human and said that the public house was excusable. We hope that he also drank a glass or two at the curate's "pub" and did not forget to give the children a sixpence.

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The Herald has from time to time described phases of paternal government as it exists in Vienna. One of the latest orders of the minister of the interior is with reference to night calls at apothecary shops. Any person who rings the night bell at the apothecary's between 10 P. M. and 6 A. M. will have to pay a tax of about 10 cents in addition to the cost of the medicine or article obtained. The object of this order is to induce the public to obtain medicines and drugs while the shops are open—from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. But in urgent cases this 10 cents will not be charged; the physician will mark the prescription E. N. (expeditis nocturna). The apothecary allows the assistant on night duty to keep the sums received from the tax.

Apothecary shops in Boston that are open till midnight or till 1 A. M. are more than shops for the sale of medicines, drugs, combs, soap, candy, tobacco, soda and mineral waters. They serve as club houses for men who live in the neighborhood. The room is better lighted and heated than their own, and there is an opportunity for exchanging views on topics of the day. It is to some what the country store is to the villagers.

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Mr. George R. Sims says that a woman living near him in London advertised recently for a cook, a parlor maid, a kitchen maid and a nursery governess. She had no replies from cooks or parlor maids, two from kitchen maids and 73 from nursery governesses. Fifty of the governesses called personally, although the fog was blinding. Mr. Sims, always melodramatic, exclaims: "Behold a page torn from the Tragedy of the Middle Classes."

Mar 22, 1908

DE PACHMANN PLAYS AND TALKS CHOPIN

Vladimir de Pachmann gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large audience which was highly entertained. The programme was made up of pieces by Chopin: Sonata in B flat minor (by request), fantaisie, in F minor; Berceuse, four preludes, three etudes, op. 25, Nos. 2, 4, 5; nocturne in B major, polonaise in C sharp minor; mazurkas, op. 7, B flat minor, op 33, No. 4, B minor, op. 41, No. 1, C sharp minor; valse, op. 42, A flat major.

This recital might be described as a lecture on Chopin's compositions, with musical illustrations. The pianist commented on the pieces before, during and after the performance. He was fantastic with the fantasia; he lulled himself with the berceuse; he polonaised and mazurked and waltzed. The only thing that was lacking for complete enjoyment was a stereopticon with views of Chopin's portraits, houses where he lived, pianos that he played, women whom he loved, national and salon dances and a series of pictures of Mr. de Pachmann from childhood to the year of his first American concert tour.

Miss Duncan and Miss Allan dance on the stage with bare legs and arms, clad in a garment of thin gauze; they dance poetically in illustration of various pieces by Chopin. It is a pity that Mr. de Pachmann cannot do this and play the piano at the same time.

The verbal exuberance of this singularly gifted pianist was often disquieting. A certain amount of comment is expected from Mr. de Pachmann in his later years, but yesterday he went beyond the limit. His interpretation was also at times extravagant.

Yet there was the inimitable tone, the enchanting song, the exquisite tracery of an arabesque, the irresistible spell of the sorcerer who sings the melodies of Chopin, and colors the harmonies to the envy and despair of his colleagues.

Especially worthy of praise was his performance of the Funeral March, with the exception of extravagance in the trio; of the fantasia, especially the middle section; of the berceuse, preludes and etudes, in spite of certain eccentricities in the reading of the latter, of the mazurkas and the waltz. The audience was in holiday mood and smiled with the pianist and at him, and applauded lustily.

He will give his sixth and last recital in Boston next Saturday afternoon, when he will play pieces by Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and others. Let us hope that he will be somewhat chastened in spirit; that he will farewell the audience with the dignity becoming the rare artist that he is.

MUSIC NOTES.

Three chamber concerts will be given under the auspices of the department of music of Boston University in the new Jacob Sleeper Hall at 688 Boylston street. The first concert, on Thursday, the 26th, at 3:30, will be given by the Hoffmann quartet, assisted by George Proctor, pianist. The second, on April 1, will be a recital by Armand Grabbe, baritone, of the Manhattan opera company of New York, and the third, on April 9, will be a piano recital by Heinrich Gebhard.

BOSTON WILL HAVE BIG OPERA HOUSE

Boston is at last to have an opera house, a theatre designed and built expressly for the performance of opera.

It rests with the citizens of Boston whether there will be in this city permanent grand opera in the stately home that will be provided, or whether they will in the future as in the past be dependent on the caprice of operatic managers in other cities; whether opera in Boston will mean performances for 15 weeks, divided into two or three convenient periods, or for one crowded week; whether the Opera House in Boston will take its place among the artistic and educational institutions, as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Public Library and the Art Museum, which spread the fame of the city abroad, or whether Boston will be as other cities outside of New York, a possible resting place for a travelling opera company.

Eben D. Jordan's Offer.

A citizen of Boston, Mr. Eben D. Jordan, has generously offered to build an opera house on Huntington avenue, near Gainsboro street. Not only has he offered the house itself, thoroughly equipped and modern in every respect; he has also given a guaranty of the expenses of the performances of opera for three years. The cost of this opera house, including the land, will be about $700,000.

Messrs. Wheelwright & Haven, architects, have undertaken the designing of the opera house, and Mr. Haven sailed a week or so ago to visit European houses. The drawings of the facade and the first floor plan, were made by this firm.

The boxes surround the orchestra seats, and there will be a foyer of good size. There will be a second tier of boxes, a balcony and a gallery.

There are conditions to this offer, and these conditions are also generous: An opera company shall be incorporated with a capital of at least $150,000 paid in cash; this company shall lease the opera house for three years; subscriptions to the boxes shall be obtained for three years at $2000 a year for each box.

The Boston Opera Company has been incorporated. Subscriptions to the boxes have been obtained, and there is already a revenue of $98,000 a year. The lease of the opera house is to yield the owner 5 per cent. net on the actual cost of land and building. From $40,000 to $50,000 will be available to the company after the rent is paid.

$150,000 In Stock.

Now, all that remains to be done, as far as the firm establishment of the company is concerned, is to obtain subscriptions for $150,000 of the stock of the company.

The capital will be needed for stocking the opera house with scenery, costumes, properties, etc., and for the organization of the company.

The names of the directors of the Boston opera company are as follows: Eben D. Jordan, George R. Fearing, Jr., Charles Hayden, Francis Peabody, Jr., B. J. Lang, George W. Chadwick, Ralph L. Flanders, Samuel Carr, Gardiner M. Lane, Robert Jordan, Charles M. Loeffler Thomas N. Perkins, F. S. Converse.

The stock of the company will be placed in the hands of trustees, or will be deposited under a voting trust, in order to secure the maker of the above-mentioned guaranty against loss from an extravagant or improvident management, which might result from a changing or unstable board of directors.

Subscriptions may be sent to Messrs. Hayden, Stone & Co., 87 Milk street, Boston, who will receipt for the same, and who will, if sufficient subscriptions are obtained, send to the subscribers participating receipts in such form as may be decided upon by the directors of the company, when, as and if issued. In case sufficient subscriptions are not obtained subscriptions will be returned to those who have subscribed.

The par value of the stock is $100 a share. Each share will carry the right to subscribe to a season ticket before the tickets are put on public sale and stockholders will thus be enabled to obtain a choice of seats.

Points to Be Considered.

These things should be carefully considered:

(1.) The opera house will be built without expense to the public and rented to the company at a low rental which is guaranteed by the box-holders.

(2.) A subsidy of from $40,000 to $50,000 is available for the company from the surplus rental of boxes already assured.

(3.) The operating expenses are guaranteed to an amount which, after careful investigation, is felt to be in excess of what is necessary for a satisfactory and excellent production of opera.

(4.) These advantages are secured for three years.

The present plan of the company is to give a season of 15 weeks of opera in this city. The season will be divided into two or three periods, and it is probable that the opera company will give performances in other cities under guaranties. The repertory during the whole season of 20 weeks (15 in Boston) will include about 15 operas.

There will be four performances a week, three in the evening and one in the afternoon. This will make 60 performances in all for the Boston season.

Four persons may purchase one share of stock. The subscription to the seat may be divided, and thus each person can attend one performance a week.

The price of seats for single performances will range from $3 to 75 cents.

It should be remembered that the capital of the company is protected against loss from the operating expenses of the opera season by what is believed to be an adequate guaranty. In addition to the receipts from box subscriptions and sale of tickets, a considerable amount will probably be realized from renting the house, sub-letting singers, etc.

The managing director of the opera house will be Henry Russell. He will have full power in matters of production, engagement of singers, orchestra, etc. The business management will be under the control of the directors through a business manager appointed by them.

Not a One-Star Company.

It is the intention of the management to provide a good ensemble, rather than to depend on the glory of a star which will increase unreasonably the expenses

and [illegible] injurious economy in other directions. It will be the policy to maintain a high standard of performance in all details; to engage the best singers that are available, but there will be careful consideration of their merits with a view to the ensemble, not merely to their individual prominence. In other words, there will be a return to the sound principles that govern the stock company. Unless there be a stock company of even excellence, performances of either opera or drama will not be truly artistic. All European and permanent operatic institutions in which high standards are maintained are based on this idea. It is believed that here in Boston this idea will be recognized and carried out for the first time in an American opera house.

The successful maintenance of this Boston Opera House will not only furnish aesthetic enjoyment; it will have a decided educational value. Composers and singers of this country will be encouraged if their work be considered worthy, and as far as it will be thought consistent with the best production of opera. A training school for opera will be established under the best auspices, and native singers of vocal talent and dramatic instinct will be prepared systematically and thoroughly for positions in the company. At present it is almost impossible for an American or an unknown composer of opera to obtain a hearing.

At present many American singers of talent are unable to learn by practical experience. Furthermore, it is believed that in future students who are now obliged to go to Europe for practical training may obtain it in Boston. It may be said that American singers are engaged in certain opera houses of Europe. Those engaged are very few in number compared with the hundreds who seek an opportunity, or, who having endured much to obtain a hearing, are quickly neglected by foreign managers, and return to this country disheartened, disillusioned, unable to find a place for the display of their talent.

While a subscriber to the capital stock may justly consider that he is participating in an enterprise that will add prestige to the city and be of educational value, he is also assured that the best judgment available will govern the management of the purely business affairs. Shareholders will be kept informed concerning the operations of their corporation.

It is expected that ground will be broken for the opera house early this summer, and that the opera house will be opened for performances early in the fall of 1909.

OBTRUSIVE EGOS ON MUSIC PLATFORM

[illegible]illiam Wallace in his "Thresh[old of M]usic: An Inquiry Into the De[velop]ment of the Musical Sense," published by Macmillan & Co., speaks of the scientific man as "so intent upon other questions of evolution that he [ha]s not the time or, perhaps, the dis[pos]ition to investigate a phase of [cere]bral energy which he not unnatu[rall]y associates with preposterous an[tics] and exhibitions of vanity." Thus does Mr. Wallace allude sourly to composers and virtuosos. He says again:

"A man trained to think and to observe may be forgiven if he associates music with a parade of self-esteem and effeminacy; he naturally regards it as an emanation from an unattractive personality. Even its surroundings as presented to him in the concert room can obliterate very easily from the mind all notions that what one is listening to is the result of a highly organized cerebral apparatus. There is no doubt that the class to which music should make the strongest appeal on an intellectual basis is frequently driven to cherish half-pitying scorn and contempt for the beings who transmit to him the thoughts of great composers, and no one, except his immediate neighbor, will blame him if he attempts by means of a pianola to pass an hour amid the sounds that Beethoven heard with his inner sense. At the same time, apart from the curvettings on the platform, apart from the indiscreet ovations, apart from that ugliest of all human noises, popular applause, music should exist to the thinker as a dimension of [so]me account."

This William Wallace, whose book is remarkable in certain ways, is not a mere amateur. Born at Greenock in [illegible], educated at Fettes College, Edinburgh, he studied medicine at Edinburgh and Vienna, but while he studied he composed music, and at last he entered the Royal Academy of Music in London, and gave up pills, draughts and the surgeon's knife. He has composed two symphonies, six symphonic poems (among them "Sister Helen," "Fr[an]çois Villon" and "Sir William Wallace"), four orchestral suites (among them one illustrative of Ibsen's "Lady of the Sea" and one inspired by "Pelleas and Melisande"), overtures, chamber music and sets of unusual songs—"Jacobite Songs," "Freebooter Songs," "Lords of the Sea." Unfortunately, little of his music is known in this country. I say "unfortunately" for Mr. Ernest Newman, the shrewdest, most receptive, most discriminative and most imaginative of English music critics now living, has written in praise of Mr. Wallace. In 1902 he said of him: 'At a time when the British public was wallowing in the mire of third-rate [orat]orios and cantatas, when men 'spoke [illegible] and such great names as [illegible] Mr. Wallace was thinking out the [pro]blems of modern music which only [illegible] us to-day new because they [have] become [illegible] common property. English [illegible] ever [illegible] away at dull pseudo classical symphonies that are now as extinct as the dodo, Mr. Wallace was giving practical application to the truth that the only salvation for music lies in its fertilization by some poetic idea. * * * When that estimable engineer, Sir George Grove, was sapping the intelligence of the British public and persuading it that Beethoven was the greatest, most terrifically, most celestially inspired genius in the whole history of music, Mr. Wallace had learned the difficult art of seeing that respectable old Teuton in true perspective.'

Mr. Newman then examined Mr. Wallace's art, bewailed the fact that he had not of late concentrated all his faculties on music, urged him to renewed endeavor, to devote himself absolutely to the travail of music. "Then we shall have the true fulfilment of the Wallace who, 10 years ago, was the one just man to be found in a most unrighteous city."

It is not my purpose at present to discuss Mr. Wallace or his book. I speak of him this much to show that he is not merely a gentlemanly and cynical amateur. He is a musician. He has necessarily consorted with musicians. He recognizes and laments the foolish and exasperating vanity of the great mass of them.

You talk with a renowned prima donna. Naturally amiable, you speak of the enjoyment furnished you by her impersonation of Isolde, Carmen, Violetta, whatever her favorite part may be. She in turns assures you that she reads everything you write, whether she be at Buenos Ayres, in a Swiss chalet or on a Russian steppe. You then look at one other after the manner of the two Roman augurs in the picture. She then tells you why she prefers her conception and performance of any part to the conception and performance of Mme. Locotte, Signora Portamenta, Frau Mueller-Hammelberg or Mme. Lucy G. Huggins, who used to sing in the village choir at Hockanum Ferry and was sent abroad by a patron of art who made a fortune by inventing a sanitary chewing gum. Yes, her conception is the real, the only one. Bizet himself praised her Carmen. You make a rapid mental calculation and learn that Bizet must have first seen her at least a dozen years after he was dead. Wagner coached her at Bayreuth in ——; she names a year when, according to the biographical dictionaries, Wagner was snug in his tomb. Mozart—she almost calls him "Mozey" in her affectionate intimacy—Mozart, alas, never saw her Donna Anna.

Then there is talk about vocal method. She has taken lessons of all the great teachers. Some of them had valuable ideas; but she discovered the only true method of tone-production. It all came to her one afternoon as she was being massaged. She is really sorry for her sisters in the company. A has native talent, but her tones are in her throat; B is a passionate actress, but she cannot sing; what a pity it is that C cracked her voice by screaming as Bruennhilde; as for D—"What can you expect from any woman who leads the life she does?" Then she tells you how happy she is at home; but she loves the United States. "How can they say there is no appreciation of art in this country? I shall make at least $125,000 here this season." What a future this country has! What beautiful voices young American singers have! At last she gives you her photograph with an inscription that is affectionate or respectful according to your age.

Mr. Conried, they say, will write his memoirs this summer. The book should be an entertaining one. It will be if he has any sense of humor, is not afraid to be anecdotical and does not take himself or his calling too seriously. Col. J. H. Mapleson's "Memoirs" would serve him as an excellent model.

Any one of ordinary observation and retentive memory who has been obliged to listen to virtuosos off the operatic or concert stage could write an amusing book if he would be content to play the part of a faithful reporter.

Some years ago a distinguished pianist visited this city for the first time. His performance was polished, elegant. His mechanism was admirable even in these days of mechanical proficiency. He had seen much of the world, and he had a pleasing manner. A man of reading, he talked intelligently, and he had a nimble fancy. The second time I met him he showed me a photograph which represented Liszt seated. The virtuoso, as Liszt's young pupil, was standing by his side. And the virtuoso looked me full in the face and said in a hushed, far-away voice: "You see I stand, and Liszt, my master, sits. I wished to be taken kneeling at his feet, yes, under his feet. But Liszt said: 'No; my work is done; I am through. I therefore sit. You—you will always make me famous throughout the world. You will carry out my ideas. Therefore you must stand. You are the future; I am the past.'" Did Liszt say all this? He had a fine, malicious wit.

The incredible vanity or self-conceit of virtuosos is taken for granted. It long ago became a historical fact. There were the flute players among the Greeks, effeminate fellows, who wore Milesian slippers and saffron-colored robes, who received often $1000 for a performance. Intolerably vain and arrogant, shamefully dissolute, they were welcomed and fawned upon in the best society. Look at the singers of the 18th century. Male sopranos were friends and counsellors of kings. They figured in political intrigue. The women stirred up strife in courts. The rivalry of two prima donnas in London divided households. In 1725 in that city the women of fashion during the opera season adopted the brown silk dress embroidered with silver, which Baroni wore as the heroine in "Rodelinda," "a national uniform of beauty and youth." The prima donna shared honors with the male soprano. She claimed the privilege of the escort of a page when she made her entrance. The page held the train and followed her every movement. The male sopranos were spoiled children. One insisted that he must always enter on horseback, another that he must descend a mountain; another would not sing unless his hat plumes were 6½ feet high. They would often loll on the stage sucking oranges or drinking wine while their colleagues sang.

It is a pity that Benedetto Marcello's biting satire, "Il Teatro alla Modo," is not in the hands of all young singers. I quote at random from his chapter on the prima donna: "If you speak to her about another singer, she will reply: 'I hardly know her, and I have never sung with her.' If, on the other hand, she knows her, she will say: 'It is better to keep still than to speak ill of any one, but she once had a small part with only three songs in it, and after the second performance she began to cough. She is growing so fat that she looks like a sack in costume. She is angry if you look too closely at her, and she is an envious woman; she is ready to burst with spite if another singer is applauded. She is no chicken, either, although her "friend" and her mother say she's only a child. The last time she sang in the opera house she harmed her reputation,' " etc., etc.

Read the amazing confidences of singers, fiddlers, pianists to the public. They talk of their public and private life as one might to a father confessor or to a specialist mindful of the Hippocratian oath. They have no reticence; they have no modesty. Meet them, and they are ill at ease as long as the conversation is of a general nature. They fidget and hem, or they sulk and are bored until some one pitying them turns the limelight so that they sit in its glare. Then they will talk, ye gods, how they will talk! Their success was colossal. There was never anything like it. Even Mr. Knote, who returned to Munich last month after singing at the Metropolitan Opera House, said to a reporter of the Muenchener Zeitung: "We had a performance of 'Tristan' of unheard-of greatness. It was the most powerful representation that I ever experienced, and an unexampled triumph for German art in New York. All the 'Tristan' performances which followed—I sang in the work six more times under Mahler—were sold out. * * * Mahler was delighted with the singers. To me he said: 'You have the most beautiful tenor voice that I ever heard; nor did I ever hear the third act of "Tristan" as you sing it. At last I have heard it sung, not declaimed.' "

No wonder that Mr. H. E. Krehbiel quoted in the New York Tribune this preposterous burst of egoism and added: "Prodigious! Five performances at which the smallness of the attendance grieved the souls of the lovers of Wagner, grown to seven at which the house was sold out! The first intelligible and intelligent performances of 'Tristan und Isolde' that were ever vouchsafed to New York; yet we have known the drama over 20 years, and have heard it sung by Lehmann and Niemann (eight times in the season of 1886-1887), Lehmann and Vogel, Mielke and Gudehus, Sucher and Alvary, Nordica and De Reszke, Litvinne and De Reszke, Lehmann and Kalisch, Lehmann and De Reszke, Ternina and Van Dyck, Nordica and Van Dyck, Ternina and De Reszke, Nordica and Anthes and Ternina and Kraus, and conducted by Seidl and Mottl and Herz and Damrosch. Mahler never heard so beautiful a tenor voice as Knote's; how diligently he must have closed his ears to Caruso! But it must be so, for Knote—he himself—has said it. Verily the German proverb is correct: Paper is patient."

Charles Reade defined an egoist as a man who will burn down another's house to cook himself an egg. He might have been tempted to class egoist and virtuoso as synonyms.

How can any sane person talk about himself as many singers and pianists talk? A celebrated surgeon does not stop you in the street to tell you how neatly he opened the abdominal cavity of a common friend. The counsellor-at-law does not boast at the club before indifferent members of his masterly argument in the celebrated witch hazel case. The clergyman does not repeat to you what the mourners said to him about the consolation of his prayer. The cordwainer measuring your foot does not tell you about his triumphs of the season. Why does the virtuoso really believe that the world is wondering at every moment what he is doing or thinking? You meet Boloroffsky, the pianist, in the street. He seems like a decent fellow. He buttonholes you, although you have only met him once or twice. "I was in Holyoke last week," he says, and before you can answer with a courteous "Were you?" he goes on: "I had an enormous success—enorm, I tell you. I played five encores, and I would have played more if I had not had to hurry for the train."

It is better to know the great majority of musicians only on the other side of the footlights. It is a pity not to have illusions; it is a greater pity to learn that they are delusions. George Moore said of Evelyn Innes: "Her own desire of art had been inseparably linked to her desire to please man"; yet Evelyn had thrilled many by her apparent self-abnegation and by her devotion to the wishes of the composer. Of what advantage is it to learn that the virtuoso who soars to sublime heights on his fiddle is a gross feeder, unresponsive unless incense be burned close to his thick nostrils? Or that the true name of the celebrated pianist is Mr. Envy? Or that the emotional soprano is as horesome in private life as the play actress, Fotheringay whom young Pendennis loved madly? Why should one be vexed by any musician talking about art, when art to the singer means her art and to the pianist his art?

There are men and women who feed the vanity and the stomach of the virtuoso. Mrs. Leo Hunter is an immortal and her true name is Legion. The operatic soprano serves as a drawing room magnet. She attracts women who, to meet her, submit to an acquaintance with the hostess. It matters not whether the "immorality" of the singer is known throughout the musical world. Much is forgiven her, for she has sung much and made much money; has she not been pursued by princes, dukes and belted earls? "Really, I should like to meet her," says Mrs. Bela T. Graves, zealous in fashionable club work; "you know these artists have a different standard of conduct." Mrs. Graves is thus lured to a house she had not entered; she looks on the eminent singer with curious, envious eyes; she gushes in admiration; and, mirabile dictu! she is actually civil to the hostess.

The distinguished tenor or baritone soon finds that he is a parlor lion. Young women would fain teach him the niceties of English. Their mothers palpitate with every vocal phrase and invite him to dinner, hoping to appeal to his stomach if not to his heart. The photographer is always in front of him; the reporter dogs his heels.

Why should not these people of the stage thus be persuaded easily that they are mirific creatures, if they were not long ago convinced of it? Is it surprising that they at last worship their own image in the chapel built for them by their adorers?

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third and last concert of the Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara and D'Archambeau): Tschaikowsky, quartet in E flat major, op. 30 (To the memory of F. Laub); Bach, sonata in G major for two violins and piano; Haydn, quartet in D major, op. 76, No. 5. Louis Bachner, pianist, will assist. The quartet has played this season in New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other leading cities with marked success.

WEDNESDAY—Twentieth Century Club, 8 Joy st, 3 P. M. Songs, new and old, by Clayton Johns, will be sung by Miss Lilla Ormond. Mr. Johns will accompany Miss Ormond and Louis Bachner will play piano pieces.

Steinert Hall, 8:15. Stephen Townsend's third and last song recital. Beethoven, "Creation Hymn"; Schumann, "Staendchen," "Widmung," "Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn"; Wagner, "The Two Grenadiers"; Parker, "Come, Oh Come, My Life's Delight," "On the Lake," "Love in May," "Springtime of Love"; Dvorak, "Gypsy Songs"; Higgins, "My Lovely Celia"; Old Scotch, "Flow Gently, Sweet Avon"; Heinrich, "A Prayer," "Who Knows"; Loewe, "Archibald Douglas."

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth annual mandolin and banjo festival concert, given by Messrs. Lansing and Odell. The Boston Operatic Society of 60 voices, the Boston Ideal, Langham and Lansing's orchestras, the M. I. T. Club, a mandolin orchestra, and Fred Kendall, humorist, will take part in the entertainment.

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Second and last concert of the Adamowski Trio: D. S. Smith, trio in G major (first time); Beethoven, sonata in A major, op. 69 for piano and 'cello; Chopin, etude in C sharp minor and Scherzo; Schumann, trio op. 63.

Hotel Vendome, 3 P. M. George Hervey Howard's second piano recital.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Chamber concert by Miss Jessie Davis, pianist, assisted by Leon Rennay, baritone, and Henry Eichheim, violinist. G. Faure, sonata in A major for piano and violin; songs, Weckerlin, "Chanton les Amours," "Maman, dites moi"; Ferrari, "Ecoutez-moi"; G. Faure, "Le Secret," "Nell," "Clair de Lune"; Hahn, "Rondel," "La Bonne Chanson"; piano pieces, Gluck-Brahms, Gavotte; Debussy, Clair de Lune; Chopin, Impromptu in F, Valse in E minor; songs, del 'Acqua, "Les Etoiles filantes"; Holmes, "Hymne a Selene"; Saint-Saens, "Fiere Beaute," "Suzette et Suzon"; Debussy, "Mandoline"; Graham Peel, "Three Leaves from a Child's Garden"; German, "The Yeomen of England," from "Merrie England."

Bowdoin school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Albert M. Kanrich: Schubert, overture to "Rosamunde"; Oudshoorn, "Mignonette," for strings; Verdi, scenes from "Falstaff"; Haydn, andante from the "Surprise" symphony; Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro." Mrs. Louise Whitaker, soprano, will sing Gilda's air from "Rigoletto" and Haskell's "Polly." Jacques Benavente will play de Lannoy's fantasia for saxophone on "Weber's Last Thought." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Nineteenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. Halvorsen, suite for orchestra, taken from stage music to "Fossegrimen" (first time here); Strube, two symphonic poems for orchestra with viola solo, "Longing" and "Fantastic Dance." The latter will be performed for the first time. Mr. Ferir, solo viola. Beethoven, symphony in C major, No. 1.

Roxbury high school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich: Nicolai, overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Gelli, Gavotte for strings; Haydn, Andante from the "Surprise" symphony; Puccini, selection from "Mme. Butterfly"; Massenet, "Bohemian Festival," from "Picturesque Scenes." Mrs. Annie Shumway Greely, soprano, will sing Adams' "Farewell in the Desert" and recitative and aria from Greely's "Celeste." Carl W. Dodge, 'cellist, will play Servais' "Desir." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Vladimir de Pachmann's last piano recital. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 53, "Waldstein"; Chopin, Ballade, op. 47, A flat; Nocturne, op. 55, No. 1; Etude, op. 10, No. 11; Valse, op. 34, No. 3, F major; Scherzo, op. 3, B flat minor; Schubert, Impromptu, op. 90, No. 2, E flat; Moment Musical, op. 94, No. 5, F minor; Mendelssohn, "Song Without Words," op. 53, No. 3, G minor; "Spring Song," op. 62, No. 6, A major; Schumann, Novelette, op. 21, No. 7, E major; Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto," Fantasia.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Nineteenth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

COMING CONCERTS.

A concert of Paul Allen's compositions will be given in Chickering Hall Thursday eevning, April 2, at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. Allen will play two groups of piano pieces and, assisted by Messrs. Winternitz and Josef Adamowski, his trio in A major. Miss Lottie E. Williams, soprano, and Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass, will sing groups of songs.

Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift will sing children's songs at Potter Hall Saturday afternoon, April 4. Miss Alice M. Creech will tell the stories.

Felix Fox's fourth chamber recital, the last of this season, will be on Monday afternoon, April 6, in Steinert

Hall. Mr. Fox will play pieces by Kornberger, Chopin, A. G. Salmon, Blumenfeld, Mendelssohn and MacDowell's "Keltic Sonata."

Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist, will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, April 22.

CECILIA CONCERT.

The last concert of the Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will be in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, the 31st. As this is the first appearance of the society in Jordan Hall, the concert promises to be one of unusual interest. The Cecilia will have the assistsance of Miss Josephine Knight, soprano; Heinrich Meyn, bass, and a large orchestra of Symphony players. The leading features of the programme will be the cantata for chorus, quartet, soloists and orchestra, "The Birth of Venus," by Gabriel Faure. This is a setting of a mythological ode by Paul Collin which had its first performance at a Colonne concert in Paris in 1895. The only prominent American performance previous to this was at the Worcester festival in 1902. The programme will also include Max Bruch's "Flight of the Holy Family" and some short part songs.. A few tickets not taken by the season may be had at Symphony Hall.

GRAND OPERA SEASON.

The subscription sale for the season of the Metropolitan Opera House company of New York for a single week at the Boston Theatre beginning April 6th promisio the sale of every reserved seat in the house to season ticket takers. The number of subscribers is nearly three times as many as were included in last year's list and a large number of last season's subscribers have increased the number of seats used last year. Probably only $40 season tickets will be for sale at the box office on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Should there be any seats remaining unsold at the close of the season ticket sale next Wednesday night they can be had for single performances on and after Monday the 30th inst.

One of the chief features of the week will be the first appearance here of Gustav Mahler, who was for 10 years the director of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna. His interpretation of opera by Mozart and Wagner, and of Beethoven's "Fidelio" gave him great renown in Vienna, and his conducting has excited the warmest praise in New York. Mahler was born at Kalischt in Bohemia in 1860. He was educated in the gymnasium at Prague and at the university and conservatory of Vienna. In 1880 he began to conduct in small theatres. In 1885 he succeeded Seidl as first capellmeister in Prague, and the following year he went to Leipsic as assistant to Nikisch, in whose stead he conducted the opera for six months. His first "command" was Budapest, where he greatly increased the efficiency of the opera and in 1891 he was called to Hamburg, where he remained seven years. He had become one of the most noted conductors in Europe before he was called to Vienna in 1897, to direct at the Imperial Opera House, and also to succeed Hans Richter, who was leaving for England, as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts. Mahler has composed two operas, several symphonies and various smaller works.

THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Eben D. Jordan offers an opera house to the city of Boston, an opera house that will be modern and thoroughly equipped in all respects. It is a most generous gift, and the reasonable conditions attached to it are also generous. The erection of this opera house will be a monument to the giver; it should also be an encouragement and a stimulus to operatic art, to composers and singers of opera.

It now remains for the citizens of Boston to meet Mr. Jordan's conditions and to aid him in the establishment of permanent opera. This city has for sixty years been famous for its delight in this form of music. Ever since the Havana Opera Company excited Boston by its performances of Italian works at the old Howard Athenaeum a welcome has been given to all visiting companies. It is high time that opera should have its own home in this city; that the lovers of the lyric drama should not be dependent on the business arrangements or the caprices of managers in other cities; that there should be a season worthy the name, instead of a week with eight performances crowded into it; that there should be a repertory which can be extended from year to year, instead of a few operas selected chiefly with a view to the box office; that there should be a stock company of even excellence, and not merely a star or two shining the more brilliantly by reason of the surrounding darkness. Opera should be a legitimate form of aesthetic enjoyment; not merely an opportunity to display of a few much talked of individuals.

There can be no permanent opera without a house planned and set apart for it. This opera house is to be built. The company has been incorporated. The directors are business men of known ability and musicians of the highest standing. It now remains for the people of Boston to show practical interest in this form of art; to respond to Mr. Jordan as they have responded to Maj. Higginson, whose princely generosity has given to this city Symphony concerts unequalled throughout the musical world; to aid in the establishment of an institution that will justly be a source of civic pride.

A NOTE ON COMMONS.

The Columbia Spectator continues its crusade against the "trough," as it dubs the college commons or restaurant. It asserts that the management is selling a poor quality of food under names that inspire confidence and anticipation. A delegation of Columbia students has investigated the restaurant system at Yale. The crusade and the investigation have naturally inspired amusing articles about the special dishes at various college eating houses. But the problem of feeding students who need a nourishing and palatable diet, and are unable to pay a high price, is by no means a laughing matter. There are many graduates suffering cruelly today in consequence of the wretched fare set before them in their college days.

The word "commons," which even now brings up unpleasant memories to graduates long prosperous and able to dine on stewed meats and claret, meant originally a common table, an ordinary, and an ordinary was a public meal regularly provided at a fixed price in an eating house or tavern, but it was afterward applied at Oxford to a definite portion of victuals supplied from the college buttery or kitchen at a regular charge. The word crossed the Atlantic and was applied to the boarding house run by a school or college, or by a commitee of students, often under the supervision of a member of the faculty. At Oxford an undergraduate would ask for a "commons of beef" or "a commons of bread and butter." At Oxford, in the old days, class distinctions were sharply drawn; there were noblemen, gentleman commoners, fellow commoners, commoners, battelers, servitors; but these grades are practically obsolete, and there are scholars, that is, students on the foundation, and commoners, ordinary undergraduates who have not gained a scholarship or any special distinction.

De Quincey, in his autobiography, describes the "battels" at Oxford in 1803. "Battels" included whatsoever was furnished for dinner and supper, including malt liquor, but not wine, as well as the materials for breakfast or for casual refreshment to country visitors, excepting only groceries. The dinner was a public meal, taken in the refectory or hall, and absence was granted only in case of sickness or to those who had obtained permission to give a dinner party. The dinner consisted of a choice between two or three sorts of animal food and the common vegetables; no fish, no soups, no game. De Quincey, with many others, "battled" at the rate of three shillings a day, but tea, sugar, milk and wine were extras. This "batteling" at the rate of $5.25 a week would not seem to many American students as cheap, and the purchasing power of the shilling was undoubtedly higher a century ago.

There is more than one obstacle in the way of furnishing wholesome food at commons at a low price. Too many students demand variety at a meal rather than quality. They are not content with simple food well cooked. In this respect they are like many Americans with ample means, who judge a restaurant chiefly by the length of its bill of fare. Again, it is difficult in America to obtain simple food well cooked. Take the matter of bread alone. In how many hotels, or even in how many private houses, will you find bread that is fit to eat? Meat and vegetables are rarely cooked properly at a college commons. The breakfast food is unpalatable, scorched or stale. And so one might go through the catalogue of foods best fitted to the need of a student. We remember that in our own college days it was not easy to obtain nutritious and appetizing food at private dining clubs or at boarding houses of the better class. As a rule, the American in the city eats more sensibly than he did a dozen years ago. He does not eat so much; he has learned that much meat is unwholesome; he realizes the necessity of fruit. Unfortunately, the cost of living has increased absurdly, and the simple things are fast becoming the necessities of the rich and the luxuries of the poor.

Mch 23 1908

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, March 19, 1908.

Editor of The Herald:

The rather startling account in Tuesday evening's Herald about a big sea serpent seen from the deck of the Admiral Farragut on her last trip from Jamaica, and your editorial allusion to it in today's Herald impel me, in the interest of a sometimes too gullible public, to tell the exact truth about it.

I was a passenger on the Farragut on that exciting trip and being in unusually good health and immune to mal de mer, to which most of the passengers were obliged to succumb, was in condition to "sit up and take notice" of actual happenings. It is quite true that sea serpents are sometimes seen at sea, but infrequently and only under exceptionally favorable circumstances, generally from the smoking room and with special glasses sympathetically adapted and adjusted for the purpose. In the present case there was no smoking-room observation reported at table and the truth of the story and the size of the serpent may be satisfactorily determined by a simple recital of the attendant circumstances of the evening on which the monster was supposed to have been seen. It so chanced that I sat next to Capt. Mader at table. He is an ideal sailor, a superb specimen of manhood. His honor, integrity, and veracity cannot safely be questioned in my presence. His appetite, always good, was on this special evening abnormal, and in addition to doing full justice to every item on the menu from soup to nuts, he absorbed a huge plate of sliced raw onions. Now onions "are such stuff as dreams are made off," and not having myself noticed any sea serpent "swimming around loose" my theory is that it was an hallucination of the captain's brain superinduced by an overdose of that delectable vegetable. * * *

GEORGE S. HARRINGTON.

* * *

We still have faith in Capt. Mader and in the sea serpent seen by him; length, horns and amiable grin—these we all gladly accept. The onion is known to all interpreters of dreams; it belongs to the fourth order of heating medicines; it is sufficiently detergent, and the Arabian leeches speak favorably of it as a rubefacient; and yet any authoritative oneirocritic will tell you that the onion seen in a dream presages sickness or domestic strife. As the poet sweetly sings:

"To dream of eating onions means
Much strife in thy domestic scenes,
Secrets found out or else betrayed,
And many falsehoods made and said."

* * *

At the same time it is only fair to say that a passage in "Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum," translated into English by J. Trevisa, seems to support Mr. Harrington's theory. Speaking of onions, the deep thinker remarks: "To eat too much of them breedeth madness and marketh dreadful dreams, and namely if men that be new recovered of sickness eat thereof." We quote from the edition of 1535. It will be observed, however, that Capt. Mader had been in robust health for some time; that on the day after his supper he was in no way incapacitated; that there were no signs of mental aberration, no mutterings as of absinthe drinkers, no horrid rollings of the eyes; nor did the captain insist that he was either King Edward VII. or the Apostle Paul.

* * *

John Gerard (or Garde) in his "Herbal" (1596 though the better and enlarged edition with notes by Mr. Johnson, citizen and apothecary of London, is dated 1633) refers especially to the effect of raw onions. (This Thomas Johnson, the annotator, by the way, must be an ancestor of our distinguished friend, Herkimer Johnson, Esq., the Earnest Student of Sociology). Gerard says, he says: "The juice (of onions) anointed upon a pilled or bald head in the sun bringeth again the hair very speedily." No, this is not the sentence—wait a minute—ah, here it is: "The onion being eaten, yea, though it be boiled, causeth head-ache, hurteth the eyes, maketh a man dim-sighted, dulleth the senses, and provoketh over much sleep, especially being eaten raw." There is not a word about frightful dreams, perturbed sleep, gnashing of the teeth, visions of snakes on land, on the water, under the water, or in the air.

* * *

It should also be noted that Capt. Mader and his merry men fed the grinning sea serpent for two days. Nothing was said in the report concerning the precise nature of the serpent's diet; but as the ship was carrying bananas, the over-ripe were undoubtedly thrown overboard. No wonder the serpent quit at the end of two days and stopped grinning.

* * *

H. C. writes: "One of your contemporories describing a slight accident at the Park street subway station said: 'Willing hands rushed to the assistance of the helpless woman.' How did they do it?" We suppose they must have footed it. We read in a newspaper not long ago that a man was "caught red-handed" in the act of stealing flour in a grocery.

Mch 24 1908

SYMPHONY PROGRAM CHANGE.

Owing to the severe attack of neuritis which has disabled his right arm, Dr. Muck will not conduct the symphony concerts this week, as it is necessary for him to give the arm a rest. He conducted last week the concerts in Philadelphia and New York under great disadvantage. Mr. Wendling, the concert master, who last week conducted the concerts in Washington, Baltimore and Brooklyn, will take Dr. Muck's place on Friday and Saturday. On this account the programme has been changed. It will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 4, in E minor; Strube, two symphonic poems for orchestra and viola, "Longing" and "Fantastic Dance" (first time); Wolf, symphonic poem, "Penthesilea"; Berlioz, overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." Mr. Ferir will play the solo viola.

George Henry Howard's second chamber concert, at the Hotel Vendome, announced for Thursday afternoon, has been postponed until Friday evening, April 24, at 8 o'clock.

Men and Things.

To "Prohibitionist"—Sloe gin is recommended for galloping consumption.

* * *

This reminds us of the late George A. Barker, who died at Bronxville, N. Y. His two disinherited daughters contested his will. The question was concerning his mental capacity when he executed the document. There was evidence to prove that Mr. Barker had contracted the pernicious habit of drinking before breakfast, and his favorite eye-opener was gin to the amount of a third of a quart. This gin was Old Tom, but he would often add a drink of gin "known as frappe, that had an odor of paregoric." In the course of the morning he would put down several doses of absinthe, and to keep his hand in he would drink whiskey between absinthes. "As the day wore on his drinking would increase." Mr. Barker was not in the habit of eating "formal dinner." It was his custom to dine in bed, and only two courses were served: a quart of brandy and a quart of milk. Two physicians were of the opinion, when a hypothetical question cantaining this evidence was put to them, that Mr. Barker's mind could not stand these stomachic applications. They gave this answer not rashly, but after due deliberation.

* * *

One reason, probably, that Mr. Barker lived for some years on an alcoholic diet was because he was methodical and took his time at his meals. He never allowed business to interfere with his drinking. In March, 1804, a farmer's servant drank at the Bull Inn, near Tunbridge Wells, for a trifling wager, a quart of Hollands in the space of three minutes and a half. He won the bet with eleven minutes and a half to spare; but how did it profit him? He immediately left the Inn and was found in a field, wholly

le; and notwithstanding every ...ce he expired within a few hours.

* * *

... Barker did not dilute his strong ...rs. His absinthe was not of the ...re known as "drip." It was in ...more concentrated form. He had ... of milk served at dinner, but ...not recorded that he mixed it ...ie brandy. Admirers of the la... Daniel Donnelly, once cham... of Ireland, will remember the carelessness on his part that ...d his end. In February, 1820, ... drank an almost incredible ... of tumblers of punch at one (out of mere bravado) and ...d half a bucket of cold water, while in a state of profuse perspiration, after the aforesaid tumblers, he burst a blood vessel and departed this life in the 44th year of his age." The moral is plain to everyone.

* * *

It was stated recently that Ellen Beach Yaw in "Lucia" at the Metropolitan Opera House last Saturday night sang the G above the high C. It was also stated by some that this vocal achievement is unequalled in the history of opera in this country. The latter statement is untrue. This high note was sung by the late Lillian Durell (Mrs. Charles F. Atkinson) at the Bowdoin Theatre in the performance of "Mignon" in May, 1892, and at a performance of the same opera in the Boston Theatre March 15, 1893. The tone was clear and it had ...ly; it did not resemble the singing of gas turned up too high.

* * *

Marie Elizabeth Ruth Hilton recommends the members of the Mozdasnan Church in Lowell to eat freely of garlic to purify the body, mind and spirit. The advice is sound and in accord with the wisdom of the ancients, for garlic is healing and desiccative; it is the best of all medicines for the bite of the viper, but it should then be taken in wine; it forms an excellent cataplasm for the bites of mad dogs. Dioscorides strongly urges the application of it to leprosy; also for ...psical diseases. A gargle of it is useful in toothache and it clears the voice. Fresh garlic is a sure vermifuge.

Mr. Folkard assures us that in Cuba ... cloves—we prefer the word "teeth" ... of garlic worn around the neck for ... days are considered a safeguard against jaundice. "It is necessary, however that the wearer in the middle of the night of the 13th day should proceed to the corner of two streets, take ... garlic neckle, and flinging it be... him run home without turning ...d to see what has become of it."

According to the Lowell preacher, the garlic eaten by the disciples will ...t smell. It is a well known fact ... the leopard is not able to endure the scent, so that if any one rubs garlic on any place, the leopard springs away and does not stay. Owners of summer cottages on the North Shore ...r ... Cape Cod should remember this. ... they like the taste and cannot bear ... smell they should sow garlic ...en the moon is under the earth and ...k it when the moon is above the ...th; then the "stinking smell," as ...pton called it, will be gone.

One word more. To dream of garlic ...ates the discovery of hidden ...sures, but also the approach of ...e domestic trouble. Magicians ... garlic in several ways. Thus, if ... wish to have a horse always in ... spirits and lively during the ...g moon, rub his spine with garlic ... these words:

> What ... in thee
> ... eat it much!
> ... is good in thee
> May it remain in thee'

This charm is more effective if you ... the garlic on a rag of the clothes ... one who has been hanged and then ... the horse's spine.

mch 25 1908

Flonzaley Quartet Delights Audience by Brilliancy of

The Flonzaley quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Ara and d'Archambeau), assisted by Louis Bachner, pianist, gave the third and last concert of its ... series in Boston last evening in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows: Haydn, quartet in D major, op. 76, No. 3, Bach, sonata in G ... for two violins and piano; Tschaikowsky, quartet, op. 30 (to the memory of F. Laub).

The Flonzaley quartet gave one of ... chamber concerts that have been heard here for many years. It was, indeed, a concert of engrossing interest, and the character of the performance was one of rare distinction and eloquence.

The members of this quartet are evidently virtuosos of marked ability; this was shown by the nature of the incidental solo work, but the ensemble instead of suffering on this account was all the more admirable in the display of mechanical proficiency exerted in a common cause and of exquisite and general euphony. The artistic sincerity of the players was impressive, and their own interest in the music chosen for performance was contagious.

The programme was one well calculated to test the aesthetic and rhetorical qualities of the quartet. It is not given to every chamber club to excel alike in the music of Haydn and Tschaikowsky. Players that stir an audience by fire and passion in the performance of a wildly romantic work often play Haydn's or Mozart's music in an incongruous spirit, without consideration of the period, forgetting or ignoring the fact that the musical expression of the old masters was not personal, as we understand the word today. The first to be truly personal in their music were Beethoven and Berlioz, and of these two Berlioz was by far the more personal.

The Flonzaley quartet played the quartet by Haydn with appropriate delicacy and spirit, with charm of phrasing, with vitalization of the passages that easily seem to be only padding, with finest appreciation of proportion and rhythm. For once we heard a Largo played as a Largo, with the calm and measured serenity that is fitting.

The sonata was played in a beautiful manner by Messrs. Betti and Pochon, and Mr. Bachner gave efficient assistance.

The feature of the concert, however, was the superb performance of Tschaikowsky's quartet, a performance that will long be remembered for its breadth and sweep, and for its direct and poignant appeal. Here the players vied with each other in beauty of tone in the melodic solo passages and in the dramatic force of the ensemble. The interpretation of the dirge was perhaps the most remarkable feature of a performance that was charged with deep emotion and was also conspicuous for brilliance.

There was a large, deeply interested and applausive audience. It is a pleasure to announce that the quartet will give a series of concerts here next season. Such visitors are very welcome.

Men and Things.

THE finest instance of automobilian egoism is reported in Paris. A cab containing a woman passenger was run into from behind and overturned by a devil-wagon in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, although the chauffeur had plenty of room to go by. The woman, badly shaken, demanded an explanation. The chauffeur replied that rain on the glass in front of him prevented him seeing the cab. The woman in answer said that he should have let down the glass, and then a voice remarked from inside the cab: "But, madame, you would not wish the chauffeur to get wet, would you?"

* * *

W. M. P. writes to The Herald: "Down on Cape Cod the tracks of birds, cats, dogs, deer, human beings are called 'feetings' by the natives. Is this a survival of an old word now generally obsolete?" We do not find the word in the dialect dictionaries. The word "footing," with its plural, in this sense, was once common in England, but is now rare.

* * *

Artemus Ward once described Shakespeare as the greatest poet that ever lived: "Not one of those common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poit."

We are inclined to think that F. J. Jones of Luton, England, is now the Boss Poet. He has received £72 16s. 11d. for supplying the fifth line for a Limerick which ran:

> A pretty young lady of Wye
> Was caught kissing her beau on the sly;
> Her ma said, "Hullo,
> You must marry her, Joe"——

Mr. Jones was obliged to threaten with a law suit the newspaper which had invited him to put on his singing robes, but he finally received the money.

* * *

"Percival," the Paris correspondent of the Referee, gives an interesting account of attempts to raise the standard of the tank drama: "In a play at Montmartre called 'Le Bain de Champagne,' a lady in the last act undresses in the semi-darkness of the stage, gets into a bath, and when the lights are on full rises half-way out of it and smiles at the spectators, who, I need hardly say, smile back. The lady playing the part had a sore throat one evening (these little theatres are so draughty), so the pretty programme seller was engaged at the last minute to do the bath act. When the lights went up, she refused to show even the tip of her little nose, and after a long wait the curtain fell with a heart-broken thud. The manager rushed on to the stage. 'Why didn't you do what you were told?' he said. 'I dud-dud-didn't dare,' said the poor girl. 'Papa and mamma were in front.'"

* * *

And here is the story of a pretty little play, entitled "L'Angoisse," performed at the Guignol, in Paris. A sculptor has rented a studio in which his predecessor went mad. While he is at work, the lamp moves about, the curtains behave as in Poe's "Raven," and the model goes into a hypnotic trance. She sees the former occupant of the studio kill his wife with a mallet and put her into plaster of paris. The sculptor and a friend smash a block of plaster which has remained in the studio, and they find the skeleton of a woman.

* * *

"The House of Lynch," Leonard Merrick's latest novel, seems to us inferior to nearly all of Mr. Merrick's that preceded it. His master work is "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," and next to it we should put "The Actor Manager" or "The Quaint Companions." Is it possible that Mr. W. D. Howells' praise of Mr. Merrick is beginning to get in its deadly work? Let us hope that the latter will not take the eulogy too seriously.

* * *

To E. M. K.—We do not know when the practice of putting on a board the numbers of hymns to be sung in church originated in this country. It appears to have been known on the continent of Europe before it was in England, for John Evelyn, visiting Rotterdam in 1641, noted in his diary that he heard an English sermon "at the Presbyterian congregation, where they had chalked upon a slate the Psalms that were to be sung, so that all the congregation might see it without the bidding of a clerk. I was told that after such an age no minister was permitted to preach, but had his maintenance continued during life."

But it was at Amsterdam that Evelyn was shown a cottage where a woman dwelt who had been married to her 25th husband, "and, being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in future."

* * *

The workmen in tooth factories are forming a union, and they will insist that all false teeth and crown and bridge work bear the union label. It is promised that the label will not interfere with mastication, even when worn by a faithful Fletcherite, and it will not be conspicuous. It seems to us that the wearer, if he belong to the organization, should glory in displaying the label and in letting his mouth show forth praise.

* * *

The New York Times says that, while the civilized world is shedding its superstitions, the process is slow. "We have in this country the finest hospitals in the world, surgery and pathology are in a high state of development, but we have countless citizens of more or less eminence who carry potatoes in their pockets to cure rheumatism."

Personally, we have greater faith in a horse chestnut, especially if it has been begged or stolen. Have the hospitals, surgery and pathology found any sure cure for rheumatism? Have they done more than the horse chestnut or the potato for the sufferer?

mch 26 1908

TOWNSEND HEARD IN SONG RECITAL

Stephen Townsend, baritone, accompanied by J. Arthur Colburn, gave his third and last song recital of the season last night in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: Beethoven, "Creation Hymn"; Wagner, "The Two Grenadiers"; Schumann, "Staendchen," "Der Knabe mit dem Wunderhorn"; Parker, "Come, oh Come, My Life's Delight," "Love in May," "Springtime of Love"; Dvorak, Seven Gypsy Songs; Higgins, "My Lovely Celia"; Old Scotch; "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton"; Heinrich, "A Prayer," "Who Knows"; Loewe, "Archibald Douglas."

Of the less familiar songs Wagner's setting of music to "The Two Grenadiers," was then most interesting, partly by reason of the composer's name; partly on account of the inevitable comparison with Schumann's setting. Wagner's music was the earlier; he wrote it in 1839 or 1840, when poor and ready to do hack work, he meditated great deeds in Paris.

The song was one of three or four composed during his sojourn. He thought that they might be sung in parlors and make him known. When he heard, after "The Two Grenadiers" had been composed, that Schumann was also setting music to Heine's poem, he wrote to the composer wishing him luck and adding ironically that his own song had brought him some thousands of francs and the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Heine, by the way, translated his poem into French for Wagner's benefit.

Wagner's setting is a little dramatic cantata rather than a true song. The "Marseillaise" appears at the end in the accompaniment, and not in the vocal part. The dramatic quality of Wagner's version is a pitfall to a singer, for in his desire to be intense he may easily exaggerate, especially in turning the grenadier with the family into a sentimental, sniveling fellow. Schumann avoided this, and wrote more in accordance with the spirit of the poem and the soldier's nature.

Mr. Townsend has excellent qualities, especially in the interpretation of songs that demand dignified or virile expression. When he becomes sentimental his sentiment is inclined to be mushy, nor is he fortunate in his attempt to be arch and coquettish. Last evening he was especially impressive by force of diction and straightforward, manly singing in his delivery of the song by Beethoven, in the more dramatic portions of Wagner's song, in the exultant burst at the end of Parker's "Springtime of Love" and in the wilder "Gypsy Songs."

He sang the melody by Higgins and the old Scottish tune simply and effectively. He was less successful in the songs by Schumann. He sang as a rule freely and with vocal skill, though he occasionally mistook violence for force. More than once he dwelt on final consonants with amorous attachment, so that his desire to achieve distinctness of enunciation resulted in a mannerism, if not an affectation.

There was a large, deeply interested and very friendly audience. Mr. Townsend repeated "Songs My Mother Taught Me"—which he has not fully mastered—and the songs by Heinrich. Why the two songs by Heinrich were redemanded would be a problem for students of audiences. The obvious answer is: "Because the audience wished to hear them again." The question then comes up: "Why?"

CONCERT FOYER.

Stimulants Failed to Save a "March Wizard."

NEWS AND GOSSIP ABOUT SINGERS

BY PHILIP HALE.

THE March number of the International Musician, published at St. Louis, pays tribute to the memory of John C. Heed, who, according to Mr. Will Blythe, was "moulded from material that masters are made of." Mr. Heed was called familiarly "the March Wizard," but he was more than this: "He was a genius. He was creative; he could take the materials at his command and transform them into new and complete and unique forms."

Born at Hackettstown, N. J., in 1862, "at a period when the nation trembled in the agonies of war, the new born seemed to have contracted the contagion of the hour, for he was frail and highstrung."

He had "a meagre capital of three lessons in harmony and an adaptability for music like a duck's fitness for water." Mr. Blythe thinks that with a thorough training Mr. Heed "might have ranked with the world's greatest composers." By the way, Mr. Heed's "manipulation of the cornet was marvellous."

"Perhaps the saddest feature about this remarkable man's career is that he, like many another genius, latterly became so engrossed in his work that he seemed to neglect and forget himself, and allowed the gradual encroachment of the dread malady lurking in his system to gain a fatal hold upon him. Frequent use of stimulants only postponed the end."

Mr. H. Peabody, leader of the "Girl Question," was at Ottumwa, Ia., and refused to play with an "unfair" orchestra. The local manager wrote a letter to the manager of the show. We quote the following pleasant extract: "We wish to coll your attention that you have an Anarchist or a dirty low bred Socialist one of those low bred dirty unbusinesslike ignorant Socialists every person not of his beliefe should be destroyed by hellfire and Brimstone. He refused to Play with my Orchestra simply they did not have a Red Flag under thair coats. Infuture we want music and want no leader we have the best of Mussicians as they are Gentlemen and would play with a (Dog if to my best benefit) but we will never be harrist again by the red flag bregaid as we want the music intime."

It is not easy to make out whether J. Frank Jersey, who signed this declaration of independence, wishes music of an intimate nature or wishes the music in time.

Leon Rennay, baritone, will sing here for the first time in public this evening at Miss Jessie Davis' chamber concert in Steinert Hall. He was born at St. Louis, I am told, of a French family. He studied in New York and then in Paris with Lherie, who created the part of Don Jose in "Carmen." He stayed in Paris three years and then went to London in the interest of a method of French diction. In 1906 Reynaldo Hahn and he gave a concert of the former's songs, and he has also sung at Cecile Chaminade's concerts in London. Last fall he gave private concerts in Newport, Bar Harbor and on the North Shore. He has just been awarded $4102 damages in an action against a New York manager for breach of contract.

M. de Pachmann will give his sixth and last piano recital in Boston on Saturday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The programme will include Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, and pieces by Schubert, Chopin, Mendel-

sso[illegible] Schumann[illegible] Liszt's "[illegible]letto" fantasie. It is extremely doubtful whether this incomparable pianist will visit America again. There is every assurance of a crowded hall on Saturday.

The Cecilia Society will give its last concert on Tuesday evening in Jordan Hall, where it will no doubt be heard to greater advantage than in Symphony Hall, for there will be a more intimate relationship between singers and audience. The pro-programme will include Gabriel Faure's "Birth of Venus," a contata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. This work was performed here at a concert of the New England Conservatory of Music April 9, 1902, and it was also performed at the Worcester festival of the same year. The cantata has been described as one of distinguished workmanship, of finesse, of melancholy nuances.. It was first performed in Paris in 1895. Bruch's "Flight of the Holy Family" and some part songs will also be on the programme. Bruch's cantata is one of his earliest choral works.

The programme of the Symphony concerts this week will be as follows: Brahms' fourth symphony; two symphonic poems by Strube, for orchestra and viola solo—"Longing" and "Fantastic Dance"; and the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." Hugo Wolfe's "Penthesella" was announced, but it would have made the programme too long. Mr. Wendling, the concert master, will conduct.

Siegfried Wagner has written still another opera, "Dietrich von Bern," which will be produeed at Dresden. It seems impossible to stop him.

Ferruccio Busoni has had trouble with the Vienna Conservatory and he has resigned his position as piano teacher. The management objected to his frequent absence. It is said that Mr. Godowsky may succeed him.

Camille Saint-Saens is sojourning in Egypt and will write a work inspired by the ancient liturgic song and sacred dances and the oriental scale.

Clara Novello, the Countess Gigliucci, died at Rome March 16. She was nearly 90 years old. Charles Lamb, who almost boasted that he had no ear for music, admired her greatly.

Miss Susan Metcalfe of New York, who is known here as a singer, gave a concert in London March 13. The Pall Mall Gazette said her singing was "beautifully refined and tasteful." "Technically, too, there is a great deal to praise, though she is inclined to lose roundness in quality of some of the lower notes. In other ways one does not always hear such purity of voice allied to real artistic endeavor, and if only we could say in addition that Miss Metcalfe has a large share of the golden gift of temperament she would take a very high place as a lieder singer."

The Parisian milliners have invented for concertgoers "Claude Debussy hats," "Beethoven hats" and "Richard Strauss hats." A subtle difference is said to distinguish an orchestral music hat from a chamber music hat.

This reminds me that Debussy's "Petite Suite," an arrangement by Henri Busser of an early piano duet, was played in London March 11. "It makes a charming group of little pieces; particularly attractive are those entitled 'Cortege' and 'Ballet.' The music is singularly free from the peculiarities of Debussy's style as we know it in the later 'L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune' or 'La Mer'; it is simple and melodious pretty much in the ordinary way of things. Debussy can write (or at any rate has done so) a tune of a more or less straightforward pattern."

The annual deficit of the Pittsburg orchestra is about $36,000. Mr. Paur's contract has two years to run. His salary is $15,000 a year.

"Auld Lang Syne" was sung in Esperanto at Chicago, March 19. The first verse looked like this:

> Malnovajn gekonatojn iam cu forgesos ni?
> Cu la estintajn tagojn ciam ne memororos ni?

but they say the melody was easily recognized.

Camelini's opera "Tradita," performed at Genoa, was so reminiscent of Rossini, Verdi and other composers that the audience whistled and sang with the performers and at the end hissed the composer.

Is it true that Alwin Schroeder and Willy Hess returning to this country will organize a string quartet?

Mme. Marchesi says: "People don't sing any more; they scream. * * * 'Finished' pupils are turned out altogether too soon. Modern singing teachers utterly fail to understand that the feminine voice has three distinct registers, which should be scientifically welded together before they are used. It is common nowadays to hear a singer begin 'trilling' after one year's study. She should not be permitted to do that before six or eight years. The world is too full of methods."

Mar 27 1908

MISS DAVIS GIVES CHAMBER CONCERT

Miss Jessie Davis, pianist, gave a chamber concert last evening in Steinert Hall. With Henry Eichheim, violinist, she played Gabriel Faure's Sonata in A major, op. 13, for the piano and violin, and she played these solo pieces: Gluck-Brahms, Gavotte; Debussy, "Clair de Lune"; Chopin, Impromptu in F-sharp, Valse in E minor. Leon Rennay, baritone, sang for the first time in public here, and according to the programme he sang these songs: Weckerlin (as arranger), "Chantons les Amours," "Maman, dites-moi"; Ferrari, "Ecoutez moi"; G. Faure, "Le Secret," "Nell," "Clair de Lune", Hahn, "Rondel," "Le bonne Chanson"; del'Acqua, "Les Etoiles filantes"; Holmes, "Hymne a Selene"; Saint-Saens, "Fiere Beaute," "Suzette et Suzon"; Debussy, "Mandoline"; Graham Peel, "Three Leaves from a Child's Garden"; German, "The Yeomen of England," from "Merrie England."

Miss Davis has been known here of late chiefly as a most accomplished accompanist. Accompanying a singer or a fiddler is a fine art, and there are few that excel in it. There are many who, to use the genteel language of the programme, are "at the piano," and they are too evidently "at" it when they are not "up against" it. But Miss Davis is a supporting, sympathetic musical accompanist, and when she plays and the singer or fiddler happens to be a bore, there is always pleasure in listening to her.

But Miss Davis is also known here as a chamber player of merit by those who remember her concerts given with Hugh Codman. She is a true chamber player, as was again shown last night in the hall that is peculiarly suited to chamber music, for the acoustic properties are excellent, and the size of the hall invites at once the necessary intimacy, the close relationship between player and hearer.

The beautiful and polished sonata of Faure, who, coming in direct line from Saint-Saens, yet has a voice of marked individuality, was played with taste and fine understanding by Miss Davis and Mr. Eichheim. The group of solo piano pieces also gave pleasure, for there was a personal appeal on the part of the pianist; there was a revelation of the woman playing. The gavotte had the old-time grace, the antique character. Debussy's "Clair de Lune" was exquisitely vaporous and dreamlike; and Chopin's waltz was played with the spirit of salon elegance; it was not swollen out of proportion, nor did Miss Davis attempt to give it incongruous "meaning." The middle section of the impromptu might have been played with more elasticity.

After all, the piano is a musical instrument when it is treated tenderly. It responds gratefully to a woman's caress.

Mr. Rennay makes his effects chiefly through diction. His voice is not an impressive or always an agreeable one, nor is his vocal method one to be commended.

There was a very appreciative audience of good size.

ADAMOWSKI TRIO.

Concert Yesterday Afternoon in Steinert Hall, with Varied Programme.

The Adamowski Trio gave a pleasant concert, the second and the last this season, yesterday afternoon, in Steinert Hall. The programme was as follows: D. S. Smith, trio in G major (Ms. first time here); Beethoven, sonata in A major for 'cello and piano; piano solos—Chopin, etude, C sharp minor, and Scherzo in B flat; Schumann, Slow Movement and Finale from trio in D Minor.

Mr. Smith is known here by a "Joyous Overture" that was played at a Chickering production concert, about four years ago. Born at Toledo he studied at Yale University and abroad, and he is now an instructor at Yale in the theory of music. The Trio played yesterday was composed in 1905. It is dedicated to the Adamowskis. The work is evidently that of a young composer, but it is neither timidly conservative nor extravagantly "original." The themes are fresh and there is some ingenuity in the development.

There are eloquent moments in the second movement. Too often the voices are so arranged that they seem dispersed, and there is a consequent lack of body and also of euphony. One of the pleasantest features of the concert was the performance of Beethoven's sonata by Mme. Szumowska and Mr. J. Adamowski. The sonata was played with much taste, and in the romantic spirit of the period, not with the feverish agitation which some think necessary for vitalization of the old music.

The sonata is still remarkable for its Scherzo, which is so characteristically in the manner of the greater Beethoven, with its suggestion of the unearthly gained by apparently simple means. There was an interested audience of good size.

Men and Things.

WE saw yesterday an old newspaper that contained an article of present interest to the many friends and admirers of the late Edward MacDowell. He wrote to the newspaper in answer to a request for his "autographic preferences": "I can only say that I am fond of Erckmann-Chatrian's stories, Tennyson's poetry, Cormon's pictures and Wagner's music. I admire Stanley, detest philistines and axe-to-grind people. I like straightforward broad-mindedness in men and women and love an outdoor life in the country, especially in New England. I have no motto, but try to do my best in whatever I undertake."

* * *

This was written at his home, 13 West Cedar street, Boston, Feb. 27, 1893. We doubt whether he had the same warm admiration for the Alsatian stories in 1903, and yet the simplicity of the characters and [illegible] would always appeal to him. MacDowell said nothing about his delight in seeing baseball games, in running to fires, and in attending boxing matches. He was a thoroughly healthy man in body and soul.

* * *

The Bookman published recently an article that, to say the least, is in doubtful taste, in view of the recent death of MacDowell. The anonymous writer states that MacDowell was mentally incapacitated while he was instructor at Columbia University; that the letter in which he named his grievances showed mental disturbance. The letter, on the contrary, unpalatable as it was to the president of Columbia and to some of the faculty, was the letter of an eminently sane and clear-thinking man. The article in the Bookman should be answered by some one of authority who knew MacDowell intimately during his months of trial and tribulation at Columbia after his close friend, Seth Low, resigned the office of president.

* * *

Does any one today bore friends and acquaintances with requests to contribute to his "autograph album"? The fad was a hideous one. The request to state favorite flower, color, poet, name, amusement, etc., was an intrusion on privacy. Worse than this, it excited some to exhibitions of laborious humor, or, in some cases, of hitherto concealed idiocy.

* * *

The Chicago Record-Herald tells a singular story about a horse that was treated at Highland Park by mental suggestion. The horse, Charlie, went back on his oats and took no interest in life. Fred Clark, a chauffeur, went to the stable and "encouraged him." Mr. Clark suggested to him that if he would get up he'd feel better, and Charlie, with the assistance of stablemen, for he was weak, stood up, stumbled about, and at last went for the oats. Mr. Clark remarked to the reporter with a grave face: "In the 11 years I've worked for Mr. McMullin there never has been a horse doctor in the stable. When a horse gets a little off his feed, I put a few fresh thought waves into him and it usually brightens him up. A horse is very susceptible to such influence." An affidavit setting forth the facts in the case has been sworn to before a notary.

The choir will now sing:

> If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
> Would I wallop him? No, no, no.

* * *

What is this mental suggestion but the old trick known to gypsies of "whispering" in the ear of a horse? George Borrow, as Lavengro, met a blacksmith who could do strange things. The smith "uttered a word which I had never heard before, in a sharp, pungent tone. The effect upon myself was somewhat extraordinary, a strange thrill ran through me; but with regard to the cob it was terrible. The animal forthwith became like one mad, and reared and kicked with the utmost desperation. * * * He uttered another word in a voice singularly modified, but sweet and almost plaintive; the effect of it was as instantaneous as that of the other, but how different! The animal lost all its fury and became at once calm and gentle." John S. Rarey, the horse tamer, used to whisper to wild and rebellious horses, and they would become calm and gentle.

* * *

Charles Frohman's view of the French stage is depressing. "There are no singers in Paris. French girls cannot dance, they are all stiff from the knee down. Moreover, French girls have no beauty." But the French may yet be taught to sing, and something might be done to limber the legs of the young women. Mr. Frohman's anatomical discovery will surprise earnest students of sociology who have attended the public balls in Paris, but perhaps the girls have lost in flexibility of late years. The question of beauty is one that we shall not discuss. Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, and, though he have but one eye, he is not to be shaken in his opinion.

* * *

Reginald Lucas, writing to the Pall Mall Gazette about poetical plagiarisms, quotes incidentally these lines of Shakespeare:

> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

And adds: "The thoughts of all poets meditating upon death instinctively turn to dust, trust, and the just, although Shakespeare's introduction of the chimney sweeper sounds rather prosaic." O deep and solemn thinker! There is no contrast, then, between the golden girl and the smutty sweep; no poetry in this instance of death's levelling power? Yet Richard Grant White could not believe that Shakespeare wrote this dirge, and asked how the singers, Guiderius and Arviragus, bred from infancy in the forest, could know about "chimney sweepers."

Mar 28 19[illegible]

Men and Things.

STORIES of brave eating have recently been told in New York: How a downtown restaurant keeper ate at one sitting six large platters of liver and bacon, six small loaves of French bread, 12 boiled potatoes and a pint of olives, all of which he washed down with six bottles of Rhine wine and six cups of coffee.

Another story is of a butcher who on a wager ate six large roast chickens, 18 eggs, six small loaves of broad and a small measure of fried potatoes. For drink he put down six bottles of beer and six cups of coffee. The restaurant keeper is the more heroic man. He ate for his own pleasure, without thought of fame, without hope of gain. In like manner the dish of liver and bacon is more heroic than that of chicken. The former is for sturdy men with stomach and entrails of steel; the latter is given to invalids.

* * *

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has collected many notes for the 18th volume of his colossal work, the volume that may be entitled: "Man as a Feeder," with chapters on belly timber. It is not necessary to go back to Phagon, who delighted exceedingly the Emperor Aurelianus. This Phagon would devour in one day at the Emperor's table, a whole boar, 100 loaves, a sheep, and a pig. Uguccio Fagiolanus, a tyrant of Italy, would eat for supper, when he was young, four fat capons, as many partridges, the roasted hind-quarters of a kid, a breast of veal stuffed, besides all kind of sauces. And this only to lay his hunger.

We mention only for the sake of curiosity and not with any feeling of respect the Silesian gentleman, who, in 1006, at Prague, would swallow down white stones to the number of 36; they weighed nearly three pounds and the least of them was of the bigness of a pigeon's egg. "This rash adventure," says the old chronicler, "he divers years made for gain, and was sensible of no injury to his health thereby." See the "Basilica Chymica" of the learned Oswald Crollius, physician to Christian, Prince of Anhalt.

* * *

We would like to know more about Marriot, "the great eater." Unfortunately, trustworthy accounts of his more remarkable exploits are lacking. "This extraordinary man was a lawyer of Gray's Inn, who piqued himself upon his brutal qualifications of a voracious appetite, and a powerful digestive faculty, and deserves to be placed no higher in the scale of beings than a cormorant or an ostrich." Severe, but vague!

* * *

Matthew Daking, a healthy and sprightly boy, about 10 years old, promised well in 1745. He swallowed in six successive days 384 pounds and 2 ounces of bread, meat, beer, milk, water, butter, cheese, treacle, pudding, rye, fruit, broth, potatoes, etc. We have been unable to find the record of any specific achievement or any account of his mature years. He is therefore merely a name that leaves us cold.

* * *

Would that we had the portrait of Nicholas Wood of Harrisom in the county of Kent. This yeoman would eat with ease a whole sheep of 16 shillings price, and that raw, at one meal. In his lighter moments he would make way with 30 dozen of pigeons. At Lord Wotton's, in Kent, he ate at one meal fourscore and four rabbits, which number would have sufficed an hundred three score and eight men, allowing to each half a rabbit. "He suddenly devoured 18 yards of black pudding, London measure; and when at once he had ate threescore pound weight of cherries, he said they were but wash meat. He made an end of a whole hog at once, and after it (for fruit) swallowed three pecks of damsons, after he had broken his fast, having (as he said) eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage with bread, butter and cheese." Taylor, the water poet, saw him eat once and never forgot the sight: "He ate in my presence six penny wheaten loaves, three six penny veal pies, one pound of sweet butter, one good dish of thornback, and a shiver of a peck loaf of an inch thick, and all this in the space of an hour; the house yielded him no more, and so he departed unsatisfied."

Reading such deeds, who recks of the cowardly sayings of the austere: "Gluttony kills more than the sword;" or who would quote the old saw about the "omnivorantia et homicida gula"?

* * *

Loie Fuller will bring out, it is said, a volume of her reminiscences, and it will be published simultaneously in English, German and French. Why not

...Italian, Spanish, Russian, Czech ... Chinese? Has Miss Fuller really ... ing to reveal about "personages ... icuous in the political, intellectual ... artistic life of the leading cities of ... e and the United States?" We ... it. Her life has been one of hard ... rather than of scandal.

• • •

To F. E. C.: No, George Frothingham has not left the stage. He has been playing his old part of Friar Tuck in "Robin Hood" this week in Chicago. Joseph Sheehan, Mr Beard, Mr. Shuster, Ada Hemmi and Margaret Crawford are in the company with him.

Mch 29 1903

WENDLING CONDUCTS SYMPHONY CONCERT

New Orchestral Piece by Gustav Strube with Mr. Ferir as Viola Soloist.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in E minor, No. 4........Brahms
Two symphonic poems for orchestra and viola solo, "Longing" and "Fantastic Dance"..................Strube
Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"....Berlioz

Mr. Wendling, the concert master, conducted. Dr. Muck's arm needs rest, and Mr. Wendling will conduct the public rehearsal and the concert of the orchestra this week.

Mr. Strube's symphonic poem "Longing" was produced at a Symphony concert about three years ago. The viola solo was then played by Mr. Ferir, who also played it beautifully last night. The "Fantastic Dance," heard last evening for the first time, was composed by Mr. Strube in 1906 as a companion piece. Verses by Mr. W. L. Johnson, the poet of "Longing," suggested the fantastical music to Mr. Strube, who endeavored, no doubt, to outvie the spirit of the poet's lines:

The whirling of this dance of earth,
Dislustered dance, and vague, importuned mirth,
'Gainst sorrow only can protest.

• • •

The sympathetic shriek of flaming continents,
The long pale cry of quenched firmaments,
The wild, attritioned thoughts that in me clang and crash.

Whether Mr. Strube succeeded in being more fantastical than Mr. Johnson is after all a minor question. He certainly succeeded in producing an uncommon score as far as instrumentation is concerned. His use of instruments is masterly, and in this work he has found new ...binations and contrasts of timbres, ...prising and bizarro effects. In this ...ect Mr. Strube has indisputable tal...; he has true orchestral imagination. ...thermore this dance in rondo form ... inherent character without the aid of ...geous or singular instrumental dress. ...nether you like it or dislike it, there it ... and it makes an impression.

It is not merely an experimental work, a study in the fantastical; it has well rounded form and substance; it has a logical flow of thought, a continuity that leads inevitably to the end. The piece is a brilliant one, and on the whole to be preferred to the earlier "Longing," which, although it contains passages of contemplative beauty and has mood, is nevertheless too discursive, and the sentiment is occasionally too near sentimentalism.

Mr. Ferir again gave pleasure by his wondrous tone, artistic phrasing and sympathetic interpretation. He and the composer, who conducted his pieces, were warmly applauded.

Brahms' symphony in E minor is the ...ast impressive of the four. The aus...ity with which the composer has been ...proached—in many instances unjustly ... pronounced. The solidity of ...e structure may be admired, but the ...ructure itself is granitic and unre...red.

The symphony has not the epic gran...r of the first, the geniality of the ...ond, the wealth of varied beauty that ... as the third, nor is there in ...e fourth anything that compares with ...e superb opening burst of its imme...diate predecessor.

The overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" ...s now ... years old at least, and it is still effective, brilliant, exciting. The years go by and music that was once ... is now utterly forgotten, and music that was once mocked and hissed ... red and even hated as classic ...if ... term be a compliment. There ...s ... readjustment of values. This ... is asked to sit lower and ... placed nearer the Muse herself. Berlioz ... surely among the immortals.

If the composers of the 19th century be ... examined, without favor, with... prejudice, there is no greater force, no more striking individual influence in orchestral ... than Hector Berlioz. He created the modern orchestra. However daring the ultra-modern may be in ... orchestral writing, he owes a heavy debt to the man that without academic training, by sheer creative genius, ... the orchestral way to posterity and ... still today in the front rank.

Mr. Wendling conducted with much energy. He knew what he wanted, ... he was as a rule successful in ... it. His task in view of the circumstances was not an easy one, and he acquitted himself manfully.

DE PACHMANN RECITAL.

Remarkable Exhibition of Finest Quality of Piano Playing.

Vladimir de Pachmann gave his sixth and last piano recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata op. 53; Chopin, Ballade op. 47, A flat, Nocturne op. 55, No. 1, F minor, Etude op. 10, No. 11, E flat, Valse op. 34, No. 3, F major, Scherzo op. 31, B flat minor; Schubert, Impromptu, op. 90, No. 2, E flat, Moment Musical op. 94, No. 5, F minor; Mendelssohn, Song Without Words, op. 53, No. 3, G minor, "Spring Song," op. 62, No. 6; Schumann, Novelette, op. 21, No. 7; Verdi-Liszt, Rigoletto Fantasie.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. de Pachmann bore himself with dignity, and he was wholly in the vein. The concert from beginning to end was an entrancing exhibition of the finest piano playing. To speak in detail of the interpretation of each piece would be to weave phrases of eulogy that might well seem extravagant to one that was unfortunate in being absent. It seemed as though this incomparable pianist wished to leave the fragrant memory of a concert distinguished by flawless art and a poetic expression of the rarest quality.

Mascagni Says of His Opera "Iris" That He "Searched After Melody."

The announcement has been made that Mascagni's "Iris" will be performed in Boston for the first time on Monday night, April 6, by the Metropolitan Opera House company. If the composer were to hear this he might well say: "Are we so soon forgotten?"

For "Iris" was performed here under the direction of Mascagni himself at the Boston Music Hall, the present Orpheum, on the night of Nov. 4, 1902. The performance did not begin till 9 o'clock, for Mascagni could not be persuaded into the belief that Americans wished an opera to begin promptly and to be over at a comparatively reasonable hour, and the members of the orchestra were in a high state of excitement over the question of payment. Furthermore, the night was one of an election. The cast was as follows: The Blind One, Francesco Navarrini; Iris, Maria Farneti; Osaka, Pietro Schiavazzi; Kyoto, Vergilio Bellatti; a Geisha, Dora de Fillippi.

Miss Farneti was a young and charming apparition, but her voice wabbled. Since she was here she has gained a reputation in Italy as a dramatic singer. Mr. Schiavazzi screamed, and when he did not scream, he bleated. Mr. Navarrini was an excellent actor, and he was the best singer on the stage. Mr. Bellatti had talent as a comedian. Neither chorus nor orchestra was adequate.

The story of "Iris" is not so familiar that it may not now be told with a view to the performance by the Metropolitan Opera House company. As far as I know "Iris" classes have not met in any city to study the symbolism of the opera, nor has any inspired lecturer pointed out, for a consideration, the beauties of the work to palpitating women, young, middle-aged and old.

"Iris" is a Japanese opera. In this respect it may be ranked with Messager's "Mme. Chrysantheme," Puccini's "Mme. Butterfly" and Sullivan's "Mikado." It would be interesting to know what the Japanese would think of these operatic presentations of life and manners in their country. Not long ago, there was an attempt to stop all performances of "The Mikado" in England, because, forsooth, a visitor, a member of the Japanese royal family, might have been offended. The military and naval bands were prohibited from playing the music of this operetta by Sullivan. The protests of sensible Englishmen against this strained courtesy were effectual, and the ban was soon removed. I believe there was also an effort to stop performances of "The Mikado" in Chicago or some other western town lest Oriental susceptibilities might be hurt. Lo and behold, the illustrious visitor, both in England and in the United States, smiled sweetly when any allusion was made to the operetta and expressed his regret that he could not hear it. He had long wished for the opportunity.

This reminds me that a few years ago an Irishman wrote indignant letters to New York newspapers because a fellow-countryman was represented in a farce-comedy as wearing green whiskers; Galways sluggers, no doubt, but of a brilliant green. He resented the insult offered his native land by the arrogant and tyrannical Sassenach.

Japanese have in this country pointed out with exquisite politeness the solecisms in "Mme. Butterfly," but they have had little opportunity to examine into the "realism" of productions of "Iris."

"Iris," an opera in three acts, book by Luigi Illica, was produced at the Costanzi, Rome, Nov. 22, 1898. The chief singers were Mme. Darclee, Iris; de Lucia, Osaka, Caruson, Kyoto; Tisci Rubin, the Blind One. Mme. Darclee and de Lucia have sung in Boston.

The first act presents a view of the house of Iris, who lives in the country with her father, the Blind One. When the curtain rises it is early morning, and the house is still closed. The sun comes up; there is a chorus to the God of Morn, and many gongs are sounded in his praise. (This chorus has been sung by the venerable Handel and Haydn Society at one of its more profane concerts, but the gongs were absent.) Iris comes into the garden and tells her father a dream. She is then seen by the "brilliant and worldly" Osaka. "Brilliant and worldly" is euphemistic for grossly sensual. Osaka falls madly in love with her, in love as he understands the meaning of the word, for he probably had never read the great and famous first chapter of the sixth book of "Tom Jones," in which Fielding describes nobly the passion in its various phases. Now to some love "may very greatly resemble a dish of soup, or a sirloin of roast beef." Osaka's love was, to use Fielding's words, more properly hunger: "and as no glutton is ashamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to say he loves such and such dishes; so may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety say he hungers after such and such women."

La Motte, discoursing on the eclogue, "The Sorceress," by Theocritus, condemned the ancients because they saw only the physical and gross side of love; they did not deign to disguise the natural instinct so that it seemed a delicate affection. Yet he defended Racine's "Phedre," although the passion of the heroine threw her into horrible crime: She was excusable, he said, by reason of the drunkenness of her senses—"C'est Venus tout entiere"—"and, besides, since this love," La Motte argued, "is combated, the nobility of remorse outweighs the grossness of the desire." La Motte, by the way, as Sainte-Beuve maliciously points out sighed platonically after the Duchesse de Maine, who, when she was 50 years old, replied to him as a shepherdess of 20 would have done; but instead of a crook she gave him a gold-headed cane; "only the snuff-box was wanting."

But let us go back to "Iris."

Osaka looks at the innocent Iris and longs for her. Young girls pass on their way to wash in the stream, and as they walk, they sing. The men go to their work. Osaka returns with his companion, Sir Pandarus, otherwise known as Kyoto. They are disguised as strolling players; the carry a marionette theatre, and they are accompanied by three women masked as Beauty, Death and the Vampire. Iris, lured by the show, leaves her father for a moment and is at once seized and borne away. The crowd leaves the stage. The Blind One misses his daughter and calls for her. A paper is found by his side. It tells him that Iris has been taken to a too famous —let us call it tea-house.

In the second act Iris is "in the midst of luxury and vice," but she does not understand in any way her position. Osaka, who is very much at home in the house, kisses her. She bursts into tears, and, sobbing, wishes to go back to her garden. Osaka is not at all prepared for a scene like this. He begins to be bored, and he orders Kyoto to take her back to her father. Kyoto disobeys him. He shows her at the window to the public. This amuses her. Among the curious lookers-on is Osaka, who, hearing the admiring comments of the crowd, feels his own passion revive. He goes near to her, when Iris hears her father's voice, calling out her name and cursing her with dreadful curses. She runs toward him. He strikes her and covers her with mud. Then she knows what it all means. She rushes to a raised balcony and throws herself down.

The third act is largely symbolical. Iris lies dying at the bottom of the sewer behind the Yashiwara. Her mind is tormented by fearful images and thoughts. She imagines she hears the voices of the three egoists, Osaka, Kyoto and the Blind One—whose selfish passions have in one day torn her from her home and ruined her life. She asks of the world, destiny and heaven, the question, "Why?" She does not suffer long. The sun is rising, and the thoughts that prey on her pass with the darkness and the mist. "The dark chasm and the frowning cliffs slowly disappear, and in their place Iris sees a wonderful country of flowers and beauty—Paradise, at last! All sense of pain and suffering leaves her, and so, as the splendid sun rises above the beautiful mountain and sheds its warming rays over the smiling country that surrounds her, her pure soul passes away, and the poor body falls among the flowers."

The first performance, at Rome, was a gorgeous one as far as the mounting of the opera was concerned. Mme. Darclee was highly emotional as Iris; De Lucia received a sum equivalent to $1.12 for each note he sang. There was a long line of gongs, and the audience that night was thrilled only by the Hymn to the Sun. A ballad and the love duet in the second act were repeated.

The Roman correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette gave a graphic description of this first night:

"What changes a few years can make! 'Iris' is given eight years after, in that same large Costanzi Theatre, where, on the memorable evening of May 17, 1890, 'Cavalleria Rusticana' was represented for the first time. But what a difference! Then the theatre was half empty, now it overflows, not one seat being vacant; then only a few scrupulous critics thought it their duty to be present, now the elite of the city, and nobles, writers, critics, composers have come, not only from all parts of Italy, but from abroad; then, to attract people, prices were lowered to 5 shillings for the stalls and £1 for the boxes; now the former cost about £2 and the latter £25. Eight years ago the composer, a clean-shaven, nervous young man, totally unknown, stood in the wings, alone, pale as death, not thinking so much of glory as of what depended on his gaining the prize—wife, child, home—these hung on a thread. The overture began, people turned, slightly startled, toward the stage; attention became fixed, changing rapidly from pleasure to enthusiasm, to rapture, to an ovation, seldom seen in a Roman theatre. That night Mascagni leaped into fame at one bound. Today the eyes of the whole musical world are centred on the maestro, for he himself, in the midst of one of the most brilliant and select of assemblies, in the chair of conductor, radiant, as on a throne, leads the orchestra."

Mascheroni had been chosen as conductor of the first performance of "Iris." Mascagni, wishing to give him a free hand, left Rome and returned only for the last rehearsals. After listening to one, he went to Mascheroni and said: "I am very sorry, but you have wholly misunderstood my music." The eminent professor took his hat, left the theatre and did not come back, whereupon Mascagni conducted the remaining rehearsals and the performance.

Mascagni himself said of "Iris": "In writing this opera I had always in mind the principle that it should be judged not by the drama but by the music, for music should not be a dry comment on the drama; it should be the drama itself, the story in its inexorable development. In 'Iris' I wished to reinvigorate the melodramatic opera, to maintain the equilibrium between the voices and the orchestra. There is much music in this opera. I have not contented myself with two or three ideals, turned round every way, repeated, reproduced and enriched, for you cannot thus disguise the fact that these ideals are always the same. Instead of this, I have searched after melody, and searched is the word, for if I do not feel the inspiration suddenly, I wait for it to come. The tenor serenade in the first act came instantly, and to my great surprise. I used it without the change of a note. I wish, first of all, to be sincere in my music. I should like 'Iris' to be judged as a work of art, conceived serenely, written in accordance with my own standards, with ideas that have germinated in my own fancy."

And yet, at one of the rehearsals of "Iris," Mascagni turned to a friend, and said with emotion: "I am ready to renounce all my works with the exception of 'William Ratcliff,' which will never be popular; but if anything of mine lives in music it will be some scene from 'Ratcliff.'"

"Ratcliff," by the way, was announced for performance in Boston Nov. 5, 1902, but there was a row over money and the opera was not performed. The manager (Mittenthal) and Mascagni made contradictory statements to the public in the newspapers of the following morning. Mascagni gave concerts here afterward, and excerpts from "Ratcliff" were then heard. Even in concert, Douglas' description of London, as sung by Mr. Bellatti, made a marked impression. The text follows closely that of Heine: how Douglas saw the sights by night and slept at day—as James Albery said of himself in the epitaph written shortly before his death.

He walked beneath the moon;
He slept beneath the sun;

how he and his companions bet and swore and guzzled, and endeavored to dodge pickpockets; how the very dress of the English, their waspish coats, stiff collars and Babylonian hats vexed him beyond measure. The music was vivid, pictorial, full of the suggestion of travel, hurry and the crowd.

Alas for Mascagni! His sojourn in this country was full of trouble. He did not understand our ways, and we could not accommodate ourselves to his. He was nagged and pestered by the managers and his wife, and of the latter he stands in superstitious awe, for to him she is as a mascotte. There were constant pecuniary complications; there was more than once talk of a dungeon cell. No doubt he was a difficult man to manage; but there is also no doubt that he was miserably mismanaged.

And here in Boston he was shamefully neglected by many who prate of their love for music, of their passionate devotion to opera.

His visit in Boston will be memorable for the superb performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," a performance that was unequalled before his coming and has not been equalled since his departure. We then learned for the first time the true dramatic strength of the one work by which he will be remembered. He showed us that passages which had seemed vulgar had been made so by careless or unsympathetic conductors. He brought with him a Santuzza, I refer to Mme. Bianchini-Cappelli, who was a remarkably emotional singing play actress. She was fat, but she had a mobile face, handsome in repose and easily turned to a tragic mask: she was graceful in gesture and in movement in spite of her weight; she had a rich and thrilling voice; furthermore she had the indescribable quality that dominates and magnetizes. Nor was the Turiddu, Antonio Paoli, soon forgotten.

The performance of "Iris," however, left one in doubt as to the real character of the opera. Let us hope that doubt will be removed by the performance of Mr. Conried's company, and that this performance will be to the honor of Mascagni.

CONCERT NOTES.

Verdi's "Requiem" will be sung by the choir of the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock. The chorus will number 85, and the solos will be sung by Miss Josephine Knight, Miss Adelaide Griggs, John E. Daniels, Leverett B. Merrill. Everett E. Truette will be the organist and director. The whole work will be given.

The Lister chorus, Robert N. Lister director, will give the second concert in the People's Temple oratorio course tomorrow night at 8 o'clock. Haydn's "Creation" will be performed, with the assistance of Mrs. Lister, soprano; George J. Parker, tenor; L. Phillips Shawe, bass; J. D. D. Comey, organist.

Felix Fox's chamber concert announced for the afternoon of Monday, April 6, in Steinert Hall has been post-

poned indefinitely. Money will be refunded at the box office to those who have purchased tickets. Mr. Fox's series next season will begin Nov. 9.

A pianola recital will be given in Steinert Hall on Saturday afternoon, April 11, at 3 o'clock. Harold S. Tripp, tenor, will sing.

Mlle. Christine LaBarraque, the blind soprano, and Mr Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist, will give a joint recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, April 22.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give a performance of Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah," on Easter Sunday, April 19, in Symphony Hall. The solo singers will be Mme. de Cisneros of the Manhattan Opera House company; George Hamlin, tenor, and Emilio de Gorgorza, baritone. Tickets that have not been taken for the season, may be obtained at Symphony Hall, on Monday, April 13.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15. Third and last Cecilia Society concert, Wallace Goodrich, conductor. The society will be assisted by Miss Josephine Knight, soprano; Miss Nora Burns, contralto; John Daniels, tenor; Heinrich Meyn, baritone and an orchestra of Symphony players. Mendelssohn, motet, "Judge Me O God"; Bruch, "The Flight of the Holy Family," for chorus and orchestra; Ford, "When First I Saw Your Face"; Leslie, "Up up, Ye Dames," and "Charm Me Asleep"; Mozart, "Hai gia vinta la causa," from "Nozze di Figaro" (Mr. Meyn); Lang, "Love Plumes His Wings" (female chorus). Elgar, Spanish serenade, for chorus and orchestra; J. C. D. Parker, "Daybreak"; Taneiff, "Sunrise"; Gabriel Faure, "The Birth of Venus," mythological ode for solo voices, chorus and orchestra (first public performance in Boston).

WEDNESDAY—Girls' Latin school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by A. M. Kanrich, with a programme illustrating progressive phases of musical form: Schubert, moment musical; Boccherini, minuet for strings; Mendelssohn, wedding march; Mozart, overture to "Marriage of Figaro"; Schubert, overture to "Rosamundo." Mrs. Gertrude Holt, soprano, will sing the polonaise from "Mignon" and Henschel's "Spring." Mr. Kanrich will play Nachez's "Gypsy Dance," for violin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of compositions by Paul Allen. Instrumental pieces: Trio in A major (Felix Winternitz, Josef Adamowski and the composer); adagio and echerzo from sonata in A major, for violin and piano (Mr. Winternitz and the composer); piano pieces, prelude and fugue for six voices. "Nella Notte," No. 1, echerzando e piangendo, "Perche," and Alla Tarantella (Mr. Allen); songs, "Moulin a Vent," "Parti con Me," "O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair," "Non t'amo" (Miss Lottie E. Williams, soprano); "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," "Bonny Wee Thing," "Al Vecchio Orlogio di Casa," "The Hunter" (Myron W. Whitney, Jr, bass).

Chapman School, 8 P. M. Concert of the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by A. M. Kanrich; Gounod, entr'acte from "Philemon and Baucis"; Tschaikowsky, Andante from string quartet in B flat; Ivanoff, "In the Village" from "Caucasian Sketches"; Schubert, overture to "Rosamund"; Arditi, Tarantella. Miss Charlotte B. McLaughlin, soprano, will sing Micaela's air from "Carmen" and Clayton Thomas' "Sunshine." William F. Dodge, violinist, will play Sarasate's "Zigeuner Weise." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Wendling will conduct in the place of Dr. Muck, whose arm still needs rest. Wolf, symphonic poem, "Penthesilea"; Liszt, concerto in E flat major, No. 1 for piano (Mme. Samaroff); Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 6 in E minor.

Dorchester high school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by A. M. Kanrich; Massenet, suite, "Picturesque Scenes"; Arditi, Tarantella; Weber, Overture to Oberon; Luigini, Finale from "Egyptian Suite." Miss Evelyn Blair, soprano, will sing an air from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" and Bullard's "Lass of Norwichtown." Mr. Kanrich will play Nachez's "Gypsy Dance." Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Potter Hall, 2:30 o'clock. Recital of children's songs by Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

FACIAL CHANGES.

Mr. John Gorski told a pathetic tale in a Cleveland court. He married his sweetheart in Italy twelve years ago. At first she "seemed pleased with his looks," but soon after the ceremony she began to be dissatisfied and at last she told him that she must find a handsomer man. She left him, some years ago, and has not returned, in spite of his entreaties. "I blush to this day," said Mr. Gorski, "in remembrance of the things she said to me when I urged her to return." Unfortunately the Cleveland Leader's account of this tragedy is not illustrated with a portrait of Mr. Gorski, so it is not possible for a humanitarian at this distance to decide whether his wife had good cause or was merely linnet-headed and capricious.

In some places it has been the custom for the clergyman at a wedding to present the bride with an improving book. This book is put on the centre table and seldom opened. How much more to the point would be the presentation to bride and groom of a handsomely printed sheet containing Thomas Hood's "Hymeneal Retrospections"! The husband of many years, looking back on his wedding day, remembers the loveliness of his bride,

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,
Such a nectar there hung on each lip;
Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,
Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip!
Your chin, it was one of Love's favorite haunts,
From its dimple he could not get loose;
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose!

The poet-husband compares the locks of the bride with the present frizzles of wool; the neck that once excelled that of the swan is now the scrag-end of the wife's charms. But does he dream of a divorce? Does he pursue beauty abroad? Perish the thought! Listen to the moral:

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
Though it now has two twists from upright—
But bless you! still bless you! my partner! my Kate
Though you be such a perfect old fright!

The wife's retrospections, it will be observed, did not find expression in verse. Yet in her downcast hours she might have wondered whether the bald headed man, with a paunch, with blear eyes, irritable, rheumatic, was once the white and ruddy beloved, the chiefest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely.

One of the finest arts in domestic living is to grow old gracefully together. They that have mastered this art, for to few is it a natural gift, will look one on the other with the eyes of courtship and see the face of years gone by. The irony of Dean Swift has taught us that even the falrest maid of honor is repulsive to a too curious Gulliver. The time to be fussy is before the walk down the broad aisle. The most expert dermatologist can do little afterward in aid of dying love.

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Men and Things

Many are acquainted with the sad story of Peter Schlemihl, the man without a shadow, and the more sensitive shudder at the thought of his bargain. Some are familiar with the distressing fate of Erasmus Spikher, who was persuaded by the wanton Giulietta to give to her as a souvenir his looking-glass reflection; Erasmus, who, returning without it, was looked on with suspicion both by his interesting family and the neighbors; the wretch who, entering a wine cellar in Berlin, would cry out in a lamentable voice: "Will you have the kindness to veil your mirrors." His strange adventure may be read in the fantastical tale of Hoffmann, and it served as the motive in an act of Offenbach's equally fantastical opera.

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With Peter and Erasmus should now be grouped Miss Anna West, a teacher in New York. A clergyman, Mr. Reiland, complained against her in court for "acting in an irrational manner" in front of his church. Miss Anna told her story to the policeman that arrested her:

"I lent my voice to a lady because hers was out of order. Mr. Reiland was giving me Episcopal instruction at the time, and he installed a man's voice in my throat. Now he won't take it away. I have got part of my old voice back, and I have the man's voice, one part of the time, and part of my own the other. This interferes with my giving singing lessons. I have asked Mr. Reiland several times to get me my voice, but he won't. I believe he is keeping it. I think he stole it."

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Truly this is a world of wonders! It is easy to say that Miss Anna should not have lent her voice to man or woman, even though there may have been a promise to file and sandpaper it, or otherwise to improve the quality; but she is probably of a generous nature and she was willing to help a friend who was sadly in need, especially since Mr. Reiland offered to supply her temporarily with a voice for practical purposes, though not necessarily for giving singing lessons. Was this substituted voice a tenor, baritone, or heavy bass? It matters not; any earnest student would be disconcerted to hear her teacher sing an exercise with an assortment of voices and timbres.

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It will be remembered that some time ago a photograph of Gov. Hughes, taken when he was a student at Brown University, was stolen from the class album in the library of the college. "Stolen" is perhaps not the appropriate word. The photograph may have been taken by a passionate collector of memorabilia. The collector, whether he have the mania of postage stamps, coins, death masks, monograms, butterflies, hangmen's souvenirs, knows not the difference between meum and tuum. In college he will add gleefully a street sign or a door knocker to his collection. We remember one who attempted to take home a lamppost, which, seen vaguely through an alcoholic mist, was at the time eminently desirable and imperatively needed.

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Whether Gov. Hughes' photograph were taken by a collector or some ardent admirer is a minor matter. The important question is this: Would not many rejoice if they knew positively that no early photograph of themselves were in existence?

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The man of 50 years seldom looks unmoved on the photograph taken in his senior year, taken when he was "about to go into the world to conquer." If he be now successful, a man of parts in the community, or one with a national reputation, he does not like to be reminded of his callow youth, his vacuous face before kindly whiskerage covered the weak mouth or the chin that looked like a poached egg. If, on the other hand, his life has been a failure, if he has not answered the expectations of his friends, the early photograph may shame him. The face was then unmarked by disappointment, care, sorrow, vice. In this case he would gladly make way with the odious reminder.

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There is nothing more grotesque than an old family photograph album, the album that, bound heavily and gaudily, was on the centre-table, opened to entertain a visitor or as an excuse for the daughter of the house and the expected young man to sit close together when ordinary conversation flagged. Uncle Isaac was a brave man in the civil war, but in his uniform he must have been a sight! Cousin George was an able lawyer, but did he slick his hair in that sentimental manner, and could any man have been serious with those Piccadilly weepers? And Aunt Louise! Was she the belle of several seasons or was the family tradition wholly without foundation? The prudent visitor looking at her photograph said only this: "And that is Aunt Louise!" The old family album is grotesque; it is also tragic. There are photographs in every one that are reminders of what might have been and, alas, what was.

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MORE STEVENSONIANA.

It is said that two English missionaries who knew Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa intend to publish letters written by the late author for the purpose of showing that, although he was prejudiced at first against missions and missionaries, he was afterward a stanch defender of them and sympathizer with them.

It is easy to see how any man of romantic disposition, a lover of the picturesque and the exotic, a poetic, imaginative soul, living in a South Sea island, or in some far-off land of century-old habits and customs, might easily resent any attempt to introduce the ways of thought and life that rule a conventional and joyless region. Earnest and sincere as the first missionaries known by Stevenson and others of his kind undoubtedly were, cheerfully ready to die for the cause in which and for which they lived, they were also, no doubt, inherently unsympathetic. We do not refer to the black sheep in the fold, for black sheep are found in every profession, but to the zealous, personally blameless and narrow. Their very zeal is distressing to the romanticist, for its aim is to make prosaic the native life that to him, a foreigner, is full of poetry. The romanticist looks with favoring eye on pagan and sensuous dances, on superstitious rites and observances, on rank idolatry itself. He looks sourly on the missionary who would do away with all this; who would have law and order as it is understood in New England or at Clapham; who would go so far as to substitute hand-me-down trousers and hideous skirts for the native graceful dress or undress. Just as Herman Melville sixty years ago protested in "Omoo" against the missionaries in the South Sea, Stevenson, although his Scottish religious faith crops out in most unexpected literary places, was ready at first to side with the "heathen" while he lived among them.

Nor should it be forgotten that, though the romanticist may be humanely sensitive and a man of the world, he may also be as intolerant as any missionary hot in proselytism. The misunderstanding is mutual. The missionary seems to the romanticist a fanatic who would darken or destroy all around him; who would turn the careless life of primitive ignorance and therefore innocence into an existence for which the native is not prepared, in which he may be unhappy, in which, in spite of missionary effort, he may be the greater sinner, for he will then sin against knowledge. On the other hand, the missionary may look on the romanticist as a greater obstacle to his purpose than the fetish worshipper.

Protestant missionaries have in latter years learned the necessity of tact in dealing with "barbarous" tribes, the tact that has long characterized the devoted and sincere Catholic missionaries. They have learned that souls are not to be won by an immediate denunciation of all existing practices. They have learned to adapt much that is dear to the native to their own purpose and for the greater glory of their cause. They have also learned that Europeans who have lived among the natives as natives understand them better than the newcomer who sees them merely as lost souls and makes no allowance for the comparative degree of morality that has suited them admirably and according to which they have regulated their conduct.

Men and Things.

IT is strange that no manager has tempted Miss Uranie Diamandi to cross the Atlantic. She was born at Cephalonia, in the Ionian isles, and is not yet 21. She is said to have a Greek type of face, much black hair and a girlish figure. Her long suit is memory, but she also has the faculty of seeing numbers colored. She has been giving demonstrations of her powers in Paris, to the delight and admiration of learned men.

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Miss Uranie also sees the letters of the alphabet as colored images, and each letter has its peculiar characteristics. She explained this to a reporter as follows: "A is glass-white, that is to say, a transparent white; B is tobacco color—the color of a Havana cigar; C is the delicate shade of a biscuit, and so on for every letter of the alphabet. 1 is black; 2, bright yellow; 3, old strawberry; 4, dark chestnut; 5, old blue; 6, yellow, but darker than 2; 7, marine blue; 8, pearl-gray; 9, soot color; 0, white, like a flake of snow."

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This is nothing new. Rimbaud, in the early seventies, wrote a sonnet which began, to the amazement of the bourgeois, as follows: "A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue, vowels." Unfortunately, another poet came along and said that I is blue and O is red. This is confusing. Poets should be in accord on the minor matters, at least. Rhene Ghil added to the perplexity of certain honest and god-fearing persons by insisting that D, G, H, L, P, Q, R, T, and X are all white.

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Even in prosaic New England there

...ial ze numbers and ...ek, or have strange ...eas with names and ...is to them more than ...en they hear the word. ... hear a chime of bells, a ...ass band, or the sound of a .... Experiments have been made ...ce for many years in "colored ...tion." To a girl examined in 1879 ...e rumbling of a carriage was black; the colic green; the toothache, red; the headache, brown. It may here be remarked that the "dark brown taste in the mouth" is usually accompanied by a headache.

And in like manner one of Gozlan's characters connected a color or shade with a sensation: "To me religion is a tender blue; resignation is pearl-gray; joy, apple green; * * * boredom, chocolate, the thought of an unpaid bill, lead; money to come, red."

* * *

Miss Uranie's memory was tested in many ways. The correspondent of a London journal constructed a square of figures in the following order, taken at hazard:

6	8	9	1	0
4	3	2	1	5
7	5	4	8	9
1	6	7	4	2
3	2	7	8	3

The young woman looked at the numerals for about half a minute and memorized them so that she was able to repeat "their sequence in every direction, either in vertical columns, in parallel columns, as a hollow square or diagonally. She is able at will to chase away one square of figures and replace it by another, and then revert to the original tableau."

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The books abound in accounts of wonderful memories from that of Avicenna, who could repeat Aristotle's "Metaphysics," to that of Jewel, bishop of Salisbury—"many barbarous and hard names out of a calendar, and 40 strange words, Welsh, Irish, etc., after once reading, or twice at the most, and short meditation, he could repeat both forwards and backwards, without any hesitation"; from that of Justius Lipsius, who, reciting Tacitus, his history, gave permission, if he should miss but one word, to stab him, and he would freely open his breast or throat for one to strike at, to that of Thomas Fuller, who could name in order all the signs on both sides from the beginning of Paternoster row at Ave Maria lane to the bottom of Cheapside to Stocksmarket. The gift of memory is, however, frequently ironical, as is the gift of riches. Men with retentive and surprising memories are often thick-headed, slow, unwholesome companions.

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How freakish the memory is! We know a musician who can name at once the key of any air, duet, chorus, in from ... to 100 operas, and yet he cannot write down correctly the first three or four phrases of any one of them. We know an author whose memory is extraordinary, except in this: he cannot give accurately many dates of important events, or of events that the world has characterized as important. He knows ...92—for he saw the play many times. ...hat foolish things stick in the memory ...will not out! We could never com... 20 lines of any celebrated poem or ...short prose passage so as to recite ...tably at school. We have worked ...the tanned galley slave to memorize ...ridge's "Kubla Khan," but we are ...r sure whether Kubla decreed a ...sure dome" or a "pleasure house." ...e other hand, we could recite glibly, ...were not inclined to take a serious ...of life, an incredible number of the ...poems, now called Limericks, in ...h the strange adventures of certain ...n, youths, maids, wives, widows, are ...described in a bold and sweeping style, ...r with Flemish detail. These lines were ...heard when we were young, you may ...say, when the memory is fresh and receptive. Yes; but the memory was equally receptive when we endeavored to learn "Hohenlinden," or "Wild was the night," or "You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation." Nor did we have any encouragement at home in memorizing the versified description of the achievements of these men and women in the four quarters of the globe.

* * *

Sir Thomas Dewar, examining into the "American prohibition system," was much impressed by the "squirrel whiskey" sold in Maine. The recipe was given to him by a druggist: "One gallon ...ol, one gallon water, quarter-pint glycerine, one teaspoonful arran...alite ether, two teaspoonfuls tincture ...capsicum, one quart of water in which three ounces of plug tobacco have been boiled for an hour, and then a little olive oil to smooth the whole, and a few drops of sulphuric acid to put a sparkle into it." This is called squirrel whiskey, "because it makes you talk nutty and climb trees."

April 1908

CECILIA SOCIETY

The Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, assisted by Miss Josephine Knight, Miss Nora Burns, John Daniels and Heinrich Meyn, gave its third and last concert last night in Jordan Hall instead of Symphony Hall. There was an orchestra of Boston Symphony men. The programme was as follows: Mendelssohn, "Judge Me, O God"; Bruch, "The Flight of the Holy Family"; Ford, "When First I Saw Your Face"; Leslie, "Charm Me Asleep" and "Up, Up, Ye Dames"; Mozart, air from "The Marriage of Figaro" (Mr. Meyn); Miss Lang, "Love Plumes His Wings"; Elgar, "Spanish Serenade"; J. C. D. Parker, "Daybreak"; Taneleff, "Sunrise"; Gabriel Faure, "The Birth of Venus," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra.

It was thought, and with apparent reason, that a concert of the Cecilia in Jordan Hall would give peculiar pleasure; that the size of the hall would be favorable; that intimate relations would be established quickly between chorus and audience; that delicate choral effects would be more appreciated.

Some of the unaccompanied madrigals and part songs were undoubtedly more effective last night than they would have been in Symphony Hall, and so was Elgar's "Spanish Serenade," which is English vocal music with an accompaniment in the Spanish manner, as this manner is understood by northerners. Ford's charming "Since First I Saw Your Face," and Mendelssohn's motet were especially effective, and Leslie's "Charm Me Asleep" was sung with a fine sense of proportion and with much taste. Leslie's "Up, Up, Ye Dames," was worth doing, for it suggested the deliciously naive programme note to the effect that Coleridge had "a strongly original lyric gift." Elgar's piquant "Serenade" was deservedly applauded. The latter part of Taneleff's "Sunrise" was hurried, so that there was scrambling instead of a true climax.

Bruch wrote at a comparatively early age "The Flight of the Holy Family" for chorus and orchestra and "The Flight Into Egypt" for soprano solo, female chorus and orchestra. The former was performed here in March, 1882, by the Boylston Club, and it was performed again last night. It is amiable, suave music suited to the verses.

Gahriel Faure's "Birth of Venus" was performed here for the first time in public. There was a performance at the New England Conservatory of Music in the spring of 1902, and Mr. Goodrich brought out the cantata at the Worcester festival of that year.

The birth of Venus was an important event in the history of the world and some may wish that Faure had taken it more seriously or had invented at least one broad and sensuous phrase that might be associated with the goddess born of the sea foam and the water blue for the joy and the torment of mankind; but Faure delights in nuances rather than in colors, subtle suggestion and not in frank appeal, and as in his "Requiem" he omits the "Dies Irae." So in his "Birth of Venue" he discards sensuousness. There are charming pages in the work, though Jupiter's discourse on the power and influence of Venus through the ages is strangely calm and academic, if the reports concerning his own adventures in various disguises were not base inventious of an opposing political party.

It is much to be regretted that the performance gave little idea of the inherent beauties of the music. The singing of the chorus was colorless and as a rule with little regard for the dynamic indications of the composer. Furthermore the long melodic lines were too often broken by an annoying emphasis put on the first and third beats of measures in common time, and there was much anti-musical accentuation in the sections in three-four time. The voices of the quartet did not blend and the members of it paid little or no attention whatever to Faure's wishes concerning expression. It is not necessaray to dwell on the unfortunate accident in the opening recitative, nor to comment on the performance of the orchestra, which showed results of insufficient rehearsal. The interpretation of the cantata was disappointing throughout. Mr. Meyn sang the discourse of Jupiter and the noble air of the Count dryly.

Men and Things.

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR has been appointed a chamber singer to the Emperor of Germany, or, to speak by the card, to the King of Prussia. The appointment is considered an honor, yet in one instance, neither the voice nor the art brought the bestowal. We refer to Emilia Tagliana; who was a favorite of the old Emperor William.

Emilia was born at Milan in 1854, and she studied at the Conservatory and also with Lamperti. She sang in Italian towns, at Paris and at Odessa and was for four years at the Vienna Opera House. She sang at the Berlin Opera House as a guest, and was then engaged there for a year or two to the great delight of the court and to the amazement of all those who knew anything about singing or acting. She was, perhaps, more successful as a pocket Carmen than in other parts. Her coquetry, which might have been called intolerable freshness, pleased some. Her coming to Berlin was heralded and accompanied by furious blasts of puffery, and while she was a member of the company press agents and scandal mongers were busy. She left Berlin in 1882, went back to Italy and gave up the stage.

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The latest list of chamber singers to the King of Prussia included Mmes. Brandt, Gerster, Hauck, Herzog, Hiedler, Lehmann, the late Pauline Lucca, Mallinger, Muehlberger-Leisinger, Sembrich and Sucher. Among the men are Mierczwinski, the tenor-comet, who blazed for a season, a tenor of extraordinarily brilliant top notes. What has become of him? It was stated some time ago, that he was either the head porter or the proprietor of a hotel. The lot of the head porter is usually the happier one, especially when the hotel is frequented by reckless Americans.

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We were deeply interested in the description of a meeting of the Ben Franklin Club in Chicago, and especially in the pranks of Miss Genevieve de Forrest, who was engaged as an entertainer. Announced as "Miss Tightville Examiner," and also as "The Girl with a Smile," she singled out the dignified ex-Senator William E. Mason, sang to him several songs, among them "How would you like to kiss me?" and asked this conundrum: "Why do they always refer to an automobile as a 'she'? Because she is hard to take care of and it takes a man like the senator to run one." But the senator made no sign; he was iced in dignity. Nor was Mr. Thomas M. Ball, the toastmaster, an easy mark, for when Miss Genevieve looked straight at him and sang "Do you think you could like me?" he snapped back, "No." But others shouted "Yes, yes," when she sang: "Do you think you could stand the strain of buying me a diamond ring?" and "Will you take me on a trip to Paris?" The Chicago Tribune gives a graphic description of the scene: "'Yes, yes,' was shouted back from a dozen throats. Thus encouraged she got on her knees and crawled across the table." Truly, a scene for our distinguished friend the historical painter! He might well have painted Miss Genevieve when "she dropped plump in the lap of Mr. Chester Aruthur Legg, and they held their faces together"; or when she put a flower "inside her waist at the neck and went through all sorts of kittenish contortions until she worked it down to the belt line." It was a pity that old Uncle Ben Franklin himself could not have been present. He was singularly broad-minded, a true humanitarian.

* * *

President Samuel Dickie of Albion, Mich., does not think small beer of himself. Inveighing against the use of tobacco, he declared that a man smoking in a public place is an offense to the eye. Then President Dickie looked at the young women in the college chapel and said: "I know you young ladies would much rather walk on the streets with me eating doughnuts than to walk with you smokers," and he turned toward the male students. Seldom is a man, even a college president, so sure of himself.

* * *

Mr. Mike Lesinowicz of Monongahela, Pa., about to marry Miss Anna Rutkivicko, went with her to Pittsburg and bought her trousseau. She changed her marrying mind and decided to take Mr. Stive Turbo as her lawful husband. He promised to pay the bill for the trousseau but he failed in this, so the itemized account was given to a constable, who went to Anna's house. We are thus enabled to know the nature of a trousseau in Monongahela society: One dress, one coat, one pair of corsets, a better pair, one collar, two fancy waists, one pair of shoes with pointed toes, six handkerchiefs, one pair rubber overshoes, ono pair of gloves, one pair of stockings. Let no one mock this simple preparation for a wedding journey. As the poet sweetly sang:

> With a light heart,
> And a thin pair of breeches,
> We can go through the world.

* * *

Mr. George R. Sims alleges that no writer on diet and health foods has given credit to the lobster as a nourishing diet. Mr. Sims know a man some years ago, a brilliant artist, who lived on fresh lobster, whon it was in season, and ate tinned lobster during the rest of the year. With his lobster he drank tea. This reminds us of an elderly man in New York, who suffers from insomnia. The only way he can obtain a little sleep is to eat a whole fresh lobster, about midnight, and to drink a quart of milk with it. And we also know young women and women of middle-age, who live on lobsters the year 'round. Some of them are married to the lobsters.

Apr 22 08

O THE MISTLETOE BOUGH!

Mr. Burleson of Texas moved that the secretary of agriculture at Washington be authorized to destroy mistletoe in Texas, and he said in explanation that the mistletoe is a parasite, a pest, a destroyer of valuable trees. This deeply pained Mr. Gaines of Tennessee who, defending the once sacred plant, quoted from Dickens and appealed to the sentiment of kissers and kissees throughout the land. The House, by a close vote, saved the plant for the time being. The wonder is that Mr. Gaines did not sing Bayly's pathetic ballad and invite the House to join in the chorus.

Mr. Gaines might have made a still stronger appeal and not relied wholly on awakening memories of Christmas or of "copenhagen," "postoffice" and other kissing games. This is a material age, and there would have been no use in dwelling on legendary associations. That the plant was sacred to the Druids, who gathered it from the oak just before the New Year, is nothing to representatives or senators; nor would the fact that certain deep thinkers say that the mistletoe was the forbidden tree in the middle of the trees of Eden be of much weight. Only New Englanders of long descent would respect the plant because it is a charm against witches, and yet it might protect one in the South against a potent hoodoo. Nor is the theory that the mistletoe, now a parasite, was a stately forest tree before the true cross was shaped from it well established, for others have named the cedar, cypress, palm, olive, pine, box, aspen, poplar, oak and elder as the tree of shame and glory.

The mistletoe, however, has medicinal properties that alone would be a defence for it. It is an antidote for poisons and a sure remedy against epilepsy, apoplexy and palsy, so that in Sweden finger rings are made of the wood. Culpepper adds that it is good for "the grief of the sinew, itch, sores and toothache." No wonder Sir John Colbatch remarked that this beautiful plant must have been designed by the Almighty "for further and more noble purposes than barely to feed thrushes or to be hung up superstitiously in houses to drive away evil spirits"; and he might have added, "or to serve as an excuse for kissing." Sir John's "Dissertation Concerning Mistletoe" was published in two parts at London in 1720. Mr. Gaines may be able to read it in the Congressional Library and thus be prepared for future attacks on his beloved plant.

CONCERT FOYER.

Choir Lofts and Chorus Girls; Pathetic Adventure of Lillian Norton.

NOTES AND COMMENT ON MUSICAL EVENTS

MISS LILLIAN NORTON of New York, who is now singing in the chorus of a theatre company

that she a [illegible] member of the choir of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church. She was accepted, and the choir and the congregation liked her voice. Some members of the congregation learned the horrid fact that Miss Norton was in the chorus of a musical comedy company. Then she began to receive anonymous letters signed "A Member of the Church," or "Church Member." These anonymunculae informed her that a stage woman had no business to sing in church, that she profaned the sanctuary. Here is a sample letter: "Women of the stage are not wanted in the choir of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church. You would do well to resign and not sing again."

It should be remembered that this choir is a volunteer one. Miss Norton gave her reasons for joining: "I love to sing, and I am a Methodist. I like Calvary Church, and that is why I asked for the place in the choir." She called on Dr. Goodell, the pastor, who treated her with the greatest consideration and kindness; but he did not attempt to decide the matter, he would refer it to the board of trustees. He said to a reporter of the Times: "As for her being objectionable on account of her profession, I wish to say that if a person leads a Christian life and works to forward the legitimate ends of the church, why, that person will be welcomed. Personally, however, to lead such a life I think a person would have to leave the stage."

Miss Norton solved the problem and relieved the board of trustees from deep thinking. She solved the problem sensibly: she left this particular church and not the theatre. Dr. Goodell tore up her letter of resignation and threw it into the waste basket. Another scene for our distinguished friend, the Historical Painter! But if Miss Norton has full possession of her mental faculties, she surely will not return to a church with members who have thus proved themselves sneaks and bigots. If they objected to her, why did they not go to her and argue the matter? Why did they seek the refuge of the coward?

It is a pleasure to add that clergymen of Brooklyn are now loud in their denunciation of this "blind bigotry" and "petty spite." The Rev. Madison C. Peters is outspoken: He calls on Calvary church to come out in condemnation and he invites Miss Norton to join the choir of his church. "If I were that minister in New York, the young woman would go back in that choir or I would go out."

Canon William Chase, rector of the Bedford Avenue Church, said: "Because a woman happens to belong to the theatrical profession it does not mean she should be ostracized from the church. I have one or two young women who sing in my choir who have sung on the stage, and no one has ever objected to them. I should be glad to welcome Miss Norton to my choir."

The Rev. Dr. John H. Melish, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, on the Heights, said: "The church who put the chorus girl out is playing the part of the Day of Judgment. It is a dangerous move. It will create among the members the pharisaical temper and in the community cynical contempt. Of such a church the Master said that publicans and harlots would enter the kingdom before its members."

The lot of the choir singer, especially that of a woman, is not a happy one. As a rule the better she sings the less is she appreciated. She is expected to "sing with great expression," and if she does this her vocal faults, however distressing they may be, are so many virtues. If she be young and good looking the members of the music committee are inclined to take a paternal interest in her, but the women of the congregation are slow to forgive her if she shows uncommon taste in dress. More than one soprano has lost her position on account of the splendor of her hat.

As a rule the choir singer is paid a shabby salary, and the smaller the salary the greater the demand for her services. She may be asked to assist in the Sunday school and she is expected to "contribute a group of songs" at parish sociables even though she may be obliged to give up a profitable engagement. If she does not enter gleefully into these parochial amusements she is called indifferent, haughty, above her business.

And the remarks that are made about her when she goes through the ordeal known as "singing on trial!" I know a woman, an excellent singer, one that should have at least a salary of $1000 a year, who some weeks ago tried to obtain a position at a rich and famous church in a town distant from Boston by a few hours of railway travel. She gave great pleasure to the few musicians who heard her, but the music committee rejected her because "she moved her head when she sang."

About 20 years ago I was organist at a church—for I, too, have been in Arcadia—where they attempted to have a "model choir." The committee heard many young and middle-aged sopranos and contraltos. Nine-tenths of the sopranos brought "Fear Ye Not, O Israel," as a test piece. The others chirped "With Verdure Clad." The contraltos favored "O Rest in the Lord." After each woman had sung her best or worst, the chairman of the committee went up to her and said: "Are you leading an exemplary life?" The woman answered, as a rule, "What do you mean, sir?" To which the committeeman replied: "Are you moral?" Some of the applicants, strange to say, were angered and they left the room. Others bl[illegible] and said: "Of course." Poor thin[illegible] they needed the money [illegible] consider th[illegible]

The Capitol Hill Church of Christ, of Des Moines—or is it East Des Moines?—solves the choir problem easily. Mr. R. Z. Orton has an interesting family and the bunch is known as the "Six Musical Ortons." This "quiet, home-loving group" is composed of the father, R. Z., his daughters, Grace and Criley, and the sons, Miles, Lawrence and Bayard—"all are accomplished musicians and on Sundays they furnish sweet music."

If families were thus engaged, there would be no unpleasant complications such as now disturb the North Broad Street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. "Pretty little Mrs. Pemberton" is sued for divorce by her husband, a physician, because, as he alleges, she is enamored of an organist. The wife said to a reporter in confidence: "Infatuation for an organist? That is ridiculous." She added that she had known several organists and had been on "the most casual terms" with them. As a rule, the soprano is seldom on speaking terms with the organist, but Mrs. Pemberton is a contralto. I see her now; I hear her deep, thrilling voice. She said unpleasant things about the eminent physician, her husband; that she gave him half her income and bought her own clothes for the first five years of their married life; that he was "not manly enough" to offer to replace her diamond rings, pawned to help him. So she left him. Oh, she left him!

Mr. Paderewski will sail for Europe from New York on May 5.

Miss Blanche Fox of Roslindale, an operatic mezzo-soprano who has been singing with success in Italy, will sail for this country on April 4.

Miss Mabel W. Daniels of Brookline, who has been living in Berlin for some months, sailed on Tuesday for this country. A sonata completed by her in Berlin was performed for the first time at the rooms of Edgar S. Kelley in that city before an invited audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaines will give a song recital in Potter Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 25th.

We are informed that the German Emperor prefers to compose part songs. But that he recently conducted a performance for some charity; that the Tsar of Russia fiddles and composes for the fiddle; that King Peter of Servia composed the national battle song and plays the piano. Of course they are all favorably criticised.

It is said that Pauline Lucca left an estate valued at about $400,000.

Miss Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift, soprano, will give a recital of songs for children in Potter Hall next Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Miss Alice M. Creech will tell stories.

The programme of the Symphony public rehearsal and concert this week will include Wolf's "Penthesilea," a symphonic poem; Liszt's piano concerto No. 1; Tschaikowsky's symphony No. 5. Mme. Samaroff will be the pianist.

Giula Strakosch, a niece of Mme. Patti, made her first appearance as a public singer in London March 10. She is a mezzo-soprano, "gifted with a goodly presence and a winning assurance." It is said that she forces a voice of naturally good quality and has insufficient breath.

Mr. Samuel Jaggers of Philadelphia stole an accordion and was arrested. He should be put in a safe place, a padded cell.

The "request programme" of a Philadelphia orchestra concert was thus constituted: Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntal"; Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony; Rubinstein's piano concerto in D minor, and the prelude and Isolde's "Love-Death," from "Tristan and Isolde."

They are still hurrahing over Mme. Clara Butt in Australia. The Dominion recalls the worship of "individual greatness" through all the ages "from the days of ancient Greece." A critic said of her: "Her voice is a great well of sound that gives out of its rich redundance more than the imagination dreamed of. At times it is almost baritone * * * and it ranges with the easiest abandon up through the vocal classes until it is a ringing soprano." She and her husband "were recalled five times for the bowing process, of which both artists are graceful exponents."

April 3 1908

PIANIST PAUL ALLEN

Paul Allen, assisted by Miss Lottie E. Williams, soprano; Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass; Felix Winternitz, violinist, and Josef Adamowski, 'cellist, gave a concert of his own compositions last evening in Chickering Hall. Mr. Allen played the piano. The hall was filled with an exceedingly friendly audience.

The programme included a piano trio in A major, the Adagio and Scherzo from a violin sonata in A major, two groups of songs and two groups of piano pieces.

I am told that Mr. Allen was graduated a few years ago at Harvard University, where he studied music; that he then went to Florence, where he pursued his studies with Scontrino; that he will go again to Europe in a few days for further instruction.

The least pretentious pieces performed last night were the best, and among them should be put the songs, "O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair," in spite of an ending that has little true relation with that which preceded; "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut," "The Hunter," "Bonny Wee Thing," and the piano pieces, "Nella Notte" and "Perche"; yet certain progressions of chords in the drinking song are singularly incongruous and certain ornamentation in "Perche" might well be erased, for it is an excrescence and not a natural growth.

The song "Al Vecchio Orologia di Casa" should also be mentioned, because it is truly impressionistic and in it there is more imagination than in the other compositions.

The piano Prelude and Fugue for six voices is for the most part ineffectively ugly, and "Scherzando e Piangendo," for piano, was short in "Scherzando" and long in "piangendo." The programme gave a sub-title to the piano piece "Alla Tarantella," and this sub-title was as follows: "From a villa at Capri, awakening at midnight." Of course this tarantella would have awakened anyone at midnight, whether he were in a villa or a hotel, whether he were peacefully sleeping in his pyjamas or in a nightie; but why this autobiographic detail? It aroused hopes that, alas, were not fulfilled. And did Mr. Allen sit down immediately to write the tarantella, or did he go back to bed? Let us not burst in ignorance.

The chamber music may be dismissed as exercises in composition written by an industrious young man of musical instincts. I heard the excerpts from the sonata and the first movement of the trio; only the first movement, for it gave little promise of joy in the succeeding "ballata" and presto, and it is not thoughtful in any composer to spring an original trio at 9:30 P. M. on an amiably disposed hearer. There are pleasant moments in the movements from the violin sonata.

Mr. Allen acts wisely in seeking further instruction, but not necessarily in instrumentation. He has not yet learned to express his thoughts—and some of them are worth while—in an authoritative manner. He has already contracted mannerisms of expression, and chief among them is unmeaning repetition of favorite and sentimental chords with their resolutions. He has not yet learned to develop a theme in an interesting manner or really to develop it all. He is inclined to be "precieux," and in his desire to be original and fastidious he is too often desultory and vague. Hard study under a rigid pedagogue might do much for him; he evidently has a musical nature.

The composer was fortunate in his interpreters. Miss Williams sang delightfully and Mr. Whitney did wonders with songs that sung by a lesser artist might not have won so favorable an opinion.

Men and Things.

MR. WILLIAM STEELMAN fell dead in the street from heart disease at Chester, Pa. It was stated at the inquest that he ate "15 plates of raw oysters" on the day before he died and 13 plates of oysters on the day of his death. The head-line of the account published in a New York newspaper ran "Ate 28 Plates of Oyster and Died."

But an excess in oysters does not necessarily superinduce heart disease, nor is it proved that Mr. Steelman was guilty of excess.

"Fifteen plates," "thirteen plates"—these are vague terms. Were the oysters on the half shell? How large were the oysters? The Herald spoke a month ago of Brillat-Savarin's friend, who used to put down 32 dozen and was then ready for a substantial dinner, and it alluded to Grenville Tudor Jenks, the Cicero of the Brooklyn bar, who thought nothing of eating 100 oysters as a first course. The Herald referred a fortnight later to the celebrated Dando, who ate on a famous occasion, and did not pay for, 11 dozen oysters besides two cool and refreshing lobsters.

Furthermore the month was propitious, although Parisian gourmets had in years past no fear concerning summer months. Oysters were served at the Rocher de Cancale on every day of the year and the authors of the "Manuel des Amphitryons" in 1808 pronounced them excellent.

* * *

What else did Mr. Steelman eat on those days? That is the all-important question. Another question is, Did he eat the oysters with some stomach-heating, membrane-rasping sauce? Old Venner was opposed to raw oysters and he remarked in his "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam" (1650): "Oysters rosted on the coles or stewed in white wine with butter, pepper, and a few drops of white or claret wine vinegar, and so eaten, do oblectate the palat and stomach, and nourish much better than when they are eaten raw." On the other hand Dr. Muffett in his "Health's Improvement" (1655) insisted that little oysters are best raw: "Great oisters should be stewed with wine, onions, pepper and butter, or roasted with vinegar, pepper and butter, or baked with onions, pepper, and butter, or pickled with white wine vinegar, their own water, bayes, mint and [illegible] spices." Thus wrote the [illegible]

This reminds us that we read [illegible] long ago the letter of a traveller w[illegible] complained because in England he co[illegible] not obtain "pies," but only "tarts." [illegible] quoted a definition that is wholly wron[illegible] "A pie contains meat, a tart fruit[illegible] What, then, becomes of the remark ma[illegible] by Lord Dudley at a pompous dinn[illegible] given by Prince Esterhazy, "God bles[illegible] my soul! No apple pie." Furthermor[illegible] there are English cook books that con[illegible] tain recipes for "partridge tart" and "olive pie." Does the difference betwee[illegible] a pie and a tart, as the English under[illegible] stand the words, lie in this, as some[illegible] fondly believe: "A pie is closed; a tart is open"? We doubt it. Nor do we side with those that say a pie is that which is made of pastry, whatever its form or contents; a tart is that which is made of pastry twisted. An Englishman wrote in defence of this definition some years ago: "The merest twiggle of culinary art on the summit of an otherwise unornamented pork pie confers upon it the proud right to the title of tart; on the other hand, conceive, if possible, a totally plain dish of fruit supported on a slab of bald parinaceous pastry, and despite all preconceived ideas to the contrary, you may unhesitatingly label it 'pie.'" Again we remark, thus write barbarians.

* * *

Let us see what the English Oxford Dictionary has to say about it: "Pie, a dish composed of meat, fowl, fish, fruit or vegetables, etc., enclosed in or covered with a layer of paste and baked. The pie appears to have been at first of meat or fish; doubtful or undefined uses appear in 16th century; fruit pies (also called, especially in the north of England and Ireland, in Scotland and often in the United States, tarts) appear before 1600, the earliest being apple pie." The word itself occurs in English literature early in the 14th century. Its derivation is doubtful. Dr. Murray says that no related word is known outside the English language. Prof. Skeat suggests that it comes from "pie," that is magpie, because the "miscellaneous nature" of the dish's contents might have recalled the black and white or piebald appearance of the bird. "Others have thought of the habit which the magpie has of picking up and forming accumulations of miscellaneous articles." These explanations are purely fantastical, made by those who are ashamed to say "I don't know."

* * *

X. X. X. asks: "What is the longest word in the English language?" We do not know. It was said in 1800 that the two longest monosyllables in our language are strength and straight, and the very longest word, honorificabilitudinity, which means merely honorableness. But this is nothing to a word in Rabelais': "Morrambouzevezangouzequoquemforguatasachacguevezinemaffresse." There is another long word in the same sentence, which was thus Englished by Peter L. Motteaux: "What, Mr. Manhound, was it not enough thus to have morcrocastebezasteverestegrigeligoscopapopondrillated us all in our upper members with your botched mittens, but you must also apply such mordcregripiatabirofreluch a mburelurecquelurintimpaniments on our shin bones of your cobbled shoes?" The famously long word in Aristophanes is a compound one which may be translated concisely "hash." There are extremely long words in the Mexican and Javanese languages.

[illegible] 5, 1908

MR. and Mrs. Dupont have separated. She says that the trouble came from her choice of clothes. "One day I bought two pairs of pretty silk stockings. When John returned home that night he told me I must not wear them." John also objected, she says, to her wearing fancy corsets. She bought a pair that improved her figure. "This made my husband angry. He said every man on the street would look at me." Mrs. Dupont also says that on one occasion John struck her on the chest—but this is a mere detail in a long story of woe. It is only fair to add that John denies the statement that he ever objected to the stockings and corsets.

* * *

Physicians, professional and amateur, may inveigh against corsets and figures like an hour-glass, and they may retell the old stories of displacement of organs, livers cut in two, and awful deaths in consequence of wearing corsets, but the corset need not be laced excessively, and it will continue to be known as "woman's best friend."

We say this with full knowledge of the objections made by the immortal Cooley in "The Toilet and Cosm[illegible] [illegible] most entertaining [illegible]

...out ... listen to Cooley: "They (corsets) ne... ...er improve the figure nor pro... ...e th... personal charms, nor do they ...less ... single advantage to justify ...eir ad... tion or continuance. The most beautiful fascinating and healthy women in the w...rld are those who are innocent of their ...se. * * * Frail, indeed, and unfit for earth must be the being who needs su...h artificial support." Nor are we unaw...are of the old dictum of Dr. John H...nter: "If the statue of the Medicean Venus were to be dressed in stays, a...d her beautiful feet compressed into a pair of execrably tight shoes, it would extort a smile from an Heraclitus and a horse laugh from a cynic." And so would the Apollo Belvedere if he were to wear a plug hat and rubber boots.

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Messrs. Hunter and Cooley had in mind the old stays, which were indeed instruments of torture. No one, on the other hand, has sung the praises of a modern, sensible, decorative corset with finer appreciation and rhetorical sweep than the gifted woman who wrote "The Wares of Autolycus."

"What is it that supports a woman under the thousand-and-one trials of her daily life? What makes her back strong to bear the burdens of existence and the petty worries of housekeeping? People will tell you that it is moral rectitude, early principles, or an intimate acquaintance with the catechism and Mrs. Beeton's 'Household Management.' It may be true, but these are trivial details that would have no effect unless upborne by the corset. Take away the corset and a 'hard-shell' Baptist (female) would become a mere flabby morsel of humanity."

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The writer tells us of a woman whose husband was more than ordinarily trying. One day, when he was pompous and overbearing, her patience gave way. She fled to her inmost bower, and took off her corsets. This was equivalent to throwing up the sponge. She thus acknowledged her defeat.

The corset is "the root of morality, self-respect and health." It may be more than this; it may be an aesthetic delight. Did not de Musset immortalize "La Marchese l'Amegui"? She is immortal in corset and petticoats. Corsets, according to our friend, the English woman who succeeded to the wares of Autolycus, should be of satin or brocade. So speaks the woman "who wisely looks upon the inner mysteries of clothes as being of far more importance than the outer garb, which undergoes contact with the world at large, and therefore can in no way be considered as a sacred part of her personality." We are informed that satin and brocade corsets last longer and keep their shape better than the cheaper ones; but a bodice fits best of all over a silken corset. The corset of the middle class French novel should be avoided: "The corset of black satin which helped to cover Bourget with ridicule in the eyes of Parisian mondaines when he described as part and proof of the riotous luxury of the heroine of 'Mensonges,' a 'corset de satin noir'!"

• • •

For winter there are charming shades, orange, mazarine blue, cardinal, myrtle. Now is the season for shot brocades of green and pink, with a design of pink rosebuds. Pale blue and white covered with lines "like fish scales in silver, of brilliant orchid color, overlaid with sprigs of heather" is also recommended. Such corsets give a woman moral serenity. She is prepared for all emergencies.

• • •

T. F. writes: "On Nantucket I have heard natives speak of a little brook as a 'tricklet.' Is this an old English word, a provincialism or a parochialism?"

We do not find the word in any English dictionary at hand. Wright's huge "English Dialect Dictionary" does not include it.

• • •

H. H. writes: "I often hear 'drain' pronounced 'dreen' on the South shore. Was there this form of spelling?"

Yes, indeed. "Dreen" was an obsolete form of "drain." Then there is the provincial verb "to dreen," to drip, run slowly, dribble; also a provincial form of the verb and noun "drane," to drawl in speaking, to drone, and a drawl in speaking. "Dreen" or "drane" also means "the grateful note of a cow during milking."

• • •

Apropos of the man who ate many ...ters and t... ...ed—we told his story ye...er... ...friend re...s us of Beau...clerk's story of a ...n who loved buttered muff... ...but he did not care to eat them because they disagreed with his stomach. He resolved to shoot himself, but before firing the pistol he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast, and enjoyed them because he knew then he would not suffer. Was he the same man who is introduced in "Pickwick" as killing himself on principle after eating crumpets?

June 5 1908

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 20TH CONCERT

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its 20th concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Wendling, the concert master, conducted in the place of Dr. Muck, whose arm still troubles him. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic poem, "Penthesilea" .... Wolf
Concerto in E flat No 1 for piano .... Liszt
Symphony in E minor, No. 5 ...... Tschaikowsky

Hugo Wolf was not the first musician to be enthusiastic over a play and to give vent to his emotions, thus excited, in an orchestral composition. Berlioz was long before him, not to mention others, and Berlioz was more successful in putting into notation his screaming delight. Wolf was a young man when, fascinated by Kleist's gruesome tragedy, he chose Penthesilea for a symphonic heroine. He never heard his work, yet he knew that it needed revision and in his last years of madness he endeavored to reunite a portion of his tone poem.

Wolf's reputation has been enhanced by the horror of his ending, and it has also been made doubtful by the wild praise of biographers and partisans. It is not unlikely that his name will be preserved by the tragedy of his life and by a few of his songs. Surely this symphonic poem is at the best only the school exercise of a highly imaginative young man with an overheated brain; a young man who had not the technical facility to express clearly or effectively the fantastical thoughts that obsessed him. Now and then in the work he made a lucky stroke. The "Dream of the Feast of Roses," though it is obviously sentimental, has mood and feeling; but the battle scene is ordinary, and the March of the Amazons, though it opens admirably, is soon little better than the March of the Amazons in our old friend, "The Black Crook," with the memorable song, "I Am Stalacta," sung by the leader with the aid of an unabashed chorus of women, who to boyish eyes seemed wondrous fair.

Mme. Samaroff gave a brilliant performance of Liszt's concerto, which is better suited to her present stage of virtuoso development than any of the other concertos she has chosen to play here. There are some that sniff at this concerto, yet its brilliance is still untarnished, though it was composed 60 years ago. The music is something more than pomp and glitter. It has a peculiar elegance that has been approached only by that of Saint-Saens. Furthermore, it has the relief of sentiment, not deep emotion, not passion, but distinguished sentiment, that of the old school gallantry. And how modern is the structure of this composition in spite of the many and envious years!

Mme. Samaroff played not only brilliantly and with engaging ease. She was more poetical in the pages of court elegance, the musical "Vers de Societe," than is her wont. It would be hard to say in which section of the concerto she was most successful. Perhaps in the "Quasi Adagio," for it was here that those acquainted with her performances might have expected her to be least effective. The disappointment, therefore, was the more pleasurable. The interpretation, for it was an interpretation and not a mere performance, was unusually delightful and engrossing.

There are some also who protest against Tschaikowsky's tragic fifth symphony, music that is heavy with bodemeot, music that is at times almost sinister, music that is charged with sadness, which is too deep for words and turns instinctively to musical expression. They call it coarse, for they fail to appreciate its human strength. Some go so far as to call it vulgar, melodically, dynamically vulgar. At the same time they call for civet. Much of the best music composed by Tschaikowsky is not only the revelation of an unusual personality, it is also the expression of a melancholy and doubting race. Race? Say rather period in the world's history.

Tschaikowsky had no time to be subtle. Subtlety was not in his nature. He shouted his grief and joy, and, as he was an eminently human being, his music has an overwhelming influence over those who have doubts and fears and passions, who are now exultant and now flounder in the slough of despond. As for the "coarseness" of which the genteel complain, the strength in any work of an intensely human animal seems to some unpardonably coarse.

Mr. Wendling conducted again with energy and spirit.

"MANON LESCAUT,"

The Metropolitan Opera House Company of New York, Mr. Conried director, will give performances of opera at the Boston Theatre this week. Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" will be seen and heard here for the first time. Mmes. Lina Cavalieri, Berta Morena, Marta Leffler-Burckard, and Messrs. Bonci, Burrian and Lucas, singers, will make their first appearance here in the course of the week, and Gustav Mahler, the distinguished conductor, will make his first visit to Boston. There has been an extraordinary demand for tickets, and there is every prospect of a brilliant week.

Well, the gods give us joy!

For opera, as we are assured, is not only an aesthetic entertainment; it is of great educational value.

This was appreciated by a reporter of the New York Globe, who reviewed an operatic performance in that city not long ago and in a masterly manner. His article, or her article, was entitled "Seen at the Opera." I quote a few paragraphs:

"A singer with a gown, which in the back was cut down to the waist line—and not an empire waist line at that. Also a necklace which is said to have cost $300,000, and to have been bestowed upon the singer by the king of Greece—'an obviously impossible thing for him to do,' quoth a globe trotter. 'The king of Greece never saw that much money in his life.'"

"A slender, fair-haired girl in morning-glory blue, who looked ethereally fragile and poetically pretty from across the house, and the quintessence of colorless inanity when one approached her. Long strings of pearls dangled from her ears and silver butterflies quivered on the shoulder and corsage of the diaphanous blue gown and rested in the pale gold of her hair. She was an effective figure—from afar."

"A woman who was a well-gowned girl and a well-known actress 20 years ago, sitting demurely in a box, attired in white muslin, with pink rosebuds in her hair—dressed low and parted a la Vierge—and on the corsage of her little-girl-going-to-a-party gown."

"A man with a magnificent pink coat—and a made tie!"

"A man with a gold bracelet around his wrist and a monocle with a tortoise shell rim."

It is doubtful whether there will be sights like this in the Boston Theatre. We are a decent and God-fearing folk. The following paragraph written by the Globe reporter, I regret to say, with ill-disguised contempt, will appeal to our staid citizenesses: "A very wealthy woman in the same old gown that she has worn all winter."

Nor will any man with a pink coat or with a tortoise shell monocle decorate the theatre this week. On the contrary, the costume of the male will be conventional. As is well known to earnest students of sociology, the crusted Bostonian goes to the opera in a house coat, vulgarly known as a Tuxedo. With this he wears a white cravat and carries an opera hat, otherwise known as a crush, a Gibus, an accordeon. Yet there are some who prefer a clawhammer, black cravat and derby.

When the directors of the Boston Opera House meet to frame the rules and regulations for the audience, they should lay down immutable laws concerning dress. The process of education should not be confined merely to the development of musical taste. The Boston operagoer of the future must be a complete and well rounded aesthete—"teres atque rotundus," as sang the poet who, as Mortimer Collins said, wrote with a view to be quoted in the House of Commons.

Works are more than the singers who strut and fret their hour; more than the interpretative conductor who shows us how the music should sound; more even than the audience, whether it be wildly enthusiastic, judicious, or bored. Furthermore it is safer for a shy and sensitive man to write about a work, when the composer lives in Italy, than to discuss a singer who may be only a few blocks away.

Consider for a moment the fate that is in store for Mr. W. J. Henderson, the acute and brilliant music critic of the New York Sun. Last Sunday he pointed an amusing article by alluding frequently and ironically to "the singularly interesting personality of Miss Mary Garden." For some reason or other, Miss Garden was not pleased. She did not write to Mr. Henderson a letter of warm thanks. She did not ask him for his photograph, that she might wear it next her heart until she returns next season when she can see him face to face. She said to a reporter of the New York Times: "The man who admitted that everybody was fascinated with my 'singularly interesting personality' also admitted that he couldn't feel it. When I read that, I felt it was a challenge—as if the glove had been thrown down. I believe I could impress that writer with my 'singularly interesting personality' if I had him here now. At any rate, I'm going to try next year."

Truly an ominous threat ominous for the peace of Mr. Henderson. Will she call on him in the costume of Thais or in that of the heroine in "Aphrodite"? Many of us would welcome her, and burst into poetry:

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

Will Mr. Henderson wear chain armor during Miss Garden's engagement, and an aggravating smile? Or will he at last acknowledge the force of her "singularly interesting personality" and also the truth of Thackeray's lines:

Thus always it was ruled:
And when a wom... ...smiled
The... ...child.

It is therefore safer to abstain from comment on the ravishing beauty of Miss Lina Cavalieri, who has had an adventurous life; who has turned many heads; who once threatened to write her memoirs; a woman who deserves great credit for her perseverance in making her way toward the opera house not content with her triumphs in the cafe-concert. Yet to please those who are curious, it may be here stated that she was born at Rome on Dec. 25, 1874; that her irresistible beauty as a young girl in the humblest walk of life brought her the protection of the rich and influential; that, after displaying her beauty as a singer and dancer in halls given over to the lightest forms of entertainment, she studied singing with Mme. Mariani-Masi and made her debut as Nedda in "Pagliacci" at Lisbon in December, 1900. She has sung in grand opera at Naples and other Italian cities, Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Paris—but let us not be too statistical. It is enough to say that she will appear here as the heroine of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

Last Sunday we considered the educational value of Mascagni's "Iris," with its blend of rank sensuality and vague "symbolism." Let us today look for a moment at Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

"Manon Lescaut" is Puccini's third opera, "Le Villi" (1884) and "Edgar" (1889) preceded it. "Manon Lescaut" was produced at Turin, Feb. 1, 1893. The chief singers were Mmes. Ferrani and Ceresoli, and Messrs. Cremonini, Moro, Polonini, Ramini and Castagnoli.

The first performance in the United States was at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, Aug. 29, 1894, under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs. The opera was afterward performed in New York May 27, 1898, by a strolling Italian company, with Linda Montanari and Agostina as the lovers. It is said that no just idea of the opera was derived from these performances. The opera was performed for tho first time at the Metropolitan in New York on Jan. 18, 1907, when Miss Cavalieri impersonated Manon and Mr. Caruso took the part of Des Grieux for the first time. Puccini was present. (Miss Cavalieri, by the way, made her first appearance at the Metropolitan, Dec. 5, 1903, as Fedora in Giordano's opera.)

Any one that wishes to know the story of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" should first read the Abbe Prevost's immortal tale and then the libretto prepared by Domenico Oliva. As a rule, an opera libretto should be considered without reference to a romance or play on which it is founded. In this instance the libretto is merely made up of four detached scenes, and no one can form a coherent idea of a connected story.

There are certain novels that are more discussed and approved with a wise shake of the head than read. "Clarissa Harlowe" is one, and I am inclined to think that "Manon Lescaut" is another. How many who will attend the performance could sit down at this moment and put in condensed form Prevost's romance? How many students at Harvard or Yale could answer simple questions about Prevost's life? Yet this life itself was a romance from his stormy youth to his death in a forest near Chantilly, when happy and serene after exile, looking forward to a peaceful old age, going alone, he was struck down by apoplexy. Peasants found him and bore him to tho nearest village. There, an ignorant surgeon, thinking him dead, began to use his knife. Prevost, thus cut into, awoke from his stupor only to die in frightful agony.

Was Manon a born wanton or merely a linnet head? Was she radically immoral or flippantly unmoral? Did she really love Des Grieux, who ruined his life for her, or was he only one of a long procession, like unto that doted on by Aholah in Ezekiel, "lovers which were clothed with blue, captains and rulers, all of them desirable young men, horsemen riding upon horses"? But Manon looked favorably alike on old and young. * * * Had she a heart, or was she one of the daughters of the horse leech?

There she stands and lives and blooms today, fresh and irresistible, an eternal type, yet a woman of singular individuality. No one can fathom her motives, and he that would analyze her falls in adoration. It is better to leave her and to describe her in the phrase of Sainte-Beuve: "Cette fille incomprehensible."

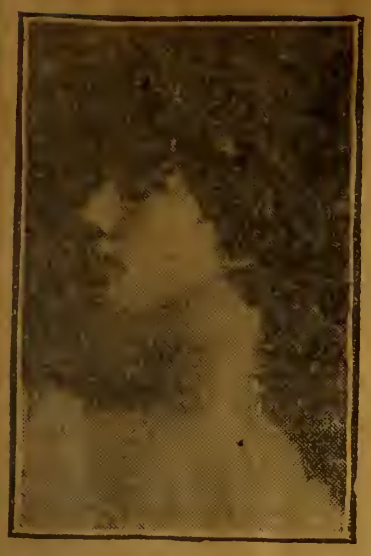
Manon has naturally tempted composers of music. Halevy wrote music for Scribe and Aumer's ballet-pantomime in three acts, "Manon Lescaut," which was produced at the Opera, Paris, May 3, 1830, with Ferdinand and Mme. Montessu as the lovers.

Some dictionaries of operas insist that Balfe wrote a "Manon Lescaut" which was performed in 1836, but the biographers of Balfe do not mention it, and I can find no authentic record of the composition or performance of this opera.

Auber's "Manon Lescaut," libretto by Scribe, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Feb. 23, 1856. Scribe turned Manon into an innocent young girl. Purified, she lost dramatic interest. She was not even so sympathetic a figure as in Prevost's story. A critic of the time wrote: "She is not a Dame aux Camelias, neither is she a Lucretia. The character is drawn with a wavering, undecided hand." Nor was Auber's music highly praised, though in the final scene in Louisiana, where the composer attempted to introduce "negro color," he wrote more emotional music for Manon's death than was his wont. Auber's Manon was impersonated by Mme. Marie Cabel. The end of the third act was sung with Miss Isaac and Furst, Jan. 30, 1882, on the occasion of the centenary of the composer.

One song from Auber's "Manon Lescaut" was long heard in concert ha... ...that for ...

GRAND OPERA SINGERS COMING



BERTA MORENA.

OLIVE FREMSTAD.
(Copyright, Aime Dupont.)

GERALDINE FARRAR.
(Copyright, Aime Dupont.)

MME. LEFFLER BURCKHARDT.

LINA CAVALIERI.
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FELY DEREYNE.

especially fond of it. On the programmes it was entitled "Laughing Song from 'Manon Lescaut.'" It's true title is "Bourbonnaise." Manon sings it in the finale of the first act: "C'est l'histoire amoureuse." I can hear Carlotta now, laughing her brilliant, metallic laugh with a voice as unemotional as a barkeeper cracking ice.

Massenet's "Manon," opera comique in five acts, libretto by Meilhac and Gille, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, Jan. 19, 1884. Sophie Heilbronn was the Manon and Talezac was the Des Grieux. In this version Manon does not go to Louisiana; she dies on the road to Havre, where she was to embark. Massenet's opera, thought to be by many his masterpiece, contains pages of exquisitely delicate beauty, but Manon is here a heroine in Dresden china. The work has been performed in Boston and is known to many, so there is no need of dwelling upon its many charming features and its few faults.

It was produced at New York for the first time in America by Col. J. H. Mapleson, Dec. 23, 1885, with Minnie Hauk and Giannini as the lovers. This performance was in Italian. The first performance in Boston was at the Boston Theatre in Italian Jan. 6, 1886. The opera was performed in French at Mechanics' building, March 9, 1895, with Sibyl Sanderson and Mauguiere as the lovers. Miss Sanderson's fine art was lost in the vast building, and she was then suffering physically. The opera was performed again in Mechanics' building, Feb. 26, 1896, with Mme. Melba, Miss Hunt, Jean de Reszke, Plancon, Maurel and Castelmary.

An opera, "Manon," music by Kleinmichel, was produced at Magdeburg in January, 1887, with Mme. Monhaupt as the heroine. I do not know whether the libretto was based on Prevost's story.

And here may be mentioned Massenet's "Portrait de Manon," opera comique in one act, libretto by Georges Boyer, produced at the Opera Comique, May 8, 1894. Des Grieux is 50 years old in this opera. His father forgave him and left him his fortune. His one consolation is a portrait of his dead mistress. The love story concerns young Morcerf, who has been confided to him by an old friend, and a young girl, Aurore. The part of Des Grieux was impersonated by Fugere.

Puccini's opera is in four acts, a scene for each act. The first is of an expository nature, and it plays in a court yard at Amiens. Manon is introduced, and so is Lescaut, her brother, the guardsman, the bully, who is only too willing to turn his sister's beauty to his own pecuniary gain. An old roue, Geronte, plans to abduct Manon, but she falls in love with Des Grieux at first sight, and they escape in Geronte's carriage.

In act second, Manon is in her bower in Paris, the mistress of Geronte. Her hair is arranged while she listens to a madrigal composed by her old lover. She dances a minuet. Des Grieux is to her only a reminiscence, but suddenly he enters and reproaches her. She woos back his love and is in his arms when Geronte enters. Des Grieux would fain fly with her, but she must take her jewels, and before they can get away the police have them fast.

There is an orchestral intermezzo between the second and third acts. It is entitled "The Journey to Havre." Puccini has taken words of Des Grieux from Prevost's romance to serve as an argument: "The fact remains that I love her! My passion is so strong that I fancy myself the most unfortunate creature living. What did I not attempt in Paris to obtain her liberty? * * * I have implored the powerful! * * * I have knocked and supplicated at every door! * * * I even took recourse to violence! * * * All was in vain—there is only one thing that remains for me—to follow her. And I will follow her wherever she may go—even to the end of the world."

In the third act Manon, condemned to be deported to Louisiana with other light-of-loves, is at Havre in prison. The effort to release her fails. Then follows the extraordinary scene of the deportation, of the roll call, of the women going to the gangplank while the lookers-on praise their appearance, spirit, or mock them. Des Grieux begs the captain to let him embark as a servant.

The scene of the fourth act is a plateau near New Orleans. There is no joyful or "characteristic" negro music as in Auber's last act. The lovers are wandering alone. Manon dies, and the wretched Des Grieux falls senseless on her body.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Fourth concert of the Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. W. Wolff, "Watchman's Song"; Protheroe, "The Sandman"; Juengst, "Scissors Grinder"; von Othegraven, "Christ Child's Lullaby" for semi-chorus and chorus with organ accompaniment; Bishop (arranger) "Sleep, Gentle Lady"; von Othegraven "Rosemary"; Sullivan, "Long Day Closes"; Brambach, chorus from "Alcestis" with organ and piano accompaniment. Mme. Florence Mulford, mezzo-soprano of New York, will sing "Oh, Love of Thy Might" from "Samson and Delilah," Mackenzie's "Beneath a Hawthorn" and Becker's "Springtide." John O'Shea will play Thiele's "Finale" for organ

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Twenty-first Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; C. P. E. Bach, symphony in E flat major; Beethoven, overture to "Coriolanus"; Hadley, symphony in B minor No. 3.

SATURDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Pianola recital. Pieces by Mendelssohn, Poldini, Gruenfeld, Bohm, Liszt, Chaminade, MacDowell, Wollenhaupt. Harold S. Tripp, tenor, will sing songs by Coleridge-Taylor, Bullard, Clay, Ronald and Gounod with pianola accompaniment.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

CONCERT NOTES.

Mr. Felix Fox's chamber concert, announced for tomorrow afternoon, has been postponed indefinitely.

Clarence Eddy will give an organ recital at the Eliot Church, Newton, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. The programme will include Thiele's Chromatic Fantasie, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Lemare's "Arcadian Idyll," Bartlett's organ suite op. 205, Guilmant's "Lamentation" and pieces by Faulkes, Foote, Shelley, H. A. Matthews, Horsman, Hollins' and Eddy's transcription of Schubert's "Am Meer." This will be the last recital of the present series.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaines will give a vocal concert in Potter Hall on Saturday afternoon, the 25th.

Mrs. Ethelberta Hasbrook Twombly of New York, who was formerly a resident of Newton Centre, has won a flattering success with her latest song composition entitled "Girlie," a semi-classic love ballad in which the theme is interpreted with much tender sentiment, both in words and music. Stern & Company, New York, publishers. The composer received her musical instruction at the New England Conservatory.

GRAND OPERA REPERTORY.

The repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House company at the Boston Theatre this week will be as follows:

MONDAY, AT 8 P. M.

Mascagni's "Iris."

Iris.....Mme. Emma Eames
Una Guecha.....Mme. Fornia
Osaka.....Mr. Caruso
Kyoto.....Mr. Scotti
Il Cieco.....Mr. Muehlmann

Mr. Ferrari will conduct in Boston for the first time.

TUESDAY, 8 P. M.

Puccini's "La Boheme."

Mimi.....Miss Farrar
Musetta.....Mme. Dereyne
Rodolfo.....Mr. Bonci
Marcello.....Mr. Stracciari
Colline.....Mr. Baroccio
Schaunard.....Mr. Begue
Conductor, Mr. Ferrari.

Mr. Bonci will sing for the first time in Boston and Miss Farrar will impersonate Mimi for the first time in this city.

WEDNESDAY, 2 P. M.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore."

Leonora.....Mme. Fornia
Azucena.....Mme. Homer
Manrico.....Mr. Caruso
Il Conte di Luna.....Mr. Stracciari
Ferrando.....Mr. Muehlmann
Conductor, Mr. Ferrari.

Mr. Caruso will be heard here for the first time as Manrico. Mme. Fornia has sung here as Mme. Newman with Mr. Savage's grand opera company.

WEDNESDAY, 7:30 P. M.

Wagner's "Die Walkuere."

Brunnhilde.....Mme. Leffler Burckhardt
Sieglinde.....Mme. Morena
Fricka.....Mme. Kirkby-Lunn
Siegmund.....Mr. Burrian
Wotan.....Mr. Van Rooy
Hunding.....Mr. Blass
Conductor, Mr. Mahler.

Mmes. Berta Morena of the Munich Opera House and Marta Leffler-Burckhard of the Berlin Opera House and Carl Burrian of the Dresden Opera House will appear here for the first time. Mr. Mahler, the distinguished conductor, recently the director and conductor of the Vienna Imperial Opera House, will make his debut in this city.

THURSDAY, 8 P. M.

Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

Donna Anna.....Mme. Emma Eames
Donna Elvira.....Mme. Fornia
Zerlina.....Miss Farrar
Don Giovanni.....Mr. Scotti
Don Ottavio.....Mr. Bonci
Leporello.....Mr. Bouhy
Masetto.....Mr. Blass
Il Commendatore.....Mr. Baroccio
Conductor, Mr. Mahler.

The opera will be given in two acts and with only one intermission.

FRIDAY, 8 P. M.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

Manon.....Mme. Cavalieri
Un Musico.....Mr. Matteo
Des Grieux.....Mr. Caruso
Lescaut.....Mr. Scotti
Geronte.....Mr. Scotti
Edmondo.....Mr. Baroccio
Lampionaio.....Mr. Luca
Conductor, Mr. Ferrari.

See the leading article.

SATURDAY, 1:45 P. M.

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde."

Isolde.....Mme. Fremstad
Brangaene.....Mme. Homer
Tristan.....Mme. Homer
Kurwenal.....M. Burgstaller
Konig Marke.....Mr. Van Rooy
Melot.....Mr. Blass
Ein Hirt.....Mr. Muehlmann
Stimme des Seemanns.....Mr. Reiss
Der Steuermann.....Mr. Reiss
Conductor, Mr. Mahler.

SATURDAY, 8 P. M.

Thomas' "Mignon."

Mignon.....Miss Farrar
Frederic.....Mme. Jacoby
Philine.....Miss Abott
Wilhelm Meister.....Mr. Bonci
Giarno.....Mr. Bouhy
Laerte.....Mr. Muehlmann
Lotario.....Mr. Lucas
Conductor, Mr. Bovy.

The admissions for the gallery will not be sold in advance. They may be had at the box office on and after 6 o'clock for the evening performances and on and after 12 o'clock noon for the matinee performances. The thorough repairs of the theatre last Sunday extended to the gallery.

HANDEL AND HAYDEN EASTER CONCERT.

On Easter Sunday, at the concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, Saint-Saen's "Samson and Delilah" will be performed. Although the work has been heard here at the concerts of the Cecilia Society in former years, this will be its first production by the Handel and Haydn. Mme. Eleanore de Cisneros, mezzo soprano; George Hamlin, tenor, and Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, will be the solo singers, and the orchestra will be materially strengthened. Tickets that have not been sold for the season may be had at the Symphony Hall box office, as well as at Schirmir's music store, on and after Monday the 13th at 8:30 A. M.

EUTHANASIA.

The old prayer* to be delivered from sudden death came partly from the fact that when the prayer was framed sudden deaths were often due to outward violence, and partly from the fear of dying unshrived. The prayer of many today is to die suddenly; to leave the body in sleep; to drop as though shot through the heart; to spare one's friends the long anxiety and strain and at the same time to escape useless suffering—useless because it is not disciplinary and it only delays the inevitable end.

The ancients had not this fear of sudden death. They welcomed a quick ending at the allotted time, and the books are full of joyful transfers and promotions. The story of Philemon, the comic poet, is familiar. Grown old, he saw an ass eating figs that a boy had laid down. When the boy returned, Philemon said to him: "Go now and fetch the ass some drink," and the old man was so tickled with the fancy of his own jest that he died laughing. The jest was a mild one. You may say that it showed the age of Philemon; that it was time for him to die. Nevertheless, the ancients commended the jest and envied the jester the manner of his death. Let it be observed, however, that Philemon was well stricken in years.

een a young man, the joke ıve been better, but the uld have been reckoned un-

ere reminded of Philemon ecent death of a widow in x. She was one of a merry erry over an old joke that been told. "I know I shall die ghing if I don't stop!" said the ow, and she "rolled off a chair in paroxysm of laughter." She ld not stop laughing and she laughing. This confirms a ement made some time ago by Herald that old jokes are the t; that they are to be classed h old books, old wood, old wine, friends. If a man should die er hearing a new joke, his ac-on, or sudden cessation of action, ight justly be attributed to the oor quality of the jest. There night even be unpleasant reflections on the joker. But the jest known from childhood is a tried and familiar companion. You never weary of it. Each time it is repeated it strikes you as more ludicrous. If at last it kills you, you die as it were in the arms of a dear friend. Your last thought is a happy one. You pass through the open door into the more spacious chamber with a smile and a glad eye.

Yet not many years ago this widow's death would have been regarded as indescribably sad. The woman was "cut down." She was "unprepared." She had no time for reflection. It is now generally agreed that the great question is not "How did he die?" but "How had he lived?" The enforced repentance of a day is a sorry balance to the selfishness and sensuality of a long life. The suddenness of departure cannot cause one to forget the long life of good works. The place and circumstances of death are trifling ccidents in the endless development man, portentous as they may ar to us now. The sturdy English mariner would no doubt have preferred to lie in the churchyard of his parish, but God was as near to him tossing in the sea, and the sailor's brave saying is one for all time.

April 6 1908

Men and Things

In the course of a recent trial in this city a woman testified that her husband drank excessively. Her attorney asked her whether her husband was "mulled." The woman answered "Yes." The counsel for the husband interrupted with the question: "What on earth is 'mulled'?" The wife answered that it was a slang term for "half-drunk."

* * *

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, after a consultation of his innumerable notes for Vol. 17 of his colossal work, "Man As a Social and Political Beast," assures us that the term "mulled," with reference to a degree of intoxication, is an American one, and the English slang dictionaries know it not. They include the word "mull," which means a cow, a muddle, a simpleton; also the verb to mull, meaning to spoil, to muddle. In England terms beginning with "m" that imply stages of intoxication are: Mellow, miraculous, mortal, moony, muggy, muddled, muzzy, also mauled, mashed, mixed, mopped, moppy, mickibus, mugged. In American slang, to mull is to spend money; at least this term was common among New York rogues and crooks a half-century ago.

* * *

Mr. Johnson also informs us that in English dialect mull means the mouth, especially a big, down-hanging mouth, as the lips of a sheep or sheepish man; also a scrimmage, especially in Rugby football; also that in Suffolk, if a top flies away out of the hand without spinning, it is a mull, and a top is mulled when it remains within the ring after it has ceased to spin; that in Suffolk it is a variant of mellow, i. e., rendered genial by drink; lastly, that mull means a profuse perspiration.

* * *

When and where did Americans first use this slang term "mulled"? Did it come from mulled wine or ale—drink made hot and beaten up with eggs, spices, etc.?

* * *

Yet there are more important questions. Is "he was mulled" an equivalent expression for "he had a still," "he had a numb"? If it be an equivalent, a man that is mulled is not obstreperous, not dangerous. The man with a still or a numb is almost always quiet and wise. He is disinclined toward conversation, although if he be called on to express an opinion he may answer with a pontifical "Yes" or "No." He sits and walks with dignity, although there are moments in which his gait might be characterized as slightly weavy. A man with a numb or a still would never scold his wife, and much less would he beat her. He is solemnly affectionate.

* * *

Almost ten years ago Dr. G. Archdall Reid explained a mystery of long standing. He answered the question raised by the superficial: "Why do men drink rum?" And this was his answer: "Two sets of men enjoy alcohol: those who enjoy the effect produced by alcohol on the peripheral end-organs of the nerves, and those who enjoy the effect produced on the central nervous system."

Hence, no doubt, they whose peripheral end-organs are touched are said to have "a skate"; while they whose central nervous system is affected have what is known as a numb, a deep-seated numb, for the fire water has searched out and found the centres of life.

* * *

A man who has "a skate" or "an edge" is capable, like Habakkuk, of anything. What will be the probable conduct of a man with "a bun"? He is by no means "paralyzed" or "ossified" or even "pickled." (By the way, is "oryide" the original form or a variant, and to what precise degree of intoxication should it be applied?) When you see that a friend and brother is "all in" you charitably call for a hack.

The word "jag" is an elastic one. A man may have a slight jag, an awful jag or a wise jag, and in this last instance he might also be said to have a still. Is a man that is foxed necessarily stupified? The word "jag" meant originally a load, usually a small cartload, of hay, wood, etc. "He had a jag on" is an Americanism, as is the word "jagged." Whence the origin of the phrases "to have a bun" and "to have, or to carry, a dog"?

* * *

We make no allusion here to the hundred and more terms found in slang dictionaries, from afflicted to whittled, which is a very old term; from afloat to yaupy. They are not so picturesque as those into which we have inquired. They are only named; they are without improving annotation. The slang of drink and intoxication, edited, as it should be, with copious notes and a wealth of quotation, would make a thick volume. The notes should be prepared after the manner of the explanations in Christian Kindleben's "Studenten-Lexikon" (Halle, 1781). See, for example, the scholarly dissertation on "bezechen," page 34. Nor would such a dictionary encourage drinking; on the contrary, it might furnish prohibitionists with useful texts, and to retired or shut-off sports it would provide pleasant reading and cheer the few remaining years of enforced abstinence.

April 7 1908

Mascagni's "Iris" Presented For Second Time Here; Eames, Caruso and Scotti, the Stars

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON THEATRE — Metropolitan Opera House company, Heinrich Conried, director. Mascagni's "Iris," opera in three acts, libretto by Luigi Illica. Rodolfo Ferrari conducted.

The blind one.....Mr. Muehlmann
Iris.....Emma Eames
Osaka.....Mr. Caruso
Kyoto.....Mr. Scotti
A geisha.....Rita Fornia
A peddler.....Mr. Raimondi
First ragpicker.....Mr. Tecchi
Second ragpicker.....Mr. Navarini

The week of opera opened brilliantly last night as far as the size, character and disposition of the audience were concerned.

Mascagni's opera had previously been performed here, but the performance, led by the composer, in Boston Music Hall, on Nov. 4, 1902, was not one to give a wholly adequate idea of the merits of the work, nor was the audience then so large that the opera may be said to be familiar to the operagoers of this city. The chief singers under Mr. Mascagni were Maria Farneti, whose youth and beauty were more effective than her slightly acid voice, which was like a reed shaken by the wind; Pietro Schiavazzi, who as Osaka, screamed and whined; Virgilio Bellati, a fair comedian in the part of Kyoto, and Francesco Navarrini, a singer of experience and force, who impersonated the blind father of Iris.

The story of "Iris" was told recently and at length in The Herald, and it is not necessary to retell it now. It is a story of sensualism, rank and unmistakable, and of symbolism that is vague and wholly without dramatic value. Osaka is a jaded amorist, who goes about seeking what he may find, and his boon companion is a pander. Iris is not a wholly sympathetic figure, and Osaka might be pardoned easily for becoming bored by her.

The one character that appeals to the spectator is the blind father, and the chief dramatic moment is when he curses and throws mud at his daughter. The one scene that has true force, though it is repulsive, is the one in which Iris is shown to the crowd; her beauty excites noises that remind one of the tumult which attends the feeding of the carnivora; and then the father, finding his daughter at last, reviles her.

This scene has been praised by some for its realism. But in Japan a girl of Iris' position in society was not disgraced by living for a time in "Yoshiwara"; nor would a Japanese father curse his daughter for such an excursion; nor would she be prevented on account of her vacation spent in guilty splendor, to quote Mr. Gilbert's phrase, from making afterward a respectable and even brilliant match. This whole scene with its pseudo-realism is contrived merely for the purpose of exciting the audience.

With this scene the interest ceases. The first two acts admit of varied musical treatment. The third act with the "symbolism" of sewer and sun, with Iris asking in vain why her life has been ruined through the cruel selfishness and capricious sensuality of others, with the musical expression of the "egoisms" of Osaka, Kyoto and the Blind One, is an ineffective, boresome hodge-podge.

It seems incredible that the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," with its swift action and tragic intensity, should have been willing to set music to this drama of inaction with its lack of human interest. Did the pseudo-orientalism of the libretto attract him? The ingenious translator or editor of the libretto assures us that the "philosophy" of the plot "differs entirely from all western or European systems." Mascagni was hardly the man to set music to a philosophic discussion, even if the "philosophy" were not pinchbeck. Furthermore what composer could galvanize the third act and give it the semblance of life?

Mascagni undoubtedly took great pains with his score. In harmonic treatment, in the attempt to translate the text into music, in matters of orchestration, there is always the evidence of extreme care. As a result there is generally the suggestion of a hard task laboriously and conscientiously performed. Seldom is there a page that sounds fresh and spontaneous. Seldom is there either a long melodic phrase that charms the ear, or dramatic music that impresses and thrills.

Here and there are attempts at Japanese color in music, as this color is currently understood no doubt erroneously; and by the side of these attempts are unmistakable, conventional convulsive Italian bursts of virtuoso passion, and the melodic and rhythmic formulas that are of much importance in "Cavalleria Rusticana," for there they were charged with emotion, and they were the authoritative speech of human beings, not mere types, not symbolic "egoisms."

The music of the first act is for the most part pictorial and descriptive. The one portion that is truly impressive is the hymn to the sun, which as an example of effective choral writing combined with sonorous orchestration, is probably Mascagni's finest achievement. There is some characteristic music in the second act, but neither here nor in the rest of the opera does the music that is allotted to any character serve to explain or intensify the dramatic action of that character.

However earnestly Mascagni labored to make a musical commentary on the action, miserable as it is, he succeeds only in being for the most part tiresome. His profundity is usually hathos or dulness. His playfulness, as in the scene of the washerwomen, or in the lighter music in the second act, is tragic. The one true and haunting melodic expression in the whole opera is the simple tune sung by the geisha with closed lips at the beginning of the second act.

The performance of this opera gave an excellent opportunity of judging its musical merits and defects. Mr. Ferrari has not the enthusiastic temperament of Mascagni as a conductor. (I speak of the conductor first, for the orchestral score is in this opera the important feature, and the growth of Mascagni as a musician is disclosed by the orchestral score rather than by musical characterization in song or in the heightened speech put into the mouths of the singing players.) Mascagni, with an inferior orchestra, worked wonders. Mr. Ferrari conducted carefully and with considerable warmth.

Mme. Eames was in excellent voice and she sang as a rule with rare tonal beauty, with a wealth of vocal expression. She was naturally a mature Iris, but at the end of the second act the shouts and howls which Mascagni evidently considered genuine outbursts of Japanese gentlemen aroused to a high state of amorous frenzy were fully justified. To say that Mme. Eames was an emotional Iris would be to strain the truth for the sake of compliment. Her face is not mobile; her gestures as a rule are inexpressive; but she did not evidently attempt to act, and by this self restraint she gave pleasure.

Mr. Caruso had more than one opportunity to display his golden voice, and he improved these opportunities generously. In action he was certainly jaded, if not an ideal voluptuary; yet he let down Mme. Eames' hair with considerable adroitness, and once he exerted himself sufficiently to hold his [illegible] in a close embrace.

Mr. Scotti acted with finesse, and by his action rather than by Mascagni's music made Kyoto a creature of flesh and blood, knavish, avaricious, thoroughly despicable. Mr. Muehlmann did little with the part of the Blind One, who in the earlier performance in this city was the dominating figure in the shabby tragedy.

The chorus was inadequate and the Hymn to the Sun suffered in consequence. The orchestra did good work.

There was hearty applause after the second act and there were several recalls, but the prevailing feeling of the audience was one of moderate rapture.

The opera this evening will be Puccini's "Boheme," with these singers: Miss Farrar, Miss Dereyne and Messrs. Bonci, Stracciari, Barocchi, Begue, Dufriche. Alessandro Bonci will make his first appearance in Boston. Mr. Ferrari will be the conductor.

Men and Things

MME. EMMA EAMES said, "without raising her eyes": "You can no more check the evolution of American opera than you can push back the waves on the seashore." This she spoke, remembering possibly Sydney Smith and his Mrs. Partington; but she did not raise her eyes and look at the reporter steadfastly in the face; for then she might have laughed.

* * *

"We are earnestly looking for a new composer—we want him—badly!" Mme. Eames did not thus express a personal yearning. She was passionate only for art. But what a roast on the American composers that already have two or three operas in safe deposit vaults, and on the American composers who have the music of an opera in the head and are only unable to find a satisfactory libretto!

* * *

This reminds us that Joseph Sheehan thinks of forsaking opera. He would fain find "a romantic Irish play without a mortgage or a landlord" in which he can sing to his darling or arouse patriotic feeling. We regret to hear this, for Mr. Sheehan has an uncommonly good voice, one that is brilliantly robust and at the same time sympathetic.

* * *

Dr. Hanish will conduct special sun-worshipping services in Lowell soon after Easter, they say, and great is the joy of Mazdaznan society at the prospect. May the weather be propitious! It would be a shame for the sun to sulk and hide his head when a deep thinker comes on all the way from Chicago to do it reverence.

* * *

We were inclined to think nobly of Dr. Hanish; we are prepared to swear, at least, that he is a fine fellow, for we, too, hold the sun in high regard, especially the "gorgeous, indolent sun, burning, expanding the air," but we read on Sunday that Dr. Hanish charges his disciples to "express happy feelings by humming and whistling." We might endure a moderate amount of humming, but whistling is intolerable to gods and men. There is no more insufferable nuisance than a cheerful whistler on the back platform of a street car. A soap factory with the wind blowing toward you is nothing in comparison. It makes no difference whether the whistler whistles some popular air, a tune that appeals to you, a tune that haunts you, or improvises some wild fantasia that would defy notation. The only consolation you have is to think of Glorious John's familiar line: "And whistled as he went for want of thought."

* * *

Dr. Hanish is all right when he insists on the willingness of a disciple to control his appetite; when he tells his flock that they should not engage in "heated conversation," another term for hot air; nor do we see any harm in sleeping with the feet toward the south, and with the body on the right side, though he might also have advised the putting of the right arm under the pillow. We are willing even when fatigued from overwork to take a few long breaths, preferably alcoholic, and the yolk of an egg; but should he insist on commending free and reckless or cautious and subdued whistling, Dr. Honish will lose a playmate.

* * *

The Baden Grand Ducal government has decided not to restore Heidelberg Castle, but to let it remain in its "present state of ruined grandeur." This is good news for travellers; for the castle is the one thing to see in Heidelberg. We have a ruin in Boston, the old bridge on Boylston street, and now that there is talk of renovating it, we are surprised at the absence of opposition from lovers of the old and the picturesque. No one should fail to see the bridge in its "present state of ruined grandeur."

MME. EMMA EAMES IN ROLE OF IRIS

Metropolitan Opera Company Star Heard at Boston Theatre Last Night.

* * *

T[illegible] settees and five Chippendale chairs brought £1785 at a London auction room last week, but in 1902 two Chippendale chairs brought £1000 guineas in the same room. How many who talk knowingly about old Chippendale could pass an easy examination paper on the subject? Chippendale is a good name for a furniture man; it suggests chisels and planes and glue, but as a matter of fact "chipping" or "cheaping" was a name for a market place or market. Allibone speaks of Thomas Chippendale's "Household Furniture" (1762 fol.), but the "Gentleman and Cabinet Maker's Director" published in 1754 is unnoticed. The furniture man was fortunate in his first name. Thomas—a name that inspires confidence in his workmanship, in the honesty and inherent strength of his spindle-legged tables. For Chippendalism, as applied to book plates, we remain cold. A book plate is in many cases an affectation; it seldom expresses the owner's taste; it is sometimes delightfully ironical.

* * *

The Chippendale book mentioned by Allibone was probably the third edition of Chippendale's only book. We are told by wise men that the furniture of Hepplewhite and of Sheraton is more tender and tasteful; that Chippendale's style is overwrought; that he has little "architectonic feeling"; but if we could make a wooden chair that would sell for 2500, we could endure the odious criticism

April 8 1900 08

Alessandro Bonci.
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BOSTON THEATRE—Puccini's "La Boheme," performed by the Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Conried director. Mr. Ferrari conducted.

Rodolfo	Mr. Bonci
Marcello	Mr. Stracciari
Schaunard	Mr. Begue
Colline	Mr. Barocchi
Benoit	Mr. Dufriche
Alcindoro	Mr. Dufriche
Parpignol	Mr. Tecchi
Mimi	Miss Farrar
Musetta	Miss Dereyne
Sergente	Mr. Navarini

Puccini's "Boheme" is a story of every day life. The characters are not enwrapped in the mist of legend. They are not puppets to illustrate some system of philosophy, to be pulled hither and thither for the purposes of "symbolism." Mimi and Musetta are nearer and dearer to us than Isolde and Iris. The reckless Bohemians are more intelligent and sympathetic than the gods, demigods and shabby human beings in music dramas that unfold a system of the universe. Every man that is worthy to be called a man has at one time sojourned in Bohemia or at least visited that delectable land.

The objection made against the libretto of "Boheme" is that the men are shiftless, worthless creatures, who are too lazy to provide for their sweethearts; their indifference to that which is smug and respectable is criminal. The same objection has been urged against Murger's story which furnished scenes for this libretto. But a man may be a Bohemian and work with the fury of desperation and yet not succeed as the world reckons success. On the other hand, some of the wild comrades in Murger's book, as a matter of fact, left Bohemia at last and became famous. Colline, the veritable Colline, died only a few years ago in Paris, a man of great accomplishments, highly respected and honored. He had decorations to embellish his coat, yet no coat that any tailor sent to him as a masterpiece was ever so cherished by him as the garment he sold from sentiment, loyalty and kindness.

And Mimi dies, they say, to make an effective last act. What should Mimi do? Who would have her live to share the fate of Fantine or to become, at last, a battered and greedy "ouvreuse," snuffy and importunate in the playhouse?

I pity the highly respectable physician, lawyer, or man of business who, seeing this play and hearing Puccini's music, does not again renew his youth and dwell in Bohemia, hear the mad laughter, crush again a cup with joyous companions, mourn a dead Mimi or wonder what became of the Mimi that did not die.

It is now a little over nine years since Mr. Charles A. Ellis made Boston acquainted with this opera, sung here first here by Mmes. Melba, de Lussan, Pandolfini and Bensaude. We all have heard the opera since, in Italian and English, well performed, indifferently performed or poorly performed, but the charm of Puccini's music was irresistible in each instance. The simple, direct, expressive melodies made their way and familiarity has not staled them. It is impossible now to think of Mimi and her companions without Puccini's music, whether it be vocal or orchestral. The ingenuity and brilliance of the orchestration serve only dramatic ends. There is never the suggestion of brain cudgelling, such is the spontaneity, such is the flow of the lyric expression of the various emotions and the musical comment on the dramatic action.

No wonder that the audience which crowded the theatre was again deeply interested and moved. No wonder that the applause was enthusiastic. The performance was, on the whole, excellent, and in certain respects it was [illegible] and Messrs. Caruso, Stracciari and Muehlmann. Mr. Ferrari will conduct.

The opera this evening (7:30 o'clock) will be "Die Walkuere." Mmes. Leffler-Burckard, Morena, Kirkby-Lunn and Messrs. Burrian, Van Rooy and Blass will be the chief singers. Mmes. Leffler-Burckard and Morena and Mr. Burrian will sing here for the first time. Gustav Mahler will conduct here for the first time.

[illegible] ment [illegible] sang to the first time in Boston and although his unsurpassable vocal art is revealed more fully in the long-sustained melodic lines of Mozart, Bellini and Donizetti than in the dramatic works of the ultra-modern school where intensity is preferred to finesse, nevertheless his art was at once appreciated after his superb delivery of the air in the first act. Seldom, if ever, in this city, has there been so instantaneous and pronounced recognition of supreme vocal skill. The applause was so hearty and so long-continued that a repetition of the air was not to be avoided. And in every phrase, in effective restraint as well as outburst, this rare singer gave unalloyed pleasure.

Miss Farrar, I understand, is suffering from a severe cold. Indeed, it was rumored yesterday that she would not be able to sing. Her indisposition was at times apparent, as in her occasional faulty intonation and in her evident inability now and then to produce a vocal effect that would have been easy for her in normal condition; but as a rule her singing was admirable by reason of its emotional warmth, its rich color, its expression of youth and love, joy and suffering. We have been accustomed within recent years to see love endeavoring vainly to shake the frames of elderly and pursy dames upon the operatic stage.

It was a relief to see youth and beauty conspiring with an exquisite voice to weave a spell. Miss Farrar has been accused of undue physical activity, of rushing aimlessly about in order to create the impression of action. The charge is singularly unjust. In this opera her repose is eloquent. The impersonation of Mimi was one of singular charm, free from the suspicion of extravagance, carefully composed in all details, yet simple, natural, without the incumbrance of detail on which some singing tragedians relie.

Miss Dereyne was effective in a bustling way. She played the part of Musetta in true soubrette spirit, but with a constant tendency toward exaggeration. Mr. Stracciari did not cast his predecessors in the shade. He acted with spirit. Whenever he had sustained passages of song his voice wobbled as of old. The other comedians were respectively inferior in comic force to those who have hitherto taken the respective parts, except Mr. Dufriche, who is always a capital Benoit and Alcindoro. The chorus was more effective than on Monday night.

Mr. Ferrari gave a dramatic reading of the score, and, although he occasionally allowed the orchestra to cover the voices, the performance of the orchestra was of a high order of merit. It should be remembered that the orchestra is more exposed in the Boston Theatre than in the Metropolitan. The stage management was very good.

The opera this afternoon (2 o'clock) will be "Il Trovatore." The chief singers will be Mmes. Fornia and Homer

Dereyne.

One of the large halls of the American House was filled last evening with members of the United Irish League, assembled to congratulate John E. Redmond and the Irish Parliamentary party upon the recent large majority in favor of home rule for Ireland obtained in the House of Commons.

[illegible]

The famous baritone, William Ludwig of Dublin, sang some Irish national airs in rousing style. Mr. Ludwig was encored after each number. When he gave the "Boys of Wexford" and "God Save Ireland" the audience joined in the chorus and patriotic feeling was at high tide mark.

Miss Geraldine Farrar as Mimi.

Men and Things

The Herald has received an entertaining letter written in French. It is hoped that the following translation into English is accurate:

Boston, April 6, 1908.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Herald of last Sunday quoted a professor of a Western college, who has delivered a course of lectures on the subject of woman's dress to one of his classes. He made this incredible statement, a statement that must also be regarded as abs[illegible]. "The average woman wears a tota[illegible] 17 layers of hands [illegible] some sor[illegible] ound her waist." He p[illegible]ed [illegible] gatio[illegible] further; he cal[illegible]ated [illegible] me res, or "yards" of different stuffs a woman wears around her waist. Thus is she indeed swathed!

The professor has been deceived. The average woman does not thus burden herself. Of course one would not like to call in question the personal experience of Monsieur, le professeur, but I contend that he is poorly informed concerning the habitual dress of the average woman. I, who am in no way a woman out of the common, should not know what to do with more than eight or at the upmost nine kinds of garments that enclose the figure and compress the waist and my women friends are like me in this respect. J. d' A.

Why will not the professor be kind enough to name the 17 layers? He would thus be both interesting and instructive.

The Herald will gladly publish any [illegible] from the eminent professor, provided it be fit to print, or any letters that may shed light on the subject. We have searched vainly Cooley's invaluable "Toilet and Cosmetic Arts" and have found strange and wonderful things therein, but nothing to bear on this particular point. Cooley, it may be observed, says that the bust measure of a finely formed woman in health averages 32 inches, and her waist measure 28 to 29 inches. We have seen this statement disputed.

* * *

A woman charged with disturbing the peace of her neighbors was recently fined $10 in a Boston court. It took three policemen to make her sit down after the fine was announced. No wonder that her husband in the course of the trial loudly asserted on the witness stand: "She is the nicest woman in the world. I believe anything she says." So should we, if we met her face to face. The conies are not the only feeble folk.

* * *

Prof. Santori, an Italian and deep thinker, asserts that the ambidextrous have a double speech power and he argues from this that children should be taught to use both hands. The reasoning is unsound and the results would be intolerable if Santori's premise were true. Charles Reade, in letters contributed to Harper's Weekly 30 years ago, argued in his most violent, and, therefore, delightful manner, in favor of teaching children to use both arms and hands indiscriminately, but he had in mind the resulting benefit in the prize ring rather than any increase in volubility. We remember Reade's many allusions in these letters, which were afterward collected and published in pamphlet form, to the prize ring, and how he declared that the greatest effort of the human arm is the knock-down blow of the pugilist and the masterpiece of manipulation is the fingering of the violin by able performers. To Reade, the left is the quick hitter, and the leading hand. He also objected to stays in any form for a growing girl. "Hang her petticoat by braces, as a boy does his trousers."

* * *

A correspondent thirsting for information asked a New York newspaper a few days ago the name of the mourning band above the elbow of outer garments. He was told that it is called "brassard." It is true that this French word has been known in English for nearly 80 years, but only as the name of the armor for the upper part of the arm. About 1870 the word began to denote a badge worn on the arm, an armlet. To sober-minded New Englanders this form of displaying grief seems ostentatious. It reminds them of the story of the Frenchman at his wife's grave.

April 9, 1908

VERDI AND WAGNER AT BOSTON THEATRE

BOSTON THEATRE—Wagner's "Die Walkuere," performed by the Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Conried director. Gustav Mahler conducted for the first time in Boston.

Siegmund	Mr. Burrian
Hunding	Mr. Blass
Wotan	Mr. Van Rooy
Sieglinde	Mme. Morena
Bruennhilda	Mme. Leffler-Burckard
Fricka	Mme. Kirkby-Lunn
Valkyries	Mmes. Lunn, Alten, Woehnig, Fornia, Mattfeld, Wakefield, Jacoby.

The audience last night was much the smallest of the week thus far, but it was appreciative of the merits of the performance and not blind to certain faults. The applause after the first act was enthusiastic. After the second it was more of a courteous nature.

The most striking feature of the performance was the conducting by Mr. Mahler, who was greeted with uncommon warmth when he took his seat. He exerted a remarkable authority over his men; this authority was maintained quietly, without distressing pantomimic show. The work had been evidently done at rehearsal, and Mr. Mahler simply reminded the players. His interpretation was eloquent, poetic, but not merely by reason of orchestral rhetoric, for under his beat the orchestra was at one time the willing supporter of the singer; at another the narrator and the commentator of action that had preceded, or the inspired prophet of that which was to come. Details of orchestration were respected, but not so amorously treated that they assumed undue importance. There was a continuous flow of orchestral speech, and this speech was varied, elastic, impressive, full of emotion. Under Mr. Mahler's beat, this orchestra seems a different body of players from that with which we have been familiar. It is as a symphony orchestra charged with dramatic fervor, a huge instrument that responds to every emotional appeal.

Another feature of the performance was the excellent singing of Mme. Kirkby-Lunn as Fricka. Her dignified bearing and wifely grace are also to be praised. As Fricka has been interpreted here, she was a bulky, violent person, who sang with tones that went with a flushed face and a nagging disposition. There was no suggestion of the incarnation of the domestic law. There was only the vulgar abuse of an excited fish wife. Mme. Kirkby-Lunn at once by the quiet impressiveness of her rebuke put Wotan to shame, and at the best he was but a shabby creature. Her singing was admirable both technically and dramatically. She planned and achieved a fine climax and her last phrase was one of golden and haunting beauty.

Mme. Morena of Munich sang here for the first time. She has an agreeable voice, which she uses with greater skill than is found usually in the Wagnerian sisterhood of Germany. She was vocally a sympathetic Sieglinde, and had she been well trained in the elemental principles of dramatic action she might have been effective dramatically, for she is a comely woman. She has not been taught to convey emotion by facial expression, and her gestures and bearing on the stage are generally awkward, often grotesque. She does not even stand gracefully. When she does gesture, it is at random and without reference to dialogue or situation. In the more dramatic outbursts with waving arms she resembles an animated X or Y, a semaphoric creature, and when Mr. Burrian was also dramatically and effectionately disposed X embraced X and Y embraced Y except when Y in a supreme moment would embrace X also stirred to a high pitch of intensity.

Mme. Leffler-Burckard, who also sang here for the first time, need not detain us. She is a fair example of the routine dramatic singer at a German opera house of the better class, less aggressive, perhaps, than her sisters, but no more interesting vocally or dramatically. Her announcement of Siegmund's death was not impressive—and this scene is one of the most superb pages in all opera. As a matter of fact, the scene dragged, for Mr. Burrian, a master actor as the neurotic Herod in "Salome," was in this scene flagrantly dull. In the first act he sang with more vocal feeling than I had expected of him, and it should here be said that Mr. Mahler constantly allowed the singers to be heard.

Mr. Burrian made his first appearance here, but Mr. Van Rooy's Wotan is a familiar figure. It is now more sentimental than ever. In the scene with Bruennhilde in the second act he was both sentimental and a "precieux." Nor will his total collapse and dying fall after Fricka's lecture be easily forgotten. He fell like a gingerbread man.

Mr. Blass as our old friend Hunding was appropriately cavernous and gloomy. A sadly misused man this Hunding, who comes home empty-handed after a killing expedition and finds his wife not preparing supper, but entertaining a supposedly handsome stranger, who immediately proceeds to talk so much that there would seem to be no need of dope to send Hunding into heavy slumber. Resenting the dope and the flight of his wife, Hunding is then dismissed roughly from life by Father Wotan. It is no wonder that Mr. Blass took a dismal view of his lot.

"Trovatore" was performed in the afternoon. Mr. Ferrar conducted.

Leonora	Mme. Fornia
Azucena	Mme. Homer
Inez	Mme. Mattfeld
Manrico	Mr. Caruso
Conte di Luna	Mr. Stracciari
Ferrando	Mr. Muehlmann
Ruiz	Mr. Tecchi

The theatre was crowded from top to bottom with an uproariously enthusiastic audience, delighted indiscriminately with the singers, eager to hear again the immortal tunes of this story of "amore," "dolore" and "tenore."

Mr. Caruso was in capital voice, and he sang with more discretion than has been his wont of late. He did not squander recklessly his wealth of tone, nor did he indulge himself so deliberately in setting applause-traps. Only in his first song did he yield to temptation and become slovenly in the exertion of force. He was of course applauded madly for his singing of the intoxicating tune at the end of the third act, which he took to suit his convenience, but his performance of the sentimental aria preceding was perhaps even finer.

Mme. Homer sang exceedingly well the music of Azucena, with rare tonal beauty and with a dramatic intensity that was free from exaggeration. Her Azucena must be ranked among her most striking impersonations.

Mme. Fornia, known here formally as Mme. Newman, was a respectable Leonora of the Guzman family, and she sang at times in a well-bred manner; but the music demands a fuller and more brilliant voice, a singer of the old heroic school, an actress of flaming passion.

Mr. Stracciari was a very poor di Luna. Seldom have I heard the music of the Count so boisterously and at the same time so impotently sung. The performance of "Il Balen" was an assault on a blameless and noble melody with murderous result. It was a pleasure to see Ferrando wearing a Spanish hat instead of a helmet, and to find a faithful Ruiz at last, who had both voice and method. The chorus was fair and Mr. Ferrari conducted with spirit.

The opera tonight will be "Don Giovanni" with Mmes. Eames, Fornia, Farrar, and Messrs. Scotti, Bonci, Blass, Barocchi and Muehlmann. Mr. Mahler will conduct.

(Photo by Reutlinger.)

Rita Fornia, Leonora in Trovatore.

Berta Morena, Sieglinde in D Walkuere.

Gustav Mahler, Conductor.

Concert Foyer.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Some have expressed wonder because there was less demand for seats on Wednesday night than for seats on other nights at the Boston Theatre this week. A Wagnerian music drama and with Gustav Mahler as conductor! Further, here was the first appearance of Mr. Mahler in Boston!

A great conductor is not necessarily a magnet to the great public. To musicians yes, but not inevitably to "lovers of opera." The great public asks first: "Who is going to sing?" The theatre was crowded on Monday night, not because the throng was consumed with the desire to hear "Iris," but because it wished to hear Mme. Eames and Mr. Caruso. If the opera had been a new one, "Hannah of Hockanum Ferry," with music by the talented Marcellus B. Graves, a realistic and thrilling tragedy in four spasms, with Mme. Eames and Mr. Caruso as victim and hero, there would still have been a crowd.

For "Boheme" and "Mignon" there was the promise of Miss Farrar. Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" is unknown here, but Mr. Caruso was announced and the beauty and adventures of Miss Cavalieri have long inspired exciting articles for Sunday reading. "Don Giovanni" calls for a "big cast" if not an ideal one. Mme. Fremstad was announced for Isolde and she has many admirers in this city. But Mmes. Leffler-Burchard and Morena were unknown here, and so was Mr. Burrian. Conservative Bostonians like to hear old friends in opera.

The company brought here this season is weak in men, with the exception of the tenors. There are the baritones, Messrs. Scotti and Van Rooy, to be sure, but a company of large pretentions should not be obliged to entrust important parts to Mr. Straccinari. How lame and impotent was the fooling of the "comedians" in "Boheme"! Schaunard, Marcello and Colline were finer fellows than they appeared last Tuesday.

Why in the world was "Iris" inflicted on this city? It is said that by its contract with the publishers the Metropolitan Company is obliged to give a certain number of performances. New York endured only five, and therefore other cities must come to the rescue. This story seems to be a plausible one. But what a stupid opera this "Iris" is! So stupid that the hearer is hardly awake to the repulsive nature of the second act.

There was a time when Moszkowski was looked on as a composer of great promise. Too much, perhaps, was expected of him, and his amazing popularity was his artistic ruin. He is a man of an easy-going nature, however romantic and ambitious he may have been at the start. He found that publishers would gladly pay him for salon pot boilers and he yielded cheerfully to their demands. He gave a concert in London some weeks ago with a programme of his own works. The concert lasted about two hours, and even the patient, much-enduring London critics rebelled. The Pall Mall Gazette said gently: "That the Polish musician has a turn for charming melody, a very dainty imagination and no mean technical skill few will deny; but few, upon the other hand, will maintain that he is precisely of the stuff of which great composers are made. The delights of his music lie for the most part very near to the surface and though his ideas and his methods pass muster well enough in his piano sketches, transcriptions, and even his new suite in A flat, they are frankly out of place in a piano or violin concerto."

Eugen d'Albert is at work on an opera. "Izell." The libretto is taken from an Indian saga.

They have discovered in Cleveland that Cesar Franck's "complications and lack of sound tricks to entice the popular fancy make him always difficult to interpret."

Joseph Holbrooke, the English composer, declares boldly that Wagner's "Ring" is "the most fearful leviathan in music that has been bequeathed to us, and that it will not increase in popularity for that reason." Mr. Holbrooke also shouts: "If I dared to waste my time giving my opinion of some of our daily papers on art matters, the squeals, shrieks and brickbats which have been flung at my devoted head lately would be as in comparison to a white mice nest and a jaguar's den." This Mr. Holbrooke is not a restful person, but how does any one fling a squeal?

Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto, assisted by Miss Bessie Collier, violinist, will give a concert at 26 Fenway, Tuesday afternoon, the 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaines will give a concert of songs and duets in Potter Hall, Saturday afternoon, the 25th. The programme will include groups of English, French and German songs.

"A. J. V. S." thus analyzed Mme. Gadski for the Chicago Inter-Ocean: "Mme. Gadski has a certain genuine nobiesse and graciousness in her manner which distinguishes her among her colleagues; an apparent naivete which gains her the immediate sympathies of the audience, and an optimistic confidence in herself which soon permeates the entire house. Her whole personality breathes optimism; her art inspires it." When Mme. Gadski sings in Boston she seems a little "shy" in the matter of naivete.

In a list of press opinions, quoted on the back of a programme a few days ago, we came upon the cheering information that "Miss —— seemed thoroughly at home in Mendelssohn's immoral concerto." It suggests the need for a censor of music.—Daily Telegraph.

The programme of the Symphony concerts this week includes the overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; C. P. E. Bach's symphony in E flat major (first time); Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus"; Hadley's symphony in B minor, No. 3 (first time).

Mischa Elman, the celebrated young violinist, will give concerts in the United States next season.

The death of Clara Novello at Rome recalls the fact that Charles Lamb, who had no ear and had a "blank insensibility to music," apostrophized her in a poem printed in the Athenaeum July 26, 1834. In it are these lines:

I hate those trills, and shakes, and sounds that float
Upon the captive air; I know no note
Nor ever shall, whatever folks may say,
Of the strange mysteries of Sol and Fa.
I sit at oratorios like a fish,
Incapable of sound, and only wish
The thing was over. Yet do I admire,
O tuneful daughter of a tuneful sire,
Thy painful labors in a science which
To your deserts I pray may make you rich
As much as you are loved, and add a grace
To the most musical Novello race.
Women lead men by the nose, some cynics say:
You draw them by the ear—a delicate way.

Lamb used to sup at the old Novello's house, and in his essay "A Chapter on Ears," he describes the father playing the organ, converting "his drawing-room into a chapel, his week-days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens." Lamb fancifully relates his own conversion to Catholicism under the spell of this music, "till the coming in of the friendly supper tray" dissipated the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer reconciled him to his former faith.

The People's Choral Union will give a performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, the 26th, at 7:30 o'clock. Samuel W. Cole will conduct. The solo singers will be Mrs. Williams, Miss Stanaway, George Parker and Earl Cartwright. The orchestra will be made up of 40 Boston Symphony players.

April 10 1

SOME GOOD SINGING, MUCH TAME ACTION

Such Was Performance of "Don Giovanni" at Boston

BOSTON THEATRE: Mozart's "Don Giovanni" performed by the Metropolitan Opera House Company, of New York, Mr. Conried director. Gustav Mahler conducted.

Don Giovanni	Mr. Scotti
Donna Anna	Mme. Eames
Donna Elvira	Mme. Fornia
Don Ottavio	Mr. Bonci
Leporello	Mr. Blass
Don Pedro	Mr. Muehlmann
Masetto	Mr. Barocchi
Zerlina	Miss Farrar

There was a very large audience; there was much applause for Miss Farrar and Mr. Bonci; there was hearty appreciation of Mr. Mahler's control of the orchestra; of Mr. Scotti's nimble delivery of the drinking song, and of Mme. Eames' singing in the earlier scenes.

The performance was in one way interesting and in another it was tame, which is perhaps a prettier word than dull. The presentation was interesting by reason of the attempt to return to Mozart's original score, as was seen in the finale of the first act sung without chorus; in the disposition of the orchestra on the stage for the dancing in the said finale, and for the supper music at the end; in the nature of the orchestra itself, although, on account of the size of the theatre the number of players was greater than that at Mozart's disposal; in the management of various scenes that there might be more continuous action.

All this was interesting and yet the stage management might well be questioned in certain details. Thus the opening scene was too well lighted, so that the lantern of Leporello was incongruous; and the exit of Don Giovanni from his own house at the end of the first act was weak and ineffective.

But these matters interest probably only a few. The great majority of opera goers care little for reverence paid the intentions of librettist and composer. They are more concerned with the character of the singing and the nature of the action.

"Don Giovanni" calls for singers of the first rank, singers with intelligence and taste as well as voice. The music given to Donna Anna demands a singer of tragic dignity and the grand style. Donna Elvira's music is extremely difficult, and she herself is by no means a woman of little importance. She is the incarnation of devotion to a male. She is the one woman who has a certain influence over the rakehelly hero. She is faithful to him till the end. She is much more than the whining creature who is too often seen impersonating her and laboring heavily with music beyond her power. And so one might go through the list of characters in this immortal comedy of life and manners.

There is Don Giovanni himself. Volumes have been written about his true character. He has been studied physiologically and psychologically. Only two years ago the "Legende de Don Juan," by Georges Gendarme de Bevotte, was published, a marvel of erudition and of acute and searching criticism. There is the subtle analysis of Victor Maurel, whose impersonation of the hero was one of the most brilliant glories of the operatic stage. It is not necessary now to split hairs over the true Don Giovanni, whether he were an idealist ever in search of the one woman, or merely a seducer, or rather, to follow Mr. Maurel's theory, the procreator, the genius of the race. We will agree to this: Don Giovanni impersonated on the stage should have exterior charm, a seductive bearing and voice and the manners of the grand seigneur. He is something more than a baritone in his Sunday best and with a drinking song, a serenade and an admired duet with Zerlina.

Mr. Scotti is a thoughtful singing actor. He has composed certain parts, as Scarpia, Tonio and others, with care and intelligence. His Don Giovanni is not successful. First of all it is wholly lacking in distinction. It has no marked quality of any kind. It is neither irresistibly virile, heroically animal, nor subtle in amorous influence and force. It was hardly worth while for the statue to leave its pedestal to sup with this ordinary person. Indeed, this Don Giovanni hardly called for a signal instance of divine vengeance. Don Giovanni is a superb creature in dialogue and song, in daring action and in indifferent repose, in slaying the Commander and in braving hell. Mr. Scotti gave little idea of this character that has fascinated the world for centuries.

Then there is Leporello, liar, coward, glutton, good-for-nothing, yet in a way faithful to his master, and at the same time amusing by reason of his own sense of humor and not only through his open knavery. He should be light on his feet, voluble, restless, with a dash of the rogue, a born comedian likewise. Mr. Blass' impersonation was conscientious. Imagine for a moment a conscientious Leporello! We saw last night, then, a valet who was not amusing, a logey valet, on his feet and in speech. He too weighted heavily the performance as with weights of lead.

Miss Farrar was a charming Zerlina, not too coquettish after the nature of a soubrette, not too unsophisticated. Nor did she assume airs of undue importance, for Zerlina is a secondary figure in the tragi-comedy. She sang her airs delightfully.

Mme. Eames is by nature a lyric, not a dramatic singer. She sang effectively in the opening scene and showed more physical animation than is expected of her. In her grand aria she lacked tragic breadth and authority, not from ignorance of what was demanded of her, but because the part itself is for a singer of more heroic character. Mme. Newman followed many predecessors in persuading the audience that Donna Elvira was a weak woman, given to useless complaining, with a fine capacity for exhausting the patience and interest of any reasonable male. Her singing was not to be commended.

Mr. Bonci had a thankless task, for Don Ottavio is a pale character; but he sang the two arias with rare vocal skill. His management of breath, beauty of phrasing and constant display of taste were glorious features in a performance that cannot be remembered with lively pleasure. There are not many tenors of his ability who could resist the temptation of winning applause by the introduction of a high note in the second aria. Mr. Barocchi and Mr. Muehlmann did well, each according to his capacity.

Mr. Mahler again displayed the admirable qualities which I described yesterday morning. His accompaniment of the recitatives on a species of clavecin was an agreeable relief from the accompaniments to which we have hitherto been subjected. In spite of all his efforts and in spite of the quick changing of the scenes, the performance was spiritless and too often vocally inadequate.

"Don Giovanni" was performed without a fascinating hero, and the village girl was more distinguished than the fine ladies for whom Mozart wrote arias that should be the speech of heroines.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" will be performed tonight for the first time in this city. Miss Lina Cavalieri, the Manon, will sing for the first time in Boston. The other singers will be Messrs. Caruso, Scotti, Barocchi, Lucas, Reiss, Begue, Delwary, Navarini and Miss Mattfeld. Mr. Ferrari will conduct.

April 9, 1908

APPOLO CLUB CONCERT.

Varied Programme Heard at Fourth Entertainment of Season.

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, gave its fourth concert of this season last night in Jordan Hall.

SCOTTI AS DON GIOVANNI

Baritone of Metropolitan Company Heard at Boston Theatre Last Night.

(Copyright by Burr McIntosh.)

The club sang part songs by Wolff, Protheroe, Juengst, Othegraven, Bishop-Page, Sullivan and Brambach. Protheroe's "Sandman," Juengst's "Scissors Grinder" and Othegraven's "Rosemary" were repeated.

Mme. Florence Mulford sang an aria from "Samson and Delilah," and songs by Mackenzie and Becker.

John A. O'Shea played Thiele's "Finale" for organ.

April 10 1908

DR. MUCK AT HIS POST.

Will Be Able to Conduct at Symphony Concert This Afternoon.

Dr. Karl Muck will be able to conduct the public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this afternoon and at the concert Saturday (tomorrow) playing the overtures by Mozart and Beethoven and the little symphony by C. P. E. Bach. Hadley's new symphony in B minor, No. 3, will be conducted by Mr. Wendling, the concert master, who [illegible]

The public rehearsal of the orchestra next week will be on Thursday afternoon as the day after will be Good Friday.

April 10 1908

Men and Things

Mr. Harry Cooper, a prosperous young farmer of Bergen county, N. J., visiting Paterson, thought he would find pleasure in a theatre of that town, but he was not allowed to sit in the orchestra. Not because he was under the blighting influence of malt, not because his breath smelt like fireworks, but solely for this reason: he was wearing a soft flannel shirt with a roll over collar. In other words, he had the courage to prefer comfort to style. Had he worn a stiff white collar, either choker or turn over, he would have been welcomed. Is it a wonder that anarchism rears its head defiantly in Paterson?

* * *

When you stop to think of it, what can be more absurd and uncomfortable than the combination of "biled shirt," collar and cuffs, whether the collar and cuffs be part of the shirt or be painfully adjusted? When the collar and cuffs are an inherent part of the shirt, they are a little more comfortable, perhaps, but this arrangement is only for the idle rich. The busy rich will soil the cuffs before high noon, alas, in Boston, which is now a smoky, smutty town, for soft coal which came in at the time of the coal famine is still burned in large quantities and without consideration of the cleanliness and the former fair fame of the city. Look, for instance, at the unhappy men who feel themselves obliged to don white gloves for the opera or for an evening and private concert. The gloves may be spotless when they are put on in the coat room of the private house; they may even be taken fresh from delicate paper wrapping. At the end of the function they are not unlike a geological chart which illustrates the different periods, Devonian, Silurian, and especially the Carboniferous. So it is with shirt and collars and cuffs.

* * *

Private evening concerts remind us of the supper that follows, the anticipation of which cheers and sustains the bored through an interminable quartet, trio or sonata; and the conventional supper puts us in mind of a young lady in Jelenia Gorna, Silesia. A surgeon in the discharge of his duty opened her a month or so ago and, lo, her stomach contained 141 iron nails an inch long, 160 crooked pins, 70 safety pins, 7 pin heads and 4 pieces of glass, "making a total of 382 'foreign bodies,'" which weighed about two pounds and a quarter. The Australian emu could not have done much better.

Old saws and gimlets
Its appetite whets
Like the world famous bark of Peru.

* * *

To B. T. Yes, the late Fitzgerald Molloy was the brother of James Lynn Molloy, who wrote many pretty melodies that were once heard everywhere. The composer was also an amateur actor, and with his gifts and a pleasant tongue he succeeded in wooing a Baskerville of Crowsley. After that he became a Pope's Noble Guardsman. J. L. Molloy was by profession a lawyer.

We have looked anxiously this week for pleasing personal notes concerning the singing men and women now in Boston, and especially for notes concerning their preferred food and drink. Do any of them take bracers in their dressing rooms?

Malibran, singing in "The Desert" had a song of which much was expected, but it did not go. She said to the manager, the immortal Bunn, who wrote the libretto of "The Bohemian Girl": "You arrange that I shall have a pot of porter before I sing it, and I'll make sure of the encore." In the desert scene, a specially detailed super carried on a pot of porter, which was conveniently hidden behind a camel, or a hero, until Malibran could put it down unseen. An encore always followed the emptying of the pot—a vocal encore, not another pot.

It is also said that Malibran refreshed herself on the stage with sardines dipped in Madeira. She died young.

Mme. Cinti-Damoreau, an abstemious woman in private life, drank coffee dashed with rum, and in the last act "Malaga-pale ale." Mme. Dorus-Gras preferred mutton and beans.

Marie Laguerre's taste was so well known that she was dubbed "Iphigenie en Champagne." At last she was jailed, and after her release she reformed. She thereafter confined herself to only 13 glasses of champagne at dinner; but she knew the reward of virtue, for although she died when she was 28 years old, she left $160,000 in cash, $8000 a year in investments, two houses and much jewelry. Dumenil, the male singer, who was thrashed soundly by Miss De Maupin in the dress of a man, used to drink six bottles of champagne in the course of a performance, and his singing and acting in the last act awakened enthusiasm. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that these entertaining facts are not all to be found in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.

April 11 1908

"MANON LESCAUT"

Boston Theatre: First performance in Boston of Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," opera in four acts, libretto based by Domenico Oliva on the Abbe Prevost's romance of the same title. Metropolitan Opera House Company, Mr. Conried, director. Mr. Ferrari conducted.

Manon Lescaut	Lina Cavalieri
Lescaut	Mr. Scotti
Des Grieux	Mr. Caruso
Geronte	Mr. Barocchi
Edmondo	Mr. Lucas
Innkeeper	Mr. Begue
A Musician	Mme. Matthield
Ballet Master	Mr. Delwary
Lamplighter	Mr. Reiss
Sergeant	Mr. Navarini
Sea Captain	Mr. Begue

An unfamiliar opera and a singer unknown here except by her reputation for beauty and by the story of her adventures were received with enthusiasm by a very large audience. A performance of general excellence and the thrilling singing of Mr. Caruso awakened applause that must have surprised singers and orchestra accustomed to more moderate rapture in New York.

This opera, the third of Puccini's, and composed and produced before "Boheme," is a series of four scenes; the first two are comedy; the third is melodramatic; the fourth is tragic, and it is also in the nature of an anti-climax, for the true interest both of the libretto and the music ends with the deportation at Havre. It would be difficult for any one that is unacquainted with the Abbe Prevost's romance to gain a clear idea of the plot, for the first two acts are wholly unconnected. Manon, who has been handed over to old Geronte by her rascally brother, runs away with Des Grieux. At the beginning of the second act she is Geronte's mistress, and courted and flattered by old sinners and young abbes.

Not a word of her life with Des Grieux and her selfish, cruel abandonment of him. He enters and upbraids her. Geronte, not partial to a triangular affair of the heart, finds Manon and Des Grieux locked in each other's arms. He summons the police. In the third act Manon is in prison at Havre awaiting deportation with other "filles de joie." Des Grieux, unable to gain her release, begs to accompany her. His prayer is granted. The fourth scene represents, according to the libretto, "a vast plain on the New Orleans territory."

As the scene was set last night, this rocky, hilly plain would amaze Louisianians and those who have visited the state. Manon and Des Grieux wandering over the rocks lament their lot, and Manon dies. Just as Massenet in his "Manon" neglected the scene at Havre—for his Manon dies on the road to that seaport—so Puccini paid no attention to the dramatic opportunity offered by the church scene.

Puccini's music is frankly melo-dramatic in this opera. It is from beginning to the end stage music, designed to make effects rather than to portray character. There is little in the first act that demands attention. The most striking pages are those of the chorus that mocks Geronte and Lescaut. The second act is musically much stronger. The madrigal is charming. The dance music lacks lightness, but with the entrance of Des Grieux the music has true emotional character.

The third act is a masterpiece in its way. Here Puccini shows his ability to treat vocal masses musically with stirring dramatic results. The roll call of the unfortunate girls, the jeering or admiring comments of the crowd, the despair of the lovers about to be separated—these factors are knit together and produce an overwhelming effect, while the appeal of Des Grieux to the Captain is poignant, heart-rending. As I have said, the fourth act is an anti-climax.

It has been said that Puccini's style is a blend of Ponchielli's, the later Verdi's and of Massenet's. We all have heard now four operas by Puccini. It is easy to see, especially after "Manon Lescaut," that Puccini has his own musical speech, his own formulas and mannerisms both in his vocal writing and in his treatment of the orchestra. In "Manon Lescaut" he relies more upon direct melodic appeal.

This music has not the harmonic finesse and the orchestral super-refinement of the operas that followed. Yet in "Manon Lescaut" there are abundant evidences of the composer's instinct for dramatic contrasts and effects. He is pre-eminently a man of the playhouse. An Italian composer of the earlier school would have rung down the curtains in the first act on the exultant outburst of the lovers, an outburst that is in the conventionally robust Italian manner, and been sure of the applause that follows any exhibition of physical force; but Puccini ends the scene quietly and in comedy spirit, with Lescaut appeasing old Geronte and the chorus mocking the two. So in the second act there are most effective contrasts.

The melodic lines in this opera are not so distinguished as in "Boheme"; they are more conventional, especially in the stentorian climaxes and final cadences. There is much that is passionate, there is less that is quietly yet irresistibly emotional.

There is the hot expression of youth, there is the love of explosive sentiment. While the orchestration has not the nuances of that of the later works, while it is not so skilfully contrived or so varied in eloquence, it nevertheless is often impressive; it comments on the action, becomes excited with the development of the tragedy. It often has more character than the music given at the same time to the singers, and not infrequently it is swollen out of due proportion to the action.

When Puccini wrote this music he had not yet learned to individualize his characters by the musical expression. Lescaut is a picturesque villain, but his music has no character. The music of Des Grieux might be given to any tenor in distress. And Manon? Mention Mimi, or Floria Tosca, or Mme. Butterfly and you at once recall music that is associated inevitably with each woman. But Manon is not typified in music. I do not mean to complain because she has no typical motive as a tag to identify her; but her music is in no way expressive of her character.

The performance was a stirring one, all in all the most complete performance that has thus far been given this week. Mme. Cavalieri perhaps disappointed some in the first act, especially those who were curious about her beauty. This beauty, which is indisputable, was not revealed till the third act, when she was simply dressed. In the boudoir scene the demands for action showed her exquisite proportions and her grace of bearing, but her make-up was exaggerated and her facial beauty suffered.

She is not a great singer, nor has she ever pretended to be one; but she has made remarkable progress since she first determined to leave the cafe concert for the opera house. Her voice

(Copyright, Alice Dupont.)

Mme. Lina Cavalieri.

is not sensuous, it is not commanding, but it has a quality of its own, and it is effective. She sang often with natural feeling and acquired skill. She has already learned the value of restraint. She was not guilty last evening of vocal exaggerations; she did not force her tones, nor did she allow herself to be goaded to screaming by the raging orchestra. Graceful in action, she suggested in the first act the unsophisticated girl who fell in love at first sight. In the second she hinted delicately at the elegance and heartlessness of the courtesan, nor was she deficient in the portrayal of tender sentiment and deep affection in the scenes that followed.

Mr Caruso has never sung here as he sang last night. The Herald has often praised his golden voice, his tones which he has frequently squandered carelessly, recklessly. As Des Grieux he sang with a great variety of emotional expression, nor was the emotion merely inherent in the tones themselves; it came apparently from a dreaming mind warmed and led by the successive situations. His impersonation was in all respects a memorable one.

Mr Scotti was a capital Lescaut, and his portrayal was finely composed and adroitly carried out. Excellent, too, was Mr. Baroccchi's Geronte, and a feature of the performance was the singing of Mr. Lucas as Edmondo, not only the singing, but the light and easy action. The minor parts were well taken. The work of the chorus was unusually good throughout. Mr. Ferrari conducted with great warmth and with a fine appreciation of the composer's intentions. The opera was handsomely mounted.

A laurel wreath was given to Mr. Caruso after the third act.

The opera this afternoon will be Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." The solo singers will be Mmes. Fremstad and Homer and Messrs. Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass, Muehlmann, Reiss and Bayer. Mr. Mahler will conduct. The performance will begin at 1:45 o'clock.

The opera this evening will be Thomas' "Mignon." The solo singers will be Mmes. Farrar, Abott, Jacoby and Messrs. Bonci, Plancon, Lucas, Muehlmann. Mr. Bovy will conduct.

Men and Things

The singers and the opera-goers, not to mention Mr. Conried, have had a lucky week, as far as weather and agreeable excitement go. Mme. Josephine Jacoby has not been obliged to assume at short notice several unfamiliar parts, as was her fate last year. By the way, it is stated that she will sing either in concert or in operetta next season. Inasmuch as she has sung often in tights, and with considerable success, at the Metropolitan Opera House, the thought of operetta is not wholly displeasing to her.

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For Mme. Jacoby is not like Miss Henrietta Lee, known in private life as Mrs. Charles P. Morrison. The latter sued managers for $8450 for breach of contract. The managers had insisted that as a queen of burlesque and an occupant of the star dressing room she should wear tights. They were willing to add a red feather helmet. Miss Lee rebelled and would not wear this simple costume. She is said to be "a fine figure of a woman," yet she preferred skirts. Possibly the fact that the tights were red had something to do with her objection. Red is a trying color. Even the Apollo Belvedere would not be irresistible in a suit of red flannels. The jury saw Miss Lee, heard her story, pondered the matter deeply, and awarded her $4700.

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The Cherry sisters, once famous, have been in Des Moines. Effie has been weak ever since she had an attack of appendicitis, so they will soon go back to their little farm, but Miss Ada has decided views on art. She told a reporter of the Register and Leader that "burlesque is all right." "We have been with this burlesque company for four weeks now and we haven't seen a single thing but what we consider perfectly proper." The reporter asked: "But the tights—er, is that all right; do you approve of girls cavorting around in pink tights?" To which Ada answered sensibly and simply: 'I said that everything we have seen thus far is all right." Ada's motto is a golden one: "What you don't know, won't hurt you." It appears that the

Caruso, in "Manon," Drawn by Himself.

question at Des Moines was concerning the color pink. In Thackeray's novels the gay old dogs, belted earls and rakish jukes are pursuing "pink bonnets." Why this early association of pink with emancipated conduct? In Shakespeare's time there was the phrase "the pink of courtesy," and the phrase still survives. Pink was also used to characterize a woman of fashion, a well-dressed man, a champion in the ring; but for some reason or other the color became associated with ladies of rouge and patchouli. We hasten to add that dozens of highly respectable women have worn, and are wearing, pink tights, though we personally prefer other colors for "fleshings."

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The Cherry sisters disappoint us in one way: they do not look on the press as the palladium of our liberties, the weapon of the oppressed against the tyrant, the lever that moves the world, etc., etc. "Reporters," said Miss Ada, "always give us a rotten deal. Every time they get a chance to hand us anything they do it."

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Burlesque is approved by the Cherry sisters, but in Niles, O., a show entitled "The French Maids" was barred from the playhouse. The mayor did it, and his name is, appropriately, Naylor. The manager of the show is also appropriately named no doubt; "which his name it is" Faun.

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To go back to Des Moines. We are informed by the Capital of that city that Miss Alice C. Wilkinson, a physical instructor, says she'll resign if the state university "co-eds" do not appear in low-necked blouses and bloomers at the annual physical culture exhibition. As the Iowa City correspondent of the Capital remarks with a personal interest that is passionate even at this distance: "Miss Wilkinson is not a prude. She hails from Chicago, where the lake air puts roses in the girls' cheeks and fire in their brains." Yes, yes, but what has all this to do with the question of low-necked blouses and bloomers? Surely Miss Wilkinson does not mean the hideous garment invented by Mrs. Bloomer; it must be some variation, something like the garment mentioned by Charles Reade: "At sight of Miss Courtenay in a bloomer he was ravished," and Reade even went so far as to typify the woman by the dress. "She then burst out crying, which was an unfair advantage the Bloomer took over poor Reginald."

April 12 1908

MISS FARRAR HEARD IN ROLE OF MIGNON

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" GIVEN AT THE MATINEE

Mmes. Fremstad and Homer

BOSTON THEATRE—Performance of Thomas' "Mignon" by the Metropolitan Opera House company, Mr. Conried director. Samuel Bovy conducted.

Mignon..... Miss Farrar
Frederico..... Mme. Jacoby
Filina..... Miss Abott
Lothario..... Mr. Plancon
Laerte..... Mr. Lucas
Giarno..... Mr. Muehlmann
Guglielmo..... Mr. Bonci

Some, while they were interested in Miss Farrar and Miss Abott—the latter made her first operatic appearance in Boston last night—were bored by "Mignon" and wished the Metropolitan Opera House company had chosen a more brilliant work for a farewell performance. Some found pleasure in the opera itself by remembering female singers in the part of Mignon, as Christine Nilsson, and the inexplicable failure of Emma Calve when she attempted the part for the first time in Mechanics' building 14 years ago. Calve was superstitious about the performance, she was physically indisposel, and as a result, although the other singers were Mme. Nordica, de Lucia and Plancon, the evening was a melancholy one.

There were many last night who enjoyed both the singers and the opera itself, as was evident by the applause and curtain calls, and the audience was a very large one. It must be said, however, that the music now seems to be without honesty of emotion and often dull; its brilliance that once was thought genuine is now plainly pinchbeck. There are absurdities in every opera, but they are easily pardoned when there is either true beauty of melody or dramatic intensity. The melodic vein of Thomas was thin, and he had little dramatic strength.

"Mignon" is artificial in its expression of sentiment. One of the most grotesque scenes is the one in which the harper when the palace is burning calmly picks his harp, as Nero fiddled while Rome was in flames. And this harper, even though his music be sung by Plancon, is the most dismal bore in all opera. There are colossal bores, and there are frightful bores, but the harper is the most depressing.

Miss Farrar's Mignon was interesting, but it is not yet one of her best parts. She acted the lighter scenes with freedom and grace; she was tragic rather than melodramatic in the scene in the park, but she is not yet able to suggest the mysterious, almost unearthly character of the wanderer. Miss Farrar is a singing woman of marked intelligence, and she already is conspicuous among singing actresses. No doubt she will develop this impersonation and give it more individuality.

Her singing was often delightful and at times impressive, but her interpretation of the familiar "Dost Know the Land" was taken at so slow a pace that the melody suffered. It may be said that her choice of tempo was appropriate to the dreamy mood. Unfortunately, Miss Farrar fell asleep while she was dreaming.

Miss Abott was a fair apparition, especially in the scene outside the palace, castle, or villa, and she often showed vocal proficiency. In the first act her tones were light and they did not always carry. She sang with more authority in the dressing room scene. Her performance of the once celebrated bravura air was distinguished by care, rather than by brilliance.

Mr. Bonci, who received a wreath, sang with much taste and finesse; it was a pleasure to hear Mr. Plancon again even in a thankless part; Mr. Lucas and Mr. Muehlmann were excellent.

The opera was well mounted, the chorus and orchestra did good work and Mr. Bovy conducted intelligently and with spirit.

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The opera in the afternoon was Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Mahler conducted. The cast was as follows:

Tristan..... Mr. Burgstaller
Karwenal..... Mr. Van Rooy
Melot..... Mr. Muehlmann
Marke..... Mr. Blass
Isolde..... Mme. Fremstad
Brangaene..... Mme. Homer
Shepherd..... Mr. Reiss
Steersman..... Mr. Bayer
Sailor..... Mr. Reiss

A large audience was enthusiastic over the performance, which, admirable in certain ways, disappointed in one essential—the impersonation of Tristan by Mr. Burgstaller. Possibly he was indisposed; the fact remains that his singing left much to be desired. His intonation was often faulty, he chopped his phrases, and at no time had he much respect for the continuity and the beauty of the melodic line. His performance was vocally inferior to that of last season as I remember it. Nor had he in action the chivalric air which we reasonably attribute to Tristan.

On the other hand, Mme. Fremstad's impersonation of Isolde had uncommon charm. She sang with marked beauty of tone and with a fine appreciation of the lyrical expression of the text. For once we heard an Isolde who neither relied on a glorious past nor put her confidence in continual shrieking. Mme. Ternina was a noble and at the same time womanly Isolde, but her voice had neither the sensuous charm nor the flexibility of Mme. Fremstad's.

It should not be forgotten, however, that Mme. Fremstad was greatly assisted by Mr. Mahler's inspired reading of the score and marvellous control over the orchestra. He allowed the Princess Isolde to have her say according to her will. Mme. Fremstad's dramatic interpretation was singularly beautiful. In her anger she was a wounded woman, not merely a virago. We have all seen Isoldes who scolded in the first act until they were drugged. Mme. Fremstad expressed the tenderness and the depth of Isolde's love as well as her flaming passion.

Mme. Homer was especially effective in the second act in the great song where she watches over the lovers. Mr. Van Rooy's Kurwenal is better than his Wotan. Mr. Blass' Marke is familiar. The minor parts were taken acceptably.

It would be a pleasure to speak somewhat in detail of Mr. Mahler's wonderful reading of the score; how under his direction the orchestral song was a steady flow of eloquence.

THE OPERA SEASON.

The season was an eminently successful one. All the operas announced were performed, and there was no change in any cast. The Boston public had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Messrs. Mahler and Bonci, with Mme. Cavalieri, and with Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." The performances were often brilliant and generally excellent. Only that of "Don Giovanni" was a disappointment. The receipts were far in excess, it is said, of those of any previous operatic week in the Boston Theatre. The management of both the Metropolitan Opera House Company and of the Boston Theatre did everything possible to provide for the comfort of the audiences.

21ST SYMPHONY

The 21st Symphony concert was given last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck, who was welcomed heartily, conducted the first three works: Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro," C. P. E. Bach's Symphony in E flat major, No. 2, and Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus." Mr. Wendling, the concert master, conducted Henry Hadley's Symphony in B minor No. 3, which was performed for the first time in this country.

The overture to Mozart's opera—and there is not a more animated and sparkling prelude to a comedy—was played with delightful delicacy, the finest sense of proportion, and irresistible brio. The symphony by Bach was played here for the first time. It is one of four composed at Hamburg in 1776. The first of the set has been heard here. The second is in three movements, which are closely connected. The first is a lively allegro, which shows Bach's independence of formulas as they existed in his period. The free use of the wind instruments is also noticeable. The second movement is a short Larghetto, which is Mozartian both in mood and in form of expression. The third movement, an allegretto, is the least interesting of the three. As a whole the symphony is a charming little work that gave immediate pleasure and might well be repeated. Dr. Muck's reading of the noble "Coriolanus" overture was impressive.

There is natural interest here in Mr. Hadley's works, for he is a Somerville boy, he has indisputable talent, and as composer and conductor he is fast gaining an honorable reputation in Europe. This symphony, his third, was composed in Italy and at Munich in the summer of 1906. It was performed for the first time under the composer's direction at Berlin last December. The music is absolute, that is to say it has no programme, although Mr. Hadley writes that the second movement was suggested by hearing afternoons the bells from a distant church which he heard in a secluded spot in woods near Monza, where he worked out of doors.

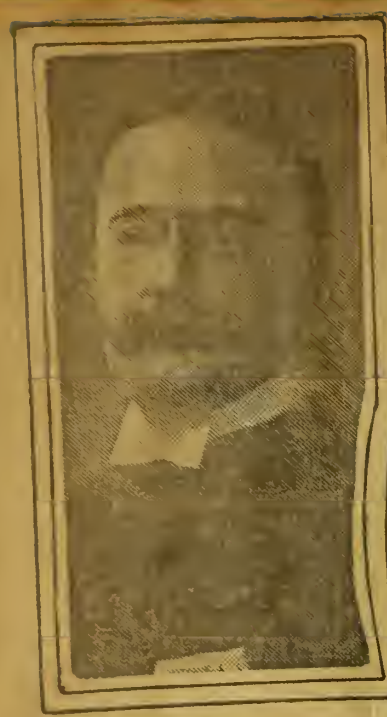
The symphony is in the usual form. The first movement is not one of special distinction. The themes are fresh, but the development is conventional, although it is written by a practised hand, and the instrumentation is in no way remarkable. The two movements that follow have decided character. The Andante, with its suggestion of church bells, its suave chief melody, its romantic contrasting section, has real beauty, and the music is singularly euphonious through choice of harmonies and masterly instrumentation. Much may be justly expected of the man who has written this andante and the scherzo that follows. This scherzo, which is technically difficult, is original in conception and in the expression of thought. The finale is not on a level with the two preceding movements. The chief theme is rather ordinary, the treatment of the second reminds one of Puccini, and the movement as a whole is an example of routine facility.

The public rehearsal this week will be on Thursday afternoon.

WHAT SORT OF LADY WAS MISS DELILAH?

"A Bad Lot," Says Renan, and Samson's Wife, According to Good Chrysostom.

The venerable Handel and Haydn Society has at last yielded to the spell of Delilah—I hasten to add, Saint-Saens' Delilah. On next Sunday evening the society, Mr. Emil Mollenauer, conductor, will perform for the first time in its history Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah." The solo singers will be Mme. Eleanore de Cisneros of the Manhattan Opera House, New York, and Messrs. George Hamlin, Emilio de Gogorza and Willard Flint. Mme. de Cisneros is a Brooklyn girl by birth and her name was Broadfoot. She was a member of the Metropolitan Opera House company in 1899-90, took a few minor parts, visited Boston and sang in a "sacred concert" of the company at the Boston Theatre Dec. 17, 1899. She went to Italy, appeared as Amneris at Turin and afterward sang with marked success



EMILIO DE GOGORZA.

MME. DE CISNEROS

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GEORGE HAMLIN.

HENRY HADLEY.

other Italian cities, at Lisbon, where she was engaged for a season or two, in Spain, South America, at London, etc.

The Handel and Haydn is not unacquainted with Samson as Handel's hero. John Braham sang "Total Eclipse" in Boston as early as 1849, but Handel's oratorio was first performed by the Handel and Haydn in 1845. During the 30th season there were 13 performances and the receipts were $3000. Miss Stone's voice was likened unto "the shower of meteors which illumine our November nights," but there was popular dissatisfaction because the part of Manoah, the reverend sire, was given to a handsome young man of 18 or 19 years.

Handel's "Samson" was performed here by the society in 1883 (April 2). The singers were Mme. Nordica, Miss Rollwagen, Messrs. W. J. Winch, Lamson, Plunket Greene.

Delilah appears in Handel's work, but only after Samson is blind and in chains. Samson rudely calls her a hyena, and Delilah, a good-hearted creature after all, instead of answering in a like spirit, urges him to leave his prison house, to go to her home, where she will both love and nurse him. The invitation is cordial, pressing. She sings:

To fleeting pleasures make your court,
No moment lose, for life is short;
The present now's our only time,
The missing that our only crime.

But Samson, remembering the shearing of his locks, is naturally shy, and he prefers his prison house. Delilah leaves him, and Micah, a wise old guy, remarks: "She's gone; a serpent manifest; her sting discovered in the end," a long winded amplification of the emphatic "Stung!" Samson admits that a true woman is rarely found, and the chorus sings, without consideration of women's leagues:

To man God's universal law
Gave pow'r to keep his wife in awe;
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismay'd
By female usurpation sway'd.

Saint-Saens is a patriotic Frenchman and the one dramatic thing in the story of Samson that appeals to him is Delilah's triumph over the strong man: The episode of—to quote Henley's phrase—"What in France is called l'amour."

And who and what, pray, was this Delilah?

There are three women in the Bible of whom we would fain know more: Delilah, the Queen of Sheba and the daughter of Herodias.

Thus does the story of Delilah begin in the Book of Judges: "And it came to pass afterward that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek whose name was Delilah. And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, 'Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us, eleven hundreth pieces of silver.'"

We all know the end of the story. To quote Dr. Isaac Watts:

So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost.

Ewald says that the name, Delilah, signifies "traitress." Knobel calls her "Die Zarte," which means not only tender, delicate, but also subtle. Lange looks upon her as a weaver woman, if she were not an out and out "Zohah." (There is a fine passage in Montaigne's essay on cripples in which he replies to the Greeks who disparaged women weavers.) Renan smiles a fat smile and dubs her "une drolesse," which may be interpreted "a bad lot." Others find that her name is akin to the verb, "c'inveigler," to lull asleep. Chrysostom argued gravely and without warrant that she was Samson's wife, and the pious Milton, whose domestic experience was sour, accepted cheerfully this opinion of the holy father. Some have called her an Israelite in the employ of the Philistines, a political spy and courtesan; but it is not easy to determine the nationality of the dwellers in Sorek, for the frontier was as shifting as the love of the woman who immortalized the local-

the libretto written by Ferdinand Lemaire for Saint-Saens. Delilah is a zealous priestess of Dagon; she refuses to deliver up Samson for gold or silver, betrays him through religious fanaticism. She is therefore the sister of the more respectable Judith.

In the tragedy by Ippolito d'Aste made known to us by the elder Salvini, Delilah loves Samson. Before she met him she could say:

Within the arms
Of many, in the heart of none; 'mid loves
Unbridled, loving overmuch, I never
Loved any truly.

The idea of betraying the strong man shocked her:

I will not ope his tomb; he shall not taste
Death in my kiss.

She calls on the night to hide her after the betrayal; she tells blind Samson that she was the sport of fate; she clings to his breast in the temple scene.

Alas, we have no minute description of Delilah's face and body, whether she had the 30 points of beauty insisted on by the ancients and possessed by Helen in spite of her advanced age when Paris bore her away to Troy, or whether it were of the excellence commended by Bacon that hath some strangeness in the proportion. Milton's description of her is superb but not of the nature to satisfy the curious amorist:

But who is this? What thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedecked, ornate and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistine matron she may seem,
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

So sang the chorus to Samson, who tells Delilah that he knows her: "Thy gins and toils; Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms"; and the chorus admits that "beauty, tho' injurious, hath strange power, after offence returning, t' regain love once possessed"; The chorus also admits that Delilah has "outward ornament." Samson reviles her so that we are almost persuaded to wonder at his former infatuation and to say with the chorus: "God of our fathers, what is man!" Yet after all was it manly for the mighty poet thus to wreak lasting vengeance on his wife Mary, the daughter of Mr. Powell?

Delilah was no Amazon, no tragedy queen with buskined strut and strident, metallic voice. Samson in double darkness oft thought of her and, as Chastelard, awake in prison, sighed for his loose love, remembering the

Heavy scents of hair,
And fire of subtle, amorous eyes, and lips
More hot than wine, full of sweet, wicked words
Babbled against mine own lips, and long hands
Spread out, and pale, bright throat and pale, bright breasts
Fit to make all men mad.

And what was Delilah's ending? Milton's heroine saw herself cursed "in Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes."

But in my country where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer chose
Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb
With odors visited and annual flowers.

Is it not likely that she loved the Lion Killer to her death and drank daily to his memory in draughts of Sorek's heady wine? What Philistine or wandering stranger could ever take his place?

Yet Thomas Heywood in his "Nine Books of Women" merely mentions this wonderful woman in the fifth chapter: "Of Amazons and warlike women," where she is most unjustly named; "Dalila was the confusion of Sampson the Strong."

Restif de la Bretonne does not include her in the list of celebrated women in alphabetical order at the end of his "Les Gynographes." Defoe pays her attention, but it is in his "Political History of the Devil," and he calls her naughty names.

Josephus, the learned Jew, moralizes like an experienced man of the world: "As for Samson being ensnared by a woman, that is to be ascribed to human nature, which is too weak to resist sins."

Richard Rogers of Weathersfield in Essex, England, preached many sermons on the Book of Judges one Lenten season, and he plumed himself thereon, so that the sermons were published in 1615. A stern, ungallant man, he, nevertheless, smacked lips in his invective: "Samson was drunk with the sottish and inordinate love of her—then he saw too late with Adam that God was gone from him and that he had lost all the great strength which God had given him." Did Samson think of the consequences of his infatuation? No, according to the Rev. Richard Rogers; for "Delilah's lap and arms was no fit nor likely place or occasion of such thoughts or meditations." Samson was "blind-folded with her beauty."

The Rev. Thomas Beard, who, to quote his own words, over 265 years ago "painfully preached the Word of God and led life without scandal," wrote for the benefit of the inhabitants of Huntington a book entitled "The Theatre of God's Judgments." This Beard, the schoolmaster of Oliver Cromwell, does not mention Delilah, but he speaks of Samson, as "poor Samson," and thus shows his own human sympathy; and in the chapter "Of such as have murdered themselves" he quotes with reference to Samson's death St. Augustine's famous sentence from "The City of God": "It may be the church of God was persuaded by divine authority to receive them into the number of martyrs; or it may be they did this act, not being deceived, after the manner of men, but being commanded of God, not erring, but obeying."

"Poor Samson," indeed! Like Huayna Capac, the Peruvian ruler, "he could never refuse a woman, of whatever age or degree she might be, any favor that she asked him."

Did the Philistines blind Samson with lances, red-hot needles or red hot oil? Thus were men blinded in those wild days.

The commentators and myth hunters have made sport of the man. A Roman Catholic legend represents him as a physician. La Mothe le Vayer believed that the actions of the hero portrayed the Sceptical Philosopher. Sir Richard Burton in his "Book of the Sword" is sure that Samson is the Hebrew type of Hercules, the strong man, the slayer of monsters, the Sun God, and he quotes Wilkinson and Jablonski to this effect. Renan, however, insists that pure mythology was not to the taste of the ancient Hebrew.

Still more extraordinary is the comment made by the celebrated Mr. Bayle on the Philistines compelling Samson to grind at the mill. This is a prudish age and I regret that I cannot here give at length the ingenious speculation recorded and amplified by Bayle. The story told by Herodotus of the Scythians who put out the eyes of their male prisoners but spared their lives may furnish a clue to the curious. Bayle came to the conclusion that they were in the right "who cannot persuade themselves that the Philistines were so good natured as to punish in so agreeable a manner a man who had been a scourge to them and whom they hated as a pest," and he quoted two lines from Terence, which may thus be Englished: "There's nothing so easy but it becomes difficult, when one does it unwillingly."

The story of Samson and Delilah has furnished a text for many musical works. Perhaps the first was Colonna's oratorio, produced at Bologne in 1677. There is a long list of operas, oratorios, cantatas, ballets. Rameau wrote a grand opera, "Samson." Voltaire made a sketch of a libretto for this opera, but the orthodox oried out against the audacity of an "infidel" in using a biblical subject for the stage, and they prevented the performance. Voltaire alludes to this fact in a note to the libretto, which was published in 1752. In this note he refers to "Samson," appearing with Harlequin as a miracle worker at the Comedie Italienne, and says that Rameau used the music written for "Samson" in other operas, as "Zoroastre"; but Rameau's "Samson" was performed privately at the house of La Popelniere, and with success.

Duprez, the great French tenor, wrote an opera "Samson" and the elder Dumas assisted in preparing the libretto. The composer in his memoirs refers to "Samson" as "My cherished work, in which I put the most of my heart, intelligence, time, and, I may say, myself." The first scene represented Gaza and the meeting of Samson and Delilah; the second, Sorek, with the seduction and the treachery; in the third Samson ground at the mill, in the fourth the temple of Dagon was pulled down. There was a concert performance of this opera in which Miss Duprez and Pauline Viardot took part. Duprez was unable to put his opera on the stage, and Fould, the minister of fine arts, told him the stage setting of the last act alone would cost over $20,000. The composer then changed the words to suit an almost analogous subject taken from the Crusades. The opera was then called "Zephora"; but it was translated as "Samson" into Italian and German and given in concert form in Berlin in 1857.

Raff also wrote an opera "Samson."

In the greater number of these operas and oratorios Samson is a tenor, not a "Judenbass" or a "bierbass," but a tenor.

Saint-Saens' opera was completed about 1872, although in 1870 the second act was rehearsed with Augusta Holmes, Regnault, the painter, and Bussine as the singers. The same act was performed in 1874 at Mme. Viardot's country place; she took the part of Delilah; the other singers were Nicot and Auguez. The first act was sung on Good Friday, 1875, at the Chatelet, Paris, in concert form, and the singers were Miss Bruant, Caisso and Manoury.

The first operatic performance of the whole work was in German, Dec. 2, 1877,

at Weimar, under the [illegible] Lassen, and the chief singers were Miss von Mueller, Ferenczy and Milde.

In 1880 the third act was performed at a Colonne concert in Paris under the direction of the composer, and the solo singers were Miss Walta, Lamarche and Lauwers. In 1883 the opera was performed at Hamburg with Rosa Sucher as Delilah; it was afterward performed at Cologne, Prague and Dresden. The first performance of the opera in France was at Rouen, in March, 1890, and the singers were Miss Bossi, Lafarge and Mondaud. The first operatic performance in Paris was at the Eden Theatre Oct. 31, 1890, with Rosine Bloch, Talezac and Bouhy. Not until Nov. 23, 1892, was the opera performed at the Paris Opera House, and then the singers were Mme. Deschamps, Vergnet and Lassalle.

The first performance of the work in the United States was in concert form March 25, 1892, at New York, by the Oratorio Society, and the solo singers were Mrs. Ritter-Goetze, Montariol, Moore, Fischer, Distelhurst and Robinson.

The first performance of the opera in Boston was in concert form by the Cecilia Society, Mr. Lang conductor, Nov. 28, 1894. The solo singers were Mrs. Julie Wyman, Messrs. C. B. Davis, Meyn, W. H. Clarke, R. T. Hall and Townsend.

It would seem as though Saint-Saens, discouraged in his dealings with opera managers, contrived purposely "Samson and Delilah" for either the concert hall or the operatic stage. Adolphe Jullien wrote: "It is now proved, after the performance in the opera house that 'Samson and Delilah,' in spite of the simplicity of the drama, is, at least in the second and third acts, a suitable subject. * * * It is true there is no action in the real meaning of the word, and the opera is a series of four or five tableaux showing the last episodes in the life of Samson; it is not a dramatic piece, but as every one is familiar with this chapter of sacred history, it is, as with 'The Huguenots' or 'William Tell': the story is so well known that attention is paid only to the music. * * * The first act contains changes of scene and movements of characters that suit oratorio rather than dramatic realism. How is it possible to imagine that the Hebrews who return from killing the Satrap listen quietly to the voluptuous song of the Philistines, look gladly at the dances of the Priestesses and stand by unmoved by the amourous declarations of Delilah, who endeavors to entice Samson and deliver him to the High Priest of Dagon?"

And so we come back to Delilah. Arthur Rimbaud at a night festival in some northern city met all the women made famous by the ancient painters. Who would not gladly meet face to face the Queen of Sheba, the daughter of Herodias, Dinah, the daughter of Leah, Tamar, Bathsheba, Vashti the Superb, Rahab, the enchantress known as the Witch of Endor, and, above all, the woman that dwelt in the valley of Sorek?

CONCERTS THIS WEEK.

MONDAY—Lowell school, 8 P. M. Concert by music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich: Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute"; Oudshoorn, Morceau for strings; Schubert, Moment Musical; Verdi, selection from "Falstaff"; Halvorsen, "Entrance of the Boyars." Miss Emily W. Hayden, mezzo-soprano, will sing the page's song from "The Huguenots" and Bartlett's "Douglas, Tender and True." Charles K. North, flutist, will play two movements from Mouquet's "Flute of Pan." Mr. Elson will lecture.

TUESDAY—South Boston high school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich. Gounod, entr'acte from "Philemon and Bauces"; Boccherini, Minuet for strings; Dvorak, two Slavonic dances, Puccini, selection from "Mme. Butterfly"; Mozart, overture to "The Magic Flute." Miss Alice M. Stanaway, contralto, will sing "O Love," from "Samson and Delilah," and Arne's "Lass with the Delicate Air." Jacques Benevento will play De Lannoy's Fantasia for saxophone on "Weber's Last Thought." Mr. Elson will lecture.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Operatic concert for the Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music. Miss Sarah F. Fisher, Miss Alice M. Stanaway and Messrs. Constantino and Blanchart, tenor and baritone of the San Carlo opera company, will sing. The operatic class and orchestra of the Conservatory will be conducted by Mr. Vallini.

Roxbury high school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by Mr. Kanrich. Mendelssohn, overture to "Fingal's Cave"; Delibes, entr'acte from "Coppelia"; Dvorak, two Slavonic dances; Wagner, selection from "Tannhauser." Howard W. Lyman, tenor, will sing Haydn's "In Native Worth," and Chadwick's "Before the Dawn." William F. Dodge, violinist, will play Sarasate's Zigeunerweisen." Mr. Elson will lecture. This concert will be the last of 40 given this season by the city of Boston.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-second public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. Beethoven, Symphony No. 1; Ertel, Symphonic Poem, "The Midnight Review," after Zedlitz's poem (first time here); Emanuel Moor, Concerto in D flat major, for piano—Harold Bauer, pianist—(first time here); d'Albert, overture to "The Improvisatore." Inasmuch as Friday, the 17th, will be Good Friday, the public rehearsal will be on Thursday afternoon.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Thursday afternoon.

CONCERT NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaines will give a vocal concert in Potter Hall Saturday afternoon, April 25, at 3 o'clock. The programme will include duets by Jadassohn, A. Whiting and Walthew; an aria from "Anna Bolena," and songs by Felix Mendelssohn, Arnold Mendelssohn, Reger, Bungert, Kjerulf, Godard, Chadwick, A. Andrews, Tschaikowsky, E. Louis, Beatrice Parkyns, Masse, Henschel, Finden, Jessie Broughton, Julian Clifford.

A pianola recital will be given in Steinert Hall on Tuesday evening, April 21. Leo Schulz, 'cellist, of New York, will play solo pieces with pianola accompaniment.

George Henry Howard, pianist, assisted by Leon von Vliet, 'cellist, will give a concert at the Hotel Vendome Friday evening, April 24. The programme will include Mr. Howard's 'cello sonata, an improvisation by him; Chopin's Fantasia op. 49 and other pieces.

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" will be performed by the People's Choral Union at Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, the 26th. Samuel W. Cole will conduct. The chorus will have the support of the orchestra of 40 men from the Symphony and the organ, and Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Miss Alice M. Stanaway, George J. Parker and Earl Cartwright will assist. Tickets for this performance will be on sale at the Symphony Hall box office tomorrow morning.

Miss Marjorie Church will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Monday evening. She will play pieces by Bach, Gluck-Brahms, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Chadwick, MacDowell and Liszt.

A concert will be given at the Hunnewell Club, Newton, Wednesday evening, April 22. Miss Adalyn Riley, soprano; Miss Celestine Cornelison, alto; Miss Pearl Bruce, violinist, Messrs. Norman Arnold, Millard Bowdoin, Carl Lamson and F. N. Robbins will take part.

OPERATIC CONCERT.

Messrs. Constantino and Blanchart to Sing at Jordan Hall Wednesday.

Jordan Hall will be filled next Wednesday evening at the operatic concert in behalf of the Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory.

Messrs. Constantino and Blanchart, of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company have offered their services. Other singers are Miss Alice Stanaway, and Miss Ethel Keach contraltos and Miss Sarah F. Fisher and Miss Stella B. Crane sopranos. The programme:

Overture to "Sakuntala," Goldmark; duo, "La Traviata," Verdi, Miss Fisher and Mr. Blanchart; romance from "La Favorita," Donizetti, Mr. Constantino; duo from "La Favorita," Donizetti, Miss Stanaway and Mr. Constantino; solo from "Ballo in Maschero," Verdi, Mr. Blanchart; duo from "Lucia," Donizetti, Miss Fisher and Mr. Constantino; sextet from "Lucia," Donizetti, Miss Stella B. Crane, Miss Ethel Keach, Messrs. Constantino, Blanchart, Mogan and Drayton; Wedding March, Mendelssohn.

April 13 1908

Men and Things

Some wondered last week at Mme. Eames' gain in spirited action. As Iris, they say, she showed considerable interest in the puppet show and the dance of Beauty, Death and the Vampire, and in "Don Giovanni" she was considerably agitated by the murder of her father. It is true that Mme. Eames showed more physical activity than has been her wont, and experts who made careful tests with a bolometer, that ingenious electrical instrument of great sensitiveness for measuring radiant heat, reported a slight but gratifying rise in warmth.

* * *

A possible explanation of this caloric gain comes from New York. It is said there that Mme. Eames has invented a cocktail, which is "red, velvety, potent and generous." The vital ingredients are "one-half London gin, one-half Grand Marnier liqueur." It is not necessary now to discuss the nature of the recipe; but is it possible that Mme. Eames has thus joined the immortal John Collins, Esq., and Col. Joseph Kiley Rickey? Will thirsty revellers at the bar call loudly for an "Eames cocktail" and then turn toward the lunch counter curious as to the precise condition of pigs' feet, sliced sausage, crackers, and possibly fish balls? Perish the thought! We like to think of Mme. Eames as the countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," where she is a picture of serene and rarest beauty. As the countess she moves now sedately, now languidly, never as though suddenly pricked by the stage manager, never as though entering on casters. The countess and cocktails are not to be associated. She should drink a gentle wine of fragrant odor from an exquisitely shaped and colored Venetian glass.

* * *

This reminds us that there is a discussion in the columns of the Sun of New York concerning the old-fashioned whiskey cocktail, whether it should be shaken or stirred. The cocktail that serves as the cause of war seems to us rather an old-fashioned toddy. We regret that the only William's authoritative volume is not at hand, but let us see whether "The Cocktail Book; a Sideboard Manual for Gentlemen," a little book published in Boston, sheds light.

WHISKEY COCKTAIL—OLD FASHIONED.

Put a lump of sugar in a whiskey glass; add enough hot water to cover the sugar. Crush the sugar; add a lump of ice, two dashes Bokor's bitters, one portion whiskey, small piece lemon peel. Mix with small spoon, and serve with spoon in glass.

We are inclined to accept this direction concerning mixing. Mixing with a spoon is a fine art. There is a personal, individual, loving touch in the operation. Shaking is purely mechanical. A man can shake and chatter. The wise mixer concentrates his mind on the spoon and is dumb in joyful anticipation. Victor Hugo said: "Agony at its height is mute." So is pleasure. Any amateur can shake. Only the experienced, the deep thinker, the genial philosopher, whether in white apron he stands the other side of the bar, or in comfortable coat sits near his own sideboard, can mix so that perfection follows.

* * *

The New York Times has opened in its Sunday issue a question-and-answer department. It is interesting to see the old shapes arise, to read the questions asked monthly, even weekly, throughout the country and the ready answers that are immediately forgotten. "Can a Catholic citizen become President of the United States?" "Who wrote 'Casey at the Bat?" "Please describe the furniture called highboys and lowboys and give the origin of the names." "What was the origin of the phrase, 'Who struck Billy Patterson' and was there any such man?"

Let us not sneer at this thirst for information. We have never seen a satisfactory explanation of the origin of the terms "highboys" and "lowboys." Even the New English dictionary betrays us shamefully. It admits the word "highboy" only as obsolete, meaning one who lives high, a fast man, libertine, and also a partisan making high claims for his party. Looking at the opposite page, we learn that the only "highball" known to Dr. Murray, unfortunate man, is a game, a species of poker played with balls and a bottle-shaped receptacle. The New English dictionary does know "lowboy," a low chest of drawers, and adds that the word is peculiar to the United States. And what, pray, is a pie-crust table?

There are so many questions that might be asked. For example, how long did Siegfried dwell with Bruennhilde in a cave on the mountain before he made up his mind to see the world, and should he wear whiskers in "The Dusk of the Gods"? Only yesterday we were asked how old Leporello was when he visited the cemetery with Don Giovanni. This is by no means an idle question, for Leporello might have been a family retainer, or a young fellow dazzled by the splendid Don, anxious to serve him, to wear his castoff clothes at a bull fight, to succeed possibly to a cast-off love.

April 14, 1908

HESS TO RETURN.

Will Resume Post of Concert Master of Symphony Orchestra.

The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra makes the announcement that Mr. Willy Hess, who was granted, last spring, leave of absence for a year from his office of concert master, will retake his position at the beginning of next season. It has already been stated that Mr. Carl Wendling, who has been concert master this season, has decided to return to Stuttgart, his home, solely on account of family reasons.

Mr. Hess has filled a few solo engagements this winter in England and in cities of Germany. On his return he will establish with Mr. Alwin Schroeder a string quartet, but this quartet will not be connected in any manner whatever with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, nor will his duties as first violinist of this quartet conflict with his duties as concert master. It is stated that Mr. Schroeder will not return to the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MISS CHURCH'S RECITAL.

Boston Conservatory Pupil Showed Marked Talent at Jordan Hall.

Miss Marjorie Church, a young pianist who has studied in New York and is now a pupil in Boston, gave a recital last night in Jordan Hall in a course given under the auspices of the New England Conservatory of Music. She played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Schumann's "Carnival" and pieces by Gluck-Brahms, Beethoven, Chopin, Chadwick, MacDowell and Liszt.

Miss Church is not only still a pupil; she is also very young, and any detailed criticism would naturally be out of place. Yet it may be said that she has marked talent for the piano and uncommon mechanical facility. As nearly all young players with considerable technique, she is inclined to run away in rapid passages and leave rhythm behind her; but she has plenty of time in which to study rhythm and to cultivate emotional expression.

Men and Things

"Many men of many minds." We are all acquainted with Mr. Augur, who is never weary of telling how he was one of the first to go through a new tunnel, sit in a new theatre, shake the hand of of a famous visitor. There is also our friend the amateur mountain climber, who was the first to ascend Old Hannah's Back Bone on a side that had been declared inaccessible.

We are reminded of them by a letter addressed to the Pall Mall Gazette in which Mr. Mellor Brown writes that in December, 1862, he went up the pyramid of Cheops "in eight minutes accurate timing; this was done very early in the morning before a soul was there." The early climber makes the undisputed time. But why does not Mr. Brown name the day of December, 1862? It is a date of world importance, at least the feat itself is to be ranked with the finest achievement, if we do not misinterpret his letter. But suppose he had scampered up the pyramid in seven minutes and a half? What is it all to the Infinite?

* * *

We know persons who cannot endure even the sight of cheese, and other singular antipathies are recorded in the old books. Thus the odor of a rose was almost deadly to Cardinal Oliverius Caraffa, Cardinal Don Henrique de Cardona, a noble Venetian of the Barbarigi family. Some, as a King of Poland and the secretary to Francis I., could not bear the smell of apples. Others have swooned at the sight of an eel or pig on the table. A count of Arnstadt would fall in a faint if any sauce containing olive oil were brought into the room. Bruyerinus tells of a maid of Flanders who was sickened by bread so that if the smallest particle were put into her bowl of milk she would discover it at a distance.

Dr. Alfred T. Schofield reports to the Hospital (London) the case of a thirteen-year-old boy who can take no food with even a trace of egg in it. "In the attack of intoxication there was first of all free secretion of saliva, the lips burned, the patient felt sick, itched and an urticarial rash shortly broke out. He swelled all over, the eyelids and lips becoming puffy, the skin tight, red and swollen, and his breathing became labored, simulating an attack of asthma."

* * *

This boy is not the first. It is surprising that the Hospital did not quote a like case reported by Donatius (Hist. Med. Mir. l. 6. c. 3, p. 305). "That is wonderful which was observed in a boy, the son of a count; that if at any time he ate of an egg his lips would swell, in his face would rise purple and black spots, and he would froth at the mouth, after the same manner as if he had swallowed poison." Of course we take it for granted that in the two cases the eggs were "strictly fresh," not "fresh eggs," least of all "eggs."

Dr. Schofield is giving the boy a singular treatment, a process of immunisation by means of minute doses of raw eggs combined with calcium lactate in the form of pills. The pills were made containing 1-10,000th part of a raw egg with two grains of calcium lactate, one pill every day for a month. Then the dose was increased to 1-1000th egg daily; then to 1-500th and at the end of six months the boy was taking daily 1-33d egg. How long will it be before the patient can consume a whole egg? Here is an interesting problem for a bright-eyed boy who is restless after his supper and hears appealing voices in the street.

* * *

We remember a young man in college, who as a boy was unable to eat hen's eggs and could hardly bear the sight of one. As a sophomore, he was persuaded to eat a golden buck, and either the combination of cheese, toast and ale or the sound ale that was served with it at Moriarty's once famous little inn—we refer to the old one of the seventies—turned him from the error of his ways. When he was graduated—The second lowest in his class—the only one below him in rank was "Bob" Cook, whose studies in rowing had prevented him from close attention to the routine of the curriculum—this young man was passionately addicted to eggs in every form.

* * *

Complaints about the quality of milk served in cities are by no means new. Sir Ralph Verney had a bad cough and he sought to cure it by drinking asses' milk, not by bathing in it after the manner of Nero's Poppaea and more modern professional beauties. In 1685 Sir Ralph wrote that he could not drink the milk sold in London, "for the doctors (and

particularly Dr. Jower) tell their patients that 'tis soe foul with sutt, smoke and dust that it hath very little Vertue in it."

* * *

F. C. E. writes to The Herald: "Some time ago I was called on in the pursuit of my profession to defend in a neighboring town a man charged with selling pictures that were injurious to public morals. The case looked to me like one of persecution. About 60 pictures were brought into court, and after the jury had retired it asked for them. A verdict of guilty was returned, and the foreman wore a peculiarly forbidding expression in the announcement. The prosecuting attorney said afterward that only 22 pictures were sent back by the jury."

April

IN AN INN.

The grief of those who were obliged to leave the Fifth Avenue Hotel after long living there was sincere, yet to some it seemed unaccountable. The ejected might quote Shenstone's lines in answer, the lines repeated by Dr. Johnson with great emotion, and also Johnson's own remarks: "At a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome, and the more noise you make the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

The character of inns has changed since Johnson's, and also since Dickens', time. George Augustus Sala wrote many pages to prove that the English inn in Dickens' period was, after all, uncomfortable, that the food was generally miserable, that the service was poor and dear. No doubt the hotels today are in many respects much better than they were, but they are less attractive for transient guests in one way: They are so large that there is little or no personal attention on the part of landlord and waiters. Mr. Hummelston is a man of importance in his own city. He visits New York, stops at the Hotel Magnifico and he at once loses identity: he is merely No. 423. He might as well be in prison or a member of a working gang, as far as any recognition of his individuality is concerned. He is one of a crowd. The hands stretched out to him are not in welcome, but for tips. The slightest service must be rewarded extravagantly.

Yet there are many who prefer hotel life to housekeeping. They say they have less care, and they are not obliged to solve the servant problem. There are some who really enjoy gregarious eating, the constant procession, the sight of new faces, the bustle and confusion. There are women to whom the daily panorama of hotel life is the true earthly Paradise. No wonder that long-established dwellers of this mind and inclination are disconsolate when obliged to move, to form new associations, to make friends of strange clerks, waiters, bell boys.

The fondness of Americans for hotel life has excited the wonder of foreigners, and English visitors have commented on this passion since the time that Mrs. Trollope visited this country. Some have gone so far as to say that Americans were not a home-loving folk. An absurd statement, one which should prevent Americans rushing in Europe from one hotel to another from publishing their superficial impressions, if not from merely entertaining them.

Men and Things

We read a few days ago an article a column long about slang terms for money. Many terms were printed therein and some were explained. They were arranged alphabetically from "almighty dollar," which is not a slang term for money, to "wherewithal." One term that is in common use is absent from the list: "Simoleons," a superb term. One would swear that it came from the Greek; that it is to be found in Thucydides and Aristophanes; that some tyrant give the writer of a tragedy that pleased him a wreath and 10,000 simoleons. A man might easily be pardoned for looking up the word in a Greek dictionary. Where in the world did this sonorous, magnificent word come from?

* * *

The list included the word "bone," as it appears in the phrase, "It will cost you four bones," which is usually interpreted as meaning four dollars; but the list ignores the fine amplification, "cold bones," a variant of "cold cash." And why should "bones" mean money? Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" gives an explanation that is by no means satisfactory. The statement is first made that the noun "bone" is found only in American slang. "When a traveller in passing his luggage through the custom house tips the officer in the expectation that the latter s'examination of his impedimenta will be more or less superficial, the fee thus given is termed a bone." No, no. A bone is one dollar and no custom house officer would be satisfied with one "bone," one "plunk."

Another word we miss in the list is "long green." The origin of this is evident. We also miss the term "insect powder."

* * *

St. Louis does not appear to be a restful place even in the churches. The Globe-Democrat of that city published on April 10 this advertisement imposingly displayed: "Fourteen ways to Hell, preached by request by W. R. Newell, tonight, West Church. Romans at 3:30. God knows all about you; yet he loves you."

Nor is church life in St. Joseph, Mo., apparently quieter, for on April 9 "three live, blooded Duroc-Jersey hogs, carted in crates into the Congregational Church at the annual meeting of the State Association of Congregational Churches, created a sensation." These hogs, said to be worth over $1000, were the gift of 75 Congregational Churches of Missouri to the Rev. Dr. Wray, who has decided to retire from active religious work to his farm in southwest Missouri. Hogs and crates were gayly decorated. "The audience was too startled to cheer." Dr. Wray made an address of acceptance and said in the course of his remarks: "To whom it may concern: I now announce that I am established in business." And all this was in church!

* * *

L. A. O. writes: "You spoke of 'piecrust tables' last Monday and asked what they are. I read recently this description: 'A piecrust table derives its name from the grooved edge similar to that of a pie. This edge is carved from the solid wood of the table top and is not glued on. It serves to keep dishes on the table. It is a round mahogany table about two feet in diameter set on a slender upright which spreads at the base into three feet. It is identical with the colonial corner table with the exception of the edge." The word must be American. The New English Dictionary only knows piecrust pledge, promise, and, with reference to color, piecrust hair, straw.

* * *

Judge Mulligan, K. C., in England had before him recently a bricklayer and a woman, who both claimed the ownership of a Persian cat. The judge asked them to write down what each one would pay for the cat if it were adjudged to the other. The woman wrote down four pounds and the bricklayer one. The judgment was in favor of the woman; but, as a London commentator well remarks, the judge by no means showed himself to be a modern Solomon. If Judge Mulligan had added a condition "that the winner must sell at his or her own figure the competition might have been a test of the intensity of the affections. The buying price was an index of means rather than gauge of emotions. Even Solomon decided on some other principle than the means of the litigants."

* * *

Selections from the journal of William Dyott, general in the British army, and aid-de-camp to George III., make two stout volumes, but the best thing in the two is the remark of Dyott after a visit to the zoo that "the giraffes were most surprising animals, but so shapen they can be no use to employ and whether eatable I did not inquire." There are some interesting descriptions of the manners of the time, especially of the hard drinking. A dinner was given by Prince William Henry, afterward King William IV., to the Order of the Blue and Orange. The prince sent his own wine. "He took very good care to see everybody fill, and he gave 23 bumpers without a halt. In the course of my experience I never saw such fair drinking. * * * I think it was the most laughable sight I ever beheld to see the Governor, our General and the Commodore, all so drunk that they could scarce stand on the floor, hoisted up on their chairs with each a bumper in his hand; and the three times three cheers was what they were afraid to attempt for fear of falling. * * * There were just 20 diners and we drank 63 bottles of wine."

April 16. 1908

OPERA STARS ON BILL.

Constantino and Blanchart at Beneficent Society's Concert.

K. L.

Constantino, the tenor and Blanchart, the baritone appeared in Jordan Hall, last evening in aid of the Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music. Both singers gave their services for the occasion. They were assisted by the Conservatory Orchestra, Alice M. Stanaway, Sarah Fisher, Stella Crane, Ethel Keach and Messrs. John Mogan and F. O. Drayton.

The programme included Goldmark's "Sakuntala" overture, duet from "Traviata" (Miss Fisher, Mr. Blanchart), "Spirto Gentil" from "Favorita" (Mr. Constantino), duet from "Favorita" (Miss Stanaway, Mr. Constantino), Aria from "The Masked Ball" (Mr. Blanchart), duet from "Lucia" (Miss Fisher, Mr. Constantino), the sextet from "Lucia" (Messrs. Constantino Blanchart Mogan, Drayton, Misses Crane and Keach), Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

The orchestral numbers were conducted by Mr. Winternitz the opera number by Mr. Vallini who also played the piano accompaniments for the solos by Messrs. Constantino and Blanchart.

The Beneficent Society was established, according to the programme, for the purpose of aiding students who have talent, but lack the means for study. By its aid many students have been enabled to pay tuition who otherwise would have no opportunity to study, and these students repay the loans when they are able.

As last evening's concert was a benefit, it is not suitable to say any criticism of the performance, nor is it necessary, for the work of the two principal soloists is familiar to those who attended performances of the San Carlo Opera Company in this city. It is enough to say that the occasion was one of general festivity and good will, and both Mr. Constantino and Mr. Blanchart were ready and generous with encores. The former was evidently troubled with a cold, but it did not mar the beautiful quality of his voice or his admirable performance.

There was a most enthusiastic audience of fair size.

Concert Foyer.

BY PHILIP HALE.

So Mr. Willy Hess will be the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next season, and he and Mr. Schroeder have formed a string quartet with Mr. Theodorowicz, formerly of the Kneisel quartet and now a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as second violinist. The viola player will be imported, it is said. The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra states that this quartet will not be connected with the orchestra in any way whatever.

Mr. Hess might justly be characterized as an exceedingly busy violinist. When he played a concerto, he played it with a busy air. In quartet and in orchestra he always seemed full of business, as though there were a pupil awaiting for a lesson, or a train to be caught for another engagement. And he was in truth a busy man. Perhaps the comparative calm of European life for a year may soothe his perturbed soul, or given him at least an outward appearance of repose.

Whether Boston will support generously another string quartet is a question. Whether Mr. Hess is an ideal leader of a quartet is also a question which fortunately need not now be discussed. He certainly has had much experience, but the concerts of the Boston Symphony Quartet were seldom an unalloyed delight. Let us hope that the new quartet will be more fortunate. It is a pity that Mr. Ferir, whose viola playing is incomparable, cannot be persuaded to be a colleague of Messrs. Hess and Schroeder. It is said that he dislikes the inevitable drudgery of rehearsal.

Mr. Wendling, the present excellent concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, goes back to Stuttgart only for family reasons, and his departure will be sincerely regretted. He has made warm friends here and is honored as concertmaster and man. There was some talk of Mr. Fiedler's wish to bring with him his own concertmaster from Hamburg. Mr. Fiedler, by the way, conducted recently an orchestral concert in Rome—the programme included Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony, Beethoven's "Leonora" overture No. 3, and something by Wagner—and the Roman correspondent of the Signale praised him highly. The return of Mr. Schroeder, though he will not go back to the orchestra, will be welcomed. He evidently was not satisfied with life or music in Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The Spokesman-Review of Spokane furnishes pleasing information about a series of concerts given there this month. There was much orchestral music played by Chicago musicians, led by Adolph Rosenbecker, and there were singing school children and men and women. "Mrs. Gannon appeared again. The charming contralto had made a change in attire and head-dress, but forgot, apparently, to make any digression from former musical selections. Truly 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever,' and the 'Gioconda' aria as sung by Mrs. Gannon was a joy and delight, but it is to be remarked upon that a vocalist of such note accompanying a so thoroughly versatile orchestra should be apparently wedded to the single aria of her choice and possess so scanty a repertoire." Furthermore, "the basso, Mr. Middleton, was so pleasant to look upon, his fine voice was a natural consequence, as it were." No, this does not follow necessarily. Handsome is that handsome sings. We all naturally associate a bass—why "basso" in Spokane or in any American town where English is freely spoken and generally understood?—we naturally associate, I say, a bass with a considerable area of whiskerage and a sombre look in his eyes.

Mr. Constantino and Mr. Blanchart were announced here this week as "Signor" Constantino and "Signor" Blanchart. Why? Constantino is a Spaniard. "Senor" would be correct, if plain "Mr." seems offensive to the musically genteel. It has been said that Blanchart is a Frenchman. If he is a Frenchman why "Signor"?

Estimable Italian or French singing men and women will sojourn here when the opera house is ready for use. It is to be hoped that the pergrammes will announce the men as Mr. Boliverino and Mr. Sulfurini, or whatever their names may be; that an unmarried woman will be called miss; that a woman, who though married, prefers to keep her maiden name for operatic purposes or to assume a stage name, will be called Mme. Mr. Constantino is a frank, unpretentious person, and he neither feels better nor sings better if he is announced as "signor."

This nonsense is carried so far that there are allusions to "Herr" Conried, even in newspapers of this city. If the newspapers were German there would be a good reason for this. Mr. Conried, the departing director of the Metropolitan Opera House is "Mr.," or if your intimacy with him warrants it, you might address him as, "I say, Heinrich, old boy." "Hank" would not be strictly correct, for Mr. Conried has not adopted the English form of his first name.

Jay S. Hayward is a music teacher in Sioux City and also a choir leader. Mrs. Hayward is an organist in another church. She has obtained a divorce from Jay, for the judge was melted by her piteous tale. "Because the baby's wail was off the key and grated on Jay S. Hayward's artistic ear, he used profane language in the presence of his wife." She testified that he had been otherwise mean and unreasonable, but this explosion provoked by the voice of the child shattered for ever her love and respect.

It has been generally supposed that a baby had its own system of tonalities and that, having chosen one, it stuck to it vigorously and without the slightest deviation. Hence the nerve-rasping effect. Georges Kastner wrote a singular book, "Les Voix de Paris," in which the first plate represents in musical notation various cries or exclamations, as the cry that follows the application of fire or a cut by a sharp instrument; the cry of a shooting or pulsating pain, of joy, of a call for help, of disgust, etc., etc. A baby's cry is not included. Nor in Strauss' "Domestic" symphony is there any actual reproduction of the baby's night songs.

Mrs. Dora McDonald, the widow of the late Michael C. McDonald of Chicago and the slayer of Webster Guerin, wrote a love song of exceeding passion. She, or a cooler person, set music to it. Some one wished the music transposed "from C major to A minor," to quote the Denver Times, and the task of transposing took 50 hours! There was a dispute about the amount of payment, and Judge Gantry of Chicago decided that $5 was a fitting sum.

The Chromatic Club of Boston will give a series of three concerts for an artists' and music students' fund. "Five years ago the members realized the great need of our city for helping a charity which had never forced itself before the public,—namely, artists temporarily in need of immediate financial aid. A fund was started whereby friends and patrons might assist by any sums they were inclined to contribute. Their generous contributions have furthered this good work." The first concert will be on next Monday at 11 A. M., at the Tuileries, a children's concert (by request). Miss Alice Eldridge, pianist, and Miss Ruth McConville will take part, and Miss Katherine Hunt will contribute children's songs. Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist, will give the second concert in Jordan Hall, Thursday the 23d at 3:30. Her programme will include Schumann's Fantasia in C major and pieces by Chopin, Liszt, MacDowell, Faure, Paur and Debussy. The third concert will be at

T... ... M... ... will take part ... Symphony and Jordan halls.

There will be several concerts next week. The Handel and Haydn Society will perform "Samson and Delilah" on Sunday night in Symphony Hall. Miss ...la Ormond, contralto, assisted by Miss Bessie Collier, violinist, will give a concert at 26 Fenway on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Christine la Barraque, the blind soprano, and Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist, will give a concert in Steinert Hall on Wednesday night, and on the same evening George Copeland, Jr., pianist, will give a recital in Chickering Hall, the Thursday Morning Musical Club will give a concert in Jordan Hall on Thursday night. George H. Howard will give a piano recital at the Hotel Vendome Friday evening when he will be assisted by Leon Van Vliet, 'cellist, and Mr. and Mrs. Gaines will give a vocal concert on Saturday afternoon in Potter Hall.

The programme of the Symphony concert next week will include d'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain" in three parts (first time in Boston), a symphony by Schubert.

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" will be performed in Symphony Hall by the People's Choral Union on Sunday evening, the 26th. Samuel W. Cole will conduct. The solo singers will be Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Miss Alice M. Stannaway, George J. Parker and Earl Cartwright.

Leo Schulz, 'cellist, of New York will play at the pianola concert in Steinert Hall on next Tuesday evening.

June 17 1908

Men and Things

Some time ago The Herald answered gladly a correspondent who inquired as to the exact nature of negus. We then gave a sketch of the inventor, Col. Negus, and described the drink itself. Yesterday we found in Thomas Walker's The Original a recipe for negus, which we commend to "P. L. H.," not from personal experience, but because Thomas Walker, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, barrister at law and one of the police magistrates of the metropolis, was a sound man on the subject of food and drink.

This recipe is given in an article entitled "Suppers," published in the Original for Oct. 28, 1835. Walker, by the way, preferred a simple, well conceived dinner instead of the luncheon then in vogue. About the time of "the present dinner hour" he called for tea and buttered toast, and about 9:30 or 10 P. M. he enjoyed a savory little supper "with a bowl of negus, or some other grateful diluted potation after," for he believed in finishing the day with a warm and nourishing beverage. "A good drink over a cheerful fire, with a cheerful friend or two, is a good finish, much better than the unsatisfactory ending of a modern dinner party."

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And here is Walker's recipe: "In order to have good negus it is necessary to use good wine, and not, as some people seem to think, any sort of stuff, in any condition. Port negus is delicious if it is made thus: Pour boiling water upon a sufficient quantity of sugar; stir it well; then pour some excellent port, not what has been opened two or three days, into the water, the wine having been heated in a saucepan. Stir the wine and water well together as the wine is poured in and add a little grated nutmeg. A slice of lemon put in with the sugar and a little of the yellow rind scraped with it make the negus perfect; but it is very good without, though then, properly speaking, it should be called wine and water."

• • •

Walker's papers, which have been reprinted in three or four editions, should be better known. Many of his remarks about food and the art of attaining high health anticipated what is now pompously characterized as "modern dietetic thought." He had one singular belief, and for it he would have walked proudly to the stake. He maintained that corns are dependent on the digestion. When he was in best health his feet were cornless; when he was careless in diet the corns reappeared. "Of course, they are made better or worse by different kinds of boots or shoes; but no kind of boot or shoe will bring them unless there is a tendency from improper living." Pressure would cause no formation "without some superfluity to work upon," and the pressure affects only as long as it lasts.

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Is there not something in this? Take a man who has passed the roaring forties and who did considerable roaring himself in the twenties and thirties. Unless he take much exercise and breathe plenty of fresh air he should be temperate in food and drink. But many of us are poor, weak things, and a stag supper or an unexpected meeting with an old friend puts to flight good resolutions. Champagne is to many as poison; ...ed wine goes to the ... and swells the joints; whiskey should be only a medicine; and gin, the refuge of those heavily charged with uric acid, becomes monotonous. There is beer.

> Here.
> With my beer, I sit,
> While idle moments flit,
> Unheeded by.

Suppose you put down a generous amount of beer, good, fresh beer from the keg. What is the result in the morning? Your shoes, to quote the old negro minstrel gag, are full of feet. The shoe that was comfortable at 11 P. M. pinches at 9 A. M. The ankle is eczematous. The corn that you fondly hoped had disappeared forever reappears—the old sorrow wakes again. There is no doubt about it. Be moderate in eating and drinking and the corn will moderate its fury.

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But why, you ask, are corns excited to activity on the approach of rain? Here Walker invites contradiction. He says "a change in the atmosphere more or less deranges the digestion, which causes a throbbing sensation." Reason as you will, corns are a mystery. The Duke of Wellington in 1846 begged leave to say that he had none and never meant to have any. It was his opinion that if there were no boots there would be no corns. A dictatorial saying! But the ancients had corns, and there were all sorts of remedies for them, and these ancients wore no boots. We repeat, corns are a mystery.

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Willie Edouin is dead. There are pleasant memories associated with his early years in this country when he played man Friday to Lydia Thompson's Robinson Crusoe. Lydia still lives, and so, we understand, does Pauline Markham. Lisa Weber is dead. Did not Ada Harland marry Mr. Brander Matthews? We speak of the women who accompanied Lydia when the British Blondes first visited New York and produced "Ixion" at Wood's Museum. When we last saw Edouin he was in a nightmare of a piece in which a snow man was the hero. Edouin had a stupid part, one that must have hastened his end, for he was obliged to rely wholly on his own exertions to raise a laugh. The librettist had done nothing for him.

Apr. 16

UNNATURAL HISTORY.

Strange animals arrived recently in New York, a Malayan bromleykite, a hoo-hoo bird from the back waters of the river Ativapo, and a razizoozoo, or hairy-faced ape, from Klakara. The hoo-hoo bird is, no doubt, named from its mocking cry when an intrepid ornithologist endeavors to put salt on its tail; or can its "hoo-hoo" be heard, like the voice of the Brazilian bell bird, a distance of three miles, as Waterton insisted? The bromleykite does not interest us, but who would not fain gaze on the razizoozoo? Did no ship bring last week a whimbamper or a living gyascutus, animals dear to children, but never seen by them? Is there no killileulu bird in New York? It feeds on dilson berries, which grow on the pamela bush in a far-off isle of the Southern Pacific.

Strange names of strange animals have a fascination for imaginative youth. We remember two boys who, fired by the pictures in Wood's "Natural History," named their sleds respectively Koodoo and Wapiti. They were mocked cruelly by their comrades, who preferred more vulgar names, as Antelope, Eclipse, Comet. Why will not some showman import beasts and birds that we should all like to see? Unicorns are now scarce, and the phoenix has not been seen for years. The basilisk, the cockatrice, the wyvern hide secure from the eye of man, and the dragon, the symbol of greed, is best known as the ironical ornamentation of buildings to let. There is the mantichor, bred among the East Indians, with a triple row of teeth beneath and above; "his face and ears are like unto a man's, even to the carefully trimmed moustachios"; he has gray eyes, he is red, his tail is armed with a sting and casts forth pointed quills, his voice is that of a trumpet, he ... feet and devours ... women and children. There is the sadhuzag, a black stag with the head of a bull and a bush of white horns between his ears. These horns send forth ravishing music or a howling that sets the forest a-shivering. There is the fat, melancholy, fierce catoblepas, with a pig's head which reaches to the ground, and is connected with the shoulders by a thin, long, flaccid neck. They that see its eyes die, but, fortunately, it seldom raises its red and swollen eyelids. Add to them the tragelaphus, half stag, half ox; the myrmecoleo, lion in front and ant behind; the pastinaca, who kills trees with his breath; the leopard phalmant that bursts its belly by howling; the senad, a bear with three heads—all seen by good St. Anthony in the desert.

Talk of the pleasures of studying natural history! What are they in comparison with the delights of unnatural history? And why should the Public Garden be without a hoo-hoo bird? At present it lacks even a bul bul.

Men and Things

A Brooklynite asked a policeman a question a few days ago. The policeman did not answer, and the Brooklynite thereupon called him "a pot-bellied stiff." The policeman arrested the hurler of epithets and the magistrate held that the reference to the policeman's paunch, or bay window, was "indecent" within the meaning of the law. What if the Brooklynite had called the policeman "a shad-belly"?

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We fail to see the "indecency" of the Brooklynite's characterization. It was forcible, but not vulgar. "Potbellied" is a word of good and long standing. It was used by serious authors in the seventeenth century and in recent years by Carlyle, who spoke of "a gluttonous race of Jutes and Angles lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity." Nor did Bayard Taylor hesitate to use the word "potbelly" in his translation of "Faust." On the other hand, it is indecent for any man who is not actually suffering from a disease to have a paunch, which suggests gluttony, excessive drinking, sloth. Of all men a policeman should be without one.

Nor is the slang term "stiff" in any way indecent. It has long meant "corpse." Witness the immortal lines of John Hay:

> They piled the stiffs outside the door—
> They made, I reckon, a cord or more.

The Brooklynite intended to intimate that the policeman was dead without knowing it. Dead to reasonable inquiry, for the policeman was asked to point out a certain train that went over the bridge. A "stiff" is usually a highly respectable person; he often holds an office of trust and dignity; he often serves on committees. Nevertheless, he is a stiff.

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The news of the prohibition by the London Council of kissing games brings up the question, "Where did that delightful game, Copenhagen, get its name?" We doubt whether the London school children will heed the prohibition. We hear them even now singing:

> Wall flowers, wall flowers, growing up so high.
> We shall all be maidens, and so we shall all die.

And also the old rhymes, beginning:

> Here comes a poor woman from Babylon,
> With three small children all alone;

And the old "Sally Water," with its many variants:

> Sally Water, Sally Water, come sprinkle your pan,
> For down in the meadows there lies a young man.
> Rise, Sally; rise, Sally.
> And don't you look sad.
> For you shall have a husband, good or bad.
> Choose you one, choose you two.
> Choose the fairest you can see.

• • •

A woman at a moving picture show in Philadelphia wore a huge hat and refused to take it off when a man directly behind her asked her courteously if she would be obliging. Thereupon he pulled the hat off her head and tore it and the trimmings to pieces. After the police arrived the woman, "fearing publicity," would not permit the arrest of the render. This story reminds us of a Parisian who a few years ago shot at and killed a man who persisted in wearing a plug hat at a show and thus obstructed a view of the stage. The Parisian had the good taste to wait till the offender came out of the playhouse, as in old times in the South shooting matches were con-... ...the ... stage, ... and not until the benediction had been pronounced.

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The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will erect a memorial drinking fountain to George Dixon, the pugilist, in the square at Horatio street and Eighth avenue, New York. To some, while they admire the courage, skill and other excellent qualities of Dixon, this statement will not be without a touch of the old sad irony that characterized Sir Thomas More on the scaffold.

Monuments have been raised to English pugilists, as to John Jackson (1759-1845), the friend of Byron and George IV., a man of character and integrity and, as Henley describes him, "polite, agreeable, reputable, a capital talker, a person of tact and energy and charm." His monument—a couchant lion and a naked athlete (weeping)—is in Brompton cemetery.

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Judge Light, in an address to the Norwalk Town Teachers' Association, urged the young women to spend an hour each day in the development of personal magnetism so that they might have many wooers and choose a husband wisely. Are these young women to experiment on the pupils? Women teachers have lost their positions for this in schools where personal magnetism is not in the curriculum. Others have lost their positions by marrying.

Apr 19 1908

22D CONCERT BY BOSTON SYMPHONY

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its 22d concert last night in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 1	Beethoven
Symphonic poem, "The Midnight Review"	Ertel
Concerto in D flat major	Moor
Overture to "The Improvisatore"	d'Albert

Two pieces were played last night for the first time in Boston and probably for the first time in this country: Paul Ertel's symphonic poem and Emanuel Moor's piano concerto in D flat major.

Ertel, who lives in Berlin, is a doctor of jurisprudence by title and a composer and music critic by profession. "The Nightly Review," the fifth of his symphonic poems, was played at Warsaw last February and it has also been performed at Berlin.

The music is a translation into tones of Zedlitz's poem, in which Napoleon is represented as holding at midnight a ghostly review in the Champs Elysees of his soldiers who rise from their graves in the farthest north, in Italian clay, beneath the mud of the Nile and the Arabian sands. It is a literal translation, rather than a paraphrase, and to quote the slang of the painter's studio, the piece is frankly "a musing," from the Macabre opening, through the music that suggests the Orient, through the march with its old-fashioned pomp, through the strife between the "Dies Irae" and the "Marseillaise," to the clock that announces the hour of one and the dispersal of the valiant skeletons still ready to pay homage to the Little Corporal. The piece is orchestrally clever and picturesque, and yet there is more cleverness than imagination.

Emanuel Moor, a Hungarian by birth who lived in this country about 20 years ago, is a man of appearances, disappearances and reappearances. He married a Miss Burke, the daughter of the famous bottler of ale, and has thus been enabled to write much music at his leisure. Whether it would not have been as profitable for him to "tipple his ale in the shade" is a question for posterity to decide. Within the last three years virtuosos of indisputable talent, as Messrs. Ysaye, Thibaud, Marteau and Casal, have played concertos by him; symphonies have been brought out; and now Mr. Bauer, believing firmly in the concerto he played last night, must be added to the list of enthusiastic Moorites.

It is not easy to write fairly concerning this concerto after one hearing. Mr. Bauer gave an impressive performance of the piano part. He played with his customary intelligence—for Mr. Bauer is much more than a brilliant virtuoso, and he thinks of other things than the mechanism of eight fingers and two thumbs—and with even more than his customary clearness in presentation, breadth of conception, tonal variety and amazing gusto. Yet the music left the hearer cold.

This music reminded one now of a Brahms that had gone wrong, and now of a Hungarian endeavoring to be pontifically thoughtful. The opening commands little attention; there are pages here and there that excite admiration by sporadic displays of meditative beauty or captivating capriciousness, but these pages are only too episodic; they throw into strong relief the serious lack of logical continuity.

The concert as a whole is subterranean and the pianist must often work as a mole, so that Hamlet's famous speech to the Ghost is here most applicable. The structure of the work is heavy, sombre, Egyptian. When there is melodic or harmonic beauty it is purely meditative.

not sensuous; when there are hints at loftiness or grandeur of thought, no overpowering revelation follows. Page after page seems as contract labor. The admirers of Moor say that he is the one composer who never writes a note too much—a sweeping statement that can truly be said of few, if any. In spite of the devotion of Mr. Bauer, and Moor could wish for no better interpreter, in spite of the earnestness of Mr. Wendling, who conducted this concerto, the composition itself seemed as a whole labored, futile, uninteresting.

Dr. Muck conducted the purely orchestral pieces, but with his left arm, for he is still unable to use his right, and he was warmly applauded after the delightfully clear and sympathetic reading of Beethoven's symphony with its many echoes of Haydn and Mozart.

To say, as some do, that this symphony should not be played, because there is little of the true Beethoven in it, is foolish, for the music, in spite of pages of meer routine, still has a certain freshness and a quaint beauty.

The performance of it also serves a purpose; it reminds the hearer that when the symphony was played at Leipsic in 1801 many found the music confused, discordant, "outrageous effrontery"; that when it was performed the year before at Vienna there was complaint of an abuse of the wind instruments; that there were some who talked freely of the difficulty of performance and also of understanding. And so mature and honest hearers in Boston complain today of works by members of the "ultra modern" school and would fain hear only music that lulled them in their youth.

CONCERT FOR SUFFERERS.

The programme of the concert to be given on Monday night, the 27th, by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, with the assistance of Harold Bauer, pianist, will be as follows:

Overture "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Piano Concerto "Emperor," No. 5.....Beethoven
"Espana," Rhapsody for Orchestra.Chabrier
Overture "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner

STELLAR ADORATION AND GRAND OPERA

The Herald has received two or three letters concerning the performances of opera by the Metropolitan Opera House company in the Boston Theatre. One of these letters is headed "Extract from 'Comments of a Countess,'" and it runs as follows:

"Our grandmothers used to weep with emotion at hearing Grisi or Malibran pathetic arias by Bellini or Rossini, with shakes and trills and other florid embellishments which to the present generation are utterly wearisome. It is still the annual privilege of Melba to revive 'Lucia,' but in spite of her great powers many yawns are caused by the antiquated form. The cult of the tenor, of course, remains; but today it is operas, not stars, which draw the largest audiences, and the orchestra is important as the prima donna, while critics read lectures to tenors who cancel not act, and even the scenery and costumes are at last to be brought into dress system of appropriateness. To see some Italian peasant worshipping an American prima donna wearing white satin in a garden which purports to be German, but which has an Egyptian temple in the background, is somewhat trying to one's gravity."

These statements are evidently honest, and the writer's belief is undoubtedly honest; yet there may be something said in regard to the arias by Bellini that "our grandmothers loved" were not "affected," nor did their success depend on "shakes and trills," which, by the way, are one and the same thing, and "other florid embellishments." These arias moved by their inherent melodic beauty, by their tender sentiment which often verged on sentimentalism, by their pathetic force. It is true that Bellini also wrote bravura airs for his heroines, to suit the prevailing taste and also the demands of prima donnas, but the chief characteristics of Bellini as an operatic composer are tenderness and pathos. When these arias are beautifully sung today by an emotional woman they still move and charm.

Are trills and other florid embellishments "utterly wearisome" to the present generation? How does the writer of "Comments of a Countess" account for the enormous success of Mme. Tetrazzini in London and New York, for the crowds that applaud enthusiastically her vocal fireworks, revolving pinwheels and soaring rockets?

Do operas, not stars, "draw the largest audiences"? Would that I could believe this with the simple faith of the correspondent, but the facts forbid.

Take the recent week of opera at the Boston Theatre. Suppose that Mmes. Farrar, Eames, Fremstad, Cavalieri and Messrs. Caruso, Bonci and Scotti had not been announced, suppose that singers of respectable or even first-class ability, but unknown to the Boston public, had been announced: would the audience have been as great? would there have been the same feverish interest in advance? It is not true that the first question of nine-tenths of the public is: "When does Miss Farrar sing?" or "How often will Mme. Eames appear?" Suppose that Mr. Caruso had not been announced to sing in "Manon Lescaut" and the part of Manon had been taken by a singer unheralded by trumpet blasts proclaiming her devastating beauty, would curiosity to hear the opera alone have crowded the theatre?

Nor does the great public care a fig for the character of the orchestra if Mme. Melba or another favorite be upon the stage, as long as the accompaniment is not too evidently harsh or ragged.

It will be one of the privileges and duties of the manager and directors of the new opera house in Boston to guide gently, and in a spirit of love, the public in the operatic path in which it should go; to teach it to appreciate opera without thought of the personality of this or that celebrated singer.

It is often said that the public taste in cities of Germany is much more cultivated; that the people in these cities love opera for itself. This is in a measure true, but only in a measure. Let a famous soprano or tenor visit the opera house in Berlin, Dresden or any other large German city. The prices are raised; the opera house is crowded; there is frenetic applause; there is excitement before and after the performance. I well remember how Stuttgart was shaken for a whole season by the appearance of the tenor Mierzwinski in "Il Trovatore" and "William Tell." Stellar adoration is not peculiar to the cities of the United States.

To those who look on opera as an agreeable, and sometimes exciting, entertainment, who enjoy the singing and acting of distinguished men and women, who are cheerful in spite of the statement that opera should be a highly educational force and performances should be attended only after preparatory lectures, deep meditation and a low diet for a week or a fortnight, this enthusiasm over Miss Farrar or Miss Cavalieri, over Mr. Caruso or Mr. Bonci is pleasant to observe. It is also no doubt of benefit to the naturally lethargic and phlegmatic; it aids the circulation and stirs the liver.

Ever since opera was invented by the ingenious Florentine gentlemen who thought that they were reviving Greek tragedy, there has been this enthusiasm over operatic singers. I do not refer merely to demonstrations in the opera house, to wild cheering and the presentation of wreaths or to the breaking out of hippanthropy, a form of madness in which a man believes himself to be a horse and insists on dragging the carriage of a prima donna. Read the story of the strife excited in London by Faustina and Cuzzoni, rivals in song. Read Chorley's description of Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, where she first appeared as Alice in "Robert the Devil." "Her companions on the stage might have been celestial singers and actors, or the reverse, that night; no one cared for them, no one followed the opera. Partisanship had been fermented to such a fever heat, interest had been bespoken by such a long-drawn series of hints, mysteries, accidents, or planned measures, that excellence so real as that of the new singer was sure to be accepted, as that super-excellence in the dazzling blaze of which things good or bad alike disappear. * * * From that first moment till the end of that opera season, nothing else was thought about, nothing else talked about, but the new Alice, the new Sonnambula, the new Maria. Pages could be filled by describing the excesses of the public. * * * I short the town, sacred and profane, went mad about 'the Swedish nightingale.' How far the triumph was well-deserved in its extravagance, was a question scouted for the moment as the rankest and most presumptuous heresy. No one would for a moment suffer the chorus of idolatry which attended this extraordinary woman, to be for a moment interrupted by any discussion of her genius and talent, as compared with those of any former singer."

Singers of humbler rank have their sworn friends and partisans. One of the letters received—it was addressed personally to the music reporter of The Herald—is a pleasing proof of this.

The reporter in the discharge of his duty was obliged to say that Mr. Stracciari was a poor Di Luna in "Il Trovatore"; that he sang boisterously and impotently; that his assault on "Il Balen" was murderous. This, and nothing more, was said. There was no dwelling on the horrid details.

The audience, a large one, appeared to be of the same mind; for, mirabile dictu! the blameless and noble air, "Il Balen," as sung by Mr. Stracciari, was not repeated, and this was most unusual. I have heard "Il Trovatore" many times in the course of the last 35 years, in this country and in European lands; but never have I heard it when "Il Balen" was not repeated, except on this recent occasion and in the course of a performance at the Majestic Theatre earlier in the season by the San Carlo opera company, when Mr. Fornari did the air much harm.

But Mr. Stracciari has warm friends and one of them wrote a letter. In one corner was pasted neatly the unfavorable words that were published in The Herald. Here is the letter, printed verbatim et literatim:

BOSTON, April 9, 1908.

Dear Sir:

Your criticism in The Herald about the production of 'Trovatore' on April 8 is simply ridiculous. You'll better take a good friend's advice and the advice of a person of experience, and stop your critic altogether if you do not think to be able and write something better, as you lack of common sense and write in a way that even the biggest dam fool on earth can plainly see that you lack of knowledge of art and artists.

You are really not to blame, as the American people in general cannot understand nor judge the part of an actor in a masterpiece of Italian Grand Opera, and not especially when an actor refuses to pay the reporters and editors for their bluffs in their prostituted newspapers.

The public has common sense enough as to value a good artist when they see him, and no matter how much you or other critics try to throw down a good and merited artist, you can be sure that he will always win out in the end.

I hope that a certain baritone, that sustained his part in a very creditable manner, and who is if not better equal to any one of the best baritones that ever where on this or on the other side of the country, will not be jared by your poor judgement.

A reader of the Herald.

If you have any reply, you can give me one in the coloumns of your paper.

Reply? Not for the world. "A Reader" evidently enjoyed Mr. Stracciari's singing, and so in all probability did Mr. Stracciari himself. Why should "A Reader" not vent his joy and appreciation in a letter, even though he forget to sign his name? Why should he not taunt with the license of ink all those that disagree with him? Think for a moment of what he might have done? He might, hot with Tuscan wine and Italian song, have visited The Herald office, found me intent on an inquiry into the origin, manners, customs and vocal methods of the Di Luna family, and plunged a dagger into my back; then shrieking, "So perish all the foes of Stracciari!" made his way majestically to the street by the aid of the elevator.

Nor is this interest in personality confined to dazzling prima donnas and wabbling baritones. The Register and Leader of Des Moines gives an interesting account of Mme. Sembrich's concert in that city. "The pianist did much to put the audience in a fine mood that characterized the occasion. Mr. Zadora is a Polish-American, and only 24 years of age. He is tall and slender and altogether the limberest pianist ever seen in Des Moines. His entrances and exits are almost lackadaisical. He plays most exquisitely both to interpretation and technique. Although a seeming limp young man, he has power. His forte is soft and delicate."

Yet in Australia there are symptoms of interest in the song rather than in the singer. Mme. Melba, who on May 24 will celebrate the 20th anniversary of her debut at Covent Garden in "Lucia," has been greatly applauded in Australia. At Albury the enthusiasm was rebuked sternly by a local critic: "Certain ignoramuses, who really ought to take their cue from their better-informed friends, or else avoid such gatherings, would persist in idiotic applause at the most critical, interesting or tragic moments in some of the diva's songs. They only caused great annoyance and covered themselves with confusion." The critic, while he admitted that Mme. Melba's notes "poured forth like a marvellous liquid stream of pearls and diamonds, rubies and sapphires," studied the significance of Violetta's song, "Ah fors e lui": "It portrays the rapturous joy of a young woman of no particular reputation who had pitifully abandoned all hope of ever being honestly loved for herself alone, on discovering that she was really worshipped by one for whom she had conceived a strong passion." Many have been under the impression that Violetta had a particular reputation.

Mme. Melba had sung in London in a concert, as Mrs. Nellie Amstrong, in 1886. Her first appearance in opera was at Brussels, Oct. 12, 1887, as Gilda.

It may be remembered that Mark Hambourg, the formidable pianist, stated that after he has played on a piano, no matter how good it may have been, it "has to be completely overhauled and tuned before it is fit to play again." This incited some Londoner to write an agreeable essay entitled "Sandow in the Concert Room." A few excerpts from it may be found in unison with the joy of Easter Sunday.

"There are people, I believe, feeble triflers, who will use a piano several times, and even keep it for years, but these must be mere flabby amateurs, whose flaccid muscles have never been strung up to concert pitch and brought to bear upon the instrument. I am not of these; I make a rule of disabling six pianos at each of my recitals; the public like it, therefore 'let them have it,' say I. They must see the instrument carried off and a new one placed in position before they feel they are getting their money's worth.

"I invariably open with 'The Jabberwock's Dream'—the last chord is fatal to any piano. After the first instrument has been removed and the audience is getting warmed up, I play 'Three Blind Mice' very softly: they always think it is something new and clamor for a repetition. I play it again, just those pure simple notes and the farmer's wife running in the bass, followed immediately by the 'Maiden's Prayer' in D sharp, and the piano is finished with 'The First Overture' of Jessopsoff. The remains having been removed, I do the next-in one, with my own composition 'Chew-this' (all pure beef).

"I find 'Sandow's Musical Exercises' go down better than almost anything else; one application satisfies audience and piano alike. I pass on then to that simple but stirring air, 'The Minstrel Boy,' after which 'The Campbells are Coming' and 'Rule Britannia' follow well. Instead of these I sometimes substitute 'Fits' by Stamponimm; in this I have full scope for my magnificent technique, as well as a good deal of pure physique.

"On the last instrument I always play Finnishitoff's 'Band Practice.' This is a remarkable piece, and has a curious effect on persons hearing it for the first time. I always have the doors locked since the terrible stampede that occurred the first time I played it in public. It was a horrible affair, in which many lost their lives. As it is, I now have many persons in advanced stages of emotional collapse wailing at my feet when I have finished, and the piano-shifters are obliged to pile them on one side before I can move.

"I append a few unsollcited testimonials:

"Lady G—— says: 'Since you played those beautiful "Exercises" on it, our piano has never been the same. I hear it sometimes moaning in the night.'

"Mrs. Dash: 'Our piano is a total wreck; the children now keep their rabbits in it.'

"Same Paper—'Grand piano, used once, splendid offer; will exchange medium gents' pyjamas or postage stamps (rare).'"

LAST CAMBRIDGE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The last symphony concert of the season in Cambridge will be given in Sanders Theatre on next Thursday evening, April 23, at 8 o'clock. This will also be Dr. Muck's farewell, and in making his programme he has paid a compliment to Harvard University. The first number on the programme is an overture entitled "Hero and Leander," by A. T. Davison of Dorchester. Mr. Davison graduated with high honors from the musical department of the university two years ago, and since then he has been a graduate student there, working for his degree of doctor of philosophy. This overture, on which he has been at work for the last year or so, is a part of his thesis for his degree.

The second number on the programme will be Mozart's concerto for violin in A major, No. 5, which Carl Wendling will play, and the last work will be Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony."

CZERWONKY QUARTET

The Czerwonky Quartet (strings—Messrs. Czerwonky, Krafft, Scheurer and Nagel) assisted by Miss Clara Sexton, soprano, and Felix Fox, pianist, will give a concert in Converse Hall, Tremont Temple, on next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

The quartet will play two movements from Grieg's quartet in G minor and the third and fourth movements of Smetana's quartet "Aus Meinem Leben." Miss Sexton will sing the waltz song from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," Rogers' "Love Has Wings" and von Fielitz's "Spring Song." Mr. Czerwonky will play Vieuxtemps' violin concerto in D minor, a movement from Bruch's "Scottish" Fantasia and Paganini's variations in A minor. Mr. Fox will play MacDowell's prelude, E minor; Rubinstein's Barcarolle in G minor, and Pabst's paraphrase on "Eugene Oneguine."

The committee of arrangements is composed of Mr. R. Czerwonky, Dr. W. Brandt, Mr. P. W. Hoffmann and Dr. V. M. Berthold.

CHELSEA RELIEF CONCERT.

Instant and generous response has come to the announcement that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Karl Muck, assisted by Harold Bauer, is to give a concert in aid of the Chelsea relief fund, on Monday evening, April 27. A large number of orders was received on Friday, and the sale of tickets, which began yesterday, shows that there will be no difficulty in selling every seat in the hall. Every cent that is taken in at the benefit concert two years ago went to the San Francisco fund.

Dr. Muck is showing great interest in the concert, and it will be possible to announce the programme early this week. Mr. Bauer has suggested that he play the "Emperor" concerto by Beethoven, and this suggestion will probably be followed.

RUBINSTEIN TRIO.

In place of the announced recital for Friday evening, April 24, the Rubinstein trio will give a concert that evening, in co-operation with the First Universalist Church, Cambridge, in the church vestry, for the benefit of the Chelsea fire fund. Each of the trio—Miss Marguerite Pearson, violinist; Mrs. E. Thompson-Hall, 'cellist, and Mrs. Minnie G. del Castillo, pianist, will give, besides trio numbers, a solo selection; as will also the following artists, who are generously contributing their assistance: Walter I. Cowlishaw, baritone; Robert Hall, tenor; Charles Clark, baritone, and Miss Felicitas Freeman, mezzo-soprano. Tickets may be obtained at the door or by applying to Mrs. M. G. del Castillo, 324 Franklin street, Cambridge.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, will perform for the first time in its history Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah." Mme. de Cisneros, George Hamlin, Emilio de Gogorza and Willard Flint will be the chief solo singers. There will be an enlarged orchestra. Mr. Tucker will be the organist.

MONDAY—The Tuileries, 11 A. M. "Children's concert," organized by the Chromatic Club for the "Artists and Music Students' Fund." Miss Alice Eldridge, pianist, and Miss Ruth McConville, 'cellist, will take part, and Miss Katherine Hunt will contribute children's songs.

TUESDAY—26 Fenway, 4:30 P. M. Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto, assisted by Miss Bessie Collier, violinist. Songs: Air from Debussy's "Prodigal Son"; Faure, "Clair de Lune"; Gounod, "Envoi de Fleurs"; Colburn, "Chanson du Soir"; Schlieder, "Chanson du Vent"; Grieg, Prolog; La Forge, "Like the Rosebud"; Elgar, "Where Corals Lie"; Quilter, "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal"; Rachmaninoff, "Floods of Spring." Miss Collier will play pieces by Goldmark, Brahms-Joachim, Schubert-Wilhelmj, de Boisdeffre, Studing and Randegger.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano concert. Le[illegible] pianist, now of New York and formerly of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will play with piano accompaniment Lindner's concerto, op. 34; Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," and pieces by Goltermann and Popper.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 15 P. M. Concert by Miss Christine La Barrque the blind soprano, and Frank O'Brien, the blind pianist. Songs by Scontrino, Brogi, Mascagni, Simon, Dubois, Saint-Saens, Tschaikowsky, Napravnik, von Stutzman, y Valverde, Andriga, Panzani. Piano pieces, Schubert's "Moments Musicales" op. 94, Nos. 1 and 3, and Impromptu op. 90, No. 3; Grieg's "Humoreske," op. 6, No. 2; air from the "Holberg" suite and "Auf den Bergen," op. 19, No. 1; Liszt's "Cantique d' Amour" and Scherzo, op. 31, No. 2.

Chickering Hall, 8:30 P. M.: Piano recital by George Copeland, Jr.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M.: Second concert given by the Chromatic Club for the Artists and Music Students' Fund. Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist. Schumann, Fantasia in C major, op. 17. Chopin, Three Preludes from op. 28, Nocturne C sharp minor, Polonaise, A flat major; Liszt, "Waldesrauschen"; MacDowell, "Improvisation," "Uncle Remus"; G. Faure, Impromptu, F minor; E. Paur, Intermezzo; Debussy, Toccata.

Jordan Hall, 8 15 P. M.: Thursday Morning Musical Club concert.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. D'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain—Daybreak—Day (Under the Pines)—Evening" (first time here); and Schubert's Symphony in B flat major (No. 5, B. and H.)

Hotel Vendome, 8 P. M., piano recital by George Henry Howard, assisted by Leon Van Vliet, 'cellist. Chopin, Etude, op. 25, No. 7; Liszt, Egologue; Heller, waltz, op. 42; 'cello solos; Bourgeois, "La Veritable Mandia"; Howard, Romanza; Fitzenhagen, Tarantelle, Improvisation "Musical Picture" by Mr. Howard; Howard, Sonata for piano and 'cello; Chopin, Fantaisie, op. 49.

SATURDAY: Potter Hall, 3 P. M., vocal concert by Mr. and Mrs. Gaines. Duets—Jadassohn, "Intermezzo" and "Treue Liebe"; Donizetti, "Al dolce guidami" from "Anna Bolena" (Mrs. Gaines); Felix Mendelssohn, "Der Mond"; A. Mendelssohn, "Naechtliches Staendchen"; Reger, "Waldeinsamkeit"; Bungert, "In der Rosenlaube" (Mrs. Gaines); Kjerulf, "Sing, Nightingale"; Godard, "Arabian Song"; Chadwick, "Sweet Wind That Blows"; A. Andrews, "Oh! for a Day of Spring" (Mr. Gaines); Tschaikowsky, "Plainte d'une Ame"; E. Louis, "Petit Noel"; B. Parkyns, "Le Portrait"; Masse "Chanson du Tigre" from "Paul et Virginie" (Mrs. Gaines); Heuschel, "Sweetest Rosa"; Woolforde-Finden, "Indian Desert Song"; Broughton, "Simple Melody"; Kjerulf, "Svanove's Song"; Clifford, "Spring Song" (Mrs. Gaines). Duets—A. Whiting, "Love Is Life's End"; R. Walthew, "A Lover and His Lass."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

CONCERT NOTES.

The People's Choral Union of Boston will perform Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" in Symphony Hall on Sunday evening, the 26th, at 7:30 o'clock. Samuel W. Cole will conduct. The solo singers will be Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Miss Alice M. Stanaway, George J. Parker and Earl Cartwright. The orchestra will be made up of Boston Symphony orchestra men. Tickets may be obtained at Symphony Hall and at Oliver Ditson Company's. As these concerts are given primarily for the people, a popular scale of prices has been arranged. Reserved seats are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

John Hollis Lindsay, pianist, and Ralph W. Giffin, baritone, will give a concert in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, the 29th, at 8 o'clock. Miss Mary V. Pratt, pianist, will assist.

The Orpheus Musical Society, Mr. Carl Kaufmann conductor, will give a concert in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, the 28th. Miss Josephine Knight, soprano; Alfred F. Denghausen, baritone, and an orchestra made up of Boston Symphony orchestra players, led by Daniel Kuntz, will assist. Tickets may be obtained from the secretary of the Orpheus Musical Society, William E. Sander, by sending him an application.

The interesting announcement is made of a joint appearance in a programme of ensemble music and solos by Josef Hofmann, pianist, and Fritz Kreisler, violinist, at Infantry Hall, Providence, Wednesday evening, the 29th. As these two artists will not appear together in Boston, arrangements have been made whereby Boston music lovers may obtain tickets for the Providence concert at Steinert Hall.

The pupils of Mrs. Edith R. Noyes will give a piano concert in Steinert Hall on Monday evening, May 4. Miss Alice Eldridge will play.

The box office at Symphony Hall will be open at 4 o'clock this afternoon for the sale of remaining tickets for the performance of Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" by the Handel and Haydn Society this evening.

A CLOWN'S FUTURE.

Two brothers, circus clowns, have inherited, it is reported, $2,500,000 from an uncle who died at Glasgow. Let us assume that the story is true and congratulate the brothers, especially if they be "Shakespearian clowns," on the opportunity to prove that they are prepared for either fortune.

There is an old comedy on which Offenbach's delightful "Princess de Trebizonde" is based. A mountebank draws in a lottery a chateau with much land and the title of baron. A generous soul, he takes his companions, jugglers, clowns and tumblers, to the chateau, and there they all eat and drink famously and sleep without care. Soon this lazy life bores them. Little by little they resume their old habits in the chateau. Invited guests are amazed when the host welcomes them by turning a handspring, and at dinner spins nimbly a plate of soup on a forefinger while another of the band keeps knives and forks revolving in air, and another eats while standing on his head.

As is well known, a clown is usually a serious, if not wholly melancholy, person. He is often given to reading books of science or morals. Not that he always dies of a broken heart in a hospital or of some cruel disease when the ironic mask is on his face, as many novelists, playwrights, tellers of short stories would have us believe; but he is often depressed when not in active service, and his gloomy pleasure is in the ring or on the stage. Give him suddenly a fortune and what will be the effect on him?

These two clowns, it is said, will at once leave the circus ring; but not, we hope, before the money is at their disposal. What will they then do? For a year they may ride their hobby horses — they may travel, or collect butterflies, or buy first editions. After that year they will undoubtedly be bored. Perhaps they will haunt circuses and, watching other clowns, hearing the roars of thoughtless laughter, envy them their lot. They will rehearse new tricks and gags in private. It is not impossible that they will again wear motley in public and appear as "The Millionaire Clowns."

And yet they might remain clowns and not re-enter the ring. Their training has qualified them admirably for after-dinner speeches, amateur theatricals, house parties. Thus they might become leaders in society, welcome purveyors of amusement. Women of fashion would not be at their wits' end in search of a new entertainment for jaded guests. Should the brothers make England their home, they might shine, as Justice Darling, on the bench, or don the plaster to write plays and essays charged with paradox and directed against all opinions and beliefs hitherto held sane and sacred.

April 20 1908

HANDEL AND HAYDN AT SYMPHONY HALL

Society Sing Saint-Saens' Opera 'Samson and Delilah'

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, performed last night in Symphony Hall, for the first time in its history, Saint-Saens' opera, "Samson and Delilah," in concert form. The work has been performed here at least twice by the Cecilia Society, led by Mr. Lang.

The Handel and Haydn was assisted by Mme. Eleanore de Cisneros of the Manhattan Opera House, George Mamlin, Emilio de Gogorza, Willard Flint, Harry Parmalee, Thomas I. Deacon and the Boston Festival orchestra with J. W. Crowley, concert master. Mr. Tucker was the organist. There was a large audience, yet not so large a one as might reasonably have been expected. There was hearty applause after the second act.

"Samson and Delilah" serves both as opera and oratorio. When it is performed as an opera, it is often characterized as an interesting oratorio. When it is performed as an oratorio, fault is sometimes found with it because it is too dramatic. As an oratorio, the work both gains and loses. The first act as opera music can hardly be dramatic. With the exception of the ballet scene, with Delilah's "voluptuous poses and gestures," the music has oratorio character. On the other hand, the second act is much more effective on the opera stage. As for the third, it gains when there is action, but some of the music is as effective in concert form.

The Handel and Haydn Society is to be congratulated on its admission of a comparatively modern work to its repertory. If some of the old subscribers should object to the erotic nature of the second act there is an excellent answer: The incident is related in the book of Judges, and in spite of Samson's lamentable fall from grace—nor was this episode with Delilah his only amorous adventure—he is mentioned honorably in the famous chapter of Hebrews in which ancient worthies are described as working wonders by faith. "And what shall I more say? For the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jeptnah; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets."

There is Samson in excellent company and for all time. I do not believe, however, that any of the old subscribers were seriously disquieted. On the contrary, it is a pleasure to think that the music cheered and enlivened them, infused a genial glow, and that many will be induced to reread the story of Samson without any thought of sun-myth or symbolism.

It is true that the Cecilia first performed the oratorio, but this production did not establish any proprietary right. It might be a pleasure to hear "The Messiah" sung by the Cecilia.

"Samson and Delilah" has been performed here, and the music is familiar to many. Let us, then, discuss the performance of last night, rather than the opera-oratorio.

Dr. Mollenhauer had evidently rehearsed with great care, for the singing of the chorus was excellent. The members of the society sang first of all as though they were personally interested in the work. The music was new to them. They liked it, and found it effective. It may here be said that unless a choral society brings out occasionally a new work its performances will soon be inevitably of a routine nature, and routine is easily synonymous with dull or slipshod. The chorus last night had not only an imposing sonority, it also varied expression and made fine effects. The orchestra, enlarged for the occasion and also for Mr. Stewart's approaching concert tour, gave a careful and at times brilliant and eloquent performance.

There were times, however, when the accompaniment of the solo singers might have been more subdued, especially at the end of the love duet, when the composer's indications were not closely followed. As a choral and orchestral performance that of last night was one to be ranked even above the recent one of Verdi's "Requiem." And this is high praise.

Mme. de Cisneros sang here about 10 years ago, when she was known as Miss Broadfoot, her maiden name. She is an imposing woman, physically authoritative. Whether Delilah were small and slight, or a long, thin brunette, or a woman of heroic build, sumptuously upholstered, are questions that provoke discussion, but might now be regarded as irrelevant. Richard Grant White believed that Lady Macbeth was a blonde, with winning, seductive ways, a woman that could twist any valiant soldier around her finger.

Samson, in accordance with the law of selection, would have been more easily tempted by a small woman charged with magnetism than by a large one clothed in authority, slightly clothed no doubt, yet of an inherently dominating nature. The interpretation of Mme. de Cisneros was aesthetically authoritative, not seductive. She did not woo in tones; her phrases were not caresses. Her voice is of liberal compass, generally agreeable, and some of her tones are of noble quality. Her vocal rhetoric was disappointing. She often dragged her tones and dawdled with her phrases, thinking no doubt thus to be expressive; but the melodic line suffered thereby, the rhythm was broken, and the interpretation was necessarily ineffective.

Furthermore Mme. de Cisneros did not bring the woman that dwelt in the valley of Sorek clearly before the audience, either as woman exulting sensually in the power of her fascination or as a patriot in the service of her tribal deity. Opera singers in oratorio are often censured for undue dramatic intensity; they are accused of exaggeration. This censure and this charge could not justly be brought against Mme. de Cisneros. Her only extravagance was in the liberties she took with tempo and rhythm. As regards tonal color and amorous entreaty, she seemed to take pride in keeping Samson at a respectful distance. The warning by the aged Hebrew was for once superfluous.

Mr. Hamlin's task was a difficult one. Not that Samson necessarily had a stentorian voice, for strong men and giants often pipe shrilly or have curiously childish tones; but the music makes heroic demands. Mr. Hamlin is much more than a singer of notes, a man anxious about tonal production and careful delivery of a phrase. His reading of the text was illuminative. He was robust when there was a call for vigorous expression, but he also found the appropriate force for Samson's various moods and emotions.

Mr. de Gogorza made the most of the music allotted to him, and Mr. Flint responded adequately to the demands made on Abimeleck and the aged and experienced Hebrew, who talked like a retired sport.

Men and Things

The Tailor and Cutter is an amusing periodical, much funnier than Punch, more entertaining than even Notes and Queries. A recent number insists again that clothes worthy the name are made only in England. "An Englishman's dress, if properly tailored, not only looks good, but you know it is good. The style is [illegible] strained. It does not fly at you in the street like, for example, an American's dress, nor is it subjected to so many violent changes." And again: "An American comes over to England wearing American clothes that hit you in the eye. He goes back wearing the more subdued and the more elegant English clothes ever afterward."

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This seems to us uncousinly and unjust. As a rule, the Englishman seen on the European continent is much more loudly dressed than an American. Furthermore he wears his knockabout suit with a vexing air of superiority on occasions when a formal coat is imperatively demanded. We had thought that throughout the United States the taste of the male is, as a rule, severe, conventional. In Boston there are many who dress by the card. They would never venture to appear as did Disraeli at Gore House in purple velvet trousers with a gold stripe and with pearl rings worn outside white kid gloves. Never would they dare to stand on the steps of the Somerset Club or of Huntington Hall, as Count d'Orsay stood every afternoon on the steps of Tortoni's in Paris, arrayed in an emerald green coat, with velvet collar, a cream-colored waistcoat, mustard-colored trousers and a black satin stock with a double diamond pin and connecting light gold chain. This was over a half century ago, it is true, and there were also howling swells in New York in the fifties if the descriptions in Charles Astor Bristed's "Upper Ten Thousand" are not exaggerated.

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We have evidence to show the constant sobriety of dress—some might say, the hideous uniformity of male costumes—in Boston. Here is "Etiquette in Dress" sent recently by an appreciative tailor to Mr. Herkimer Johnson as an eminent and earnest student of Sociology, not as a man and a citizen, for Mr. Johnson is far from being what tailors call "a tasty dresser." Compare with it the "Correct Dress Chart" thoughtfully prepared in 1904.

Let us see what informal evening dress should be now and was in 1904.

Coat, the same, i. e., an evening jacket.

Overcoat in 1908, Chesterfield or fur-lined; in 1904, covert or "ordinary."

Waistcoat in 1908 may be light gray silk, single breasted, or same as coat; in 1904 it was practically of the same description. The trousers of 1904 are recommended today—yesterday, today and forever; but in 1904 a man was allowed to wear either a derby or an Alpine hat; the latter was peculiarly suited to social climbers.

Shirts of 1904 and 1908 are the same and cuffs now as then are attached. In 1904 the collar was poke or wing; it is now wing or fold. In 1904 the cravat was broad-end black silk; now the cravat may be gray. Gloves, boots and jewelry are the same as in 1904. The jewelry is very chaste, "gold links and gold studs." It is taken for granted that you have a stud for each stud hole.

• • •

There was once a man in Boston who was given to the wearing of many finger rings set with precious stones. He would choose rings for the day to suit the color of the cravat. Whether he had a set of rings for each day of the week, as some fortunate beings have razors marked Sunday, Monday and so on, we were not able to determine, but we were inclined to believe at the time that at least twice in the week he took indoor exercise and read improving books.

• • •

"Etiquette in Dress" is not so well arranged as "Correct Dress Chart." The latter is more convenient. You see at a glance all sartorial things that should be known. For example, what sort of jewelry should you wear when you go skating? Run your finger down the first column "Occasion" and you come to "Wheeling, Golf, Outing, Skating." Then run along this line through vertical columns and you find "jewelry." The answer is ready and to the point: "Links and cravat pins. Watch guard." We would not be without this "Correct Dress Chart" for the world. You may say that it is old, inasmuch as it is dated 1904. Our clothes are older.

• • •

Joseph Mayte of Chicago was betrothed to Miss Helen Hade and the

license was issued last December, but Mr. Mayte refused to marry her because she said he should pay for the wedding supper. Now she sues for breach of promise. Meanwhile the question is agitating Chicago: "Is it the duty of the bride or the bridegroom to furnish the wedding supper, breakfast, luncheon?" We have always understood that when there was a reception at the bride's home her parents were the providers, but we speak at random as one without knowledge. Mrs. Sherwood's invaluable guide book for the snobbish and the genteel is not at hand, and the immortal Cooley, author of "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," is not interested in the subject.

* * *

Prof. Robinson, a deep thinker, has given the scientific answer to the question, "Why do fat men strut and look fierce?" But do they? Meanwhile we are informed that Evangelist Sewell recently "flayed society butterflies" in St. Louis.

April 21, 1908

Men and Things

The Herald has received the following letter:

Boston, April 19, 1908.

Men and Things:

Kindly cast the ray of your searchlight down the line of derivation of the word "lallygag." To my understanding it means innocuous and innocent dalliance with the sex. Has it other meanings, and whence its origin?

Yours sincerely,
STUDENT.

* * *

We know the word, O Student, and have known it as man and boy for over 40 years. "There they were, lallygagging on the back stoop"; "He's always lallygagging 'round"; "O he's a lallygagger."

Your definition of the word is correct. A lallygagger is a softy, not a hardened libertine, a desperate villain who laughs a staccato laugh as he remembers Jane, and Sue, and Marla. As a youth the lallygagger begins by saying to the young woman: "Let me see your rings."

The act of lallygagging is now condemned by all those that stand and sit and lie down in fear of bacilli. In Vermont the act is known as "gumming." "They sat in the parlor gumming away"; "e's a great fellow for gumming."

* * *

There are other meanings, however. We have heard the word applied to a foolish speaker, one that indulged himself in pretty, shop-keeping talk.

The word is also used as synonymous with lounge, loiter, wander aimlessly about, dawdle. The use of "lallygag" in this sense is common, we are told. While the word "lallygag" is not found in any dictionary, orthodox, dialect or slang, that we have consulted, the verb and substantive "lall" is in Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary": the verb has the meaning just given, and a lounger, a dawdling child hanging about its mother, and sometimes the idea of silliness is annexed. In Swedish dialect "lalla" is to wander aimlessly about, and in Low German "lallen" is to speak indistinctly, unintelligently.

* * *

Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues" knows not "lallygag." It says that "lala" is an Americanism for a swell, and that "lallycoddler" is an Americanism for one eminently successful in any particular line. Mr. Farmer often goes wrong when treating of Americanisms. We have always heard "lallycoddler" applied to a soft, a mushy person.

* * *

Let us sum it up. In Hampshire county, where we were reared, to lallygag was to hug and kiss. We never heard the term used otherwise. We are told by Bostonians, men and women, that they never knew the word with this meaning; they associate it exclusively with dawdling. We do not know the origin of the word.

We have consulted Mr. Herkimer Johnson, and he has failed us in the hour of need. He looked wise, however, and said that when he was a boy he used to buy, at a little shop kept by "Marm" Hayward in Pinckney street near Anderson, a kind of black molasses candy called "m'lallagog," sometimes "m'lagob." The molasses was boiled until it was almost burned and then pulled into sticks, but not pulled so much that it became white. When we asked him sternly what this had to do with "lallygag," he smiled in a foolish manner and said he thought that some connection might be traced. It is only fair to say that his mind was not working actively and his breath smelled of strong waters.

* * *

Mme. Henry Letellier, who is said to be beautiful, made a sensation lately in Paris by appearing at a fashionable reception in a directoire costume. "The dress, which was cut close and clinging, was split on the right side from the bottom to a point above the wearer's knees. Consummate art is necessary for the wearing of such a gown properly." We should say it were rather a question of the wearer's architecture. Not every woman is sculptural.

In the early years of the 19th century American women of the highest respectability wore not only what were called "chemise dresses," with only a single garment beneath a dress of extremely fine texture, but the skirts of their gowns were of uneven length. The left side was made shorter, either by being looped up or slashed. No petticoat was worn under this open robe. When Miss Patterson of Baltimore married Bonaparte it was said that all the clothes worn by her then might have been put in a pocket. Alice Morse Earl informs us that the wedding gowns of even ministers' wives in New England were of fine organdie or mull; they were scant, so low necked that they were, indeed, "incroyable," slit up at one side nearly to the waist. "A certain sheath slip was worn under this outer cobweb—desperately immodest attire, it would seem to us today." Who knows but that in the constant shiftings and return of fashions slit gowns may yet be seen here in parlors, and even in the street?

April 22, 1908

PUPILS IN CONCERT.

Applausive Audience at Event of Dueheana School of Opera.

Students of the Ducheana School of Opera, assisted by Elisha Perry, tenor, and Stanislaus Kenelmj, accompanist, gave a public performance last evening in Potter Hall. The programme included the sextet from "Lucia," Misses Lovejoy and MacArthur and Messrs. Perry, Crooker, Kallman, Card; duet from "Alda," Misses Lovejoy and Syer; "L'Ardita," Miss Crelghton; arias from "Daughter of the Regiment," Miss Syer; "Don Giovanni," Mr. Perry; "Rigoletto," Miss Buck; "Semiramide," Miss Mahler, and two scenes from the fourth act of "Faust," sung in costume by Misses Lovejoy, McCormack, MacArthur, and Messrs. Perry, Card, Kallmann and a chorus. K. L.

There was a friendly audience of fair size, and while it was possible to trace the locality of various groups of friends to the performers, the applause was pretty evenly divided, and several of the singers added encore pieces.

The performance was generally smooth and the two scenes from "Faust"—the cathedral scene and the serenade and duel—were creditably acted.

Men and Things

Battery Dan Finn dismissed in New York some Chinese who had been charged with gambling.

"What's the game this time?" asked the magistrate.

"Dominoes!" replied the detective.

"That's a silly game," said the magistrate. "I used to play it as a boy myself."

* * *

Battery Dan has a highly respectable authority on his side. In 1301 Strutt spoke of dominoes in a disrespectful manner: "Domino * * * a very childish sport, imported from France a few years back." Yet the game has been, and is, a favorite in many lands. It is played leisurely, sedately, one might say ruminatively. The dominoes themselves are attractive, and the box may be a work of art.

The game may be classed with a few others for interest in the beauty of the implements. A cribbage board, solid and substantial, is an attractive sight. The chessmen that were brought over from India or China, curiously carved and odorous with the cast, were an unfailing delight. The set often stood in battle array on a thin-legged table of the parlor used only on great occasions in New England houses. At the risk of shocking the supersensitive we add that a faro layout in a first class gambling house is also a "handsome" sight.

* * *

They are who speak flippantly of dominoes and class the game with jackstraws. In Miss Edgeworth's "Belinda" Mr. Percival "condescended" to look at a game of jackstraws and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, wishing to describe her lack of presence of mind, wrote that she had not so much "as one would use to play at jackstraws." Dominoes is far the finer game. Did the Greeks and Romans have any sport resembling it? They played with knuckle bones and dice; they played at charades and enigmas; then there was the game of cottabos; there was the game of petteia, something like chess or checkers; the ancients also gambled at the game known now here only as morra, in which a player suddenly a certain number of fingers of the right hand and the adversary must tell the number immediately; but while modern Italians put the left hand behind the back the ancient Romans rested it on a stick.

* * *

Furthermore, the word domino is picturesque in slang. It is used as an ejaculation of completion; thus it was said after the last lash had been given to an English soldier or sailor; it is said by a London conductor when the bus is full; it adds emphasis to a knockout blow. The teeth are dominoes and the mouth is a domino box. To sluice one's dominoes is to drink. Inasmuch as the keys of a piano are dominoes the pianist is a domino thumper. Great is the English language! As Walt Whitman said, it is the language of the proud and the melancholy and them that aspire.

* * *

Vinnie Ream's bust of Liszt is on exhibition at Baltimore, and the Sun tells a thrilling story of Vinnie once hearing Liszt play. "She listened rapturously to the wonderful music, entranced and forgetful of everything save the glorious sounds produced by his inspired touch. At a pause Liszt turned and looked at her and, quietly, without a word, he leaned and laid one hand over hers and gently pressed it in silent recognition of the appreciation which glowed in her large black eyes and filled her whole being. At the close of the concert he turned to her and said: 'My child, we need no introduction.'"

This reminds us of a story told recently in London of a good bishop who was showing some East end young girls, in whom a society of the church was interested, certain windows. Wishing them to make haste, he called out: "My dears, here is something I wish you to see." And then one girl called out to the others: "My, ain't he free!"

* * *

Commenting on the death of County Court Judge Adams, an Irish judge who might have stepped out of "Charles O'Malley" or "Harry Lorrequer," the Pall Mall Gazette reminds its readers that Adams began life as a reporter in Cork and had for a colleague an odd chap named Guiney, who afterward became prominent in London. This Guiney wrote a poem on Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887 in the person of Molony of Killballyraggett Molony, as that person sat in an attic window in the Strand to watch the procession go by:

Ah, Queen Victoary,
With all yer glory,
With all yer coaches and long-tailed ponies,
There's one in the crowd,
With the bosom proud,
Of the last descindent of the bould Molonies.

* * *

Ah, the home life of the West! Mrs. Zehms brought a divorce suit at Green Bay, Wis., against her husband because he would not allow her to use sugar in her coffee. The fact that on one occasion, when heated with rebellious liquor, he tipped her out of a carriage into a ditch was of minor importance. The judge dismissed the case; nor did he allow himself to be prejudiced against Mr. Zehms because the latter kept his wife on a diet of rye bread and "summer sausage" for a few days. Mr. Zehms evidently has dietetic theories. But at Marion, Ind., Mr. Barass was granted a divorce against his wife. Although she weighs scarcely 100 pounds, she was in the habit of kicking him out of bed and making him get his breakfast; she would not wash the breakfast dishes until night; she gave him dry bread for his dinner while she ate ham and eggs; worst of all, she compelled him to mend his own clothes. A pitiable tale was this of Mr. Barass. Tears came even into the eyes of the judge.

April 23 1908

Miss Christine La Barraque and Frank O'Brien Heard

Miss Christine La Barraque, soprano, and Frank O'Brien, pianist, both blind, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. Miss La Barraque sang these songs: Scontrino, "Povera Rondinella"; Brogi, "Notte Bianca"; Mascagni, "Serenata"; Saint-Saens, "O beaux reves," from "Etienne Marcel"; A. Simon, "La Neve"; Dubois, "Tarantelle"; Tschaikowsky, "Nay, Though My Heart Should Break"; Napravnik, "Lullaby" from "Harold"; Stutzman, "Vainka's Song"; Valverde, "Nina Pancha"; Anduaga, "Tus Ensuenos"; Panzani, "La Jibara." Mr. O'Brien played Schubert's "Momens Musicals," Nos. 1 and 3, and Impromptu, op. 90, No. 3; Grieg's Humoreske, op. 6, No. 2; air from the "Holberg" suite, "Auf den Bergen," op. 19, No. 1; Liszt's "Cantique d'amour" and Chopin's Scherzo No. 2, op. 31.

Miss La Barraque, a singularly accomplished young woman, one whose general culture might well be envied by women to whom nature has been kinder, has sung before this in Boston, and her agreeable voice and her vocal proficiency have been much praised. Last evening she sang several songs that were unfamiliar and again gave pleasure.

Mr. O'Brien is also favorably known to our concertgoers. He adds constantly to his repertory, and last evening not only played his solo pieces with spirit, but accompanied the singer with taste. There was an audience of fair size, which was much interested and warmly applausive.

MR. COPELAND'S RECITAL.

An Interesting Programme Played in Chickering Hall.

K. L.

George Copeland, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Chickering Hall. He played the following pieces: Chopin, Impromptu; Schumann, Symphonic Studies; Debussy, Minuet, L'Isle Joyeuse, Revery; Liszt, Spanish Rahpsody.

The programme was an admirable one, by its unconventionality, interest and brevity—for the entire performance occupied only an hour, and this included a repetition of Debussy's "Revery." Mr. Copeland has given pleasure at previous recitals by a peculiar charm of performance and by his unusual programmes, which have shown a marked tendency toward the modern French music. He was in happy vein last evening, and played with a lightness, fleetness, elasticity and general grace that made a marked impression. As usual, he showed, perhaps, the greatest sympathy with the French pieces.

There was a rather small but deeply interested audience, and Mr. Copeland added to the programme.

SOCIETY WOMEN AID FUND.

The Chelsea relief fund will be substantially increased as a result of the concert given for the fire sufferers last night in Tremont Temple. The programme included selections by the Czerwonky quartet, composed of R. Czerwonky, first violin; W. Krafft, second violin; C. Scheurer, viola, and R. Nagel, 'cello. Other artists were Miss Clara Sexton, soprano, and Heinrich Gebhardt, pianist.

The committee of arrangements consisted of Mrs. Barthold Schlesinger, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, Mrs. H. B. Bowditch, Mrs. Henry M. Rogers, Miss Elizabeth Cabot, Mrs. Jasper Whiting, R. Czerwonky, Dr. W. Brandt P. W. Hoffmann and Dr. V. M. Berthold.

Concert Foyer.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The most incredible rumor in the musical world is that Mme. Patti may farewell the United States for positively the last time at the Friars' Festival and that she will as positively refuse to accept any remuneration. The Friars is an organization of press agents. This rumor is their proudest achievement.

Mme. Patti bade a heart-rending farewell to Boston on Nov. 19, 21, 1903. At the concert on the 21st she sang "The Last Farewell," an abominably trashy ballad by Charles K. Harris.

There is another disquieting rumor. Eddie Braun of Indianapolis is studying the use and the abuse of the violin with Huhay at Budapest. The Star quotes from a letter written by Hubay: "He (Eddie) will make the world shake when he plays." It must be confessed that the world has fair warning and when the catastrophe comes it cannot complain that it was caught unprepared.

The Referee (London) asks: "Why is it that the seats in concert rooms are so much less comfortable than those in music halls? Is there some subtle connection between intellectuality and discomfort, and if so, is it wise to accent it so fundamentally, or is it that there remains the Puritan tradition that discomfort is a sign of rightcousness and luxury of wickedness?"

It was observed years ago by a deep thinker that one had to climb the steps of the old-fashioned meeting house, while the steps of the old-fashioned drinking place were of easy and inviting descent.

The 18th Psalm, with music set to it by "L. Stein"—the Princess Friedrich Leopold—was applauded recently in Dresden. This recalls the saying of Brahms: "You should always speak respectfully of music written by a prince, for you never know who may have composed it."

Mr. Max Zach, who is now in Boston, has renewed his engagement as conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra. He is highly appreciated in St. Louis.

Some may wonder why Josef Hofmann and Fritz Kreisler did not play together in Boston this season as in other cities.

Hofmann was unwilling to play here with Mr. Kreisler unless he first gave a recital. For some reason or other, Mr. Hofmann, who is ranked among the leading pianists of the world, has no box office draught in Boston.

Mischa Elman, the young violinist, who plays, they say, like a mature, well rounded artist, Emil Sauer, pianist, and Joseph Lhevinne, pianist, will be among the visiting virtuosos next season.

Richard Strauss with the consent of the Royal Opera House, Berlin, has been chosen by the Royal Orchestra as conductor of its symphony concerts. It is an open secret that Dr. Muck did not wish to conduct these concerts on his return, which, alas, is soon at hand.

Mr. Tardieu has been attacked in New York for saying that Mr. Caruso "sings everything with the same facility, the same sonorous extravagance, but also with the same bad taste, making no effort to interpret the dramatic idea of the part." Is there not much truth in this criticism? Mr. Caruso has as a birthright a marvellously beautiful voice. There is no other tenor like it. Is it not true that he often uses his wealth of tone as a spendthrift?

The death of Hermann Kotzschmar of Portland, Me., a week ago, recalls the fact that he wrote a most popular Te Deum, which has been heard repeatedly throughout the land, and is still in the libraries of many church choirs. The Lewiston Saturday Journal of the 18th published an interesting article about Kotzschmar.

"Yankee Doodle" played in the minor gives "quite an Eastern effect," in a travesty of Maud Allan's "Salome" dance at the Alhambra (London). By the way, there is an interesting dispute about the real name of Miss Allan, the bare-legged dancer. Some say she is a sister of Theodore Durant, who committed a peculiarly horrible murder, but Max Duscheneau, who keeps a restaurant in Kansas City, swears she came from Mooresburg in eastern Ontario; that her name is Allen with an "e"; that she used to sing and dance at church entertainments. Our own recollection of church entertainments in our youth, is not so pleasant.

There is a little girl in Wales, who, at the age of 3, gained a prize by singing "Who Is Sylvia?" "She kept splendid pitch and accurate time."

Baltimore enjoyed "La Traviata," as performed by the Metropolitan Opera House company. "The character of Violetta—the counterpart of Camille—is no myth. She lives and moves today. There are scores upon scores of Alfredos, whose solicitous fathers interfere with their loves." Verdi's orchestration is described as "magnificient and vivid."

Frederic H. Cowen, the well known composer and conductor, will marry, in June, a young singer, Frederica Richardson, a pupil of Santley. Cowen was born at Kingston, Jam., in 1852, and it is said that his name was originally Cohen.

Adele Morau, singing at the Oxford, London, is indeed a wonder. "She has a repertory of over 1500 songs, possesses about as many magnificent dresses, but is rarely seen twice in one engagement in the ame costume."

Arturo Vigna, the passionate conductor who perspired freely, used to bring over 300 dress shirts, for he was suspicious of American laundries.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, conducted by Dr. Muck, will give a concert next Monday night in Symphony Hall for the benefit of the sufferers from the Chelsea fire. Harold Bauer, pianist, has contributed his services. The programme will include Beethoven's overture "Leonora" No. 3; Beethoven's piano concerto in E flat major; Chabrier's rhapsody "Espana" and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

The last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, this season will be led by Dr Muck this evening. The programme will be as follows: Davison's overture, "Hero and Leander"; Mozart's concerto in A major for violin (Carl Wendling, violinist), and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony.

The last concert of the Thursday Morning Musical Club will be given this evening in Jordan Hall. There is a peculiar interest in this concert. It will be the last one not only of the season, but of the club, which will disband after several years of usefulness and benevolence. The death of the president, Miss Fanny T. French, and the going of the conductor, Mr. Arthur S. Hyde, to New York, have had much to do with the decision of the members. Mrs. Beach's setting of music to "The Chambered Nautilus" will be performed tonight for the first time in this city.

George H. Howard, pianist, will give a concert tomorrow night at the Hotel Vendome. He will be assisted by Leon Van Vliet, 'cellist, and the programme will include some of Mr. Howard's compositions.

The programme of the 23d Symphony concert on Saturday night will be as follows: Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage"; Schubert's symphony in B flat major, No. 5; d'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain." D'Indy's piece, which is in three movements—"Daybreak," "Day—Afternoon Under the Pines," "Evening"—will be performed here for the first time. It was composed in 1905. Schubert's symphony, a work for small orchestra, has been played here only once, and then at Symphony concert under Mr. Henschel, and from manuscript.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaines will give a concert of songs and duets Saturday afternoon in Potter Hall. The programme includes many unfamiliar songs.

Flotow's "Martha," will be performed in concert form in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the Chelsea relief committee for the benefit of the sufferers from the fire.

Mmes. Sexton and Mulford Messrs. Lawson, Werrenrath and Martin, the Mendelssohn Club of 300, and the Boston Festival Orchestra will take part. Osbourne McConathy will conduct.

The People's Choral Union of Boston, Samuel W. Cole conductor, will give a performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," on Sunday evening. The solo singers will be Mrs. Williams, Miss Stanaway, George J. Parker and Earl Cartwright.

John Hollis Lindsay, pianist, and Ralph W. Griffin, baritone, will give a concert in Steinert Hall next Wednesday night.

April 24 1908

ARTISTS' FUND CONCERT.

Mme. Samaroff Plays for the Chromatic Club in Jordan Hall.

Mme. Olga Samaroff, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, under the auspices of the Chromatic Club. The concert was the second in a series of three, and was for the benefit of the artists' and music students' fund. Mme. Samaroff played the following programme: Schumann, Fantasia in C major, op. 17; Chopin, 3 Preludes from op. 28, Nocturne in C sharp minor, Polonaise in A flat major; Liszt, "Waldesrauschen"; MacDowell, "Improvisation," "Uncle Remus"; Faure, Impromptu in F minor; E. Paur, Intermezzo; Debussy, Toccata.

The concert was a pleasant one, and the audience was enthusiastic. It should have been larger, in view of the known excellence of Mme. Samaroff's playing and of the purpose with which the club organized this series of concerts. The fund in question is maintained to aid music students and artists who are in need of immediate financial relief, and the club has already been the means of affording such relief.

Mme. Samaroff's playing has been discussed here so many times and so fully that it is unnecessary to enter into detail upon that of yesterday afternoon. Her playing of the Fantasia was stirring, and she gave a delightful performance of the first of the three preludes, although it was the third that was given a repetition. The programme was interesting, on conventional lines, and was lengthened by encore pieces.

Men and Things

There is already more information about Mary Garden and "Salome," at the Manhattan Opera House next season. Miss Mary dined recently with Richard Strauss, who said that although he had given the singer of Salome's music 10 minutes to recover after the dance, he could find no one to do both the dance and the song. Ten minutes is not a long time to rest after such exertion. It will be remembered that John the Baptist never recovered from the dance, and he was a man of simple habits who had taken much exercise in the open air.

• • •

There is "a new brand of toper" in Philadelphia—"he drinks catsup." The Record of that city has made the discovery. The victim is described as having a sallow complexion; he is always in bad humor and he eats slowly. The ketchup drinker is nothing new. There were several of them in Albany, N. Y., in the seventies. It was not uncommon to see at Keeler's oyster house, not the one in Maiden Lane, but the old one in the southern part of the town—was it not in Green street?—a canal boatman or a longshoreman come in, order a stew, and as a preliminary whet, drink half a bottle of tomato ketchup. Sometimes he would doze; sometimes he would be in fighting mood. Mr. George R. Sims described some weeks ago in the Referee a woman—as an honest Englishman, he referred to her as a "lady"—who drank in a restaurant the Worcestershire sauce; the anchovy sauce, and the tomato ketchup. When the truth of his statement was questioned, he waxed indignant and said that there are women and men who drink furniture polish and blacking.

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Mr. Sims, it will be observed, spells the word "ketchup." The Philadelphia Record prefers "catsup." Which is the better word — catsup, ketchup, or catchup? Dean Swift used the first:

And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup and caveer.

But "catchup" was used as early as 1690. "Ketchup" is the true spelling. The word is apparently an adaptation of the Chinese "Koe-chiap," or "Ketsiap," the brine of pickled fish or shell fish.

Swift is not the only poet who did not disdain to use the word. The line "Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar and Harvey," occurs in Byron's "Beppo," and it rhymes with "Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve ye."

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We have mentioned Mr. Sims. He has been making still more dismal statements. He spent a night in March at Medland Hall, the Free Night's Shelter in Ratcliff, carried on by the Philanthropic branch of the London Congregational Union. The Shelter was full on every floor, and the great majority were workers out of employment, men that were homeless, without a penny, eager to find work. The figures for one week were as follows:

Men sleeping in Shelter	2401
Men turned away for want of room, but given bread	1911
Men receiving bread and butter between 12 P. M. and 4 A. M.	2256
Total	6568

The nightly average of men that walk four miles to get a bit of bread and butter is 322. And these figures represent only one shelter.

• • •

The French are not the only ones to applaud "spectacular realism" in the playhouse. In the new piece, "The Volcano," at the Hippodrome, London, the scene is laid in a Mexican mining camp, at the foot of an extinct volcano. A half-witted miner, "Crazy Jim," who lost his wife and children in a previous eruption, watches the signs of another catastrophe. At last the volcano belches forth flames, and molten lava streams down the mountain's flanks. The shrieks of the villagers raise the audience to a high pitch of pleasurable excitement.

• • •

The news comes from St. Petersburg that the Russian sable is in imminent danger of extermination. The demand is greater than the supply and the Siberian sable hunters are slaughtering in and out of season and even the females and the young.

We happened to be reading the same day this news was published, a little book entitled "Of the Russe Commonwealth," by Giles Fletcher, English ambassador to Russia in 1588. His account of life in Russia was suppressed from fear of giving offence to the court, but the book was reprinted about 50 years later. In it Fletcher says: "The best Sable furre groweth in the countrey of Pechora, Momgosorskoy and Obdorskoy, the worser sort in Siberia, Perm, and other places." The fur even then was valued highly, for in 1586 Prince Boris "Pheodorowich" sent to the Queen of England by Master Jerome Horsey, gentleman, a man of great travel, "a royal present of sables, lucernes, cloth of gold and other rich things." Every sable skin in Topsell's time (1607) was worth a French crown, or four shillings at the least, but in England, 30 years earlier, 1000 ducats were sometimes given for a suit and by a statute of Henry VIII., no one under the rank of an earl might wear sables.

Buffon tells us that years ago the hunting in Siberia was done by convicts, who were punished if they did not furnish a certain number yearly. Soldiers have also been employed as hunters, and they were allowed to retain all the skins they could get over the allotted number demanded from each regiment. It is said that a colonel in six or seven years would thus gain as much as 4000 crowns, and a common soldier 600 or 700 crowns. The soldiers were allowed to use only a rifle with one ball, or a crossbow with blunt arrows.

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A restaurant waiter told us that for some weeks one of his customers, wishing luncheon, ordered a mutton chop and fried potatoes; for dinner he would order the same; and, if by any chance he ate supper in the restaurant, he would order fried potatoes and a mutton chop. There were no digressions, and, therefore, no return to his mutton.

April 25 1908

MR. HOWARD'S RECITAL.

Friendly Audience Enjoys Concert Programme at the Vendome.

George Henry Howard, pianist, assisted by Leon Van Vliet, 'cellist, gave a recital last evening at the Hotel Vendome. The programme included three compositions by the pianist—a sonata for 'cello and piano, a Romance for 'cello, and an Improvisation; Chopin's Fantasia, op. 49, other piano pieces by Chopin, Liszt and Heller, and a group of 'cello solos.

There was a small but friendly-disposed audience, to whom the programme gave manifest pleasure, for it was neither taxing nor conventional. Nor was it overlong, although the concert was somewhat late in beginning. The Improvisation was of a descriptive nature, and had a printed note in the programme; it was followed by the sonata, which has the four conventional movements, the allegro being entitled a Rhapsody.

The compositions of Mr. Howard received the most applause, and Mr. Van Vliet gave an agreeable performance of the sonata and of his solo group.

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Men and Things

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, April 22, 1908.

Men and Things:

I note that the New York Tribune refers to that eminent philanthropist and statesman, Mr. W. R. Hearst, as a "tertium quid." Can your friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, whose classic features I have seen from afar, but whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting, throw any light on the exact meaning of the above term? Is it one of praise or opprobrium? Yours,

A SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH.

We regret to say that Mr. Johnson is not now in Boston. He was seen at the South station last Monday morning about 11:45 o'clock. He then held in one hand a green bag stuffed so that it bulged and in the other an umbrella that Addison P. Ryman might have used in emphasizing the points made by him in his celebrated oration on the Crisis. Our informant tells us that Mr. Johnson was walking majestically toward the gate and smoking a fringed cigar that smelt like a carpet burning. "His eyes seemed to me rather fixed. I said to him, 'Herkimer, old man, where're you going?' He answered, rather thickly, I thought, 'I've got to look after my windmill,' and he passed by. The gatekeeper winked at me and made some vulgar remark about my friend having 'a bun,' nor did he seem to be impressed when I assured him he must be mistaken, for Mr. Johnson was a distinguished sociologist. The gatekeeper's reply was so insulting to Mr. Johnson's character that I do not wish to repeat it. I inferred from Herkimer's answer that he was on his way to Clamport, but is it not rather early for looking after summer windmills?"

We telephoned Mrs. Johnson last night, but the maid said that Mrs. Johnson was in Baltimore.

In the absence of Mr. Johnson, we can say only this: a "tertium quid" is literally a "third something"; it is a conjectural medium between two opposites; hence a nondescript. The term may thus be one of neither praise nor blame.

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Mrs. George H. Wilson, wife of the former manager of the Carnegie Music Hall, has been chosen, "after a bitter fight," to succeed her husband. The dispatch from Pittsburg added that Mrs. Wilson's former home was Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Wilson came from Kingston, and she was a Miss de Normandie, the niece of the Rev. James de Normandie of this city. After her marriage to Mr. Wilson she lived in Dorchester and later in Roxbury. She is a woman of marked executive ability.

She is by no means the first to fill a trying position of this character. Mrs. Rosa Leland for several years managed a theatre in Albany, and before her, women were successful as managers of playhouses in London, as Mrs. John Wood. Carnegie Music Hall is not a theatre, but there will be the problem of entertainments, the inquiry into public taste, the interviews with passionate press agents.

When Mrs. Leland was running the Leland Opera House in Albany there was a dispute, and more than a local one, about her title. Was she a manager or a manageress? She herself preferred to be known by the former term. Some insisted, foolishly, that a manager must be a male, forgetting that a manager is no more necessarily a male than is a provider, and there are many wives who both provide and manage. To our mind, "manageress" is a hideous word, offensive to eye and ear, nor does the fact that it has been used in English literature for over a century necessarily commend it. The first use was slovenly; it was in Mrs. A. M. Bennett's "Beggar Girl": "The lady manageress' benefit had been stuck up at every door in the parish." Does this imply that there were "gentlemen manageresses" in 1797? Sir Walter Scott, however, did not hesitate to allude to Mrs. Siddons as "our manageress."

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When Mr. Wilson's death was reported blood poisoning was given out as the cause. It appears that he was troubled with a corn and in Cincinnati he treated it himself instead of going to a chiropodist. Blood poisoning set in.

Little was said in the newspapers about Mr. Wilson's work in Boston, while there was a reasonably full account of his connection with the World's Fair at Chic[ago] as secretary of the bureau of music, his success as manager of the Cincin[nati] music festival and of his life in P[itts]burg. Here in Boston, while a cle[rk in] the custom house, he served as the ...

editor of the Traveler. He was the first editor of the Boston Symphony Programme Books, and compiled for 10 years a Musical Year Book. He was from November, 1891, to December, 1893, the publisher and chief editor of the Boston Musical Herald. He was a singularly industrious man. Enthusiastic over Wagner's music when it was not the fashion, in all that he did he endeavored to cultivate a taste for that which was good, even though it seemed at the time to be too good for the general public.

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A dispatch from New York says that Miss Mary Garden will not only sing at the Manhattan Opera House the music of Strauss' "Salome," "but perform the dance which caused so much comment in New York" when it was done at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was not the dance that caused the comment, though this dance at the public rehearsal had much more sensuous abandon than at the first and only performance. The protests arose from the fact that Mme. Fremstad, who sang and did not dance, and the stage manager wantonly ignored the stage directions of both Oscar Wilde and Richard Strauss; for the head of John the Baptist was brought to the front of the stage, where Mme. Fremstad mooned and lallygagged over the head in a clear light.

June 26 1908

D'INDY'S RARE MUSIC

The programme of the 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, was as follows:

Overture, "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage.....Mendelssohn
Symphony in B flat major, No. 5.....Schubert
"Summer Day on the Mountain,".....D'Indy

Dr. Muck gave a fine reading of Mendelssohn's overture, probably the most effective reading of the first section that has been heard here for 20 years. As descriptive, pictorial music the overture still makes an effect, although last night I heard for the first time a reasonable objection to the "Sea-Calm"; that the composer gave no hint at the tremendous force that underlies this plausible, cherous rest.

The symphony by Schubert, composed for a small orchestra, had been played here only once, when it was performed from manuscript at a concert led by Mr. Henschel in 1883. Lovers of Schubert may well question the advisability of reviving the early symphonies, which for the most part are mere echoes of Mozart and Haydn. The greater part of the symphony in B flat major is merely amiable music, characterized by endless repetitions of themes without inherent significance and by rows of cast-iron formulas. Now and then there is a hint at the later Schubert, the composer of the wondrous "Unfinished," but these hints are feeble and far between. The symphony was performed with much care, and the audience applauded with the fervor which it is safe to show toward one long dead and ticketed among the immortals.

The score of d'Indy's "Summer Day on the Mountain"—composed in 1905 and performed for the first time at Paris early in 1906—contains a prose poem by Roger de Pampelonne, who, I believe, is a relation of the composer, by blood or by marriage. It is fair, then, to assume that musical thought was here fested by a text; but d'Indy, always lover of nature, and at home among barren and forbidding mountains of Cevennes, did not need a literary illus. Perhaps it is unfortunate that poem is printed in the score, for, nted in programme books, it may the hearers to look for an inter- translation into tones, and there h a mass of detail in the prose that the attempt to put it all into would be absurd and wholly for- to d'Indy's fastidious taste.

ere are beautiful pages in this k, pages that suggest both the in- ble calm that is found only on heights, and the consolation and reassurance that come to one in itude far above the din, the babble, passions of the hurgess-warrens th the fret and fury of seeming portance. Especially beautiful are e pages in the third section, "Even- g," which come just before the re- rn to the mood of the first section, aybreak." After the dawn, and n in the "Afternoon under the " sounds and noises of earth incongruous, ridiculous; at last fade away, and again there is only idea of illimitable space and Son with the Infinite.

music is impressionistic, not pan- and the impressionism is of the aring nature. To some it will be oolishness. They will remember on Mt. Washington and fail to heir recollections recorded in score. The composer might d, with the Psalmist: "I will ine eyes unto the hills, from ometh my help." He had no f a convenient railway to the cars laden with picnickers, insult the majesty of the leaving paper bags, empty ottles on its venerable flank, r of this music must first of composer in an imaginative spirit. He must go to d'Indy's mountain—or, at least, meet it half-way.

As a feat of technic, the composition is mirific. The harmonic progressions are daring even for the man who wrote the noble symphony in B flat and the gorgeous "Istar" variations. The instrumentation is marvellously original, brilliant, eloquent. Even those who have not yet fully mastered this great composer's language were thrilled by the triumphant outburst in "Daybreak" and deeply moved by the intimate beauty and tenderness of the latter half of "Evening." The performance by the orchestra was one long to be remembered.

UNFAMILIAR SONGS SUNG.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaines in Interesting Recital.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gaines gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Potter Hall. They sang duets by Jadassohn, Arthur Whiting and Walthew. Mrs. Gaines sang "Al dolce guidami" from Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," and songs by Mendelssohn, Reger, Bungert, Tschaikowsky, Louis, Parkyns, Masse, Henschel, Woodforde-Finden, Broughton, Kjerulf, Clifford. (Two Mendelssohns were represented: One our old friend Felix; the other his grand-nephew Arnold.) Mr. Gaines played the accompaniments and also sang songs by Rubinstein, Godard, Chadwick, Andrews.

Some of the songs were unfamiliar, as were the names of the composers. Mrs. Beatrice Parkyns was born at Bombay and she was a Miss Crawford. Her "Portrait" has flowing melody and an amiability that soothes. Woodforde-Finden's "Indian Desert Song" is a mixture of originality, imaginative force, and operetta commonplace. Jessie Broughton's "Simple Melody" is of the sort that might be stamped "Warranted to please."

Mrs. Gaines is an interesting singer. Her voice is not a sensuous one, nor has it a cool and classic beauty. The upper tones are rather shrill, and the lower ones, especially in an emotional outburst, are too much spread. The singer has yet to perfect herself in the technics of her art.

On the other hand, Mrs. Gaines is an effective interpreter. She grasps the meaning of the text; she realizes the fact that the music should heighten the rhetoric of the poet.

She interprets poet and composer as they appeal to her, and in the interpretation she reveals not a little of herself. She is a sensitive, high-strung singer, who nevertheless has schooled herself to appreciate proportion and repose.

She can be purely lyrical, and she can also charge a phrase with passion. Her singing has marked distinction, and already she has many of the finer qualities of the true interpreter.

There is a certain refinement in her performance and in her appearance on the stage that has a decided charm; and the woman, as the singer, establishes at once sympathetic relationship with the hearer.

Mr. Gaines is evidently a versatile musician. As singer and accompanist he showed much taste.

Some Baseless Criticism of Programmes Carried Out This Season.

Some persons have objected to the programmes of the Boston Symphony orchestra concerts this season. Some of these complainers have voiced their woe by word of mouth. I am told that others have taken the trouble to write to a newspaper or two, asking what could be done—whether the Watch and Ward Society might not be persuaded to interfere. Only yesterday a most amiable man said to me: "We have had hardly anything from the classics this season."

The 27th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will end next Saturday. The orchestra will then have played a symphony by C. P. E. Bach, and a work of J. S. Bach; five symphonies and two overtures by Beethoven; three compositions by Brahms, who is already classed by the complainers among "the classics"; a symphony by Haydn; a concerto for strings and two choirs of wind instruments by Handel; four compositions by Mozart, among them two symphonies; two works of Mendelssohn, two of Schumann, and an unfamiliar symphony by Schubert.

Twenty-three "classic" works, and yet the complainers have heard them not or have forgotten that they were played. Other composers, who have not the misfortune to be alive and therefore suspicious if not dangerous characters, have been represented at these concerts: Liszt, Wagner, Rubinstein, Lalo, Bizet, Goetz, Rheinberger, Dvorak, Berlioz, Tschaikowsky.

It is useless to argue with these complainers, especially as a few show signs of chronic hysteria. "Beethoven!" and they roll eyes heavenward. One of these complainers wondered recently why the orchestra had not played the overture to "Coriolanus" at a certain concert before the intermission, as was announced. The complaint was made passionately in the corridor. As a matter of fact, the overture had been played, and in the order of the announcement. The complainer had mistaken it for the finale of a little symphony by C. P. E. Bach. The three movements of this symphony were played, as written, without pauses between them, and the complainer lost count. Yes, let us have more Beethoven, so that the overture to "Coriolanus" may be recognized when it is heard.

No conductor, if he should spend anxious nights and laborious days on the task of making programmes, could satisfy everybody. There has always been complaint here about the programmes of symphony concerts, and there will be no doubt as long as the concerts will be given. There are always fanatics who wish to hear only the old; there are always fanatics who turn the back on what has been well done and would fain hear only the new. It would be hard to say which set is the more tiresome, or is the more injurious to the healthy musical condition of the town.

There are some, however, who, willing to know what is now going on in the world, listen patiently to compositions of the modern school and with the best intention are unable to find anything interesting, beautiful or impressive in them. They honestly prefer even a second-rate symphony or overture by some one that died, provided they have heard it before, to a new, brilliant, engrossing work. Their ears are unaccustomed to the more complex sonorous combinations, to the more subtle melodic shapes and disguises.

For first of all an average listener submits himself to the elementary action of sound. As Mr. Lionel de la Laurencie puts it, our sensations possess a tone that is individually affected so that the pitch of sounds, their characteristic qualities, their quick or slow succession, their harmonic quarrels give rise to individual sentiments varying infinitely according to the various combinations to which the preceding factors may lend themselves. Viewed subjectively, these sonorous sensations are far from having the same value. To the average hearer, contact with a musical work is confined to a series of sonorous impressions. Perception of form is to him only a phenomenon of memory. Dr. de Fleury has explained this: "When I listen to a work, if it goes above the level of complexity to which I have attained, the music gives me a feeling of oppression, boredom, almost hostility. Hearing it twice or thrice I distinguish some order in the chaos; certain passages give me pleasure. Now the passages which have afforded me some aesthetic excitement are neither the most uncommon, nor the most characteristic of the composer's genius; they are the least novel; they resemble somewhat musical compositions that are already in the memory."

The emotion results therefore from a recognition, from finding again a sensation known in the past.

This also may be said: "Whoever feels aesthetic emotion in any degree, spectator, hearer, dilettante, remakes, according to his force, the work of the creator. The spectator will feel nothing unless there be some analogy between his nature and that of the creator, however faint this analogy may be." This is a saying of Ribot and there is a great truth in it, which Walt Whitman knew when he defined all music as "what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments."

The fresh gay spirit, the simply and forcibly marked rhythm of a symphony by Haydn are easily understood by any one that is not wholly tone-deaf. Some hearers never get beyond a Haydn symphony. Therefore they clamor for Haydn and more Haydn. The hearer of greater sensibility also likes Haydn in spite of his formalism and endless chatter. The music reminds him of the bourgeois city and period of the composer; he recalls the life; he begins to speculate about the development of the symphony and Haydn's share in this; at the same time the gayety and the simple sentiment refresh him. He likes to hear a symphony by Haydn now and then; but he derives a higher, more intense, more ennobling enjoyment from the first symphony of Brahms, the symphony in D by Cesar Franck or the superb symphony in B flat by Vincent d'Indy.

Furthermore this hearer does not make the mistake of comparing the composer of 1800 with the composer of 1900; he realizes that the man of 1800 must be compared with those of his own period.

Then there is the good-natured or sentimental hearer who is governed largely by the force of association. We are all more or less thus governed. When I was a boy I used to hear my mother play in the twilight Beethoven's "Spirit" waltz, as the piece was called. I have often looked for it since—it probably was in some old instruction book—and have not found it, but it would be hard to persuade me that this waltz is not one of Beethoven's masterpieces or that the performance was not inimitable. The first orchestral piece I remember was the overture to "La Muette de Portici," played by the Germania orchestra of Boston in a town of Hampshire county. It was a wonderful overture then; it surely is now and I should like to hear it at a symphony concert. Would the audience sit up when the triangle came in as the hearers sat up in the town hall in Northampton?

Is there any more impressive funeral tune than "China"?

Why should we mourn departed friends
And shake at death's alarms?

I quote from memory and probably incorrectly, for modern hymn and tune books with their rank sentimentalism and preference for that which is genteel, ignore the sturdy old verses and the fine old tunes. Is there any nobler anthem than the old setting "Denmark" to "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne?"

In this instance judgment is overruled by association. I take the liberty of being personal, for I believe my own case is merely one in ten thousand. In the Symphony audience there must be many who have associations with this symphony of Haydn or that overture of Beethoven, and when they hear a composition the familiar sounds are more than sounds, they have color and form, they are furnished with a text by the hearer; or they are as frames to portraits of dear ones long dead and buried.

Yet, why should any sane person, who is honestly interested in music, be unwilling to learn what composers of this day and generation are doing, how they are thinking and expressing themselves? This unwillingness sometimes turns into open hostility. This is one of the most disagreeable forms of Philistinism. The music is new; it must therefore be ugly or incomprehensible, or both.

The story is a very old one. There were the same complainers, there was the same stupid hostility in the days of Monteverde, Gluck, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner. Even the first symphony of Beethoven was, in the year of its birth, considered monstrous by many. Strauss, d'Indy, Loeffler and Debussy were never more assailed than was Schumann. But the complainers forget all this or do not know it.

The complainers apparently believe that music is an art that has been determined for all time; that Schumann, or possible Brahms, spoke the last word; that there can be no progress in harmonic scheme, melodic line, form of structure, orchestral color. "Why should we listen to the experiments of audacious innovators?" "This music is not music, it is bosh; it is an insult." And so on, and so on.

They should read a remarkable book, "The Threshold of Music: An Inquiry Into the Development of the Musical Sense," by William Wallace, a composer of symphonies, symphonic poems, suites and songs, a composer of talent, born at Greenock in 1860, a man of much more than ordinary general culture. This book, published by the Macmillan Company, is entertaining and singularly instructive. I have alluded to this book before, and quoted passages with reference to the amazing egoism of virtuosos. Mr. Wallace's contempt for this class of musicians leads him to a violence that is amusing, although it may seem to be exaggeration, as when he speaks of "a clammy breed of youth, long-haired and bottle-shouldered for the most part—lads clamorous for notoriety, eager for the opportunity to dangle themselves (not, unfortunately, from a lamp post) before a gaping public."

Mr. Wallace first describes the ignorant, complacent, or flippant attitude of men of science toward music. The scientific man is easily satisfied with his own conclusions regarding the probable origin of some faculty. "He is content to rely upon his hypothesis without regard to those influences which from century to century may have affected man's intellectual progress. The scientific mind has not been at pains to investigate those psychic manifestations which appertain to music." Music as an expression of mental energy has put forth its activities only within the last 200 years. It is impossible to prove its utility or disprove its non-necessity.

These complainers against Dr. Muck's programmes do not keep the perspective of history in view. "In our own time Wagner may seem as far as in advance of Beethoven as Beethoven was in advance of Scarlatti. Some today may place Beethoven on the shelf among the musical antiques—at a later day others may perceive, with the progress of the musical sense, little difference between Wagner and Beethoven. Already Wagner, the daring revolutionist, seems to many to have gone scarcely a step further than Meyerbeer. In our own time we may be witnessing a strange act of profligacy on the part of nature, the sowing of her wild oats, the purging of mankind as regards his musical sense, so that in time to come, humanity will be the fitter to receive and cherish music in some ampler measure." In a word, Mr. Wallace believes that music is still in its infancy, "and that the utmost effort of the most notable composer of our own time or of past time, will be but an iota in the inscription recording man's endeavor toward its accomplishment."

Nor should it be forgotten that music is the youngest of the arts and that which we call "classical" is the work of men, who, in the flight of time, are really our contemporaries.

The development of music has been so swift, the advance in musical thought and imagination has been so prodigious, that Mr. Wallace sees the explanation only in the supposition that a new faculty has come into existence in recent years. "We may assume that the centre for music in the brain consists of a ganglion of nerve-cells which has remained in an embryonic state for countless centuries until through some stimulus it has acquired characters sufficiently definite to entitle it to be regarded as an accessary sense."

Mr. Wallace studies the primitive conditions—how man first sang in a spirit of mimicry, awakened by "the whirring of the fibre in its socket, the moan of the wind and the whip of the rain." Music has no history to look back upon; its accomplishments are in the last two centuries; but the great pyramid was built 6600 years ago, the Parthenon arose 2500 years ago, and Botticelli, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Holbein, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo and Velasquez completed their life work before Bach was born. The Athenian attained his ideal of completeness without music, as music is known to us. This Greek music, a series of notes forming a scale, was enough to satisfy human needs through the early centuries of the Christian era. The scale seemed to be regarded as the finality of musical expression. Centuries passed before there was any craving for what we call harmony. Tunes of the people, of Thessalian shepherds, of Chian wine pressers may have come down to Gregory's time and even now be in cathedral chants. Music remained in an embryonic condition for 1200 years. Even

the chord of [illegible] are not much older than Westminster Abbey. The human ear could not for centuries appreciate the sounding of three notes together. When music began to extend its boundaries, it did so in defiance of the theorists.

The formulas of church music ruled, and the only difference between the sacred and the secular in the music of Palestrina and others lay in the words. The art was finally carried to the utmost limits that theorists would allow.

Then arose Claudio Monteverde (1567-1613), the first great innovator, the first of a long line of musical reformers "who did not enjoy (of the word is not grotesquely inappropriate) the benefits of a 'sound musical education.'" A few may have foreshadowed some of his innovations, but he is the great ancestor. "He applied himself to an entirely new interpretation of the art, and refused to accept the routine fashion in which words were set. He attempted to illuminate his texts by sounds which were not altogether stereotyped." He and his school attempted to get nearer the human heart. He attempted to find use for every conceivable instrument. Knowing the value of contrasted tone colors, he also knew how to select appropriate combinations of instruments and he endeavored to interpret literally the dramatic situation. He found that by employing a large body of instruments he could give character to his themes. Mr. Wallace also says: "He is castigated by a school, which, while it anathematises all music evincing the slightest divergence from the 'Sonata form,' or attempting to suggest to the mind of the hearer what was in the mind of the composer, is only too ready to accept, in another art, the drab sermonizings of men who turn their studios into conventicles for the elect—a school, which, while denying to a composer the right to describe in his programme just what he means, scans with breathless awe the painter's typewritten descriptions, issued in hornbook fashion, as if they were the sublimest quotations from Holy Writ."

We must leave Mr. Wallace's book for a week. It will be seen next Sunday that his conclusions bear directly on this subject of Dr. Muck's programmes, which to many of us have been both entertaining and beneficent.

At the same time it is a good sign when there is any discussion concerning music rather than about the personality of its interpreters. Without discussion, however absurd or bitter it may be, there is no progress in art, there is no real interest in art. Where there is no dispute there is stagnation, and stagnation implies complacency that is the child of ignorance and indifference.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" by the People's Choral Union of Boston, Samuel W. Cole, conductor. Solo singers, Mrs. Grace B. Williams, Miss Alice M. Stanaway, George J. Parker and Earl Cartwright. The orchestra will be made up of 40 members of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The oratorio has not been performed here as a whole, with orchestra since the performance by the Handel and Haydn Society, Feb. 14, 1899, when Mr. Herman was the conductor.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Boston Symphony orchestra in aid of the sufferers from the Chelsea fire. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by John Hollis Lindsay, pianist, and Ralph W. Giffin, baritone.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twenty-fourth and last public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. The programme will be the same as that of the first public rehearsal which he conducted, Oct. 12, 1906: Beethoven, symphony No. 5; Wagner, a "Faust" overture, "A Siegfried Idyl" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twenty-fourth and last concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

SYMPHONY CONCERT IN AID OF THE CHELSEA RELIEF FUND.

Dr. Karl Muck will take his farewell of the general public of Boston at the concert to be given tomorrow (Monday) night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in aid of the Chelsea relief fund. This will be the last opportunity that those who are not subscribers to the Symphony concerts will have to hear the orchestra under his direction. It is an interesting coincidence that Mr. Gericke took his leave of the general public also in a concert of this kind, the one given for the San Francisco sufferers two years ago. With the sentimental interest attached to Dr. Muck's departure and the good cause for which the concert is being given, and to which the entire receipts will be devoted, with Harold Bauer and a most attractive programme, there is no doubt that as much money will be taken in for the Chelsea fire sufferers as was taken in for those of San Francisco two years ago. The programme is as follows:

"Leonore," overture, No. 3 ..... Beethoven
Concerto for piano and orchestra in E-flat major, No. 5 ..... Beethoven
Rhapsody, "Espana" ..... Chabrier
Overture to "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner

CONCERT NOTES.

Every member of the audience at the performance tonight of "St. Paul," by the ePople's Choral Union in Symphony Hall, will be presented with the libretto of the oratorio. This libretto contains besides the words, the music of the chorals and the more celebrated airs, and excerpts from choruses.

Harry Barnhart, tenor, of New York, and John Beach, pianist, of Boston, will give a concert at Twentieth Century Club Hall Wednesday afternoon, May 6.

Raymond Havens will give a piano recital in Beacon Hall, Harvard street, Brookline, on Tuesday evening.

POP CONCERTS.

With the end of the season of Symphony concerts on next Saturday night comes the annual series of Pop Concerts at Symphony Hall, and the opening will be on Tuesday night, May 5. The season this year will be shorter than usual, only seven weeks, the final concert being on Saturday evening, June 20th.

Mr. Strube will be the first conductor in the series, and later on Mr. Arthur Kautzenbach, one of the new members of the orchestra, will conduct. Mr. Strube is well known to the patrons of the Pops, and a great favorite with them. Mr. Kautzenbach is one of the 'cellists in the orchestra and has had considerable experience conducting similar concerts in Germany. Full announcement regarding the season will be made next Sunday.

A NOTE ON BORES.

Schopenhauer, who was always complaining of being bored, nevertheless began his essay on "Our Relation to Others" by insisting that no one who has to live amongst men should wholly discard any person who has his due place in the order of nature, "even though he be very wicked, or contemptible, or ridiculous"; he must accept him as an unalterable fact. We were reminded of this saying by reading recently a statement of "W. F. W." to the effect that too much is said and thought of bores in the present day: "They are not half the nuisance our forebears must have found them."

Before we come to the roaring forties we are all impatient of bores, nor do we then realize the truth of the old saw that a bore is a man who insists on talking about himself when you are anxious to talk about your own doings, opinions, beliefs. After fifty the man that studies the conduct of life, if only for selfish purposes, becomes more tolerant, and he is inclined to think that a capacity for being bored also includes the ability to bore. Impatient youth resents the long-winded story of the hardened golfer, of the passionate yachtsman, of the man who owns or has promised to pay for his first automobile. Any rider of a hobby horse is a bore. Any enthusiast, any reformer, is a bore.

The only way to deal with a bore is to treat him as you would a nettle, according to the old couplet. Do not be afraid of him. Sit close to him; encourage him to talk. Cultivate the art of thinking about something else or about nothing while he maunders on. This is restful to body and mind. It lowers the vibrations. Soon you will begin to be interested. You had no idea that Mr. Auger was so intelligent. Draw him out, and he may sparkle and coruscate. In turn, he will finally ask you about yourself, and then you can repay him with interest.

Bores now seem less aggressive than when you were exposed to them in office, street, playhouse, church and at home. You realize that you, too, may be a bore. You are dimly conscious that you repeat old stories, retell old anecdotes. Your wife has observed this for several years, but with the adorable hypocrisy of affection has made no sign. You have become reminiscent, and now, at the Porphyry, you welcome Mr. [illegible]er, because with him you can have what Dr. Johnson called good talk. Nor do you suspect the fact that new members ask: "Who are those old bores in the corner?" The time will come when they, too, will look for corner seats and bore all others but themselves.

TOLSTOI, THE MYSTIC.

Tolstoi said to a friend who congratulated him a few days ago upon his approaching 80th birthday: "Our earthly life is one of dreams of another and more real life, and that other life is a dream of yet another, and so on ad finitum even to the last life, the life of God." Thus has the mysticism of the East, with its belief in "perpetual transfers and promotions," taken the place of the realism that characterized Toistoi's early novels.

And as to you, Life, I reckon you are
the leavings of many deaths;
(No doubt I have died myself ten thousand times before).

Years ago Turgenef besought Toistoi to leave his metaphysical, political and religious speculations and describe Russian life and manners again, as only he could describe it. Tolstoi did not heed this urging. Has the world, has Russia, benefited by his later works? Has he brought about one reform in his country? Has he aided practically his countrymen—nobles, merchants, peasants? Have not some of his books, as his extraordinary one on art, brought him into disrepute as a thinker?

Yet how many remember that Swedenborg, whose bones and ashes were taken recently from London to his native land, was an engineer of uncommon ability, that he wrote earnestly and shrewdly on mines and metals; that he anticipated many scientific discoveries and views in astronomy, magnetism, chemistry, anatomy? Swedenborg was 54 years old when what he called his illumination began. Today he is known to the great world only as a philosopher, a seer, a mystic.

FOUR CITIES AID IN OPERA FOR RELIEF

A chorus of 300 occupied the stage at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, when the opera of "Martha" was sung. The house was filled with people who had purchased tickets, the proceeds from the sale of which, amounting to $1200, will be turned over to the relief fund for the Chelsea sufferers.

Many of those who were in this chorus had lost their all in the fire, but gladly volunteered their services, as did every one of the singers and members of the Boston Festival orchestra. The women of the Newburyport Choral Union and the members of the Salem Oratorio Society choruses, hearing that the Mendelssohn Club of Chelsea was going to give this opera, wrote and volunteered their services.

The characters in the opera were: Martha, Miss Clara Sexton; Nancy, Florence Mulford; Lionel, Franklin Lawson; Sir Tristram and the Sheriff of Richmond, Reinald Werrenrath; Plunkett, Frederic Martin.

Many prominent society people were noticed in the audience, all of the $1.50 seats being subscribed for long before the performance, which was originally to have been given in the Chelsea Armory, but when the armory was burned it was decided to give the entertainment in Symphony Hall and the proceeds to the fire victims. The next difficulty to be faced was the fact that over 100 scores of the words and music were burned, also. As soon as this became known G. Schirmer, the music publisher, sent word that he would gladly loan enough scores for the concert.

The conductor of the orchestra, Osborn McConathy, is chairman of one of the sub-committees of relief work in Chelsea.

The directors of the Boston & Maine kindly offered two cars for the benefit of those coming from Newburyport and from Salem, which saved those who had so willingly offered their services the cost of transportation.

April 27 1908

Men and Things

Mrs. Mary Jenks asks the superior court at Seattle, Wash., to grant her a decree of divorce from her husband. Her reason is an extraordinary one. It is not because his name is Shehezerde Jenks, though any woman might be justly sensitive about this Christian name, which is not Christian. The name might be an Old Testament one and stand with Sharezer, between Shalmaneser and Sheshbazzar. It also suggests a misspelling of Scheherazade, our old friend of "The Thousand Nights and a Night," or Shahrazad, as Burton insists.

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No, Mrs. Jenks took this name for better or for worse, and probably the first year of her marriage she called Mr. Jenks "Zerde, dear." It is now impossible for her to live with him because he has erroneous ideas about the use and disposal of soup. He rubs it on his hair. "On every other subject the husband is sane and practical up to the point where the soup arrives. Then his face lights up with satisfaction and he dives in with both hands, applying the lotion to his head briskly until his portion is exhausted."

If Mr. Jenks were to confine himself to certain soups the practice might be endured on the ground that beef broth or even a straight tomato soup might benefit the scalp, nourish the hair, remove dandruff or possibly act as a remedy against eczema. A black bean soup might "impart a gloss," but the white of egg and slice of lemon should be removed before application. Pumpkin soup or pea soup might be recommended to blondes.

But Mr. Jenks prefers vegetable soup, and although his wife has for some months kept temptation from him, he dines with neighbors and returns with small carrots, minced potatoes and shreds of cabbage in his hair, a spectacle that may well chill love. No woman, however affectionate, or with the most clinging disposition, wishes her adored one's head to resemble a pot-au-feu. Mr. Escoffier, the celebrated chef, is now in New York meditating a distinctively American dish which he purposes to dedicate to this country. Might he not be able to reveal to Mr. Jenks the true glory of soup so that the possessed one may free himself from the demon and feed his stomach, not his hair?

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Another story of harassing domesticity comes from Milwaukee. Nearly three years ago Mrs. Annie Clock was in a hospital recovering from a serious operation. Mr. Clock called. He was clothed in a new suit of solemn black. "Why did you get a suit of black clothes?" she asked. "Oh, I thought maybe you were going to kick the bucket, in which case I would need black," was the tactful answer. It was as though he had sat and looked at her and hummed during his stay:

"But the Clock stopped,
Never to go again."

To quote from the Milwaukee Journal: "The incident has preyed on her mind ever since." Now she sues for divorce, and she makes the charge that every other Saturday night Mr. Clock failed to come home until the next day, when he would enter dramatically, as one endeavoring to bring the door in with him, "ugly, sullen and crabby, and proceed to create a general turmoil."

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Mrs. Sharp of Chicago wishes a divorce because Mr. Sharp spends all his money and his time on dogs. He cooks dog meat in the kitchen utensils, he washes his dogs, twenty or more, in the family bathtub; he wraps them in Mrs. Sharp's counterpanes; while his wife was working to make ends meet he paid $18 for a silver cup for Rover or Carlo.

Meanwhile Mrs. Beehler of Chicago is suing for separate maintenance because her husband, a physician, wished her to scrub the floor while the pretty maid servant played the piano, possibly to give the wife a rhythmic movement that might lighten the inherent drudgery. The sad, sad story of loving!

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The Minneapolis Journal furnishes interesting information about new corsets for clinging gowns. "The corsets are made so long that they are sat upon. This sounds most uncomfortable, but is really not so bad, for the boning only extends a little beyond the average length." This description strikes us as vague.

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Much is made of the lance-head viper, "the most deadly of all known reptiles," brought from Brazil to New York for the purpose of an operation which will give a serum that is practically extinct. There are several singularly interesting snakes in Brazil. The surucucu is supposed to cause death in six hours. It is sometimes found nine feet long. Its skin is a dirty, tawny yellow, with dark-brown lozenges on the back. It is said to be attracted by fire, but seldom to injure travellers. The fiercest of the lance-headed vipers is the Jararoca, and it, also, is a dirty yellow, but it is brown-black about the tail.

The Brazilians have many remedies against snake bites. The savages applied a ligature above the wound. There is treatment by scarification, repeated burning with gunpowder, peppering with cantharides. Strong waters are given in large quantities. There are also simples, leaves, bark and the grease of the tree lizard. Sometimes lemon juice is put in the alcohol, and sometimes spirit in which a cobra coral has been macerated.

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This reminds us that many horses have suffered recently in Vienna from influenza. The remedies prescribed for

men are of no use to the animals, but black coffee, valerian, camphor and sugar have been more or less beneficial. Routine treatment is discouraged, for each case demands individual study.

ORATORIO ST. PAUL BY CHORAL UNION

Gustav Strube Conductor of Concert in Symphony Hall.

The People's Choral Union gave a performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul," last evening in Symphony Hall. Mr. Cole being disabled, the concert was conducted by Gustav Strube. The chorus was assisted by Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Miss Alice Mabel Stanaway, contralto; George J. Parker, tenor; Earl Cartwright and Clarence Haskell Chute, basses; Herman A. Shedd, organist; Miss Edith Snow, accompanist, and an orchestra of players from the Boston Symphony orchestra, Jacques Hoffmann principal.

The performance was creditable and the carefully prepared programme book was a distinct feature of the concert. There was a note as to the nature of oratorios, followed by a historical note on the composition of "St. Paul"; a brief "argument" of the text, and the text itself, with many printed excerpts from the vocal score.

The chorus sang with freshness of tone and generally good volume, and certain of the more dramatic choruses, especially the "Rise and shine!" as well as the following choral, "Sleepers awake!" were perhaps the most delightful numbers in the concert.

Many of the solos also gave marked pleasure and were applauded, now for the performance, now for the music itself, for the audience had evidently its favorite airs.

Mrs. Williams' solo, "Jerusalem," combined both qualities, for it was sung with much sympathy and charm. The other soloists were applauded for their several tasks, and the choral for solo quartet, "O. Thou, the True and Only Light," deserves a special commendment.

April 28 1908

[illegible]ry's Lamb' Brings Richard [illegible]le, Pretty Jingles and—a "Shadowgraph."

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Mary's Lamb: a Musical Gambol in Three Bleats," adapted from the French farce "Mme. Mongodin" by Richard Carle, who also wrote the lyrics, composed the music, and staged the play. Frank Darling was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Leander Lamb	Richard Carle
[illegible]an Townsend	John B. Park
B[illegible] Ba[illegible]kwe[illegible]	Frank Belcher
[illegible]de Wetherbee	Herman Noble
Sylvester Q. Nightingale	Harry Montgomery
Judge Henry Gibson	Abbott Adams
Mary Miranda Lamb	Elita Proctor Otis
[illegible]a Montrose	Jeannette Lowrie
Mercedes	Edith St. Clair
[illegible]	Berta Mills
W[illegible]	Winifred Gilraine

There was a large audience that gave Mr. Carle a hearty welcome and laughed moderately throughout the play. Mr. Carle in answer to repeated curtain calls, made a short speech.

After the end of the second act it [illegible]d as though the play had been [illegible]ructed solely for the purpose of [illegible] Mr. Carle an opportunity for the [illegible]ay of his peculiarities as a comedian, for the introduction of various [illegible]" dances and for the exhibition of a "shadowgraph," which, as [illegible] by the kindly playbill, means [illegible] young women were seen as living [illegible] behind a screen.

[illegible] young women appeared in [illegible] decorously in a sort of [illegible], and when the stage lights [illegible] four figures were re[illegible] at a time in an apparently nude [illegible] behind the screen. When [illegible] was again lighted there was [illegible] on the part of the [illegible] concerning the personality [illegible] that had been seen in [illegible]ting [illegible]ouette.

[illegible], it may here be re[illegible] graceful and pretty and [illegible] person, no true lover of [illegible] would have made any reasonable [illegible].

But after the end of the second act there was also natural inquiry concerning the intrigue of the piece. The audience, which had been amused by Mr. Carle and entertained by the sight of [illegible]n, clad, half clad, and frankly re[illegible] might well then have said that the piece itself was of a flimsy nature. What in the world had the man from [illegible], who was waiting to see Mr. Lamb, to do with the piece except to drop into song? How was the henpecked Lamb finally to prove himself [illegible] and exert authority?

[illegible], the third act, which [illegible] of this character is usually a [illegible] of inconsequence and dulness, turned out to be the most amusing of the three, and in this act there was [illegible] that led to a catastrophe, which would have satisfied the most exacting Greek.

Details and events in the preceding acts which at the time seemed purposeless or extraneous, were now known as necessary and contributing inevitably to the irresistible humor of the catastrophe, and the domination of the henpecked over his now cowed and timorous wife. For even in the wildest French farce there are the logical sequence and the lucidity that characterizes the dramatic art of that country.

No doubt the original piece suffered a sea change; no doubt it was tamed a little, or much, to suit the taste of an English speaking audience; yet there is still much salt in "Mary's Lamb," and there are lines and situations that would give a genial glow even to the indefatigable and hardened student of the sociology of stageland.

These lines and situations were not lugged in by the heels, and as they were the natural incidents and dialogue in the joyous comedy, they did not come with the shock of surprise. The situations were funny; the lines were often funny, sometimes witty. And this is to be said: the situations were such as are met with in the life of man and the lines were appropriate and eminently human.

About a dozen years ago we saw Mr. Carle as Lord Lavender in "The Lady Slavey." He then impersonated with marked ability a vacuous, futile, weakly cynical, carelessly vicious, utterly worthless sprig of nobility. Consciously, or unconsciously, he gave a sinister touch to the impersonation. The character might have lived in any period of decadence, and Petronius especially would have delighted in studying him.

Last night Mr. Carle impersonated with ability a foolish, henpecked man, who has a treacherous inclination, who would fain wander from his own fireside, shyly vain, ridiculous, yet an everyday type, to be seen this morning in the street or highly respectable in his office.

Mr. Carle was much more than a man of amusing gags and wheezes, grotesque gestures and posturing. He portrayed a character, nor did his personality stand obstrusively between this character and the audience.

The members of the company acted with much spirit. There is little to be said about the music, except that at its best it is pleasant jingle. The chief singers were obliged to repeat some of the songs, and ensembles of song and dance were repeatedly encored. The piece is handsomely mounted, and the costumes, especially of the dancers, are unusually handsome.

The "shadowgraph" convinced the audience that some of the young women were in no need of gorgeous costumes to be effective.

SYMPHONY CONCERT FOR CHELSEA RELIEF HAS LARGE AUDIENCE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, assisted by Harold Bauer, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Symphony Hall for the benefit of the Chelsea relief fund. Dr. Muck conducted. This was the programme: Beethoven, overture, "Leonore" No. 3, piano concerto in E-flat major, No. 5; Chabrier, "Espana"; Wagner, overture to "Tannhauser."

Mr. Bauer and the orchestra gave their services and the entire rectipts of the concert will be given to the fund. There was a very large audience, and many stood, for besides the opportunity to help out a cause in which the public is warmly interested, there was the opportunity to hear the orchestra, a privilege which many who do not hold season tickets are obliged almost wholly to forego. The few extra concerts that have been given since the establishment of the orchestra's pension fund have met with an immediate response from the public, gratifying both to the orchestra and to the city as a music-loving community. This was also the last opportunity for many of seeing Dr. Muck conduct.

The progmamme was suitably popular, and the performance was one of characteristic brilliance. Nothing could have given greater pleasure than this concerto played as it was by Mr. Bauer, with great power, with sympathy and with color. Nor could anything else quite have filled the place of Chabrier's Rhapsody, the performance of which by the Boston orchestra is familiar.

The audience was a festal one, and was keenly appreciative, not only of the high order of the performance, but of the readiness and generosity with which all the players had given their time and services to the cause. The applause was prolonged after each of the numbers, so that Mr. Bauer and Dr. Muck were repeatedly recalled. The latter called upon the orchestra to rise and acknowledge its share of the applause.

Men and Things

The Herald has received the following letter:

Boston, April 27, 1908.

Men and Things:

Your friend Mr. Shehezerde Jenks of Seattle, who insists on putting soup on his hair, should not remove the slice of lemon from black bean soup before forsaking the natural use of the soup in order to give a jetty gloss to his locks. Lemon is good for the hair.

STAPLES G. BASCOM.

* * *

We still are inclined to think that he should remove both the lemon and white of egg. When in doubt concerning certain personal and intimate matters, we go to Cooley and his colossal treatise on "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," a book that should be in every boudoir, library, office. Our own copy belonged to a once celebrated play actress, and the margins are embellished with her personal notes, so we have a fair idea of the condition of her feet, hands, hair, and also a glimpse of her internal clockwork at the time she turned to this treatise as a very help in trouble.

What does Cooley say about lemons? A lotion of lemon juice is recommended as cooling and detergent, "used chiefly to remove discolorations, itching and irritation, excessive irritability of the skin, etc." This is lemon juice (recently expressed) diluted with four or five times its bulk in pure water.

Also put fresh lemon juice with equal parts of rose water and rectified spirit. The next day decant tho clear portion, and strain it through muslin. (If there is no muslin handy, strain through a cane bottom chair.) Add scents at will. This lotion is used chiefly "to touch" freckles, acne and discolorations of the face.

The great Cooley also recommends lemon juice for gout, rheumatic gout, and rheumatism. If you have a swelled or distorted finger joint, drink a lot of fresh lemon juice and apply a hot and strong solution of common soda as an embrocation.

* * *

Oil of lemon lozenges are used, it seems, by tipplers, not wholly without a sense of shame, to "cover the fumes" of liquor.

There is a delightful foot note to this: "In the gin shops of London and other large towns, the considerate(!) proprietors commonly provide a supply of caraway seeds, or scraps of lemon peel, for the truant wives, daughters, female servants and work-people of their neighbors, who kindly patronize their drams, a pinch or bit of one of them being taken after the indulgence, to disguise the fumes of liquors in the breath, which would otherwise lead to the detection of the delinquency."

* * *

Cooley also advises for pustulated and crusted eruptions a lotion of the juice of a large lemon, with five or six ounces of good rum. We should prefer to take this internally, even though we were pustulated and crusted so that little children in the street, seeing us suddenly, would drop their playthings and run shrieking to their homes.

Salt of lemons removes ink spots, iron moulds, fruit stains, etc., from linen, but the article sold in the English shops is salt of sorrel, either alone or mixed with half its weight of cream of tartar, both being first reduced to powder.

* * *

It is true that Cooley mentions a "lemon pommade," and a "lemon thyme pommade," but these are far different from a souped slice of lemon. In the "pommade" the lemon oil is used only as a perfume.

And what, pray, is the true meaning of pommade? The word is properly spelled with one "m." It is the same word as "pomatum," and its origin is in the Latin "pomum," an apple; for pomade meant "a scented ointment (in which apples are said to have been originally an ingredient) for application to the skin"; not to the hair, but to the skin. The ointment is now used especially for the skin of the head and for dressing the hair. Here are quotations from the ancients in illustration:

Florio, 1598: "A pomado to supple one's lips."

Physical Dictionary, 1657: "A sweet smelling salve made of apples."

Underwood, 1799: "A cold usually requires nothing more than a little pomade divine to be put to the nostrils."

Gerarde, 1597: "There is likewise made an ointment with the pulp of apples and swine's grease and rosewater, which is used to beautify the face. * * * called in shops pomatum, of the apples where it is made."

And so in 1629 women and men were accused of sleeping in pomatum masks.

In pomade for the hair, lemon is not an inherent part; it is only to give a perfume. Mr. Jenks' chief thought in rubbing his hair with soup is not ornamentation, but nourishment.

* * *

An absurd fuss has been made recently over the fact that the father of Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, was a shoemaker, or a cord-wainer if you prefer. An accomplished shoemaker is a great artist, as great as a sculptor, painter or musician. Unfortunately the shoemaker that studied carefully tho foot of his customer; that showed skill and imagination in the measurement and shaping; that chose judiciously the best leather and then gave his whole mind to the task of making the boot with a sense of personal responsibility and a devotion to art; this shoemaker is now a tradition in the United States.

There is nothing like leather. Think of tho illustrious shoemakers, Brizio, Capellini, and De Jongh, who are also known as painters; Hans Sachs, Jacob Boehmen, George Fox, Timothy Bennett, James Lackington, Thomas Holcroft, William Gifford, Carey, who resolved to give to millions of Hindus the Bible in their own language, Samuel Drew, the metaphysician, Thomas Shillitoe, Robert Bloomfield Devlin, J. F. Rowe, John Kitto, Richard Buxton, John Pounds, Noah Worcester, Roger Sherman, Henry Wilson—the list is a very long one. There is a long one, too, of sons of shoemakers beginning with Admiral Sir Christopher Mingh, or Minns, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and not ending with Boole, the logician and mathematician.

April 29 1908

A FAMOUS HORSE.

A famous horse, St. Simon, died suddenly and unexpectedly in England, 27 years old. The man who bred him, Prince Batthyany, died as suddenly when the horse was 2 years old—died in the enclosure at Newmarket. The Duke of Portland bought St. Simon for 1600 guineas and made probably a million and a quarter of dollars, and it is said that the horse's progeny won in races more than $26,500,000. For St. Simon, after he himself had won several races, was withdrawn for breeding purposes. We regret to add that St. Simon was of an irritable disposition and had frequently to be muzzled. We should like to think of him as calm, serenely conscious of his great powers.

A horse like this deserves a monument with a memorable epitaph. Alexander the Great mourned Bucephalus with pomp and built about his tomb a town, to which he gave the horse's name. This the traditional schoolboy is supposed to know. But the memory of a less celebrated horse is preserved by an epitaph which in the original is in verse: "Monolith of marble, for whom art thou the tomb? For a fleet race horse. What is his name? Euthydicus. Why glorious? He conquered on the track. How many times was he crowned? Many times. Who was his guide? Coeranus. O glory greater than that of demi-gods!" And so Volucris (the Bird), the favorite horse of the Emperor Verus, had a monument to his memory in the Vatican.

Why was Prince Batthyany's horse named St. Simon? The Greeks and Romans gave names to their war and race horses: Eagle, Seabird, North Wind, Lightning, Dapple, Fear, Wolf, Falcon, Crow, Mouse, Whitefoot, Speed, Beauty, Archer, Flea—there is a long and curious note on this subject in Deheque's translation into French of Lycophron's "Cassandra." But what names have not been given to horses running on English ground? Graeculus Esuriens, Fregoli, May Yohe, Here I Go With My Eye Out, Sore Heels, Bag of Bones, Jennie Come Tie Me, Devil Take the Hindmost are among the least surprising. Charles James Fox was responsible for some of the most outlandish names, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century these horses ran: Pity My Condition, Kick Me Jenny, A Laughing Woman With Two Black Eyes, Petticoat Tight Round Ankles. Geant des Battailles was known on the turf as "the Gent With the Bottles." Lord George Bentinck was censured for naming his filly Crucifix, but he would not change the name for fear of changing his luck. As late as 1899 a horse called Neurasthenipponskelesterizo entered in the Derby.

But why St. Simon? It is not easy to give appropriate names to horses, railway cars, or even children. St. Simon was as good as any other, if the list of memoirists was to be ransacked. It was surely easier to pronounce than Tallemant des Reaux, and more dignified than Pepys.

GERMAN SONGS GIVEN.

Orpheus Musical Society Entertains at Grand Concert.

Deutschland sounded strong, clear notes at the grand concert of the Orpheus Musical Society given at Jordan Hall last evening.

In the "Landerkennung" of Grieg were strong sweeping cadences like the rush of many waters. Alfred F. Denghausen had a solo in this, and the whole selection was enthusiastically encored.

But one of the best things in the concert were the marvellous echoes in the last selection, "Ein Sonntag auf der Alp." Clear and faint and shrill those echoes rang, like the blowing of distant mountain horns in the clear morning.

Besides Mr Denghausen, Miss Josephine Knight also gave several solos. Mrs Harriet A. Shaw, harpist; E. Loeffler, violoncellist, and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra assisted the Orpheus Orchestra. This orchestra was directed by Daniel Kuntz, and the chorus was under the direction of Carl Kaufmann.

Men and Things

Some time ago we spoke of famous eaters and their almost incredible feats. We also inquired into the number of oysters that should be eaten either as a first course or as a meal. Let us now add a few notes to these matters of contemporaneous human interest.

An oyster eater in Kansas City insists that he holds the belt because he ate 124 at a sitting. As we have stated more than once, there have been Frenchmen who would eat a dozen dozen small oysters at the beginning of a formal dinner. Furthermore, early in September, 1906, a lady of Brighton, Eng., ate 300 oysters for her supper with a portion of bread. The record for eating snails is held by a Frenchman, who in 1904, at Paris, succeeded in putting 243 regulation Burgundian escargots into his stomach at a single sitting.

* * *

Take fruit, for instance. It is the fashion now to eat it in large quantities. A distinguished physician in this city tells his patients that their bill for fruit should be three times their bill for meat, and Mr. Herkimer Johnson, his wife and maid of all work eat six barrels of apples from Nov. 1 to May 15. (No doubt the janitor assists them in this.) But Mr. Charles Haning Westwood of New Jersey has consumed a barrel in one week. The man that ate two pounds of Limburger cheese at Libertyville, Ill., died not long after his heroic performance. The great steak eaters belong undoubtedly to ward, political and social clubs in New York. The bun championship is probably held in Australia by one Willis, who won at the Town Hall in Port Melbourne a year ago when the rules governing the competition were trying: The buns, described as of the "rich, solid-looking fruit" kind, were "floating in round basins in a bath of warm treacle." The hands of the competitors were tied behind their backs.

* * *

We can understand the passion of a man for hot buttered muffins and crumpets, but why should a reasonable person become infatuated with buns? The word itself is suspicious. Its etymology is doubtful. The thing itself is not a fixed quantity of established quality. In Scotland the bun is an extremely rich cake, made chiefly of fruit and spice. In the north of Ireland it is a round loaf of ordinary bread. How unsatisfactory is the definition of the English species: "A sweet cake not too large to be held in the hand while being eaten."

* * *

The musicians playing in Chicago theatres think they should be paid $2 a week more when they are compelled to wear a swallowtail coat and a dress shirt. A few of the playhouse managers believe that the musicians should thus be dressed whether the play be of the society or problem order. They answer to objectors that the laundry bills need not be larger, for, as the orchestra usually sits in a hole under the stage, the shirt front need not be immaculate. This reminds us of a Boston man who visited last summer a friend living pompously at Bar Harbor. When he returned he was enthusiastic about the valet: "He treated me with great consideration. He made one of my dress shirts go five nights, and I think he would have made it go six if I had not been firm and insisted on a change."

* * *

The French gourmets frown on the cocktail served just before dinner. They say it blunts the taste, gives the drinker an abnormal, wolfish appetite, so that he is prepared to feed rather than to dine. Years ago there was an attempt to introduce into France the habit of "whetting" the appetite, but the ingenious authors of the "Journal des Gourmands" protested. The drink, known as "coup d'avant," was in 1828 vermouth, kirsch or gin. Ducray-Duminil wrote in "Gastronomo Francais" that the drink should be taken down at one swallow. The practice, he thought, had serious inconveniences. "A spirituous energy thus thrown into the stomach, which at that moment is hollow and in a state of inaction, necessarily produces there a sudden and dangerous effect, for it contracts, rather than dilates, this amiable and delicate organ." "Amiable and delicate": how courteous the French are to their stomachs!

April 30 1908

BLIND ARTISTS PLEASE.

R. W. Giffin, Baritone, and J. H. Lindsay, Pianist, at Steinert Hall.

Ralph W. Giffin, baritone, and John Hollis Lindsay, pianist, both of Chicago and both blind, gave a concert in Steinert Hall last night. Mr. Giffin sang Handel's "Honor and Arms," Gounod's "Even Bravest Heart" and songs by Chadwick, Lynes and Phelan. Mr. Lindsay played Beethoven's 32 variations and pieces by Chopin, Liszt and MacDowell.

An audience of fair size was warmly appreciative of the taste displayed by the visitors in the interpretation of the respective pieces. Mr. Lindsay has evidently studied faithfully and he has natural musical gifts. Mr. Giffin has a sonorous voice. A pleasant feature of the concert was the accompanying of the singer by Miss Elsie Phelan.

MIMICRY OF LESLIE HARRIS PLEASES

Leslie Harris, entertainer, gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. His programme, which was changed somewhat from the printed announcement, included a piano solo by Grieg, several humorous songs, and several original sketches and monologues, of which the most striking were, "My Wife's Afternoon," "Amateurs in Opera," "A Popular Melody in the Style of Various Composers," and a sketch by Wood and Harris, "Old Songs and New Books."

There was a rather small, but deeply interested and applausive audience.

Each of Mr. Harris' sketches was so variously composed of songs, descriptive piano pieces, action and speech that it is a little difficult to locate certain episodes that stand out with special distinctness in a programme that was never dull. There is no doubt that the happiest bit in the performance was his imitation of two old men engaged in a political debate at an evening party. The impersonation was admirable because it was true, without exaggeration, and the reader relied wholly upon its naturalness to make his effect.

That effect was irresistibly ludicrous without apparent effort, and his success in this and in other impersonations suggests that he would do well to devote even more of his programme to the line of work known as "character sketches," at the expense of the songs.

Yet the songs, too, were successful in their way, for Mr. Harris has a distinct and agreeable enunciation, and truer intonation than many persons who make more pretence at singing. His song about the frock coat was another shining light of the programme; so was the opera burlesque with the "throaty tenor" (is this what Mr. James Huneker calls a "cravat tenor"?).

Mr. Harris' methods are simple rather than subtle; his appeal is direct, he has a blandness and a plausibility that make good at once, and an extraordinary agility in gesture and action. The performance was punctuated by laughter and applause, and there were encore numbers. Mr. Harris will give recitals this evening and Saturday afternoon.

Concert Foyer.

BY PHILIP HALE.

They have been enjoying opera in Chicago. Mr. W. L. Hubbard of the Tribune was impressed by Mr. Caruso's progress as an actor. The tenor did "one bit of real acting when in the taking of his applause the curtain started to descend upon him and he dodged back into safety and shook his head at the descender. It showed life and real emotion—that piece of acting did. Otherwise he acted busily throughout the entire evening. He acts a lot when he does act. During Azucena's recital he grew real excited, and at the close went over and hung himself up on a stage rock to weep, and in the last scene he had a sobbing and exclaiming time of it that threatened to engulf Mme. Eames, Mme. Homer, the orchestra, and the entire audience." Mr. Hubbard was also impressed by the fact that Mme. Eames chose to make Leonora "a lady of decidedly red-headed complexion."

A woman has been singing at the Alhambra, London, who wore a mask and was billed as "L'Incognita." The report was circulated that she was "closely veiled" when she applied for an engagement and that the manager has no suspicion of her identity. She is said to have a good and flexible voice, and to sing florid passages with much skill and brilliance. She was applauded both by musicians and the merely curious. The probability is, then that she is really an excellent singer. There was no suggestion that the mask was worn because the features were too strange or the natural face unpleasant. Perhaps the singer was Patti practising for her last farewell to America.

The inhabitants of Logansport, Ind., are as sensitive to music as Bill Simmons in the ballad. "There is considerable opposition to the brass band," especially at funerals. "People living in streets leading to the cemetery are complaining, claiming that the funeral dirges which the bands drone on the way to the cemetery are anything but inspiring to persons who may be ill. On the way back from a cemetery the band livens up, playing anything from 'A Hot Time,' etc., to 'Marchin' Through Georgia.'" It would seem that the choice of "A Hot Time" might be considered as a reflection on the character of the deceased. Another reason why the members of the paternal organizations in Logansport abandon the wish of turning out with a brass band whenever a fellow-member dies, is that "lodge members will not have to lose pay for half a day, while those who do not attend the burial will not be fined by the lodge for their remissness." They remind us of Mrs. John Gilpin:

> Though on pleasure she was bent,
> She had a frugal mind.

Band music in London's public parks will begin next month. The British composers are already clamoring for "British programmes"; but Lieut. MacKenzie-Rogan thinks it would be a great mistake to present such programmes. "Some time ago I tried the experiment of military band playing entirely British compositions, and I found it was a failure. It was a departure I made in consequence of an outcry for purely British music by military bands. The fact of the matter is that the music of British composers is not suitable for military bands; the repertoire is too limited. I think it meets the general appreciation of the public if two or three British composers are represented in the programme of a military band, and that view, as I have already said, is fully confirmed by the opinions received from eminent British composers."

Miss Lillian Apel appeared recently in a "semi-musical skit" at a theatre in Des Moines. The Capital of that city says: "Miss Apel is recognized as one of the foremost of America's pianists." But in the musical world there are many near-sighted hearers. Miss Apel has no illusions: "If you haven't frazzly hair, a foreign accent or a pet poodle, don't think the public will take you seriously as a musician."

Why "frazzly" hair? To "frazzle" is to fray, wear out, tear to rags or ribbons. Thus, the Columbus (O.) Dispatch in 1894 published the sad story of a man whose nerves "were worn to a frazzle over an attempt made to levy a tax," and a year later the Nebraska State Journal referred to "the frazzled banners of the distillers." I infer, however, that Miss Apel had in mind pianists whose hair is entangled, in confusion. Miss Apel is a comely woman. Photographs represent her as attractive and with a generous supply of hair. Why doesn't she frazzle it for a concert or two and see what follows. She says: "I hope to go back soon to the legitimate."

Mr. Conried is to write his memoirs He will spend several months on the agreeable task. Let us hope that he will give the real reason why "Salome" was performed only once at the Metropolitan Opera House. The story that a daughter of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan objected to the performance was wholly without foundation. As a matter of fact, she was sick at home and was exceedingly vexed because she was unable to be either at the dress rehearsal or the only performance. Mr. Conried might also explain why Mr. Strucciari was retained after his first year.

"Mlle." Giacia Calla has been engaged to sing at a "grand operatic festival to be held at Concord, N. H., May 4, and Portsmouth, N. H., May 5. She will appear as Marguerite in the garden scene from "Faust" and in costume.

Let us go back to Chicago. Mr. Hubbard, the critic of the Tribune, said on April 26: "The weakest week of grand opera that the Metropolitan company of New York ever has given Chicago ended last night at the Auditorium." In Mr. Hubbard's eyes, "stellar splurge" has in past years made the Metropolitan performances famous; the only possible merit in these performances was the opportunity of hearing "several of the most notable singers of the world in combination in operatic parade." Mr. Hubbard says that the productions in Chicago were even more slipshod than in years past; that the stage management was incompetent "and the lighting was beyond description." Sembrich, Gadski, Morena, Van Rooy and Mahler, did not go to Chicago. "We have been given virtually the smaller casts, and, figuratively speaking, the tag ends of the New York company. The Conriedian insolence and egotism has reached its climax this season, and the sole comfort in the treatment received is derived from the knowledge that the 'Herr Direktor' has been retired from his position and a new regime is at hand. What it may choose to put upon us in future seasons cannot in any way be inferior to his parting gift to us."

Mr. Hubbard adds that the fault is largely that of the Chicago public. A "Caruso label" is put on a package of inferior stuff, and the public swallows eagerly. Truly, these be bitter words.

Nor did Mr. Hubbard like Miss Fornia as Santuzza: "When she wasn't yanking Turiddu all over the place she was wiggling around on her knees, hanging on to his hand and dragging after him wherever he went. She was really the most shoving, grabbing and kneeling Santuzza that Chicago has seen in many a day. And her singing was similarly explosive."

Mr. Charles Bennett, a bass baritone, who came from Bennington, Vt., and studied and sang in Boston, is now giving recitals in London and playing his own accompaniments.

Mme. Sembrich was obliged to stop her concert tour. The tenor, Mr. Van Hoose, fell sick.

Carlo Buonamici and Felix Fox will open a piano school in Boston next fall.

Miss Lilla Ormond of this city sang groups of songs at a concert of the Orpheus Club of Philadelphia, led by Horatio Parker, at the Academy of Music last Saturday night with marked success. She was recalled several times after each group and obliged to sing additional songs.

The programme of the Symphony concert on Sunday will be the same as that of the first concert conducted by Dr. Muck in Boston: Beethoven, Symphony No. 5; Wagner's "Faust" overture, "Siegfried" Idyl, and Preirde to "The Mastersingers."

A benefit concert for the benefit of the Chelsea sufferers will be given in Bray Hall, Newton Centre, Saturday evening by the Doppler Quintet Club: Miss Anna B. Elchorn violinist, Miss Mildred Levi pianist, P. H. Kelsey 'cellist, R. Forlani clarinetist, R. F. Gardner flutist and director. Miss Mabel L. Sturgis, contralto, will assist.

The 25th meeting of the American Music Society will be held in the hall of the Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy street, next Wednesday afternoon at 3 P. M. A concert will be given by Harry Barnhart, tenor, of New York, and John Beach, pianist. Music by Miss Daniels and Messrs. Foote, Ide, Ayres, Kelley, Beach, Farwell, Oldberg, Kreider, Anderson, Atherton and Gilbert will be performed. There will be a discussion on the present outlook for American composition by Messrs. Marshall, Farwell, Dounes, Beach.

May 1 1908

DR. KARL MUCK.

Dr. Muck this week ends his engagement as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His going is deeply regretted, for he has endeared himself as man and musician to the people of this city. He has also enlarged the glory of the orchestra in the cities visited each year, and he has been largely instrumental in spreading its fame both in this country and in Europe.

As a conductor he has displayed the highest qualities. As a disciplinarian he has maintained the high standard of mechanical proficiency that has long distinguished the orchestra, but he is neither a martinet nor a pedagogue. He has shown the most catholic taste in his choice of compositions for performance, and he has thus broadened our musical horizon. Whatever his personal tastes may be, he has recognized the fact that the audience should be acquainted with the results of contemporaneous musical activity in whatever country, in whatever form, in whatever direction this activity may be exercised. At the same time he has treated with affectionate respect the classic composers who years ago, by their conservative contemporaries, were looked upon as dangerous radicals, if not pestilent revolutionaries. He has been a true interpreter; he has the rare gift of interpreting so that the hearer is face to face with the composer and able fully to understand the musical speech. The music is here not filtered through the individuality of the conductor. And as an interpreter Dr. Muck has been passionate and eloquent without extravagance, without any disturbing self-display.

Dr. Muck is more than an accomplished musician, more than a conductor of the first rank. He is a man of sound parts and brilliant acquirements; a man deeply interested in all that pertains to sociology; a man of singularly agreeable address and distinguished bearing. Furthermore, he has the great and saving sense of humor.

It would be a pleasure to think that Dr. Muck might sometime re-

turn to this city, where he is held high in honor, yet those nearest to him would not expect him to break faith with Emperor William, who has generously denied himself for the last two years. It is not surprising that the Emperor now wishes Dr. Muck to return to the duties of the office that he brilliantly adorns.

Men and Things

Summer is coming. Its forerunner, the diatribe against tipping house servants at country places, has already appeared. The practice of tipping a servant of a rich friend is indeed abominable, and the chief offender is not the tipper, not the servant, but the host.

* * *

On the other hand, if a man visits in a house that is modestly run, where his stay necessarily makes extra work for maid or maids, an expression of thanks may well take the form of a little present; although even in this instance a host or hostess of true hospitality would prefer him not to do this. There are occasions when the host would be delighted to tip the guest—if he would only leave.

* * *

We are not personally acquainted with Miss Evelyn Groesbeck Mitchell, nor have we read her presumably engrossing work, "Mosquito Life," yet we sympathize with her in her suit for damages brought against Dr. Dyer. For Dr. Dyer, reviewing this book, which no country-house should be without, said that Miss Mitchell "has played the part of a feminine 'paerophorn' among the non-scientific aedids of Washington." No self-respecting woman could endure patiently the thought of being either a "paerophorn" or a paroophoron, and whether we were scientific or non-scientific we should be inclined to assault any one who called us an aedid.

* * *

Mr. Kubelik, the fiddler, thinks that any American woman who marries a Hungarian nobleman will play the second fiddle in Hungary. "The husband make the note over there; the wife she make the echo." Mr. Kubelik told a reporter of the St. Paul Dispatch that the stories about life and manners at Count Szechenyi's castle are greatly exaggerated. "The count's family do bathe more than once a month in the big hogshead they climb into on a ladder. The nobles bathe more than once a month—yes several times. But the bath things are some—some old-fashioned." We infer from this that the hot water is brought from the kitchen and the soap does not float.

The eminent violinist is deeply interested in anthropological, ethnological, and sociological questions. "Listen," he said impressively to the reporter, "a man needs a woman as much as a woman needs a man. Each sex is not the best sex. They should divide everything 50 and 50 per cent.—not 40 for her and 60 (maybe more) for him."

Mr. Kubelik does not go so far as Mr. George R. Sims, who remarked recently in the Referee: "The last 20 years have seen a marked physical and mental development among women. Men have not developed physically and mentally in anything like the same proportion. At the present moment woman has caught him up. The sexes are equal. In another 20 years woman will have got ahead of man. She is largely the worker and the wage-earner now—the bread winner and the home-maker now. She is becoming more masculine and man is becoming more effeminate." Is Mr. Sims courting the favor of the suffragettes? Or has he reference to the fact that London men are wearing corsets more and more for full dress, business purposes, and even for out-door sports?

* * *

Mr Flynn, hungry and unable to buy food at Gleenwood Springs, Col., pawned his false teeth. He raised a dollar, but he has now no teeth to chew his food. On the other hand, a man dined sumptuously a fortnight ago at a Paris restaurant, but when the bill was presented he found no money in his pockets. Whether he had left his purse in a pocket of his other coat or on the grand piano is not stated, and it is immaterial. The landlord wished security and the customer left his false teeth. They are said to be singularly handsome, substantial, even, shiny, heavily ornamented with gold. Here is poetic justice. The teeth that did the damage are a pledge for payment.

* * *

We read yesterday a statement that seemed extraordinary: Napoleon Bonaparte once spent a fortnight in London under the guidance of his friend Talma, the play-actor. The writer went so far as to name the coffee house where Napoleon went for his daily dish of chocolate. Has any one proof that Napoleon ever visited London?

* * *

We spoke recently of the "coup d'avant," the forerunner of the "apéritif," the equivalent of the American cocktail, in the intention at least if not in the quality.

There were two other "coups" which the guest was supposed to drink independently of wines that might be served: The "coup d'apres," which was a figner of pure wine drank immediately after the soup, and the "coup du milieu," a little glass of rum, absinthe or Madeira served between the roast and the side dishes.

* * *

Mr. Hudson Maxim waxed eloquent at the balloon dinner in New York. "It will be great sport by and by to outrace and over-ride the thunder storm, and there in the bright sunlight look down upon the rolling, seething mass of cloud spitting fire like an angry cat. We shall then seem to have nature at a disadvantage." Nevertheless we should be inclined to bet on the thunder storm. Its technique is flawless. Nor did the listening diners at once burst frantically into the old song: "Up in a balloon, boys."

may 2 1908

Men and Things.

The Rev. Dan Shannon has displayed a singular activity at Hammond, Ind. After the sweet-voiced choir of men and women had sung the opening hymn, Mr. Shannon, "who had been heralded as an effective preacher," addressed Mr. Bunt, the talented leader, as follows: "If you have any dancing and card playing women hypocrites in your choir, don't bring them on this platform again. They have no place in a church. Let them go to hell, where they belong." Twelve of the young women who had been singing "bustled from their seats with faces crimson with indignation and left the church." Deacons and elders went after them and besought them to return. "No, we will not return. We have been grossly insulted. Mr. Shannon may be a good preacher, but he is not a gentleman." He is certainly not a "perfect gentleman."

* * *

Mr. Shannon was not at all disturbed by this painful incident. He accepted it as a compliment to his power as an exhorter, and he again inveighed against the favorite amusements of Satan. To quote his exact language, as reported by the correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Mr. Shannon thundered: "Men go to dances to put their arms around other men's wives." He enlarged on this subject, and told a story of a young man who had come to him and said he would like to join the Baptist church, but he would not give up dancing. "I can join the Presbyterian church and still dance." To this the Rev. Dan Shannon, full of zeal and hot with indignation, replied: "Yes, and hell is so full of Presbyterians their feet hang out the windows."

* * *

After the sermon, deacons, elders and the pastor of the church told Mr. Shannon that "he had gone too far," and asked him to tone down his remarks.

It is, indeed, to be regretted that this earnest soul is so violent in speech. Mr. Jones, the colored preacher who was heard by Artemus Ward in Cleveland, O., before the civil war, was also alive to the iniquity of dancing, but he was more impersonal, and therefore more effective: "Whar there's dancing there's fiddling—whar there's fiddling there's unrighteousness, and unrighteousness is wickedness, and wickedness is sin! That's me—that's Jones."

* * *

So the undertakers of this country "have been aroused over the practice of the burial of bodies at sea," and they wish that Congress should interfere. They seem to be more concerned than they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.

I have two friends, two glorious friends—two braver could not be,
And every night when midnight tolls they meet to laugh with me.
The first was shot by Carlist thieves two years ago in Spain,
The second drowned near Alicante—while I alive remain.
I love to see their dim, white forms come floating through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in early morning light.
The first with gnomes in the Underland is leading a lordly life,
And the second has married a mermaiden—a beautiful water-wife.
And since I have friends in the earth and sea—with a few, I trust, on high—
'Tis a matter of small account to me the way that I must die
For whether I sink in the foaming flood or swing in the triple tree,
Or die in my grave as a Christian should, is much the same to me.

And what is this but a reckless paraphrase of Sir Thomas Browne's: "To live indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the 'moles' of Adrianus."

* * *

The New York Telegraph has published a good story. A London cabby was seated in a bar-room and drinking beer deliberately after the manner of his kind. A Scotchman entered, ordered a drink of whiskey, and swallowed it immediately. He repeated his order and again drank hurriedly. He ordered two more drinks and gulped them down. The cabman, amazed, at last broke out: "Beggin' your pardon, governor, but why do you take your drinks so sudden like?" The Scotchman answered solemnly: "Why, man, 16 years ago I accidentally knocked over a glass."

* * *

We were much interested in the contest of ragtime piano players at the Empire in Indianapolis. Cash prizes, three in number, were awarded by the vote of the audience. There was a great variety of pieces, from the "Indiana Avenue Shuffle" to "My Lovin' Beer Bucket's Got a Hole in It." There were two rules laid down:

1—Contestants must trim their finger nails before entering the contest, so as not to nick up the keyboard, as the piano is to be rented for the occasion.

2—Contestants will not be permitted to smoke cigarettes while playing.

* * *

This reminds us that there was a sad difference of opinion last Thursday morning in the New York newspapers concerning Mr. Paderewski's treatment of a wreath ordered for him by women who had engaged him to play for the sake of a charity. The Herald said that he took the wreath from the hands of a youth. The Times said he spurned it, paid no attention to the youth, in fact glared about him; and then his representative said in explanation that Mr. Paderewski never accepted wreaths; that he might injure his hands by taking hold of concealed wire; that he didn't like wreaths anyway, and the fact should by this time be thoroughly understood. Yet the Herald reporter said that Mr. Paderewski did accept the wreath from the youth. Such conflicting statements are painful to the meek lover of truth and the wildly curious.

may 3 1908

DR. KARL MUCK GIVES FAREWELL CONCERT

The 24th and last concert of the 27th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in Symphony Hall. With this concert Dr. Karl Muck ended his engagement as conductor. The programme was the same as that chosen by him for his first concert in 1906:

Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven
A "Faust" overture.....Wagner
A Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner
Prelude to "The Mastersingers"....Wagner

It is not necessary in this report of the concert to dwell at length on the characteristics of Dr. Muck as a conductor or as a maker of programmes. The Herald gave editorial expression to its admiration for Dr. Muck as conductor and as man last Friday morning. The character of his programmes and the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the complaints recently made against them were discussed in The Herald last Sunday, and are again discussed elsewhere today.

Nor is it necessary to speak in detail of the conductor's interpretation and the orchestral performance of last night.

The compositions themselves were familiar to all concertgoers. It is enough to say that the interpretation of them revealed the qualities for which Dr. Muck is eminent, or, without exaggeration in speech, pre-eminent, and the orchestra shared with the conductor in the final triumph of an unusually brilliant season. It may, however, be said that seldom, if ever, has the finale of the fifth symphony been performed here in such a fully authoritative manner. For once it seemed superb from the beginning to the end, whereas under conductors of no mean parts, after the opening measures of pomp and jubilation, that which follows has often seemed lame and impotent.

The evening was one that Dr. Muck himself, accustomed as he is to gala nights, will long remember. Before the concert the orchestra gave him a loving cup. When he came upon the stage the great audience arose to welcome him while the orchestral honors of drums and trumpets voiced emphatically the feelings of those that stood and applauded. This applause was ever ready, after each movement, after each composition. And at the end Dr. Muck must have been deeply moved by the manifestations of admiration and affection.

Dr. Muck for two years has pronounced his own eulogy, modestly, unconsciously by the performances of the orchestra led by him. He, of all men, would dislike an enumeration of the qualities that distinguish him as musician and conductor. However eulogistic this catalogue of virtues would necessarily be, the formal statement would inevitably have the air of a thoughtfully prepared obituary article, and I believe that Dr. Muck is now at the beginning of a long career, one that will be even more glorious than the one that has already given him fame on two continents.

Yet a few words may now appropriately be said in taking leave of a conductor whose concerts have almost invariably been distinguished by breadth, brilliance and eloquence in the interpretation of compositions that called for intelligent sympathy and poetic understanding. It is not extravagant to say that as a conductor, Dr. Muck is myriad-minded. Whatever the nationality, the period, the school of the composer, he has endeavored, and with incredible success, to be at home in that composer's milieu and to assume his musical attitude.

The ability to put oneself in the place of another is a distinguishing mark of a general, orator, statesman, any leader of men, whose success must depend in large measure on the quickness and sureness with which he fathoms an opposing wish or mood and anticipates the purpose of another mind. Dr. Muck, as an interpreter, is not a ventriloquist that throws his own voice into inanimate figures. He finds the voice of each composer and it speaks through him.

His sympathy and appreciation are discriminative. Recognizing the better qualities of a composer, he exerts himself to put them fully in the light, nor does he attempt to give undue importance to that which is inherently commonplace. He is not a believer in plenary inspiration. If Haydn chatters gayly, he lets him chatter volubly and lightly to his heart's content. He does not seek to give incongruous depth to the classic serenity of Mozart, but he brings out the formal elegance of the wondrous boy so that it has the relief of a frieze.

In his treatment of modern music Dr. Muck does not expect a Russian or a Frenchman to express himself as a German of the old or the new school, and he, with his own keen sense of humor, relished the musical Americanisms of Mr. Chadwick's tramp and followed the adventures of that worthy with the utmost enjoyment.

And so Dr. Muck is more than the cosmopolite who is at home in various cities of the musical world; he is a dweller, not a sojourner; he has the racial instincts; he knows the colloquial speech as well as the language of the literature; he recognizes the smell of the soil.

There are other conductors that are exemplary disciplinarians; there are other conductors of poetic and imaginative force; but I know of no one who has this remarkable faculty of giving out the ideas of others with the utmost emphasis and eloquence of rhetoric and at the same time represses his own individuality.

It is this that sets Dr. Muck apart from other conductors of the first rank, and, I think, above them. Celebrated leaders have visited us and aroused enthusiasm by a concert or two. Dr. Muck has shown his ability week in and week out, and not by riding a favorite battle-horse to victory, but by mounting charger after charger, hitherto untried, almost or wholly unknown.

And he has done all this in public, with an air of scholarly ease and with a distinction of bearing that was courtly elegance. Never has he betrayed the consciousness of triumph. Never has he won applause by an exhibition of extravagance or by cheap appeal to sentimentalism.

He leaves us now full of honors to gain fresh triumphs. He leaves us with a host of grateful recollections, with the abiding memories of concerts of purest music performed in an ideal manner.

MR. PLANCON'S CONCERT.

C. Pol Plancon, baritone, assisted by Jacques Hoffmann, violinist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. He will sing arias by Mozart, Mehul, Verdi and songs by Bemberg, Pfeiffer, Foote, Chadwick, Lehmann and Schumann. Mr. Hoffmann will play pieces by Bruch, Boisdeffre, Sarasate, Chopin-Wilhelmj, Senagiglia and Zarzycki.

SYMPHONY MUSIC AND ITS CRITICS

Last Sunday we considered the nature of some of the objections against the character of Dr. Muck's programmes and at the same time called attention to Mr. William Wallace's "Threshold of Music," published by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Wallace's argument that the musical sense is at present only in the first stages of development bears with particular significance on the subject of Dr. Muck's programmes, which, as the complainers say, have been "too modern."

We parted company with Mr. Wallace for a week, after he had discussed the endeavors of Monteverde and his school to employ music as a means for getting a little nearer the human heart.

They were as unwilling as is Mr. Wallace, to admit that music is "useless" as certain scientific men assert.

Monteverde made music expressive by his direct appeal, without reverence for the established formulas, and by his use of color in orchestration. Bach laid the foundation of our modern system of harmony, and this system, it should be remembered, was in turn formulated for practical purposes only as recently as the latter half of the 18th century. The scope of music, was thus enlarged. Bach's musical sense was developed more highly than that of any one of his predecessors; "but, although he was able to assure himself that a hitherto enchanted world of sound lay beyond the horizon, he hesitated to go in search of it. He demonstrated his theorem, but neglected to put it into practice." The organ played an important part in his music, and there were practical difficulties about its tuning. He was obsessed by counterpoint, which repressed much of his own true feeling. "So that a composition often became merely a dissertation in the language of music, amazingly ingenious and intricate, but for the most part devoid of human and emotional purpose."

We must beware, as Mr. Wallace well says, of the enthusiasms that are founded on tradition. "It is not difficult for a man destitute of all creative power to build up by rule a vast and imposing erection of counterpoint. The framework of the contrivance, in the elemental forms which are perpetrated even in our own day, must consist of a series of closely related, interlocking parts, which permit of an unobstructed flow of conventional embroidery." The harmonic base must be of the simplest kind, and today the more chromatic the structure, the less easy it is to apply strict contrapuntal principles. "Hence a choral work carried out on orthodox lines cannot be anything else than a slavish imitation of devices whose possibilities were exhausted years ago."

Nor was Bach's sense of orchestral color developed much in advance of those before him. "Every instrument was treated with the same impartiality, worrying out some counterpoint with a sublime disregard for its appropriateness." The truth of Mr. Wallace's statement must be apparent to all. Rossini has been censured for his "olympian indifference" displayed in the lack of appropriateness of the music he often set to a given text. Bach was as great an offender in this respect. Nevertheless Bach possessed a "fluidity of thought and a swiftness of idea" known for the first time, and this, in spite of the fact that "a close analysis of nine-tenths of his work might show much that is mechanical, possibly even labored." He was the first, says Mr. Wallace, to demonstrate "the intimate yet indefinable association of sound with mental processes." Music to him was a fixed habit of thought rather than an art, and it might be added that Bach thought and moved and lived in counterpoint.

In the chapter "The Luthier and His Art," Mr. Wallace describes the gradual change in orchestral instruments, and notes the time when the ear began to decide which were to survive as fit. "Beethoven and the composers immediately preceding him owe not a little of their reputation to a refinement of technique and a study of mechanical devices which came into use after they were in their graves. The notes that they wrote had the same theoretical relation then as now, but the actual sounds which they conveyed to the ear of the mind are not the same."

It should be remembered that Bach was neglected by his immediate successors, and this shows that he was in advance of his time; also that "the musical faculty had yet to be developed in order that there should be widespread recognition and appreciation of his genius." In his best choral music he showed that his imagination was influenced by great thoughts.

On the other hand, the instrumental works of Haydn and Mozart show little introspection.

"Obvious, trivial and superficial is their style from a modern standpoint. . . . It is music that saves man the trouble of having to think; it is not music that compels him to do so." Mozart was far ahead of Bach in opening the way for the development of musical forms and the treatment of the orchestra; "he was far behind him in comprehending the vast realities." It should not be forgotten that Mozart, unlike Beethoven, Weber, Berlioz, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Tschaikowsky, Strauss, Loeffler, d'Indy, showed little interest in anything outside his art, or in comprehension of them. Haydn and Mozart possessed briefly the constructive faculty. When they died, the musical sense, "in comparison with its developments in later years, was still in a primitive state as regards the expression of musical ideas."

Beethoven was a thinker. "It was not till he came that music assumed that wider aspect which we accept so unthinkingly today. Yet we are as far beyond his musical sense in one direction as we are close to it in another." His style is "referable to definite periods of his existence."

Haydn and Mozart trusted more to technique, than to the scope and possibilities of their art. They carried further the principles of design and thus prepared the way for Beethoven, who brought his faculty of music into correlation with other mental processes and seemed to be eternally engaged in a titanic struggle to express the strenuous but inarticulate thoughts to which his humanity and experience gave birth." The earlier style culminated with Beethoven; the modern movement starts with him, for the composer was becoming conscious that his gift had an intellectual value.

"Thus an entirely new aspect of art came into existence after 1830. The reign of the mathematician was over; there was no longer need for that composer, who, without special aptitude, could be trained in the exercise of rule-of-thumb that he could contrive some kind of music painfully correct, never ugly but invariably dull. His sovereignty was challenged by a new order of brain."

Berlioz was not blessed with "a sound musical education." Born in a restless age, he thought for himself. He had probably heard little or no music worth hearing until he was 19 years old. "He is the first composer that we meet with whose musical sense arose sporadically, and not only was uninfluenced by surroundings, but also declared itself impetuously in spite of hostile conditions." The Aeneid, Shakespeare, Goethe's "Faust" and the literature of the romanticists impelled him to write music. Had he studied in the orthodox manner "he might have been turned into a fifth-rate violinist or a 'professor' of music at some girls' school; he certainly would never have become our Berlioz." His music, even in its earliest stages, is singularly original, individual.

"In his conception of sound, Berlioz put in play three agents: the verbal and visual were combined with the auditory, and the last, in any age that the world has seen, would rightly be regarded as abnormal. His power of realizing sound in silence must have been colossal, for we know that he was too poor an executant to be able to try over his effects on a piano. Yet his ideas occurred to him at a time when orchestral music was in its infancy, when the suspicion of a discord in a score would have caused a strike among the players more swiftly than a trades union manifesto does in modern times. He felt the 'genius' of the orchestra more potently than any one who had gone before him, and, although he had none of the experience of Beethoven, he showed in his first important work a technical mastery which was almost superhuman. We must remember that when Berlioz produced his 'Symphonie Fantastique' he was at an age younger than Beethoven was when he wrote his first Mozartian symphony, and what is still more remarkable, between these compositions there was a space of only 30 years."

Thus Berlioz, with Cellini and Whistler, belong to all countries and to all time, as Mr. Wallace thinks, for the three fought against the obtuseness that enslaved their contemporaries; "each saw that convention was merely transient and arbitrary and a frail obstacle to the march of the human faculties." They will live by their aims, irrespective of the artistic performance of their work.

Wagner was nearly 40 years old before he "found himself," but age in everything is relative. "Verdi, when he wrote his 'Falstaff' was a mere lad of fourscore years. Many a modern composer is too much of a centenarian at 20." Wagner's individuality was so strong that he seemed to be the incarnation of all the musical activity of his age.

Since he died music seems to have a new aspect, but it is not safe to assign too definite limits to any stage in its development. "For a mode of musical thought which a more staid contemporary opinion regarded as violent and revolutionary has eventually come to be considered as an advance so gentle and imperceptible that a later generation may well wonder why it ever caused a stir." Music is always in a state of transition.

"We are only on the threshold, and those who bar the way forget that the movement of music has behind it one invincible ally, namely, time. Therefore, in this young and green art, which in the history of man is scarcely in its teens, it would be absurd were any one to take upon himself the duty of guide, since the march of the faculty for music has as yet known no check."

"The new phase of music is seeking new outlets; it is not content with the old narrow limits, and no one can arrive at the 'ethical significance' of any kind of music until all that we today call music has been swept out of existence. We are only paving the way: We are at the stage of the cave-dweller with his tusk of ivory scratched with his flint. When sound has been resolved into terms which, with our ever progressing cerebral development, will convey a definite impression to the brain, and when that kind of music has entered into close and intimate association with reason—when, ages hence, this occurs, it will be time enough to talk of the ethical significance of music."

I have quoted freely from Mr. Wallace's remarkable book for the benefit chiefly of those hearers who are deeply interested in what was done long ago; who are suspicious of what is doing today if it be not along familiar lines; who are hopeless about the future if future music is to follow the various paths indicated by Franck, Gabriel Faure, Strauss, d'Indy, Loeffler, Debussy. I have quoted in the hope that these hearers and complainers will be induced to read the whole of the book, for there are many pages of importance to which I have not referred in any way; that having read this book, they will begin to think for themselves; that thinking they will examine into the history of music even in their own parish. Let them, for example, look over the volumes of Dwight's Journal of Music, which may be done easily in the Brown room of the Public Library. They will then see that here in Boston music that to them is now agreeable and orthodox was described by the hearers as noisy, unintelligible, monstrous, dull, when it was first performed here.

Complainers urged Dr. Muck to put more orchestral pieces by Schubert on his programmes. How many orchestral pieces by Schubert are tolerable today? The "Unfinished" symphony, the great and long symphony in C major, some of the "Rosamunde" music. Have not the two symphonies been played here many times? Dr Muck led them last year. Must the two he performed at the Symphony concerts every year?

A week ago Saturday night Dr Muck, with a fine sense of humor, put an early symphony by Schubert on the programme for the enjoyment of the complainers. The symphony is a youthful work that should be buried forever. Repetitions of tiresome formulas, themes of little significance, not one emotional stroke, not one brilliant page! Why should the superb orchestra be asked or expected thus to waste its time? But there is no doubt that some in the audience preferred this instrumental chatter to the poetic and eloquent music of Vincent d'Indy that followed. They were honest in their preference. Were they not prejudiced and intolerant toward music which they made little effort to appreciate?

Perhaps they do read about the history of music. They fail to learn the one great lesson: That there is constant development; that new forms and new combinations which at first surprise and perplex, grow familiar, become classic, and no longer appeal keenly to the next generation. Neither music itself nor the criticism of music is something constant.

"When I was a child," said Paul the Apostle. "I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." There are hearers who will not pass beyond the state of childish enjoyment. After attending Symphony concerts for 25 years, their receptivity is no greater than it was in 1883. The serious-minded men of great talent, who today are devoting their lives to the full and free expression of their thoughts in music are Nihilists or lunatics, because, forsooth, they do not speak habitually the language that merely as a common medium, without the vivifying power of genius, was outworn long ago.

There will always be some who stand in awe of a name; who believe in the plenary inspiration of a dead composer reckoned by common consent as among the immortals, as immortals are now named, though the immortals themselves are not a fixed or determined body for all time; some have been obliged to put on mortality. Anything by Beethoven must be "satisfying" and noble. Anything by Mozart must be "tender and beautiful." There are always some who might say with the honest bourgeois:

Et vous, gens de l' art,
Pour que j'en jouisse
Quand c'est du Mozart
Que l'on m'avertisse!

An examination of the programmes of the last two years will show that Dr. Muck has at the same time respected the classics and given the contemporaneous composers a hearing. It is not necessary to insist on this point. It would also be unfair to argue concerning his own personal taste from the character of his programme. He has been governed in his choice of unfamiliar works for performance solely by the wish to make the audience acquainted with the purposes, tendencies, endeavors and results of modern, contemporaneous musical activity. He considered it his duty to do this as conductor of a great orchestra in a city that plumes itself on its interest in art.

OPENING OF THE POP CONCERTS IN SYMPHONY HALL.

The annual series of Pop concerts will begin at Symphony Hall on next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. This will be the 23d season of these entertainments, and it will be one of the shortest. Owing to the convention here of the Federation of Women's Clubs the last of June, which will be held in Symphony Hall, the season of Pops will end on June 20, and will last seven weeks, instead of the usual eight or nine. Every spring Boston is reminded of the fact that this is the only city in the country which has been able to support for a number of years concerts of this character. Such concerts are given in other cities, in parks, where they are one of many attractions, but popular concerts as such, seem to flourish year after year only in Boston.

The conductor's work in the first part of the season will fall on Mr. Gustav Strube, who has in the last few years always conducted the last concerts, and the work will be shared with him by Mr. Arthur Kautzenbach.

Mr. Strube has been a conductor of the Pop concerts since the season of 1898, with the exception of one year. He has always been one of the most popular of conductors, and to him in the past has usually fallen the job of conducting on the various college nights. Mr. Strube is now ending his 18th season with the orchestra.

He was born in 1867 in Ballenstedt, and entered the Leipsig Conservatory when he was 18 years old. He was in Leipsig for five years, during which time he was a member of the Gewandhaus orchestra and a member of the Opera House orchestra. After leaving Leipsig, he went to Mannheim as a teacher in the conservatory.

He has won distinction for himself as a composer, many of his works having been played here by the Boston Symphony orchestra. He also has distinguished himself as having composed one of the most popular marches that it played at the Pops—the "Cruiser Harvard" march, which he wrote during the Spanish war, and which was played every night during that season.

Mr. Arthur Kautzenbach is 26 years old and one of the 'cellists of the orchestra. He was born in Grottkau, in Silesia, on Jan. 16, 1882. He is a graduate of the Hochschule in Berlin, where he was a pupil of Hausmann, and as 'cellist he has played in the principal orchestras of Berlin and Hamburg. He has had considerable experience as a conductor. He conducted his father's Philharmonic orchestra in Reichenbach, and he was conductor of the Berlin Dilettante orchestra, a semi-professional organization. The concerts, as usual, will be given on every weekday night at 8 o'clock, and they will end about 11. The usual light refreshments will be served. The first programme is as follows:

TUESDAY, MAY 6.

Coronation march. . . . . Meyerbeer
Overture, "Si j'etais Roi" . . . . . Adam
Waltz Donauweibchen (first time) . . . . . Strauss
Selection, "La Boheme" . . . . . Puccini
Ballet music from "Gioconda" . . . . . Ponchielli
Berceuse for string orchestra . . . . . Strube
Humoreske (first time) . . . . . Dvorak
Overture, "Rienzi" . . . . . Wagner
Caprice Espagnol (first time). Rimsky-Korsakoff
Overture, "Raymond" . . . . . A. Thomas
Selection, "The Red Mill" . . . . . Herbert
Waltz, "The Merry Widow" . . . . . Lehar
March, "Flag of Victory" . . . . . Blon

Mr. Buonamici Abroad.

Carlo Buonamici, pianist of this city, played at a concert of the Cheruhini Society, Florence, Italy, Rachmaninoff's concerto in F sharp minor and a group of piano pieces with very great success. Il Nuovo Giornale of Florence said: "The worthy son of the great Giuseppe Buonamici has revealed himself as an artist of the first rank, not only as a virtuoso—and a virtuoso may be said to be a dangerous animal—but as an interpretative artist, distinguished for style, tone, phrasing." The review is long, detailed and enthusiastic. The concert was conducted by the Marquis Ottavio de Piccotellis, and Gabriele d'Annunzio was one of the most interested and appreciative hearers.

Mr. Buonamici played the same concerto at Wuerzburg on March 24. The critics were unanimous in praise. The Lokal Anzeiger paid the pianist a glowing tribute and congratulated the Royal Music School of the city on numbering such a celebrated pianist among its pupils.

Mr. Buonamici returned to Boston about 10 days ago.

Concert Notes.

The American Music Society will hold its 25th meeting at the hall of the 20th Century Club, 3 Joy street, Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Harry Barnhart, tenor, of New York, and John Beach of Boston, pianist, will give a concert in which music by Miss Daniels, and Messrs. Foote, Ide, Ayres, Kelley, John Beach, Farwell, Oldberg, Kreidler, Anderson, Atherton and Gilbert, will be performed. There will be a discussion on the present outlook for American composition by Messrs. Marshall, Farwell, Downes, Beach.

Francis Rogers will give a song recital at the Milton town hall Thursday evening.

ELEVEN ORIGINAL JOKES.

Miss Agnes Repplier, lecturing on "The Mission of Humor" at the Colony Club, New York, said she had been informed that there were eleven original jokes in the world. After she had said her allotted say, Mr. Joseph H. Choate arose and, gallant as ever, remarked that he was now sure there were twenty-two original jokes. Any man or woman who produces eleven original jokes in a lecture is a world wonder. With all due respect to Miss Repplier, we are inclined to think that Mr. Choate was too amiable and too receptive.

What are these eleven original, fundamental, basic jokes, not made for a parish or an occasion, necessarily human and universal? Look over the comic weeklies from the beginning of Punch, and you will find the same lines of humorous thought, endless repetitions of a fool-born jest, ponderous elaborations of a trifle, changes of an old idea to suit time and place. The old jest books—Joe Miller's, and before his, Poggi's and Bacon's—show how our predecessors anticipated us. Plutarch's "Morals" is full of jests and jocose anecdotes that are now fondly thought contemporaneous. Turn to his "Apothegms or Remarkable Sayings of Kings and Great Commanders," and you find this quip: "A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. Archelaus answered: "In silence.'" Read "The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men," Englished by Roger Davis, A. M., and there a sage is thus reported: "In this mistake, however, I'm much of the youth's mind, who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit his stepmother, adding: 'My throw is not lost, however.'" But what do you not find in Plutarch? The Rev. B. S. Lombard of London, who stated recently that garrulity is the cause of many nervous diseases and the increasing amount of insanity, might well consult Plutarch on talkativeness: "The tautologizing babbler," says Plutarch,

is everywhere drunk: in the market place, at the theatre, in the public porticos or deambulatories, as well by night as by day."

The favorite jokes in this country have been for years based on the mother-in-law, the farmer and the summer boarder, the city boarding house, spring cleaning (and the stovepipe played an important part), the greedy goat. The mother-in-law was naturally the victim of the first jocose son-in-law, while there could be no joke about a stovepipe before the existence of the pipe. There is the cannibal-missionary joke that has done yeoman's service, but it cannot be older than the appearance of the first missionary. What are the primeval eleven jokes? One of the oldest known to us begins: "Old Noah, he had three sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth," but there must have been jokes before the flood. What were the eleven that were preserved in the ark? No doubt the gag about the elephant bringing his trunk was coined by some irreverent looker-on, who saw in the embarkation only food for mirth. Death by drowning was too good for him. But what jokes did Noah and his sons take with them for daily recreation? We can be sure of only one—the mother-in-law jest. Will not Miss Repplier tell to the world the other ten?

may 4 1908

"PATTERANS" AGAIN.

Mr. C. H. Crosby in his letter about "patterans," which was published in The Herald last Saturday morning, says that a patteran may be "a twig, a branch with leaves, or some pebbles, or any such small objects arranged inconspicuously, but instantly seen by the gypsy"; that each gypsy has his patteran which his people recognize; that the patteran merely indicates which road and which direction he took.

Borrow and Leland, who knew the gypsies well, spelt the word as Mr. Crosby spells it; but the New English Dictionary says this spelling is erroneous and "patrin" is the true form. It also says that the word meant originally "leaf." So Ursula explained in Borrow's "Romany Rye." Leland, an audacious etymologist, thought that the word came from the moderu Greek, "patouna," the sole of the foot, i. e. a track; and he mentioned the Hindi "panth," a road. The New English Dictionary refers to the Sanskrit "patra." By the way, Miss Guiney chose "patrins" for the title of a book of essays.

The patrin is usually a handful of grass or leaves, but in Leland's "English Gypsies" (chap. 2) patrins in the form of a simple or of a complex cross are given. The oldest and universal one is in the shape of two capital "H's" side by side with the middle vertical line lengthened. The gypsy drew this sign, this patrin, deep in the dust. The end of the longest line pointed in the direction in which he had gone.

Men and Things.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished student of sociology, called at The Herald office Saturday morning. It may be remembered that he was last seen at the South station smoking a cigar that did not come from the prize stock of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, holding an umbrella of the kind known as the gamp or lettuce, and bahing at windmills. Nothing had been heard from him since, and his friends, his most intimate friends, who are acquainted with his vagaries, with his curiosity concerning the darker phases of sociology, with his adventurous nature, were alarmed about him, fearing that he might be a wandering victim of dual consciousness or somewhere an inert mass, an irreparable loss to science and mankind.

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He entered and we looked at him closely. He wore the baggy trousers that characterize the deep thinker, and trousers, waistcoat and coat were all of different suits and highly respectable age. His cravat was one of unusual splendor. It was apparently of chintz: it had five distinct colors and several nuances. He moved, and it flapped as in a breeze. His nose was mottled and it seemed swollen, but there was a clear light in his eyes and his voice was without a tremor. We asked no foolish questions concerning his wind mill on the Cape, whether it needed a new pointer, or whether a force pump is not, on the whole, more economical if the cottager have sufficient health to do the pumping. We consulted him with reference to the following letter:

• • •

BOSTON, May 1, 1908.

Men and Things:

What is the origin of the phrase, to egg a man on? I was once in an Italian theatre where the tenor was egged off the stage. But why egg on?

OPERA SUBSCRIBER.

• • •

"This is simple," said Mr. Johnson; "nor does it require skill in hen raising to answer the question. It does not follow that because a wretched play-actor, a ham fatter, may be egged off the stage, that is, persuaded, by rotten eggs unerringly thrown, to leave the stage, a man may also be egged on to dramatic bursts by fresh ones thrown in compliment. 'To egg on' is an old phrase in English; it is at least seven centuries old. The verb 'to egg' is here merely a variant of the obsolete verb 'edge,' meaning to urge on, incite, encourage."

• • •

Mr. Johnson gave this explanation in a matter-of-fact way and asked for a match. We handed him a box of safety matches. He lighted a cigar and put the box in his pocket. He had smoked only a few seconds when we were aware that he had bought the cigar in some remote Cape Cod village; nor was he at all surprised when we opened a window and endeavored to poke a ventilator into action.

• • •

"Here is another letter, Mr. Johnson. You might use it in the preparation of the chapter on 'Valves and Bivalves' in the ninth volume of your colossal work."

BOSTON, May 1, 1908.

Men and Things:

Apropos of your stories of feats in eating oysters. When I was a boy at work in an engraver's office there were two of the men who, I was told, laid a wager as to which could eat the more raw oysters. The contest came off at Ben Wright's. You may remember that his place was down stairs in Court street. I do not know how many they ate before one of them weakened, but when one did weaken the other ate one more, and the referee or umpire declared the extra oyster man the winner. It was noticed that the victor held himself particularly upright. As they left Wright's he stumbled on the stairs and the extra oyster spilled out. The referee declared then that the oyster should be put back or the contest would be declared a draw. As this was too much for the one plus man, the bet was declared off.

VERITAS.

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Mr. Johnson read the letter and put it in his pocket. "I see," he said, "that the inauguration of Gov. Jared T. Sanders at Baton Rouge, the 18th, will be particularly brilliant. Twenty-five blondes and twenty-five brunettes, mounted astride coal-black horses, will participate. The girls, who are representative beauties of Louisiana, will wear white frocks of flimsy gauze, with red hats and red silk stockings. While red is not my favorite color for hose, I nevertheless think it my duty as a sociologist to attend this inauguration. Do you think it would be possible for you to get me a pass, if only for a part of the way? I should be willing to send on a description of the inauguration in return.

"You observe, perhaps, that these beauties of Louisiana will ride astride. I read recently in a newspaper that English women did not use side saddles until the Eighteenth century. This statement was erroneous. As early as 1607 wives of London merchants rode on pillions and side saddles, and Riche, in his 'Irish Hubbub,' published in 1619, said: 'The ladies of Ireland neither used powdering nor painting stuff; they knew not what a coach meant, nor scarce a side saddle, till they learnt them from the English.' I have also read that Anne of Bohemia, the first wife of Richard II. of England, first taught English women to ride on side-saddles."

Mr. Johnson might have added that George Turberville, who visited Moscow in 1568, in a poetical account of the manners of the Russians, wrote:

Almost the meanest man in all the country rides,
The women, eke, against our use, her trotting horse bestrides.

may 5 1908

C. POL PLANCON SINGS.

Nephew of Opera Star, a Baritone Pleases in Varied Programme.

Mr. C. Pol Plancon, a nephew of the celebrated opera singer, assisted by Mr. Jacques Hoffmann, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Mr. Plancon, a baritone, sang "Non piu andrai" from "The Marriage of Figaro," "Femme Sensible" from Mehuls "Ariodant," "Eri tu" from "Un Ballo in Maschera" and songs by Bemberg, Pfeiffer, Foote, Chadwick, Lehmann and Schumann. Mr. Hoffmann played the introduction and Adagio from Bruch's concerto in G minor, and pieces by Boisdeffre, Sarasate, Senagaglia, Chopin-Wilhelmj and Zarzycki.

Mr. Plancon has naturally an agreeable voice and he has taste as an interpreter. There were times when it was evident that his present technique did not support fully his intention, but on the whole he gave pleasure to an audience of fair size, for there were many manifestations of applause.

Mr. Hoffmann was loudly applauded. Mr. F. S. Mason accompanied unusually well.

WAGNER THE ~~LESS~~ Elder

It is said that Mr. Siegfried Wagner thinks of visiting this country next season as a conductor of orchestral works. His father, Richard, received an invitation in 1855 to conduct for six months in New York, and about that time Theodore Hagen and William Mason made an effort to persuade him to conduct a Beethoven festival in Boston. He was offered from $10,000 to $12,000 for six months; but he said he was too old, and with characteristic egoism he added that such sums should be given to him as a present, so that he could complete his "Ring."

Siegfried, who has composed a half dozen operas that have been performed without success, has been urged by true friends of his father to stop composing if he have regard for his father's name. He has not gained a great reputation as a conductor. There is no reason why he should not visit this country if he is so inclined, and bring with him his mother and an orchestra. He would at least gain in experience and there might be curiosity to see the widow and son of a famous man. Yet it seems a pity that, failing to have Wagner the Great as a sojourner in America, we are to be consoled by a visit from Wagner the ~~Less~~. Lesser.

The rumor, however, is hardly credible. Mme. Cosima Wagner's health is by no means good, and she is seventy-one years old. Furthermore the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin gives concerts in that city during the months that are named for the forty concerts in this country.

SWEDISH BAND PLEASES.

Royal Krontberg Musicians and Mme. Hoegberg at Tremont Temple.

American and Swedish national airs were applauded last night, in Tremont Temple, when played by the Royal Krontberg Regiment band, which is making a tour of this country by special permission of H. R. H. Crown Prince Gustaf of Sweden.

An enthusiastic audience filled every seat in the auditorium. Twelve numbers were given. The band was under the leadership of Erik Hoegberg, conductor of the royal court orchestra of Stockholm. Mme. Mally Hoegberg of the Royal Opera of Stockholm was soloist. She sang selections from Lindblad, Peterson-Gerger and Grieg, in excellent voice and with fine temperament. She generously responded with encores and received a handsome bouquet of American Beauty roses.

Men and Things

We were much entertained by pictures of fashionable women who stood and sat in tableaux vivants for the fresh air fund controlled by the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York. The more prominent characters represented were Thais, Carmen, Manon Lescaut, Floria Tosca, Mme. Butterfly—truly a group of noble dames. There was no desire to appear as Miss Nightingale, Mrs. Fry, any one of Mrs. Wharton's heroines, or even Little Eva.

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The Rev. Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht-Hanish said that the narrow minded 100,000 inhabitants of Lowell should die rather than pollute the air with their breath—the ozone in Lowell should be enjoyed only by Mazdaznans. Here is an opportunity for Mr. Joseph Smith to defend the inhabitants of his city and also their breaths. Dr. Hanish is apparently as sensitive as Thoreau, who declared that any dwelling house passed by him at dead of night, whether the wind were blowing in his direction or there was no wind, smelled like a slaughter house.

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Mr. Escoffier's tribute to America, the "strawberry Edith," is thus prepared: Fresh strawberries rolled in vanilla sugar, flavored with curacao, kirsch, maraschino, covered with whipped cream flavored with vanilla sugar and violet leaves crushed. Not for us, not for us, cher maitre; and not simply because the dish costs 85 cents. Give us plain strawberry Jane, or strawberry Anna Maria; ripe strawberries with a little sugar and plenty of real cream. The spoon should not bend in the act of mashing the berries. We are aware of the fact that certain Englishmen prefer to pour a little wine over the naked berries, but our opinion is not shaken. Alas, the strawberries is for courageous, exultant youth! To the eczematous, the rheumatic, to them whose legs when getting out of bed in the morning weigh 80 pounds apiece, the strawberry should be only a name and its leaf a ducal emblem.

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Hen raisers will be interested in the Plymouth Rock pullet owned by Judge Peasley of Waterbury, Ct. It has laid two eggs a day for eight days timed by a Waterbury watch. Truly a useful hen, one that should be encouraged; nevertheless we are more drawn toward the cock once owned by Mr. John Weisman, a highly respected tailor, who lived at 6 Lombard street, off Mint street, Southwark. The cock was inspected and examined by many gentlemen of the medical profession and also by several members of the Royal and Antiquarian societies. He was strongly made, and his plumage was of a fine tone of color, beautifully variagated and spangled. In front he looked like any other cock, except that his beak was small for his size, and his comb and wattles were larger than usual; but behind he had a smaller body provided with a second pair of legs, and the spurs were three inches in length and uncommonly strong. The cock did not use the hind legs in walking; they hung down behind the others, "not loosely, but on the contrary, in a firm and strong manner." This cock had another peculiarity concerning which we must not be explicit. It, the cock, not the peculiarity, crew both loud and well.

• • •

The recessional at Dr. Dix's funeral was "Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings," a sturdy, glorious hymn; but we regret to say that the music was an adaptation of the tune of the hymn of joy in Beethoven's ninth symphony. The tune that is wedded inseparably, for all time, to Seagrave's hymn is old "Amsterdam," composed or arranged by Nares. The upward flight of the music in the first two measures suggests the unfolding of mighty pinions and soaring to the highest heaven.

• • •

Apropos of the Gypsy patrin to which reference has recently been made in The Herald. There is a lawyer in Boston, Mr. A. T. Sinclair, who has studied the manners and customs of the gypsy for many years. The January number of the Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society (Liverpool) contained a learned and interesting article by him on the oriental gypsies. What he might say about the patrin would be of value.

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We were reminded of Mr. Sinclair when we read of a bear who became disgracefully drunk on beer at Shamokin and was locked up in the station house; for Mr. Sinclair says that many Arab gypsies from Syria and Egypt are found in this country with the light yellow Syrian bear, "which has a mane of stiff hairs between the shoulders and sometimes a white ring round the neck."

Edward Topsell in his curious and voluminous compilation on "The History of Four-footed Beasts" describes the diet of the bear and ends: "likewise they drink water; but not like other beasts, neither sucking it or lapping it, but as it were even biting at it." Did this bear at Shamokin bite at the beer?

May 6 1908

'POPS' COME AGAIN

Gustav Strube,
Composer Who Is the Leader of Big Orchestra at the "Pops."

City News

Witching effects of "flute, violin, bassoon," 50 bows moving as one, a conductor to the baton born, and 2000 people listening to choice music—this in brief is the story of the opening of the "Pops" last night, in Symphony Hall.

One of the biggest gatherings ever seen at these popular entertainments—floor fully occupied and balconies filled—it was also one of the most picturesque. Bright-hued women's gowns made it a spectacle, and enthusiastic applause helped to make it a success. Something of the boisterous fun of "college nights" was absent, but the occasional outbreak of corks consoled those present for the deprivation. All through it was a sociable audience.

Meanwhile, Conductor Strube held seriously to his task, wielding his army with a result which no peace society would have had the heart to disapprove. There were 12 numbers in all, and into two hours his musicians compressed bits of Meyerbeer, Adam, Strauss, Puccini, Dvorak, Wagner and Rimsky-Korsakoff. The waltzes, with "The Merry Widow" strongly in evidence, touched the crowd into dancing humor.

Edgewise, as it were, the conductor had got into his programme a "berceuse" of his own composition, and when his string regiment dropped their bows after the dainty piece had been played through, the audience enthusiastically applauded. There were several redemands during the programme; after each of them Herr Strube smilingly acknowledged his indebtedness. But he went on all the same with his plan of campaign, and this was why his trained musical battalions were enabled to perform their closing march and fling out "The Flag of Victory" at the hour preordained for the close of the entertainment.

Credit for the perfect arrangements which made it an ideal "Pops" night, the augury of many similar evenings yet to come during the season, is due to Manager C. A. Ellis and to his assistant, F. R. Comee.

The programme was as follows:

Coronation march .....Meyerbeer
Overture, "Si j'etais Roi".....Adam
Waltz, "Donauweibchen" (first time)..
.....Strauss
Selection, "La Boheme".....Puccini
Ballet music from "Gioconda"....Ponchielli
(a) Berceuse for string orchestra.....Strube
(b) Humoreske (first time).....Dvorak
Overture, "Rienzi" .....Wagner
Caprice Espagnol (first time).....
.....Rimsky-Korsakoff
Overture, "Raymond".....A. Thomas
Selection, "The Red Mill".....Herbert
Waltz, "The Merry Widow".....Lehar
March, "Flag of Victory".....Blon

Men and Things.

There are Americans, genteel persons that would fain be more English than the English, who shudder at the thought of eating strawberries with sugar and cream. But the English have eaten cream with strawberries for years, and the berries are sometimes eaten with cream on the European continent. "Bavarois aux fraises" and "moscovite de fraises" are forms of strawberries and cream, but the berries are first completely crushed and passed through a "tammy." One of the most ingenious recipes for destroying the flavor of the strawberry is given by Urbain Dubois: "Spread a flawn circle with tartlet paste, which mask at the bottom and all round with buttered paper, and thus bake it in a slack oven. The crust being taken out of the oven, remove the paper and mask the paste with a thin layer of apricot marmalade. The paste having cooled, fill the hollow of the crust with choice wood strawberries, which range [illegible] pour over a little very thick syrup; mask them with well sugared and perfumed whipped cream, kept very firm. Smooth the cream well with the blade of a knife, raising it like a dome."

* * *

Early in the Nineteenth century a contributor to the Journal des Gourmands recommended two ways of serving strawberries. One was to put drops of lemon juice on very ripe and well sugared berries, which were then supposed to taste like pineapple. The other was to roll the berries to be eaten in sugar. A few were lightly crushed and then a teaspoon of good brandy was poured on and there was careful stirring until the sugar was melted. The brandy was thought to accentuate the perfume and taste of the berries.

* * *

The Daily Telegraph (N. Y.) says that lawyers, physicians and preachers are as eager to see their names in print as any one else. This statement should be changed to "some lawyers, etc." There are persons, and they are not a few, who dislike this publicity, especially when their names are spelled incorrectly.

Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt
In the despatch; I knew a man whose loss
Was printed Grove, although his name was Grose.

Leonidas G. Swett, for instance, is irritated beyond measure if his name appears as Leonidas G. Sweet or Leonidas B. Swett. He sulks at breakfast; he scolds at the office; he is in execrable humor at night, and after dinner goes to the club, where he harps on the gross inaccuracy of the newspapers. No wonder that Mrs. Swett is reminded of the woman who would not be persuaded to marry. "I have a dog, a parrot and a cat. Why should I have a husband? The dog growls all the morning; the parrot swears all the afternoon and the cat goes out every night."

* * *

There are men that, writing to a newspaper to make reply or to correct an error, begin: "My attention was called to an article in your issue of the 3d." These are the men who cannot eat breakfast before they have skimmed the newspaper which they affect to ignore. Often they are in the street looking for the early newsboy.

* * *

Alexander Smith, an essayist read carefully by Stevenson, who borrowed freely from him without acknowledgment, once wrote a delightful article "On the Importance of a Man to Himself." In it he shows that vanity is the buffer which receives the shocks of life. "If a man could hear all that his fellows say of him—that he is stupid, that he is henpecked, that he will be in the Gazette in a week, that his brain is softening, that he has said all his best things—and if he could believe that these pleasant things are true, he would be in his grave before the month was out." A man's name is, after all, an outward identification. This is why two who have the same name heartily dislike each, the other even when one does not know the other by sight.

* * *

The Herald has received the following letter:

May 3, 1908.

Men and Things:
Is it true that when Tannhaeuser's staff burst into bud and blossom it was called Tannhaeuser-Busch?
ADOLPHUS SIMCOX.

* * *

We suspect some flippant reference to beer. In the opera Tannhaeuser does not drink either before or after his celebrated journey to Rome, and it should be remembered that when the stick blossoms the knight dies. In Heine's version of the story, which is much more entertaining than Wagner's, when Tannhaeuser tells Venus he wishes a leave of absence, she reminds him that she had given him daily cups of sweetest wine:

Habe ich nicht den suessesten Wein
Tagtaeglich dir kredenzet?

When he returned footsore and weary to her at midnight she left her bed to give him soup and bread. There is nothing to support the popular belief that Tannhaeuser was given over to beer.

* * *

"Fifty thousand peasants have struck in Parma." Will this affect the cheese crop? For spaghetti and macaroni there is no cheese that equals the Parmesan, but the cheese should not be bought ready grated in bottles; it should be purchased by the pound, in hunks, and grated just before using. For years Parmesan has been reckoned the best cheese. Bernard Gooch shouted its praise three centuries ago. In Ford's most famous tragedy Poggio's master swore to Annabella that he loved her almost as well as he loved "parmasent."

Edmund Hickeringill, who left the army for the church and made "wild and scurrilous attacks" on priests, spoke of men living like rats and mice "only to eat Parmazene and run squeaking up and down."

May 7 1908

Concert Foyer.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. S. Kronberg, who will bring the Knickerbocker Grand Opera Company to the Majestic Theatre next week, assures the public that Mme. Adelina Padovani is "the world's greatest coloratura soprano"; nor in saying this does he forget Mmes. Melba and Tetrazini. Mr. Kronberg adds that San Francisco has heard Mme. Padovani and likes her as it liked Mme. Tetrazini.

Mme. Padovani sang in New Orleans early this year, and Mr. Henry N. Hall wrote a beautiful piece about her for the Item of that city. One paragraph is peculiarly beautiful. Let it stand here alone that all may read and wonder:

"A pure, etherial, soul-thrilling joyance enthralled the audience as the singer's limpid notes out-welled in a crystal stream of dazzling brilliancy which sparkled beneath heaven-sent rays of harmony throughout the melodious madness that flowed from her honied lips in the third act."

Mr. Hall evidently does something in the coloratura line himself.

Mr. Kronberg will also bring Mme. Laura Rethy of Budapest, who is said to be intense in dramatic bursts of songs. Miss Virginia Colombati is not a stranger in this country. There are also men singers, Italians by name and of unknown quality. There will be natural curiosity to hear Mme. Padovani. The operas to be performed are popular and the prices charged are reasonable.

A concert in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Pierian Sodality orchestra and of the fiftieth anniversary of the Harvard Glee Club will take place in the Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Friday, the 22d, at 8 o'clock. The orchestra, led by Philip G. Clapp, will play pieces by Paine, Davidson, Atherton, Ballantine, Clap. The Glee Club will sing Converse's motet "Laudate Dominum" and part songs by Foote and Osgood. An ode, "To Music," by Nathan H. Dole, will be recited.

The programme is an interesting one, for the various selections were composed by Harvard men or those associated, as the late J. K. Paine, with Harvard. It is to be regretted that on an occasion like this it is thought necessary or expedient to publish a long list of patronesses, as though the two societies needed indorsement or as though the concert were a "function" to draw the genteel.

A company was organized to give opera in New Jersey. There was a performance at Newark of "The Unfortunate Daughter." There is now dispute concerning the financial success. The angel and leading actor swore in court that the theatre was packed and the audience wept; then the manager put the gross receipts—$600—in his pocket and the company had to walk. The manager snorted indignantly and said there was a frost; that the proceeds were $88.45; the expenses for the house were $125 and for the musicians $25. "It is true," said the manager, "that the audience wept, but I wept, too, when I looked on 'The Unfortunate Daughter' and thought I was the manager." He declared that the audience was moved deeply, so deeply that it threw very ripe eggs and tomatoes at the unfortunate daughter's friends and relations. As for himself, he ran for his life at the end of the first act.

Operatic women have been visiting Cleveland. Mme. Rosalia Chalia was engaged to sing at the Hippodrome, but the weather and the smoke disconcerted her. "Oh, I have come from the beautiful land where orchids grow, and it is beautiful to lie and breathe the sweet perfume. Venezuela is the most perfect country on earth, except my dear Cuba. I love Cuba because I was born there and because the people are always good to me. They call me their little one, and I love them for it." Furthermore, Mme. Chalia was grossly insulted in Cleveland. The manager of the Hippodrome informed her that there would be a rehearsal in the forenoon. "I say no," answered the madam. "I have sung in South America, Italy, Spain and Cuba without rehearsal. Must I come to Cleveland to rehearse? No, I do not rehearse today or any other day. I am artist." You are right, madam; you are a true artist.

Something in my heart tells me that this "Mme. Chalia" is the Mme. Chelia, a Cuban, who sang here about [illegible] years ago (Jan. 27, 1899) in "Pagliacci," when it was performed by Mr. Ellis' company. She was a passionate creature.

Mme. Emma Eames, awaiting impatiently the arrival of pictures and bric-a-brac, rugs, tapestries and things which please Mr. Story's artistic eye so that he cannot bear the thought of packing them for transportation, visits the engine houses in New York. She admires Chief Croker, "a splendid man, one who lives for results, and if you only knew how rare it is to find a person who thinks of the results before themselves!" Why does not Mr. Croker invite Mme. Eames to sing to a fire, to sing one of her cooler arias. The experiment would be an interesting one.

The story that Siegfried Wagner will come over here next October with his mother Cosima and the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin is an absurd one. Not only is Mme. Cosima dangerously sick with heart disease, and a woman of 70 years, but the Philharmonic orchestra could not leave Berlin for an extended tour in the United States during the months named. Furthermore, Mme. Cosima will never forgive America for countenancing the "stolen" performances of "Parsifal."

Nor is the story of the new musical play "My Mimosa Maid" in London (produced April 27) a striking one. Paulette, the head girl on a mimosa plantation loves Victor, a sweep. The latter wins £1,000,000 in a lottery, but although he loves Paulette and, as a sweep has received "touching signs of her tender interest," he pretends to run away. Later, "cleaned and elegantly garbed," he reappears as an officer of the French fleet, makes love to her, and at the end explains his little deception. As the Pall Mall Gazette says, this story is at once "exiguous and innocuous. It wimples placidly along like a tiny brook in the sunshine."

Some of the people of Minneapolis are tired of the tune Westminster played by the bells in the court-house tower and would like to hear a new one. Judge Dickinson does not wish a change. "I almost feel that those who urge it must have the spirit of iconoclasts."

Lorenzo Parodi is now working on a tremendous trilogy "inspired by three grand manifestations of human civilization—Athens, Rome, Paris." The work is a symphonic triptych with solo voices, chorus, orchestra, dances, pantomime. There will be Dionysiac dances and music in the Greek modes for "Athens"; "Rome" will have its military processions, triumphal marches and songs of the Catacombs. "Paris" will have "the whole super-refinement of modern thought," however that may be expressed in music.

May 8, 1908

Men and Things.

The Rev. Frederick W. Farr talked about Adam at the Interdenominational Bible conference at Philadelphia. He said first of all that the very existence of the tailor proves the depravity of man, for man is the only creature that wears clothes. This is close reasoning, and it invites discussion, but we must hasten to a still more startling statement: "We must remember," said Mr. Farr, "that the first man was made in the image of God and that he was clothed in light. He had a luminous garb, possibly an incandescent raiment. Just as soon as he sinned he became a naked, opaque, repulsive being."

* * *

Many strange things have been said about Adam, even by St. Augustine. The Talmudists believed that when Adam was created he extended from one end of the world to the other; after he had sinned, God laid a heavy hand on him and reduced his stature to 375 feet. Many Rabbis, among them the wise Manasseh Ben Israel, were of the opinion that Adam was created with a double body, male on one side, female on the other; the two bodies were joined at the shoulders, and the faces looked opposite ways, after the manner of Janus. They also say that when the Lord wished to create Eve he divided this body in two. Eugubin was more particular in his description. He affirmed that the sides of the two bodies were glued together. "The male body was on the right and threw its left arm round the other's neck, whilst the other did the same with its right arm." Adam was not only so tall that he could wade easily in the ocean, he was an author. He wrote a book about the creation of the world and another on the Deity. Kissaeus informs us that Abraham, being in the country of the Sa[illegible]

opened Adam's trunk and found these books, also volumes written by Seth and Enoch. Unfortunately these books have not come down to us.

* * *

There are still more surprising stories about Adam, but we must refer the reader to the articles "Adam" and "Eve" in Mr. Bayle's Dictionary and to certain chapters in the fifth and seventh books of Sir Thomas Browne's "Pseudodoxia Epidemica." We cannot, after pondering the wisdom of the ancients, approve the statement of the Rev. Mr. Farr. A finely formed man even in 1908 is a glorious sight. He may be opaque, but when naked he is by no means repulsive; say rather with the poet, he is "noble and nude and antique." We admit freely that many tailors are depraved; they cut at random, and in fitting have no sense of responsibility, for they say lightly that the tailor's art is empirical; in other words, the customer, the "client" is the victim of experiments.

* * *

Some Orientals assert that after Adam was created the Lord clothed him in a wonderful dress suited to his dignity, but that after Adam and Eve had eaten the apple the attire fell immediately at their feet. Adam was then necessarily the first human tailor, and his experiments must have been unsuccessful, for we are expressly told: "Unto Adam also, and to his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skins, and clothed them." (Gen. iii., 21). This proves that the fig-leaf aprons designed and sewed by Adam and Eve were unsatisfactory, a botched job.

The old painters dressed Adam and Eve not at all or after the manner of their own land and period. Thus in a picture in the Jesuit convent at Lisbon Adam, although in Paradise, wears blue trousers and silver buckles, and Eve sports a striped petticoat. But we must leave the engrossing subject, adding only this: Antoinette Bourignon in her remarkable book, "Le Nouveau Ciel et la Nouvelle Terre," describes Adam as having had short and curly hair of a color inclining to black, and his upper lip was covered with short hair.

* * *

Mr. Henry James has chosen an unfortunate title for the volume of his early essays to be published this week: "Views and Reviews." This is the title of two series of essays by W. E. Henley, who had the habit of saying more in a page than Mr. James can say in a volume.

* * *

Teheran is far from Boston, and what the Assembly tells the Shah or what the Shah says or does in reply, does not disturb us at our meals or give us restless nights. Yet the Persians should compel the admiration of our careful dressers. When Arthur Edwards saw the Shah in 1566 the monarch expressed his desire to have English clothes: "three or four of all sorts for example, being well shorn and dressed. Violets in grain and fine reds be most worn, but other good colors will away when they shall see them. I wore a garment of London russet, being much esteemed. You shall do well to send such sorts as be lively to the sight, and some blacks for women's garments, with some orange colors and tawnies. Here is much broadcloth worn. They talk much of London clothes."

* * *

The story of Mrs. Belle Guinness, with her murderous fascinations, is indeed a strange one, a story, it would seem, of a cruel and bloody century. Mediaeval, too, was the taking of Lamphere, who is by the law supposed to be innocent until he is proved guilty, to the morgue. "When he was taken to the morgue to view the bodies of Mrs. Guinness and the children he showed a disinclination to look at them." (And so would any decent or sensitive man.) As the sheet was thrown aside Sheriff Smutzer exclaimed: "That's what you have done!"

May 9. 1908

A CHANGE IN DIET.

Dr. A. Hamilton Rice is apparently disappointed because, wandering in South America, he met no native cannibal either at or between meals. Other travellers assure us that cannibalism is passing out of fashion the world over.

The sentimentalist is both pleased and pained by this news: pleased, because the idea of eating "long pig" is repugnant to him; pained, because he mourns this symptom of decay of faith and the waning respect for ancestors. For many cannibals eate human flesh for other reasons than the gratification of the palate; they ate to inherit the virtues of their parents, to acquire the strength and courage of a foe, or to put their gods in a beneficent humor. It is not necessary to inquire into Burton's theory that the Zealander could not have preserved his fine physical development without cannibalism, for his rat or bat would have been a sorry diet. The Zealanders themselves said they ate only their enemies, for they thought the soul of the man eaten went to a perpetual fire, and so, according to his lights, the eater was a zealous sectarian.

It is a pity that Dr. Rice did not meet a cannibal. It would be interesting to know whether the few remaining anthropophagi prefer their meat raw or roasted. In Africa the Wabembe ate it raw. The Wadoe of the coast, who perhaps had observed the manners of white men, roasted their meat. Thus even among savages is there dietetic strife arising from theories that are supposed to make for health. Some years ago a lecturer in Cambridge stated that a far-off island people boiled human flesh before eating it. The lecture was an informal affair, and a deeply interested woman in a front seat interrupted by saying: "Do they really boil the bodies?" "Yes, madam." Then said the woman triumphantly: "But that is a step upward, a step upward, is it not?" Only a few days ago, it was stated in London by a deep thinker that we should all eat meat almost if not absolutely raw. When will there be agreement concerning truly important matters?

Men and Things

It appears that students at Yale University have invented new slang "descriptive of important conditions which affect the lives of young men." Thus "a glory" is "a young woman of unusual attractiveness," while "a gloom" is one "of far less than average attractiveness." "A ball of fire" is a young woman "whose beauty and charm are irresistible."

We suppose, then, that "a ball of fire" is higher in the hierarchy of angels than "a glory," just as a lallapaloozer (or lallapotosa) is far above a corker, though a corker is one eminently desirable. But this new slang seems to us necessarily parochial, ineffective, short-lived. It has no universal significance; it makes no intense human appeal; it fills no long felt want. Of course, an unusually good looking woman is a glory.

> Of Margaret sitting glorious there,
> In glory of gold and glory of hair,
> And glory of glorious face most fair:
> Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.

Do you ask, fair sir, what these lines of William Morris have to do with Yale slang? Nothing at all, only we like the stanza. "Glory" reminded us of it, so we lugged it in.

* * *

College slang seldom goes beyond the town of the university. It often does not go outside the yard—we believe at Yale they call the yard a campus, or they did in the days of Spartan simplicity; when the "sweeps," who pretended to care for the college buildings, South, South Middle, North Middle, North, Farnham, Durfee, were aged and decrepit negroes, suffering now from kidney trouble and now from spring fever; when bathing was a stolen pleasure and undergraduates invaded for it the dormitory of "theologues."

* * *

Now when Mr. Bat Masterson says in the Morning Telegraph that the Hackenschmidt-Gotch contest was probably a "frame-up" and that the Russian "got the double cross" there is no possible doubt as to Mr. Masterson's meaning. Furthermore we are pleased to see the use of that fine old verb to manhandle. Trace the origin of the verb. Way back in the middle of the 15th century the verb meant to handle or wield a tool. Then it passed into nautical speech, to move by force of men, without levers or tackles. Then came the apotheosis of the word: to handle roughly, to pull or hustle about. This term should pass into all forms of criticism. Hazlitt manhandled William Gifford; the O Be Joyful Choral Society manhandled the charming oratorio, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," by the talented composer, Harvey S. Bolstrop, of Hockanum Ferry; Mr. Whiskeroosky, the eminent Bulgarian pianist, manhandled Schumann's fantasia in C major.

* * *

The rejection of the soldiers' canteen by prohibitionists, with the aid of honorable voters given in private life to highballs, is said to be due to the feeling throughout the country that rum—we do not use the word in its specific sense—should be merely a word and not a living thing. There were stalwart prohibitionists in early days. Anthony Jenkinson in 1558 journeyed from Moscow to the city of Boghar in Bactria. He wrote to merchants in London a description of Boghar. He spoke of the unwholesome disease-breeding little river that ran through the city. "And yet it is there forbidden to drink any other thing than water and mares' milk, and whosoever is found to break that law is whipped and beaten most cruelly through the open markets, and there are officers appointed for the same who have authority to go into any man's house to search if he have either aquavitae, wine or brage, and finding the same, do break vessels, spoil the drink and punish the masters of the house most cruelly; yea, and many times if they perceive but by the breath of a man that he hath drunk, without further examination he shall not escape their hands."

What was this "brage"? Was it bragget, a drink made of honey and ale fermented together?

* * *

To go back to Yale. The burning of the Pequot House at New London will light the memory of many Yale graduates. It was the custom in the seventies to hold class suppers there, and this custom was observed sporadically in later years. Why this hotel was then chosen no one could explain. The landlord made restrictions and was "near" rather than genial; the dinner was not of the best—but undergraduate stomachs were strong and the other organs were as tough as those of the classical reapers; then there was the long ride back to the city at a late hour.

* * *

Miss Charlotte Grosvenor, who made her first appearance in Opera in New York May 6 at the West End Theatre as Violetta, came from Pomfret, Ct., to Boston to study singing. She sang in costume at three or four pupils' exhibitions, and on the 7th of last January made her debut by impersonating Juliet at the Castle Square Theatre. She has a good voice and an effective personality.

* * *

Mr. Michael Hydak of Drifton met Miss Mary Kistura of Eckley and in less than 15 minutes they were betrothed. He was going by a yard and he heard a "charming mellow voice." He fell in love. This was not a parlor voice, carefully modulated for a half hour; it was Miss Mary's common every day voice, and she was hanging out the clothes, not sulking, not scolding, but singing. That woman will surely make Mr. Hydak a good wife. We forward hearty congratulations. Yet Byron was described by a child "As the gentleman with a beautiful voice," and Byron's temper was uncertain.

May 10 1908

MUSICAL SEASON HAD MUCH QUALITY

The musical season in Boston is supposed to end with the last symphony concert. After this concert there may be pupils' exhibitions for the pleasure of parents and friends; there may be the sudden appearance of an Italian opera company, as there was a year ago, as there is this week.

There were a good many concerts last season, and this fact may lead some to question the statement that music is no longer fashionable in Boston. There were the regular and established concerts of the Symphony orchestra, the Kneisel quartet, the Hoffmann quartet, the Adamowski trio, the Longy Club, the Handel and Haydn, the Cecilia Society, the Apollo Club, the People's Choral Union, the Boston Singing Club.

The concerts of the Symphony Orchestra led by Dr. Muck were remarkable by reason of the character of the programmes, the number of unfamiliar compositions introduced, and the quality of the performance. The 27th season was one of extraordinary interest and brilliance. The orchestral performance was so engrossing that for once the soloists, although they were carefully chosen and were men and women of high reputation, were put in a secondary position.

These soloists were 14 in number: Contraltos, Miss Gerville-Reache, Mme. Schumann-Heink; pianists, Mmes. Carreno, Goodson, Samaroff, Messrs. Bauer, Ganz, Paderewski, Schelling, violinists, Messrs. Czerwonky, Kreisler, Wendling, 'cellist, Mr. Warnke; organist, Mr. W. Goodrich. Miss Gerville-Reache sang at these concerts for the first time, Messrs. Czerwonky and Wendling played for the first time in this country.

The works performed at these concerts last season for the first time in Boston were as follows:

SYMPHONIES.

Bach, C. P. E.: Symphony in E flat major No. 2, April 11, 1908.
Balakireff: Symphony in C major, March 14, 1908.
Bischoff: Symphony in E major, op. 16, Jan. 4, 1908.
Hadley: Symphony No. 3, in B minor, op. 60, April 11, 1908.

SYMPHONIC POEMS, ETC.

Boehe: "Taormina," tone poem, op. 9, Nov. 30, 1907.
Ertel: "The Midnight Review," symphonic poem, op. 16, April 18, 1908.
Franck: Symphonic piece from the poem symphony, "The Redemption," Dec. 28, 1907.
D'Indy: "Wallenstein," trilogy, op. 12, Oct. 19, 1907; "Summer Day on the Mountain," op. 61, April 25, 1908.
Loeffler: "Pagan Poem," Nov. 23, 1907.
Schjelderup: "Summer Night on the Fiord," Feb. 15, 1908.
Strube: Fantastic dance, March 28, 1908.

SUITES, VARIATIONS, ETC.

Bossi: Goldonian Intermezzi, op. 127, Dec. 21, 1907.
Handel: Concerto in F major for strings and two wind orchestras, as arranged and edited by G. F. Kogel, Dec. 28, 1907.
Reger: Variations and fugue on a Merry Theme of J. A. Hiller, op. 100, Feb. 14, 1908.
Reznicek: Adagio and Scherzo-finale from Symphonic Suite in E minor, Nov. 23, 1907.
Rimsky-Korsakoff: Caprice on Spanish themes, op. 34, Feb. 15, 1908.
Schjelderup: "Sunrise over the Himalaya," from stage music to Gjellerup's "Opferfeuer," Feb. 15, 1908.

OVERTURES AND PRELUDES.

Humperdinck: Overture to "The Forced Marriage," Dec. 21, 1907.
Pfitzner: Overture to "The Little Christ Elf," Nov. 16, 1907.

CONCERTOS.

D'Ambrosio: Concerto in B minor for violin and orchestra, op. 29 (Richard Czerwonky), Dec. 21, 1907.
Dohnanyi: Concert-piece in D major for orchestra with violoncello obbligato, op. 12 (Heinrich Warnke), Feb. 29, 1908.
Hinton: Concerto in D minor for pianoforte and orchestra, op. 24 (Katharine Goodson), March 7, 1908.
Moor: Pianoforte concerto with orchestral accompaniment, op. 57 (Harold Bauer), April 18, 1908.
Schelling: Fantastic suite for pianoforte and orchestra (Ernest Schelling), Jan. 25, 1908.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mozart: Three German dances (K 605), Jan. 18, 1908.

Of these works, Bischoff's symphony, Hadley's symphony, Boehe's "Taormina," Ertel's "Midnight Review," the pieces by Schjelderup, Bossi, Pfitzner, d'Ambrosio, Moor, Schelling, were performed for the first time in this country, as were probably two or three others. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" and Strube's "Fantastic Dance" were played for the first time, and from manuscript.

No orchestra visited this city to give concerts.

Mrs. R. J. Hall gave an orchestral concert led by Mr. Longy on Jan. 21, and these pieces were performed for the first time in Boston:

Rabaud, Symphony No. 2.
Chausson, "Poem of Love and the Sea" (Elizabeth Schaup, singer).
Balakireff, "In Bohemia."

Mr. Debuchy organized and conducted two orchestral concerts. The programme of the first (Oct. 28) consisted of pieces by French composers, and the less familiar excerpts from operas were the Prelude and Lied from Bruneau's "Attack on the Mill," "Moonlight" from Massenet's "Werther," and the "Ball Scene" from Godard's "Jocelyn." The programmo of the second concert (March 20) was devoted to Berlioz and the first scene of the second act of "The Trojans at Carthage" was performed here for the first time.

Corelli's Concerto Grosso, made for the night of Christmas, was performed at a Dolmetsch concert, Dec. 27, and at the second Dolmetsch concert, Bach's concerto for harpsichord, flute and violin with strings was performed.

The following works were performed for the first time in Boston at chamber concerts:

Beach, Mrs., piano quintet, op. 67, Feb. 27 (Hoffmann); Bird, A., suite in D major for wind instruments, Feb. 10 (Longy); Bumcke, "The Walk," symphonic poem, op. 22, Dec. 30 (Longy); Caetani, quartet, op. 12, March 17 (Kneisel); Dohnanyi, serenade, op. 10, Nov. 21 (Hoffmann); Faure, G., piano quintet, Dec. 10 (Kneisel); Gliere, quartet in G minor, op. 20, March 2 (Czerwonky) Gretchaninoff, trio, op. 38, Feb. 21 (Adamowski); Hadley, piano quintet, Nov. 21 (Hoffmann); d'Indy, sonata for piano and violin, op. 59, Dec. 18 (Miss Hawkins and Mr. Wendling); Kaun, piano trio, op. 58, Jan. 2 (Hoffmann); Magnard, A., quintet for piano and wind instruments, Nov. 18 (Longy); Mouquet, J., suite for wind instruments, Nov. 18 (Longy); San Martini, sonata for two violins and 'cello, Feb. 25 (Fionzaley); Schreck, nonetto for wind instruments, op. 40, Nov. 18 (Longy); Sinigaglia, quartet, op. 27, Jan. 21 (Fionzaley); Smith, D. S., piano trio in G major, March 26 (Adamowski); Wolf-Ferrari, Chamber symphony, Dec. 30 (Longy); Zanella, piano trio, op. 23, March 11 (Miss Hawkins, Messrs. Czerwonky and Warnke).

The Kneisel quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Svecenski and Willeke) gave five concerts. The pianists Mr. Ganz, Mr. Gebhard, Mr. Bauer, Mme. Goodson and Mme. Samaroff assisted in the order as given. These concerts were fully worthy the great reputation of the club.

The Fionzaley quartet played for the first time in Boston Jan. 21, and gave two more concerts. The audiences grew steadily larger, and the excellence of the ensemble, its peculiar spirit, grace and euphony, aroused enthusiasm.

The Hoffmann quartet, assisted by Mrs. Downer-Eaton, Mr. Bachner and Mrs. Beach, pianists, gave three interesting concerts.

Three interesting chamber concerts, organized by Chickering & Sons and di-

MME. ADELINA PADOVANI MAJESTIC

MLLE PEREGO MAJESTIC

VIRGINIA COLOMBATI MAJESTIC

rected by Mr. Dolmetsch, were given on Dec. 27, Jan. 29 and Feb. 26.

The Czerwonky quartet (Messrs. Czerwonky, Krafft, Scheurer and Nagel) gave its first concert in Boston March 2, and later played in a concert for the relief of the sufferers from the Chelsea fire.

The Lakeu quartet (Messrs. Copeland, pianist; Eichheim, Gletzen and Cabot, strings), gave its first concert in Boston Feb. 13.

The Carolyn Belcher quartet gave a concert on March 5.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave the two orthodox performances of "The Messiah," a performance of Verdi's "Requiem" and, for the first time in its history, a performance of Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" (April 19). It also gave a miscellaneous concert for its building fund.

The Cecilia Society was conducted last season by Wallace Goodrich, who held the position for his first year. Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes" was performed for the second time in Boston; Converse's "Job" for the first time in Boston (Feb. 11), and at the third concert (March 31) Gabriel Faure's "Birth of Venus" was performed here for the first time in public. There was a performance at the New England Conservatory of Music in the spring of 1902.

The People's Choral Union gave performances of Gounod's "Redemption" (Jan. 19) and "St. Paul" (April 26).

The Metropolitan Opera House company gave a week of opera at the Boston Theatre, beginning April 6 with "Iris" which was then performed for the second time in Boston. The other operas were Puccini's "La Boheme," "Il Trovatore," "The Valkyrie," "Don Giovanni," Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" (first performance in Boston, April 10), "Tristan and Isolde" and "Mignon." The performances, with the exception of that of "Don Giovanni"—nor was the performance of "Mignon" by any means a brilliant one—were of unusual worth. The audiences as a rule crowded the theatre.

These singers were heard here in opera for the first time: Miss Cavalieri (Manon Lescaut), Mme. Morena (Sieglinde), Mme. Leffler-Burckard (Bruennhilde), Miss Abott (Filina); Mr. Bonci (Rodolfo, Don Ottavio, Guglielmo Meister), Mr. Burrian (Siegmund), Mr. Lucas (Edmondo in "Manon Lescaut," Laerte).

Miss Farrar impersonated Mimi, Zerlina and Mignon for the first time in Boston. Other first impersonations here were: Mme. Fremstadt's Isolde, Mme. Eames' Iris and Donna Anna, Mme. Homer's Brangaene and Azucena, Mme. Fornia's (Miss Newman) Leonora and Donna Elvira, Mr. Caruso's Osaka, Manrico and Des Grieux; Mr. Scotti's Kyoto and Lescaut.

Gustav Mahler and Rodolfo Ferrari conducted in Boston for the first time. Mr. Mahler gave memorable interpretations of the scores of "The Valkyrie" and "Tristan and Isolde" and a less effective one of Mozart's score. Mr. Ferrari conducted the other operas, with the exception of "Mignon," which was led by Mr. Bovy.

The San Carlo opera company, Henry Russell, director, gave its second season of opera in Boston, beginning Dec. 9, at the Majestic Theatre. The operas performed were "La Gioconda," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "Faust," "Aida," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Barber of Seville," "La Traviata."

The chief singers were Mmes. Norla, Nielsen, Desana, Claessens, Macchi, Politzka, Bramonia, Perego and Messrs. Constantino, Dani, Opezzo, Maurel, Blanchart, Fornari, de Segurola, Tavecchia, Rossi, Pulcini. Mr. Conti conducted.

Mme. Nordica appeared as Giocouda Dec. 28. The tenor, Carlo Albani, made his first appearance here on Dec. 27 as Enrico, and Constable Grossman played unexpectedly a prominent part on the stage that evening. Mme. Duchene and Lloyd d'Aubigne were Carmen and Don Jose in an amusingly bad performance

Victor Maurel impersonated Mephistopheles for the first time in Boston (Dec. 12), and he also impersonated Rigoletto for the first time in this city (Dec. 10).

The enthusiasm awakened by the performances of this company, which were usually spirited and thus effective, had much to do with the organization of the Boston Opera House Company.

Serious and light operas were performed at the Castle Square Theatre. Beginning Oct. 7, these operas were as follows: "Beggar Student," "La Sonnambula," "Fra Diavolo," "Faust," "Lohengrin" (run of three weeks), "Rob Roy," "Aida," Verdi's "Masked Ball" (Dec. 19; revived after a silence of 18 years), "The Mikado," Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," "The Gondoliers," "La Traviata," "Patience," "Il Trovatore," "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Bohemian Girl."

These performances at cheap prices gave much pleasure to the patrons of this theatre. Miss Charlotte Grosvenor made her first operatic appearance as Juliet (Jan. 7).

There were many song recitals. Mme. Calve gave two concerts of the old-fashioned and miscellaneous kind Oct. 19 and Feb. 22. The other prima donnas that sang were Mmes. Sembrich (Nov. 8), Schumann-Heink (Jan. 18), Gadski (Jan. 31).

Miss Farrar, who sang at one of Mrs. McAllister's concerts (Jan. 13), sang in concert at Symphony Hall Jan. 27. Miss Bessie Abott sang in Symphony Hall Jan. 5, and Miss Elizabeth Dodge sang in the same hall with Mr. Campanari Dec. 8.

Among other singers who visited Boston were Mr. and Mrs. Bensaude (Nov. 26), Mr. Bispham (Nov. 30), Miss Clara Clemens (with Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, Nov. 26), Charles W. Clark (Jan. 6), Miss Janet Duff (March 10), Mr. de Gogorza (March 16), Mr. Maurel (Dec. 26), Mr. Leon Rennay (Miss Jessie Davis, concert, March 26), Mrs. Ruby Savage with Theodore Van Yorx of New York (Nov. 20), Mr. Witherspoon (Dec. 18).

Among the local singers that gave recitals were Mr. Denghausen (Nov. 15), Miss Foote and Miss Ormond (Nov. 6), Mr. and Mrs. Gaines (April 25), Miss Listemann (Jan. 11), Miss Longyear (Jan. 21), Miss Katharine Melley (Jan. 30), Mr. C. P. Plancon (May 4), Mrs. Alice Stevens (March 19), Stephen Townsend (Dec. 11, Feb. 19, March 25), Miss Lottie Williams (Jan. 14), Miss Anna Miller Wood (Scandinavian and Finnish song, Feb. 12).

Mr. Paderewski gave two piano recitals. At the first (Nov. 5) he played for the first time in Boston his Variations and Fugue; at the second (Dec. 21), and for the first time here, his sonata in E flat minor op. 21. Symphony Hall was crowded at both concerts.

Mr. de Pachmann gave six recitals with great success, Dec. 2, 7, 12, Jan. 10, March 21, 28.

Mr. Bauer gave two fine recitals, Jan. 2, 16.

Mr. Buhlig visited Boston for the first time and gave three recitals, Nov. 14, 21, Dec. 5.

Recitals were also given by Mmes. Beach (Feb. 12), Carreno (March 18), Cottlow (Nov. 12), Davis (March 26), Goodson (Feb. 24), Hawkins (Dec. 18, Feb. 13, March 11), Samaroff (Oct. 28, April 21), Thompson (Dec. 9), and by Messrs. Anthony (Nov. 25), Copeland (Feb. 27, April 22), Hall (Oct. 29, Nov. 6), Havens (Jan. 10), Howard (Feb. 27, April 24), Johnson, assisted by Miss Collier, violinist (Jan. 22).

Mr. Ganz gave a recital Nov. 13; Mr. Hambourg gave one on Dec. 3 and a concert with Mr. Kubelik on Dec. 19. Mr. Scheiling gave a recital on Feb. 18.

Then there were Mr. Fox's concerts—Nov. 25, when he was assisted by Miss Mary Sherwood, soprano, and Mr. Barth, 'cellist; Jan. 13, assisted by Messrs. Buonamici, pianist, and Blair, 'cellist; Feb. 26, assisted by Mr. Ferir, viola.

Messrs. Randolph and Hutcheson gave a concert of music for two pianos Feb. 25.

These composers gave concerts of their own compositions: Mr. Riccardo Lucchesi, chamber music and songs, Nov. 25; Mr. John Beach, Feb. 14 (Mrs. Bertha Child and Mr. Cartwright singers, Mr. Beach pianist); Mr. Paul Allen, April 2 (Miss L. E. Williams soprano, M. W. Whitney, Jr., bass, Mr. Winternitz violinist, Mr. J. Adamowski 'cellist—chamber music, piano pieces and songs); Mr. Clayton Johns, March 25 (Miss Lilia Ormond contralto).

Three concerts were given by blind musicians—Mr. Francis Weaver, pianist (Jan. 20); Miss Barracque, soprano, and Mr. O'Brien, pianist (April 22); Mr. Giffin, baritone, and Mr. Lindsay, pianist (April 29).

The number of visiting violinists was less than usual. Mr. MacMillen gave a concert, assisted by Mme. Rosina Van Dyke, Oct. 8. Mr. Kreisler gave recitals Nov. 11, 19, Dec. 11, Feb. 1.

There were many concerts of a quasi subscription or private nature. At Mrs. McAllister's first musical morning (Dec. 16) Mme. Samaroff played the piano and Mr. Scotti sang—his first appearance here in concert. At the second (Dec. 30), Miss Gerville-Reache sang for the first time in Boston, and Mr. Kreisler played the violin. At the third (Jan. 13), Miss Farrar sang here for the first time in concert. Mr. Gilibert sang, and Mr. Czerwonki played the violin.

At Miss Terry's concerts Miss Fay Cord, soprano, sang for the first time in Boston, and Mr. Francis Rogers sang (Feb. 3); at the second (Feb. 10), Mr. Eliot Hubbard, tenor, Mr. Carl Wendling, violinist, and Mr. George Proctor, pianist, took part; Mr. Cecil Fanning, baritone, gave the third concert (Feb. 17), and Mme. Goodson, pianist, the fourth (Feb. 24).

E. B. Hill's music to Mr. J. L. Smith's pantomime, "Jack Frost Comes in Midsummer," was played by full orchestra, led by Mr. Longy, in Jordan Hall, Jan. 15.

Walter Damrosch gave a lecture on "Pelleas and Melisande" at Fenway Court, April 1.

The most successful song recitals, as far as the receipts at the box office were concerned, were, naturally, those given by Mmes. Calve, Farrar, Sembrich, Schumann-Heink and Gadski. The most successful piano recitals, as viewed from the box office, were those by Messrs. Paderewski, de Pachmann and Mmes. Samaroff and Carreno. Mr. Bauer, who played superbly, deserved more remunerative audiences. Mr. Kreisler also was most successful in every way.

The local singers and pianists had the support of their friends and pupils. The great public was as indifferent to them as it was to the visitors, Miss Cottlow and Messrs. Buhlig, Ganz, Hambourg, Schelling.

Nor was the support of the great public given to the Cecilia Society or to the admirable chamber concerts of the Kneisel and Flonzaley quartets, the Longy Club, and those of ancient music arranged by Mr. Dolmetsch. These chamber concerts would have excited interest and admiration in any European city. They were of the finest quality. The hearers that applauded the Kneisels, the Flonzaley quartet and the Longy Club were honest in their appreciation, but, alas, all of them had not paid in money for their pleasure.

The Cecilia certainly deserved heartier support. It would seem as though there should have been great curiosity to hear both "The Beatitudes" and "Job."

The performance of "Samson and Delilah" by the Handel and Haydn was uncommonly impressive, as far as chorus and orchestra were concerned. The music itself is well liked. Yet there were many empty seats. Were not the solo singers, with the exception of Mr. de Gogorza, sufficiently known? It is true that Mme. de Cisneros did little with the music of Delilah, but this could not have been anticipated by many.

It is said that the Kneisels will next season give their concerts at Fenway Court, where they will be sure of an audience—of an honorable audience, as the courteous Japanese would say. It would be a pity if these concerts should not be within reach of the general public, but if the general public has shown indifference Mr. Kneisel is surely not to be blamed for his change of policy.

And what is the Cecilia to do? To engage stars in the hope of drawing the crowd, and thus gamble in matters of art? Why could not an arrangement with the Boston Symphony orchestra be made so that choral concerts of the first rank might be given three or four times in the course of the season?

POP CONCERTS.

The 23d season of "Pops" at Symphony Hall started out prosperously last Tuesday evening, and the attendance has been uniformly large, despite the unseasonable weather. "Pops" flourish best in warm weather.

Mr. Strube is again showing his skill in the arrangement of programmes. He has brought out much new music that has hit the popular taste, and he does not neglect the old favorites. Moreover, he is a little more generous with encores than he used to be.

This week brings the first of the special nights, next Tuesday evening being devoted to Tufts College. As is customary on such occasions, a part of the programme will be given to songs which belong to Tufts. The first "Wagner" night is announced for Monday, May 18. The programme for tomorrow night is as follows:

March from "Damnation of Faust".....Berlioz
Overture, "Oberon".....Weber
Waltz, "Bei uns z'Haus".....Strauss
Selection, "Trovatore".....Verdi
Overture, "Gwendoline".....Chabrier
Scarf Dance.....Chaminade
Selection, "Samson and Delilah"...Saint-Saens
First and third preludes of "Lohengrin" Wagner
Overture, "Poet and Peasant".....Suppe
Waltz, "Merry Widow".....Lehar
Selection, "Mlle. Modiste".....Herbert
March, "Boccaccio".....Suppe

"MIGNON" FOR CHELSEA FUND.

In aid of the Chelsea relief fund, the opera school of the New England Conservatory of Music will give a performance of "Mignon," with scenery and costumes, full chorus and orchestra, in Jordan Hall, Boston, Monday evening, May 11. The performance will be under the direction of Pietro Vallini, head of the conservatory's opera school. The principal parts will be taken by the following members of the school: Misses Mabel Stanaway, Sarah F. Fisher, Jessie Miriam Swartz and Messrs. George Sykes, John J. Mogan, C. Pol Plancon and Harlowe E. Dean. The previous performances of this opera school have been greatly enjoyed by the general public.

LUDOVIC HALEVY.

Ludovic Halevy, whose death was reported last Friday, came of a distinguished family and as a young man he had opportunities to distinguish himself in political and diplomatic service. The Second Empire was kind to him, and he repaid the favor by amusing it. Thus giving it pleasure, he with his partner Meilhac and the great little genius Offenbach, became the expression of the reigning sentiment and the controlling spirit of this Empire as viewed by the sociologist. Napoleon III., who studied the policy of the Caesars and was himself cynically disposed, thought to keep his people quiet by giving them bread and games. The games were operettas.

The wit, humor, persiflage, brilliance of the librettos of "La Belle Helene," "La Grande Duchesse," "La Vie Parisienne," "Les Brigands,"

"Barbe Bleue," "La Perichole," are still to be enjoyed, although the traditions of interpretation are wellnigh gone, and revivals of these works please chiefly, through the power of association, the oldest playgoers who wagged joyous heads when the operettas were the rage, when monarchs and princes telegraphed for seats that they might see Hortense Schneider in all her glory. Both Meilhac and Halevy had made serious studies in their youth, and, as true satire must be based on intelligent appreciation, so only lovers of the Grecian myths and legends could have written "La Belle Helene."

Halevy, as his colleague, was more than a librettist of extraordinary gifts. With Meilhac, he wrote admirable comedies, which, without pretence of realism, mirrored the light-heeled and giddy-headed life of the contemporaneous Parisian society. Of these comedies, "Frou Frou" still lives, and "Le Reveillon," as the libretto of Johann Strauss' "Bat," still amuses thousands. Other comedies, as "Le Roi Candaule," will long be read with pleasure by reason of wit that is elemental and intensely human and by reason of the fine literary flavor.

A dweller in stageland and a close observer of stage life, Halevy wrote little masterpieces of description, as of the Cardinal family and its friends. The three volumes long ago became classic. Did he owe his election to the Academy in 1884 to these inimitable sketches or to "L'Abbe Constantin," a romance that astonished and charmed by its innocence, a romance that gave delight both to the "jeune fille" and the "boulevardier"?

Meilhac followed Halevy to the Academy four years later, and died in 1897. Of late Halevy had written le, chiefly amiable and entertain- reminiscences. He was in his h year when he died, but his mind clear and his wit was still deli-. It is a pleasure to think of partners reunited, alert, curious, receptive, themselves amused with what amuses others, and, above all, sympathetic. Lucian, were he living, would delight in reporting their conversation in the Elysian fields with the fair Helen and the good priest Calchas.

Majestic Theatre.

A single week of grand opera by the [illegible]erbocker grand opera company, [illegible] the direction of S. Kronberg, will [illegible]n tomorrow night at the Majestic T[illegible]r. This company is new to Bos[illegible] [illegible] it is expected that at least two of [illegible] s[illegible]rs will create a genuine sen[illegible].

[illegible] Adeline Padovani comes to Bos[illegible] preceded by astonishing stories from [illegible] Orleans and San Francisco, the only [illegible] American cities in which she has [illegible] heard. According to the newspaper [illegible] these two musical cities, Mme. [illegible]d[illegible] is not only following the foot[illegible] of Tetrazzini, but more than one [illegible] de[illegible]red her vocal powers [illegible] greater than the better known [illegible]. Her voice [illegible] a coloratura soprano [illegible] is said to take the wonderful [illegible] such [illegible] as the mad scene in [illegible] other singer has ever done.

The [illegible] singer who is expected to [illegible]ention is Mme. Laura Rethy, a [illegible] soprano, who has never been [illegible] America and who comes from [illegible] Royal Opera House at Buda Peste, [illegible]gary. She will make her debut in [illegible] country on Tuesday night in "Trova[illegible]."

[illegible] to Mmes. Padovani and [illegible] sopranos will be Mmes. Lucia [illegible] Annita Perego, Matilda de Bello [illegible] La[illegible]. The mezzo sopranos [illegible] Mmes. Virginia Colombati, Lola [illegible] Gilda Lert[illegible]. The tenors are [illegible], V. Barili, A. Paoloni and G. Z[illegible] the baritones, G. Pimazzoni, C. [illegible]roni, B. Campana and D. Caba[illegible] the basses, O. Lombardi, R. Rolini, L. Zuro. Gustav Heinrichs will con[illegible]. The stage director will be Felix [illegible]hd.

[illegible] Kromberg has had the advantage [illegible]ng able to pick his chorus from the [illegible] ranks of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. A full [illegible]pera orchestra and adequate pro[illegible] are promised.

[illegible] repertory and casts will be as [illegible]

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MONDAY EVENING, MAY 11,
AND SATURDAY MATINEE, MAY 16.
"Lucia Di Lammermoor."

Lucia	Mme. Adeline Padovani
Alice	Annita Perego
Edgardo	M. Barili
Henry Ashton	G. Pimazzoni
Raymond	Olinto Lombardi
Lord Arthur	A. Paoloni
Normanno	A. Babanler

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 12,
AND FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 15.
"Il Trovatore."

Leonora	Mme. Laura Rethy
Azucena	Mme. V. Colombati
Ines	Mme. A. Perego
Manrico	A. Zubino
Conte di Luna	G. Pemazzoni
Ferrando	I. Lombardi
Ruiz	A. Paoloni

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 13.
"La Traviata."

Violette	Mme. Adeline Padovani
Anina	Mme. Lobini
Flora	Mme. Annita Perego
Alfredo	V. Barili
Germont	C. Alessandroni
Dottore	L. Zuro
Barone	M. Zwiback
Marchese	A. Cabanier

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 14,
AND SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 16.
"Cavalleria Rusticana."

Santuzza	Mme. L. Rethy
Lola	Mme. V. Colombati
Mamma Lucia	Mme. Annita Perego
Turrider	A. Paoloni
Alfio	Campana

"Pagliacci."

Nedda	Mme. Lucia Nolani
Canio	V. Barili
Tonio	C. Alessandroni
Arlecchino	A. Paoloni
Silvio	Campana

May 11 1908

Men and Things.

Our old friend, the Wild Man of the Woods, has turned up again. Some years ago he was seen in I diana and pursued. With incredible swiftness he outran leading citizens and, climbing a tree, hooted, in derision, as was thought, from the topmost branches, after which he pulled the tree up after him and disappeared.

A year or two ago he was in Maine. Emerging from the forest shortly before sunset, without clothes and with a bushy beard, he moaned in a dismal manner and uttered savage cries. The school was closed for a week and double the usual amount of tonics were sold to villagers at the grocery store.

Now he is living in a cave near Mianus, Ct. Mr. Ingraham, a prominent and veracious citizen, has seen him. The Wild Man is still tall, and his beard is now two feet in length. When Mr. Ingraham spoke to him he ran like a deer, plunged into a river and waded across. Master James Smith, a likely boy nigh 14 years of age, also saw him. The Wild Man was "making a whistling noise," and a rabbit was so entranced that it sat on its haunches and allowed itself to be caught.

• • •

But nobody catches the Wild Man. This is a pity, for the world is still ignorant concerning his diet, thoughts, economic and political opinions; nor has it definite knowledge concerning the cause of the wildness. Peter, the Wild Boy, who was taken to England in 1726, was carefully studied by men of scientific mind and attainments. When he first went to England he fed much on leaves, particularly of cabbage, which he preferred raw. When Lord Monboddo saw him in 1782 Peter ate flesh, and had likewise acquired a taste for beer and even for spirits, "of which," wrote the noble lord, "he inclines to drink more than he can get." He growled and howled when bad weather was coming on. He ate onions like apples. When he heard music he clapped his hands and threw his head about in a wild, frantic manner. In the house he would put five or six chairs before the fire and sit in each by turn. One more note from Lord Monboddo's painstaking report: "Gin is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do anything with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor and he will not fail to smile and raise his voice."

• • •

From Dr. Arbuthnot's description of Peter, as seen at court in 1726, it is evident that Peter led a more blameless life and was a greater influence for good when he was wholly wild. Dr. Cheyne's disciples, "the new sect of herb-eaters, intend to follow him into the fields," wrote Arbuthnot, "or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world."

• • •

Is the Wild Man of the Woods carnivorous, herbivorous, frugivorous, granivorous, graminivorous, nucivorous or omnivorous? Statements of even the most careful observers differ. No one of them speaks with authority. Young Master Smith, it is true, saw the Wild Man catch a rabbit, but there is no proof that he ate it, stewed, roast, jugged or raw.

• • •

Whatever may have been the Wild Man's previous condition of servitude, it is probable that he is now a widower or bachelor. Probably Mr. Medlin of Bath Beach envies him his condition, for a druggist came to live with Mr. Medlin and his wife, who is described as an "attractive brunette." Let Mr. Medlin tell the simple, pathetic story: "As far as I know he never paid any board. I often asked him to clear out, but his only reply was a sneer. Since his coming to the house my wife began to prepare much better meals than formerly. We had several kinds of desserts and planked steak at regular intervals." This should have reconciled Mr. Medlin to his lot, for he does not deny that he was allowed both pie and pudding and a fair share of the steak. He rebelled, this naturally meek man, when his wife began to dress better "and made quite a sensation with her large picture hats and lace waists." He objected to this "luxury" and refused to give her more than $35 a month for her dress, although he is said to be rich.

No doubt he argued that he could share in the planked steak and the desserts, but it galled him to think that she wore hats and lace waists to be attractive in the eyes of another man, a druggist, a dispenser of rhubarb, jalap, scented soaps and ice cream soda. O foolish one, and void of understanding! Is there any woman, blonde or brunette, who dresses exclusively for her husband? If there were no men would not women dress to set other women a-thinking?

• • •

Another husband that must envy the Wild Man, now of Mianus, Ct., is Mr. Clotworthy of Grand Rapids, Mich. It seems that his wife has been led to believe that he is unfit to associate with anybody simply because he refuses to pray and shout even in the middle of the night. They had been divorced and they remarried, and now his wife insists that he married her the second time to escape paying alimony awarded her at the time of the first divorce.

• • •

Mr. Caruso and his concert company appeared recently in Toronto. The Mail and Empire published an entertaining review based on this fundamental principle: "There is a great and glorious quality about a vast audience which impels it to demand its money's worth." The baritone of the company did not satisfy the critic. "A Mephisto nourished on triscuits could hardly have been more mordant than he in the diabolical serenade from 'Faust,' and when • • • he sang the Toreador song from 'Carmen' one imagined a well-bred bull with an instinct of sportsmanship shaking his head and saying to himself: 'This is too easy!'"

WHILE SHAVING.

The Bishop of London says that he composes his sermons and addresses while he is dressing, and that his brain seems to work in an astonishing manner while he is shaving. He also says that he does not know how he could find time otherwise to prepare his sermons.

Here at last is an answer to Southey's attack on shavers for wasting time. Southey calculated mathematically that the average shaver, beginning to operate every day when he is 20 years old, and shaving for fifty years, will consume 2730 hours, a sufficient time for acquiring a competent knowledge of seven languages. This was a modest calculation, for Southey gave only nine minutes daily to the shaver. If the shaver should spend a minute a day in stropping his razor he would waste 304 hours 10 minutes in fifty years—time enough for an eighth language.

Honest answers given by a thousand men to the question: "What do you think of when you shave yourself?" would be a valuable contribution to anthropology. The composer Auber was reproached in his old age for whistling through false teeth tunes that came to him when, before the looking glass, he saw his chin protruding through the soap foam, a sight not unlike that of floating island served at dessert. We know a man who every morning as soon as he began to soap his face, vowed that he would ask a friend to pay back to him $50 which the friend had borrowed in a most gracious manner. He made this vow daily for two years; then the friend died, and the shaver each morning regretted he had not had the courage to make the demand. The majority of shavers, we are inclined to believe, are mentally occupied in facial examination, especially when they are middle-aged. One will resolve to be more prudent in his manner of living; another will note the gradual disappearance of his hair, or the graying of it; still another will watch pathetically the shaping of the mask that goes with a combination of heart and kidney troubles. But there should be close attention to a close shave. The thoughts that come during the operation are usually desultory and inconsequential, sometimes grotesque. The Bishop of London may prepare admirable sermons with a razor playing over his face; but how does his face look when the sketch of the sermon is firmly in his mind?

May 12, 1908

PLEASES HEARERS WITH OPERA 'LUCIA'

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Knickerbocker Grand Opera Company. S. Kronberg, director. Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. G. Merola conducted. The cast was as follows:

Lucia	Mme. Adelina Padovani
Alice	Mme. Perego
Edgardo	Mr. V. Barili
Henry Ashton	Mr. G. Pimazzoni
Raymond	Mr. Olinto Lombardi
Lord Arthur	Mr. A. Paoloni

At present two companies in New York are giving performances of Italian opera at popular prices. Early in the season there were at least two wandering companies in the West. Some of the singers made their way to New Orleans, and Mme. Padovani sang there and in San Francisco. Mr. Kronberg has gathered together a company with Mme. Padovani and Mme. Rethy, a Hungarian singer who will make her first appearance in Boston tonight, as leading women.

It is said that he will take the company to New York, where there is apparently a lively demand for the old operas sung in a lusty manner, and with plenty of open and stentorian tones.

The performance of "Lucia" evidently gave great pleasure last night to a large audience, for the applause was spontaneous, and it might be justly described as frenetic after the sextet and the mad scene. Even our old friend Raymond, otherwise known as Bide-the-Bent, who is usually a colossal bore with his black gloves, pained expression and sonorous platitudes, was applauded, for Mr. Lombardi has a resonant, firm and free voice and he put a semblance of life into the part.

Mme. Padovani was injudiciously trumpeted in advance. The statement that she was the rival of Mme. Tettrazini naturally excited suspicion in the breasts of the experienced and awakened false hopes in the heads of the guileless and sanguine.

Mme. Padovani is evidently a singer of experience, well trained in conventional routine. Her voice is not a sympathetic one, although there were moments in the Mad Scene when the tones themselves were pathetic and very womanly. As a rule her voice is rather hard, without sensuous quality, and the upper tones, of which too much were said, are without body if not actually shrill.

Mme. Padovani knows the meaning of legato, and her sustained singing shows both training and taste. Her coloratura is of uneven worth. Her staccato is more to be praised than her performance of scales; her trill is mediocre when not actually bad. As an actress she moves amiably in well-worn grooves, yet in the mad scene she was something more than a prize pupil exhibited at graduation exercises; she actually endeavored to give an imitation of a disordered mind. Her dramatic power was not sufficient to leave a realistic impression, and she could not justly be charged with subtlety; yet this scene has been more tamely acted, or stalked through with histrionic indifference and vocal assurance by more famous prima donnas.

Mr. Pimazzoni by his voice and the use of it brought the treacherous and malignant brother into great prominence so that he dwarfed the melancholy Edgardo, and in the scenes with Mme. Padovani bore away the honors. His voice is both virile and sympathetic. It is without a trace of tremolo, mirabile dictu!

... singer ... and he is dramatic in ... without forgetting the melodic ...

... Padovoni as Lord Arthur had a ... arm that escaped his control. It ... as though it did not belong to ... and he looked at it curiously as ... wondering where it came from. ... he had a sweet, pretty voice, as be... Lord Arthur. The memory of ... tenors impersonating this part con... me that Lord Arthur's real name ... Charley.

The chorus was surprisingly good. Mr. ... conducted with a wealth of ... gestures and with an en... that was Vesuvian.

The opera this evening will be "Il Trovatore." The chief singers will be ... Rethy and Colombati and Messrs. ... Pimazzoni and I. Lombardi.

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letter.

LYNN, Mass. May 5, 1908.

... and Things
Why do we say: Put on your hat; ... in your pocket, etc., instead of, ... on your hat, etc.?
... understanding of "take" is the act ... reaching for and bringing inward, toward us; while "put" is the act of ... or removing outward.
Is there any reason greater than ordinary usage to sanction this use of this word? JOHN J. MORGAN.

* * *

Thus does Mr. Morgan raise an interesting question. We regret to say that the Oxford English Dictionary in "P" does not at present go beyond "Premious—rich in gifts"; so that concerning all words beginning with "P" after "Premious" we are a sink of ignorance and not a reservoir of information. Nor has the Oxford English Dictionary begun with the letter "T." Yet we may in a spirit of love inquire why "Put this in your pocket" is not a ... reasonable phrase. Dr. Johnson gives the first meaning of "put": to lay ... reposite in any place, and he quotes from Genesis: "God planted a garden and there he put man." The doctor's first definition of "put on" is to impute, ... charge; his second is, to invest with, as clothes or covering.

* * *

Let us not overlook in our daily study of life and manners the sensitiveness of Mrs. Devoe of Glendora, Mich. She went a few nights ago to a revival meeting and the Rev. Mr S. J. Baker, it is said, passed a psalm book to her. As she did not wish to sing, she declined the offer. Another woman in the same pew accepted a book, whereupon the Rev. Mr. Baker remarked so that his words were heard by several: "It's a good thing there are not two cranks in this pew." Mrs. Devoe, humiliated, got up to leave the church, and the evangelist cried with a loud voice: "If there are any more cranks that want to go out, they had better go out right away." A neighbor found Mrs. Devoe unconscious in front of her house, and before the physician came she was dead. It is said that a blood vessel burst in consequence of her shame and excitement.

* * *

From Atlanta, Ga., comes this version of the venerable mother-in-law jest. Mr. Arthur Walker, 19 years old, took to himself a wife, and soon had a row with her mother. Perfectly sober, he was arrested, but he went to the station house with "a look of serene satisfaction," and "a smile of beatitude hovered around his lips." The sergeant, a sympathetic soul, told him he could go "on a copy of the charges." Mr. Walker's face fell, and he lifted up his voice "If it's just the same to you, I won't take that copy. Just lock me up and let it go at that. I would just as soon—a little rather, in fact—stay in the station house." His prayer was granted, and he spent the night in a cell. The Constitution tells us that he slept soundly and sweetly, "like a tired man who had earned a long rest."

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette comments on Mr. Bernard Shaw's refusal of $1000, a prize awarded to him for the best story, when he had already been paid his price. The Pall Mall Gazette finds that the letter is all very Shavian. "Most of us would be quite ready to be paid twice over for our work; but then we are merely men, whereas Mr. Shaw is superman. That makes all the difference."

* * *

There is an act of the Commonwealth Parliament in Australia providing for a bounty on preserved fish. A speculator in northern Australia has been producing preserved turtle, and he claimed the bounty. The department after much thought decided that the turtle is a reptile, not a fish. Newspapers disputed the decision; but is not a turtle a testudinate reptile, in or out of the soup? To make sure, we consulted Edward Topsell's "History of Serpents," which, though it was published in 1658, is the most recent book on the subject that is now at hand. Lo, there is a full description of the tortoise, of the land and of the ... The description comes between that of the tyro and that of the viper and it contains many surprising facts.

It seems that the meat of the land tortoise was eaten first by Amazons. Mentioning the great size of many tortoises, Mr. Topsell quotes a story told by Scaliger: "One night as I was travelling, being overtaken with darkness and want of light, I cast about mine eyes to seek some place for my lodging, safe and secure from wild beasts; and as I looked about, I saw (as I thought) a little hill or heap of earth, but in truth it was a tortoise, covered all over with moss: upon that I ascended and sat down to rest, whereupon after a little watching I fell asleep, and so ended that night's rest upon the back of the tortoise. In the morning, when light approached, I perceived that I was removed far from the place, whereon I first chose to lodge all night; and therefore rising up, I beheld with great admiration the face and countenance of this beast, in the knowledge whereof (as in a new nature) I went forward, much comforted in my wearisome journey." This shows that there were nature-fakirs long before Mr. Roosevelt found time in the discharge of his office to write about them.

* * *

A Mr. Willett in England wishes to make an end of the "waste of daylight" during the summer months. He argues that the health, happiness and moral well-being of every individual would be materially increased if the clock were advanced 20 minutes on each of the first four Sundays in April and were set back 20 minutes on each of the first four Sundays in September. The saving in artificial light he estimates at £2,500,000 a year. But April of 1908 is no more, and the clocks were not changed. Was there not last year a proposal on Nantucket to gain an hour and 20 minutes of daylight in like manner?

Opera at Conservatory Helps Chelsea Sufferers

Opera contributed to the Chelsea relief fund when the New England Conservatory opera school gave "Mignon" in Jordan Hall, the profits of which are to go to help the fire victims. The opera was given with scenery and costumes, full chorus and orchestra, and all the parts, from prima donna to pretty chorus girl, were taken by members of the school. The orchestra was made up of both students and teachers.

For amateurs, the singing was good. Filina seemed to weaken somewhat on some of her high, difficult notes, and Guglielmo might have given more expression to his rendering at times. But Mignon's voice was most satisfactory, and Federigo sang and acted charmingly.

Most of the acting was rather more wooden than natural, the stiffness being only dispelled now and then by spasmodic arm-thrusts from the gentlemen and exaggeratedly plunging steps on the part of the ladies. Filina's flirtations were very charming, however; Mignon was specially good in her most pathetic situations, and Laertes only occasionally lost his debonair gayety.

The opera was under the direction of Pietro Vallini.

The cast included Miss Alice Mabel Stanaway, Miss Sarah F. Fisher, George Sykes, John J. Mogan, C. Pol Plancon, Miss Jessie Miriam Swartz, Harlowe F. Dean.

May 13, 1908

EARNEST RENDERING OF "IL TROVATORE"

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Knickerbocker Grand Opera Company, S. Kronberg manager. Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Merola conducted. The cast was as follows:

Leonora	Mme. Laura Rethy
Azucena	Miss V. Colombati
Ines	Miss A. Perego
Manrico	Mr. A. Zubino
Comte di Luna	Mr. Pemazzoni
Ferrando	Mr. Lombardi
Ruiz	Mr. Paoloni

"Il Trovatore" is an opera that does not depend on singers of world-wide reputation, a full orchestra and sumptuous scenery and costumes to make its way and to arouse enthusiasm, as long as the singers and conductor are Italian and terribly in earnest. The vitality of this music, now 55 years old, is amazing. Its rush and sweep are still irresistible. Consider, too, the fact that its popularity was immediate and has remained constant through five decades. In the course of these decades prophets have arisen and new schools have been formed.

The ultra-radical now find Wagner's music-dramas, with the exception of "Tristan and Isolde" becoming old-fashioned. In Paris there are impetuous persons who say that Dukas, not Debussy, has spoken the last word ... Thus, is there disputation with rumors of changes to come. "Il Trovatore," with its simple yet perplexing story, with its passionate spirit of revolt still holds its own, for it is charged with dramatic melody.

Though the performance of the opera last night was on the whole unsatisfactory, even when the fact that it was given at popular prices is taken into consideration, the music itself worked its wonted spell. The immortal four were there in the music, no matter how the music was sung, no matter how the characters were impersonated—Leonora, haughty and passionate, the pride of the noble family of Guzman; Azucena, the mysterious gypsy, with her ominous warnings and ghastly vengeance; the romantic Manrico, with the song from the tower, the song that is the essence of Italian beauty, and the superb Conte di Luna. Nor should Ferrando be forgotten, Ferrando in the sinister slouch hat, though last night, I regret to say, he wore a helmet.

It is not necessary to dwell on the character of the performance; it is pleasanter to say that the singers were in earnest and did their best. This best apparently pleased the audience, which was not so large as on Monday night.

Mme. Laura Rethy, who made her first appearance in Boston, is said to be a Hungarian, and she sang in the language of that country or in some country far from Italy. She has a few sonorous lower tones of impressive quality. The rest of her voice is not agreeable and she sings by main strength rather than with any display of art.

Miss Colombati's voice has been well trained, and as a singer, pure and simple, she outshone her colleagues. Mr. Pemazzoni was much better in the music of Donizetti, although his stentorian performance of "Il Balen" was encored. Mr. Zubino would do better if he were to lift his voice out of his throat.

The opera this evening will be Verdi's "Traviata." The chief singers will be Mme. Padovani and Messrs. Barili and Alessandroni.

Men and Things

Theodor Leschetitzki, the celebrated piano teacher, will be 78 years old on June 22. It was announced last Saturday that he has married for the fourth time. His second wife, Annette Essipoff, who is still living, was his pupil. His third wife, Miss Benislawka, was his pupil. Number 4, Miss Marie von Rosborska, is also his pupil. This speaks volumes for the Leschetitzki method.

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Mr. Godowski is also a pianist. Playing recently in London, he refused to accept on the platform a bouquet of roses. He "bluntly refused the gift" and remarked: "I'm not a ballet dancer." The compliment was well meant and Mr. Godowski was rude, rude even for an accomplished virtuoso.

* * *

How the Englishman clings lovingly to his pun! The musical comedy has driven the burlesque with its appalling puns from the stage, but the pun is still cherished in private life. The Daily Telegraph of London, commenting on the appointment of Sir Walter Parratt to the professorship of music at Oxford, quotes with delight a sentence from a postal card written by him in red ink: "You see, I have the pen of a reddy writer." O Jove, hadst thou no thunderbolt?

* * *

Sir James Fletcher Moulton, one of the lord justices of the court of appeals—he married a Syracuse (N. Y.) woman—has made a statement to the royal commission on vivisection in defence of scientific experiment. His chief point is that many are willing to say it is right to kill animals, "even by methods which inflict great pain on them," for food, or to prevent them from injuring us or destroying crops or stores; but these same persons are "unable to see that the gaining of pain-saving or disease-preventing knowledge as the result of inflicting pain and death on a small number of animals justifies us in permitting that pain and death." This inability comes from some defect in imagination. The persons are unable to see the justification, "because the knowledge and its practical application do not directly and at once follow upon the first commencement of the search for it, and they have not sufficient acquaintance with the matter to enable them to realize and confidently believe that the beneficent result will ensue."

* * *

Lord Justice Moulton gives this case. Suppose a ship infested by plague-stricken rats were to come into port. No one would charge the owner with cruelty if he should destroy 10,000 or 20,000 rats on the ship by sulphur fumes. Why should the charge of cruelty be brought against those who infect a hundred rats or other animals with plague, and then experiment or operate on them in the hope to gain knowledge and save thousands or millions of human beings from a painful and deadly disease?

* * *

Why should there be hysteria over hippophagy in Boston? The crime is in the concealment of the true nature of the meat, if there be concealment, not in the furnishing of the meat itself. While it was once true that Denmark was the only country in the world where prisoners were systematically fed on horse meat, it is also true that there have been hippophagists from choice for years in Paris and in German cities; and in these cities horse meat is sold undisguisedly as horse meat.

The enjoyment or the dislike of it is merely a matter of personal taste. When Capt. Cook visited the island of Savu, he found that the inhabitants ate every tame animal. "The hog holds the first place in their estimation, and the horse the second; next to the horse is the buffalo; next to the buffalo their poultry, and they prefar dogs and cats to sheep and goats." Only the poor people ate fish.

* * *

Dr. Goldthwait insists that trousers' pockets are fully three inches too low, and that "the principle of having them on the sides is not so good as the older style. Low pockets, not weight of thought, are the cause of the "Harvard stoop." This may be so and it may not be so.

Here is a subject for discussion at the next congress of tailors. Of course the original intention of the pocket was to provide a receptacle unprovided by nature. As Southey pointed out, the bird has its craw, ruminating animals their first or ante-stomach; the monkey its check. Then there is the kangaroo, that "amoozin' little cuss." The Hindu carries his snuff box in his turban; the New Zealander makes an opening in his ear and carries his knife there; there are Africans who put things in their wool. Dr. Towers, we are told, had his coat pockets made large enough to hold a quarto novel, and Dr. Ingenhouz's coat pockets were many, for he carried about materials for chemical experiments, and there was imperative need in some instances of isolation. But the modern front pantaloon pockets for men are chiefly for the hands, when the wearer wishes to appear at his ease, perfectly at home, and the pockets should be arranged with a view to individual arms; as Lincoln said with reference to a discussed statue that a man's legs should be long enough to reach to the ground.

* * *

Miss Myrtle Bascom of Chicago, describing the ideal man, says that husbands and wives should each keep "their own spheres." If a man tried to tell me what to do, and it was none of his business, I might hit him over the head with a skillet." How far this is from the old and now despised promise to love, cherish and obey!

May 14 1908

PADOVANI SINGS ROLE OF VIOLETTA

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Knickerbocker Grand Opera company, S. Kronberg, director. Verdi's "La Traviata." Mr. Merola conducted. The cast was as follows:

Violetta	Mme. Padovani
Flora	Miss Perego
Alfredo	Mr. Barili
Germont	Mr. Alessandroni
The doctor	Mr. Zuro
The baron	Mr. Zwiback
The marquis	Mr. Cabanier

When "La Traviata" was performed on April 30 at Covent Garden with Mme. Tetrazzini as Violetta, the London Times was highly pleased because the costumes were at last set right. For years the characters in this opera have worn all sorts of costumes from the 17th to the 20th century. How often Germont has appeared in dignified pantalettes and inexorable black gloves! At Covent Garden, as at the opera houses in Paris, the costumes of 1850 are now worn. Only Mme. Tetrazzini persisted in wearing costumes of today.

Last night there was an individual expression in the costumes. Each character wore what he or she thought becoming. Alfredo's dress—his pantalettes in the first act were simply ravishing—was in sharp contrast chronologically with Violetta's gown, but what mattered it? The large audience went to hear Verdi's music.

It heard it sung with earnestness and fervor, and it rejoiced with an exceeding joy. The chief singers were heartily applauded in solo work and in ensemble, and Mr. Alessandroni, who appeared here for the first time, was obliged to repeat the famous romance in the second act.

The performance as a whole was much better than that of "Trovatore." Mme. Padovani again showed herself to be a singer of much experience, one thoroughly versed in the Verdian traditions. The years no doubt have affected the quality of her voice, yet her tones, especially in the third act, were often pure and expressive. In "Ah, fors e lui" she was inclined to exaggerate slackening of pace to gain ...

efforts, but many prima donnas have this weakness. While her acting was for the most part conventional, she was thoroughly at her ease, and there were moments when she was truly passionate, as in the parting with Alfredo in the second act.

Mr. Barili often sang with taste, and he was never given to forcing his tones and going beyond his natural limitations. Mr. Alessandroni has naturally a good and virile voice. His singing reminded the hearer of the characterization in "Great Expectations" of a young tragedian's reading of a Shakespearian tragedy: it was "massive and concrete."

All in all, the performance was a spirited one. Mr. Merola conducted with fine frenzy and his enjoyment of the music was unmistakable.

The operas this evening will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci."

CATS AS LEGATEES.

Benjamin F. Dilley of Wilkesbarre, Pa., died in 1905, and left $40,000 to his cats, Blackie and Pinkie. The income was to be used in providing for them as long as they lived. A woman was named to care for them, and she is to have a substantial pension till her death. Then the estate will be divided and the greater part of it will be given to charity. Pinkie died two years ago and Blackie, her sister, died last Thursday. She was about 16 years old.

Mr. Dilley was not the first to leave money to cats. Mme. Jeanne Felix Dupuis, a celebrated player of lute and harp, had a large estate, when she made an extraordinary will in 1671. This will was broken. In it she requested her executor to give the guardian of her two cats thirty sous a month for their food. She left instructions that the cats should have meat broth, "of the kind we eat"; that bread should not be crumbled into it; that each cat should have its own plate. The lawyers contesting the validity of the will laid special stress on the unreasonableness of this bequest.

The Jesuit Drexelius, who died in 1638, mentions a woman who left her cat 500 ecus, and he adds: "What madness!" Pierre Jean Grosley, a French lawyer of the 18th century, left twenty-four livres a year to his two cats, to be paid as long as either one lived. An old English woman in 1828 left five pounds yearly to her beloved Tib.

Dogs, monkeys and horses have also been named as legatees. Dr. Christian, dean of the Law Faculty at Vienna, left a sum of 6000 florins for the support of three dogs with the proviso that when the three were dead, the money should go to the University. Reinhold Rosen, a warrior of repute, bequeathed a pasture, freedom and a pension to his battle horse; but a French peasant about 1781 left all his property directly to his russet horse, adding, "and I wish that the horse should belong to N., my nephew." Claude Serres, professor of French law at Montpellier, handed down the opinion that inasmuch as the nephew was named, he should be considered the heir. This reminds us that George Savage, a plumber of Jersey City, willed in 1899 the exclusive use of two pasture lots to his horse Dick as long as he should live. Good prices were offered the testator's sisters for the lots, but they respected their brother's wish, and Dick had the exclusive use until he died, very old, in September of last year.

These wills, strange as they may seem to some, reflect honorably on the character of the testators. They are, after all, no stranger than many wills that are counted orthodox and conventional. And there is this to be said: No cat, dog, horse or monkey as ever asked that the will should be set aside on the ground of undue influence, or charged the testator with insanity.

Concert Foyer.

By PHILIP HALE.

St. Louis has been enjoying the art of Mrs. Dan McAvoy, who was born in that city, and known before her marriage as Georgia Kelly. She has been singing ballads of the heart and home. They are of a simple nature, but she glorifies them by her art. As the Star Chronicle remarks, an "unskilled artist might appear vulgar and the songs commonplace," from which it appears that in St. Louis there are both skilled and unskilled artists.

When Mrs. McAvoy comes out on the stage "the audience sees a great head of Irish black hair, a pair of sparkling brown eyes, and a form divine that is garbed in a dress that is neither too short nor too long."

It seems that Mrs. McAvoy's song of songs is "Mother Hasn't Spoke to Father Since." Here is the chorus to the first verse:

Mother hasn't spoke to father since,
Mother hasn't spoke to father since,
Found a hair upon his coat,
And a spicy little note
That some other lady wrote,
Now poor father, he's the goat,
For mother hasn't spoke to father since.

There are many verses about poor father—and it should be remembered that each verse has its own chorus. One must suffice:

One cold night last December, it was 22 below,
Dad left the window open and the bed got full of snow,
And mother hasn't spoke to father since,
And when the storm was over, and the stars began to shine,
He warmed his icy tootsies on the east side of her spine,
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.

CHORUS.

Mother hasn't spoke to father since,
Mother hasn't spoke to father since,
Mother handed him a smack,
Both his eyes are turning black,
Since he made that cold attack
On the east side of her back,
And mother hasn't spoke to father since.

Ah, give us the homely songs that come from the heart of the pee-pul and go to its heart!

Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise.

Yet there are cities in the West where they demand more from a soprano than the ability to sing, where if she have the voice of a nightingale she must not also have the head of a linnet. One of these towns is Columbus, O. Miss Louise Ormsby, who once lived in Boston, sang recently in that city and the Press-Post spoke of her as follows: "Miss Ormsby's voice reminds one of crystal and silver, it is so flawless, and it has a haunting undertone of pathos which is most fascinating. She is perfect mistress of her art, and evidently a woman of broad culture."

Crystal and silver! There are so many singers that remind the hearer of plated ware!

Some found when "The Mikado" was revived last month in London that the libretto has not worn so well as the music. The correspondent of the Glasgow Herald said that Mr. Gilbert's wit is too mild for the present day. Mr. Gilbert, it seems, has attempted to bring some of the lines "up to date." "That singular anomaly, the lady novelist," has become "a scorching motorist"; "apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind" are now "Little England statesmen"; Pooh Bah is now addressed as "Licenser of Plays," and he admits that kissing has not yet been blue-pencilled.

John Powell, a Virginian pianist, 20 years old, a pupil of Leschetitzki, gave his first concert in London April 30. The Pall Mall Gazette described his playing as of a first rate order, and praised especially his tone and "command over variation of color."

When Mr. Caruso sang at Toronto early this month the Mail and Express spoke of "a tremendous, beautiful warm voice emitted by a man of meagre temperament and mediocre intelligence."

Mr. Caruso visited Detroit and the people of that town were deeply interested in his breakfast, which consisted of "grape fruit (with or without finger-bowl), German pancakes (in plenty), fried eggs (Yankee style), coffee (not demitasse)." The Journal informs us "it is just what Caruso ate at 11 o'clock Wednesday morning in the Hotel Pontchartrain cafe as a preliminary to his day's work, which includes three tremendous arias, to be let loose among the rafters of the Light Guard Armory this evening." Yet Mr. Caruso had his amusement with the reporter. "'Celeste Aida,' he said, 'is the big moment in 'Aida'; it is what I have to watch and prepare for."

We are much interested in the musical proficiency of Mr. W. L. Hammitt of Rocky Point, Botetoura county, Virginia. He gave an engrossing concert May 8 at Fincastle, and then handled the violin, autoharp, guitar and triangle, "all at the same time, with as much skill and accuracy, and produced as sweet music, as though they had been in the hands of four good performers. Both hands and both feet were kept busy bringing out the notes, and each instrument was distinctly heard, while the different parts were in full harmony." At present Mr. Hammitt is a railway telegrapher, "but his extraordinary talent is bringing him into public notice."

Let us hope that all the soloists for the next season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have not been engaged, or that some local manager will communicate with Mr. Hammitt at once with reference to an engagement. Boston should not be behind Lynchburg, Clifton Forge and Fincastle. Let us not be accused of a lack of civic pride.

Here is an old-fashioned and Philistine wail from the Pall Mall Gazette. Mme. Tetrazzini reappeared at Covent Garden, as our readers doubtless know, April 30, in "La Traviata." Listen to this: "In the case of 'La Traviata,' be it noted, not only is the music thin and artificial, but it always seems to us a singularly inartistic thing to have done, to have attempted tragedy out of so painful a subject as a consumptive's death." (A singularly clumsy sentence, by the way.) "It may not be easy to draw a hard and fast line between legitimate and illegitimate realism in works of art, yet surely disease lies on the latter side."

Breitkopf and Haertel purpose to publish a complete edition of the works of Franz Liszt. The first volume has been issued. The work of publication will be completed about 12 years from now.

Dr. Emil Krause says that Edyth Walker was the star of the Hamburg opera this last season. He praises especially her Salome and Isolde.

The "illustrated song singers" in Milwaukee nickelodeons and moving picture shows threaten to strike unless their hours be decreased or their pay be increased." The strain on their voices, occasioned by singing from 10 to 14 songs a day, will unfit them for further singing in two seasons." There are about 35 of these singers in Milwaukee. Some receive $20 a week, some from $15 to $18. The hours are from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. A year or two ago they were paid about $25 a week and sang on an average four songs a day. Furthermore, women are driving the men out of the business. "Women will play the piano while not singing and work for less money." What does a first-class barker get a week?

A writer for the Tuermer suggests that Berlin music critics should strike, to check the present overproduction in concert halls. "He points out that the concert artist's aim seems to be only to get a notice from the critics and he contends that the music critic has a higher, more important task than to write testimonials for performers." This is in line with a remark of Oscar Wilde: "I am always amused by the silly vanity of those writers and artists of our day who seem to imagine that the primary function of the critics is to chatter about their second-rate work."

Miss Marie Nichols, violinist, of Boston, will sail on the 16th to give concerts with Miss Clara Clemens in London.

Harold Bauer played Saint-Saens' concerto in G minor with the orchestra of the New England Conservatory in Jordan Hall on Tuesday afternoon.

May 15, 08

LA PORTE, IND.

Fleets battle off a humble fishing town, or a deserted port; an army is crushed, or it surrenders near a sleepy hamlet; a village, plain or hill, known to the outside world only by examiners of maps and gazetteers and by postoffice clerks, becomes world famous and for all time. Who thought of Gravelotte or of Plevna in the sixties? What New Englander at work in shop or on farm in the fifties was interested in Cold Harbor, Antietam, Lookout? And in like manner a village where extraordinary murders have been committed, murders that outstrip the imagination of the most ingenious melodramatist who has supped full with horrors, is suddenly familiar to tens of thousands. La Porte in a day awoke to find that horrid crimes had given it geographical importance. For years the name of this little town will be associated with atrocious deeds; its sound alone will have sinister significance.

MAJESTIC THEATRE — Knickerbocker Grand Opera Company. S. Kronberg, director. Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Mr. G. Merola conducted. The casts:

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA."

Santuzza.....Mme. L. Rethy
Lola.....Signorina V. Colombati
Mamma Lucia.....Signorina Annita Perego
Turiddu.....Sig. A. Paoloni
Alfio.....Sig. Campana

"PAGLIACCI."

Nedda.....Signorina Lucia Nolani
Canio.....Sig. V. Barili
Tonio.....Sig. C. Alessandroni
Arlecchino.....Sig. A. Paoloni
Silvio.....Sig. Campana

It was fortunate that "Pagliacci" was on the programme last evening, for "Cavalleria Rusticana" was a distinct disappointment. None of the chief characters seemed quite sure what was intended of them nor how much they should throw themselves into their parts. The result of this hesitation was often an attempt to make up in gesticulation what was lacking in genuine feeling. Mme. L. Rethy's Santuzza, in her scenes with Turiddu, was apt to be too clinging, but she won wild applause for her scene with Alfio.

"Pagliacci" was a vast improvement. In this second piece, chorus and principals displayed all the vigor that was lacking in the first. From the prologue, excellently rendered by Signor C. Alessandroni, to the final cry of Signor Barili's Canio, the presentation was punctured by plaudits and cheers. Canio's sobbing song evoked special enthusiasm, and the ovation bestowed on Signorina Lucia Nolani, as Nedda, was nothing short of tremendous. The chorus work also deserved all the commendation it received.

Men and Things

We were much impressed by the speeches of national leaders at Washington eager to save the resources of this country. "The country is, indeed, in danger." Where have we heard or read that phrase? It has a familiar sound. Ah, yes; now we remember. When Artemus Ward took his memorable cruise on the Polly Ann, the captain of the Kicking Warrior stopped the Polly Ann in its swift course on the Wabash canal and told her captain the sad story of Bill Spikes of Terre Haute: "Wilyim got a little owly the tother day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of his'n, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court'us whar old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooaly fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! 'What do you think of that?' asked the capting of the Warrior, as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.'

"'The country is indeed in danger!' sed our capting, raisin the bottle to his lips."

* * *

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology, was in our office yesterday. He had much to say about the good luck of Walter McClintock, an ethnologist of Pittsburg, who, after studying the life and customs and legends of the Blackfeet Indians with whom he lived for six years, is now at home in the court at Berlin. "What an opportunity he will have to contribute a chapter to comparative ethnology, a chapter entitled 'The use and abuse of table knives.'"

* * *

There was a letter for Mr. Johnson:

Boston, May 13, 1908.

Dear Sir—I see by an editorial in the New York Evening Post that the "Poet's Corner" of the provincial newspapers in England is in danger of extinction and that the "Poet's Corner" in American country newspapers is not so crowded with the offerings of local bards as in former days.

Why should not poets have something better than a corner? Why should they not have the centre of the stage? Or is corner used in a mercantile sense? Players and poets in the time of Elizabeth were regarded by the orthodox as dangerous or peevish cattle. Were they thrown into a corner for burial? Is not corner a shabby narrowing word in connection with the pious orgies of the muse? Who is your favorite poet? O'RYAN WINDOM.

* * *

Mr. Johnson read this note and said: "That is the way many people—being a Bostonian by adoption I should say, persons—talk, especially when they wish to show that they have a soul above automobiles or musical comedy. I have not read Mr. Windom's postscript: 'Or is corner used as indicating the corner stone, so to speak?' Corner was so used; the term was a Hebraism, and meant a prince or chief, a corner stone of the state; but what has this to do with Poet's Corner? As for the commercial 'corner'; the term with this specific meaning originated in the United States about 50 years ago."

Mr. Johnson continued without any sign of animation: "In London there were two famous corners—the Poets' in Westminster Abbey and Tattersall's betting rooms, formerly situated near Hyde Park Corner. When Thackeray said of Capt. Rug, who used to sell lame horses for sound ones to his brother officers and had strange and ingenious devices for winning their money, that he was a regular attendant at the Corner, he did not intend to say that Capt. Rug was dropping the tear of sensibility on Ben Jonson's grave!"

"As for the poet's corner in the newspaper, I think highly of it and would not have it disappear for a wilderness of editorial pages. I don't suppose you ever read Crabbe. He's a depressing poet, a realist long before Zola, who, as a matter of fact, was a wild-eyed romanticist, who here and there published a catalogue and thus, as he thought, gave a sop to realism. What said Crabbe:

The Poet's Corner is the place they choose,
A fatal nursery for an Infant Muse;
Unlike that Corner where true poets lie,

How unfair this is! A poet must be- in somehow, somewhere, some day. And he began to hum the infernal tune: Some day! Some day!"

* * *

"Some one," added Mr. Johnson, although we looked at our watch, "some one said that poetry is the criticism of life. If this be so, all editorial expression should be in verse, either rhymed, blank, or free. Whatever the subject be, the merger, the smoke nuisance, a comparison between Mr. Roosevelt and Molinos the Quietist, it should be treated poetically. The writer may take off his coat to assist thought, but he should then put on his singing robes."

* * *

"A word about the other questions. A poet will take the centre of the stage. He needs no invitation. The corner of the newspaper, or of the Abbey quickly becomes a corner of the universe that includes this little whizzing world." Mr. Johnson's voice grew fainter and he showed a disposition to sleep. Moving nearer to arouse him, we became aware, alas, that the breath of the eminent sociologist was heavy with beer. "Sorry that you must go so soon, Herkimer. By the way, who is your favorite poet?"

Mr. Johnson answered with dignity, although he had trouble in finding the left armhole of his overcoat, "Anonymous, sir. Listen to these lines:

Eternal silence laughs along the shore,
And spectral negroes bleach upon the floor.

Wouldn't you swear that Pope or Dryden wrote them? And if you wish realistic treatment in verse, listen to this from the ballad of the Mannings, who were executed at Horsemonger lane gaol on Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1849:

At length they plann'd their friends to murder
And for his company did crave.
The dreadful weapons they prepared,
And in the kitchen dug his grave.
And, as they fondly did caress him,
They slew him—what a dreadful sight.
First they mangled, after robbed him,
Frederick Manning and his wife.

Going down the corridor Mr. Johnson repeated the last line two or three times in a play-acting voice. A strange, a trying man, but we would not have him otherwise.

May 16 1908

THE WINDOW DRESSER.

A competition among Viennese shopkeepers in window dressing has been arranged by the authorities to make the city more attractive to tourists. Probably 500 shopkeepers will enter the lists. There is an entrance fee of about $2.10, and about fifty first, second and third prizes will be distributed. The judges will be artists and business men. The prizes will be awarded, "not for the costliness of the goods displayed, but for tasteful arrangement, technical skill and general decorative effect."

Leigh Hunt wrote a couple of delightful essays on the spectacle presented by shops, with curious commentary, entertaining digressions and various conclusions, as that there is "something of more refined service" in waiting on a woman in a fruit shop than in a pastry cook's. Hunt viewed the shops through the show window, but the profound moral to be drawn escaped him. We are reminded of this moral by the news from Vienna.

The successful young man gains his start, secures his opportunity by knowing how to dress his shop window, by displaying his gifts and acquirements so that they allure or compel the employer. There are shop windows that are gaudy, cheap, vulgar or too fastidiously dressed; there are windows that coolly repel or at once attract; there is the elegant simplicity that argues for fine taste and substantial worth. A huddled window is passed by. There are windows that are fresh, impertinent; they are inanimate barkers proclaiming stridently the value of the bargains within.

As with windows, so with men. The applicant should have by nature, observation and experience, the art of impressing the employer not merely by a quick display of his abilities, but by a revelation of constructive and enduring qualities that inspire confidence on the part of those whose good opinion is worth having. There are flashy window dressers, amazing fellows for the moment, but they are found wanting; they are not to be endured either by artists or business men. The prize is not for them in Vienna or in Boston.

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, May 14, 1908.

Men and Things.—I have been much struck by the change in attitude of theatre audiences toward profanity on the stage. Tolerance has grown enormously in the course of the last 20 years. Long ago, when the "glorious old English comedies," were played at the Boston Museum, there were frequent "damns" and "dammes," but they were expected in those representations of the three-bottle days and nights, and with the appearance of the hearty old East Indian merchant in the last act, a "deus ex machina" with a nankeen waistcoat, practical snuff box and "stab my vitals! You young dog!" Yet even in those comedies only certain favorites were allowed cuss words. William Warren, for example, could say anything he pleased.

The first time I ever heard the word "hell" used lightly in a play was in "The Two Sisters." A man on a roof was asked to come down, for some one wished to see him. He said there was no hurry about it, and then a voice was heard from below crying out: "You had better hurry. He wont wait a hell of a time." The audience was for a time shocked; at last some began to giggle. But not long ago in a play produced here at a leading theatre I heard this word used flippantly several times, and it always awoke foolish laughter.

I am inclined to think that profanity is now expected of any virile character on the stage, as the hero in a football play. But to me, and I hope there are others, this wholly meaningless profanity is coarse and unpleasant.

JOHN B. ELLERTON.

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We spoke not long ago about the question raised in Australia, whether a turtle is a fish or a reptile. Some one wrote recently to the Pall Mall Gazette: "If the Commonwealth Customs Department in Australia finds itself puzzled to decide to which zoological class the turtle belongs, it could not do better than take counsel with the authorities in Cuba, who, it appears, are in difficulties how to answer the question, 'Is a turtle a reptile or an animal?' If an animal, duty is required; if a reptile, it would enter free from duty. This dispute reminds me of troubles with our own postal authorities when a consignment of nereis (a very common sea-worm, and used for bait) came to grief in transitu, and the broken package reached me wrapped up in a severe reprimand from the postmaster-general for allowing 'these insects' to be sent through the post in such an insecure condition."

* * *

What was the finest compliment ever paid a woman? Some will at once say, that paid by Mr. Joseph H. Choate to his wife. To our mind the answer made by a sailor on board a yacht to Mrs. Asquith when she was Miss Margot Tennant was more spontaneous. Miss Tennant questioned him: "Are you married?" "Yes, Miss," answered the sailor, looking her straight in the face, "I'm sorry to say I am."

* * *

The fact that a grandson of Darwin is now writing fiction reminds us that Darwin himself devoured novels, especially as he grew older and could not read poetry. (He said that Shakespeare was "so intolerable dull" that he was nauseated). He read all sorts of novels, even the trash of circulating libraries. He liked them all if they were only interesting and if they did not end unhappily—"against which a law ought to be passed." A good novel, he contended, should contain "a pretty woman whom one could love."

A frank revelation of the literary tastes of distinguished judges, generals, physicians, promoters, captains of industry, painters, composers, would surprise many. H. H. Richardson, the architect, was especially fond of Gaboriau's novels. Forgetting easily the plots, he would read the stories over and over again. A celebrated judge in Boston was in the habit of buying French novels, of the sort known to Parisians as export literature.

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The supreme court of New York has confirmed the referee's report and Fritzi Scheff has now a decree of absolute divorce from Friederick Wilhelm Gustav Carl von Bardeleben. When Mme. Scheff first visited Boston, and for a few years afterward, she seemed happy with her mild mannered husband, who reminded one of a tame rabbit. They then talked of the happy day when Mme. Scheff would have money enough to leave the stage and they could live peacefully on a farm near Frankfort-on-the-Main.

* * *

A wineshop has been opened near a graveyard in Paris, a shop known as "At the Sign of the Return from the Funeral." A board underneath reads: "Private Rooms for Persons Desirous of Weeping Alone." Still lower are these words of true consolation: "Wines and Spirits of the Best Quality."

Many years ago Baudelaire wrote a prose-poem entitled "The Shooting Gallery and the Cemetery." He described a man attracted by a tavern sign: "At the View of the Cemetery." "A strange sign but well calculated to make one thirsty. The landlord knows how to appreciate ~~Horace and other~~ Epicurean poets. Perhaps he also knows the super-refinement of the ancient Egyptians, for whom there was no brave feast without a skeleton or some emblem of life's short duration." The visitor drank beer as he looked at the tombs, smoked leisurely a cigar, and then entered the graveyard with its tall and inviting grass. Every now and then the report of a pistol in the neighboring gallery cracked like a champagne cork. At last a voice was heard under the stone on which he sat, a voice cursing the marksman for disturbing the divine repose of the dead, cursing them because they studied the art of killing near the sanctuary of the dead, despising them for not knowing how easy it was to die without this laborious practice.

May 17, 08

REVIEW OF RECENT BOOKS ABOUT MUSIC

How They Teach Singing in Denver; the Nose and Voice; Terms of Endearment.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Herald has received from Oliver Ditson Company of Boston the following books: "The Commonplaces of Vocal Art," by Louis Arthur Russell; "Counterpoint Simplified," by Francis L. York; "Half-Hour Lessons in Music; Class Work for Beginners at the Piano," by Mrs. Hermann Kotzschmar; "Songs from the Operas, for Soprano," edited by H. E. Krehbiel; "Piano Compositions of J. S. Bach, Vol. I.; Shorter Compositions," edited by Ebenezer Prout. The two last volumes are in "The Musicians' Library."

Mr. Russell's book is made up largely of essays written for musical journals and of lectures delivered before musical institutions. New matter has been added, and the little volume may be considered as a text-book for students of singing.

Of books about singing there is no end, yet sensible treatises are still needed, if only to remind teachers that they are mortal. There are even today extraordinary theories afloat, and at least 100 only "true and correct" methods.

I was reminded of this by the proceedings in Denver of certain young women against the Rev. Dean H. Martyn Hart and Mr. Anthony Salter. The case came before Magistrate Carlon. Mrs. Phillips, director of the Colorado Conservatory of Music, and nine or ten pupils object to Mr. Salter's method of vocal instruction, and Mrs. Phillips began by annulling the year's contract that Mr. Salter had with the conservatory.

Mr. Salter stated his grievance before the magistrate. He signed a contract for a year, but after a month he was told that his services were not needed. He was cross-examined by Mr. Morris.

"Will you tell us if it is a part of the instructor's duty to take hold of the nose of a young lady?" Mr. Salter answered that he did this to illustrate diaphragmatic breathing.

"Or to call the pupils by their first names?" The names, by the way, were pretty names—Lillian, Edith, Motte, Dorothy, Genevieve, Meta, Dorothea, and so on. Not a Mary Jane or Ann Eliza among them.

And what did Mr. Salter say? "I may have done it once or twice to reassure them, so they would not be so scared as they acted." (The sentences in quotation marks are taken from the Denver News of May 8.)

"Or to tell a pupil, as you did Miss McAltioner, that she was a 'little devil' and slap her face?" The witness denied that he had ever said or done this.

"Or to say, as you did to Meta Schlicting, that you didn't want any of her German methods?" The plaintiff's attorney interrupted: "German methods of what? I think the quest in the sale of lot be made more specific. German n... Land Com of eating?" The judge smiled. He is evidently an easy mark.

The witness did not remember saying any such thing.

"Or to call young ladies 'dear'? You did do that, didn't you?"

"I may have, once or twice, to make them feel reassured and more comfortable."

"You think calling them 'dear' made them feel comfortable, do you?"

"Yes, I thought it would."

When Mr. Salter, whose first name is Anthony, a reassuring name for a young ladies' school, applied for the position he gave many letters of recommendation. In court he told the cross-examiner that he was a perfectly competent instructor. Mr. Morris then asked him a mean question: Whether he had not "rendered before the Woman's Club a Wagnerian song entirely out of key and time." But Mr. Salter was not abashed: "No, sir. The orchestra was out of key and time."

Dean Hart swore that Mr. Salter's method of instruction is "beyond reproach if only interpreted right." He has frequently seen instructors in foreign conservatories measure with their fingers the width the mouth must be opened. Miss Taylor, "who has a studio," swore in behalf of Mr. Salter that she had seen instructors place a half match or an ivory stick "between the lips instead of the fingers," and that they did the placing themselves. How could placing even a whole match between a pupil's fingers aid her in correct bursts of song? Stay, a lighted match might cause her to sing for a moment with passion. Miss Taylor added that an instructor had taken hold of her nose many times. Is it a Grecian one or a Roman? Is it sternly aquiline or saucily coquettish? Or is it as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus? It would be unfair to censure the action of the instructor without first knowing the architecture of Miss Taylor's nose, whether it be inviting or forbidding.

Miss Lillian Fish swore that Mr. Salter addressed her familiarly by her first name after he had been at the school only a few days. Did he call her "I say, Lill," or did he, remembering Tennyson, cry out in admiration:

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian.

Furthermore, he allowed Miss McPherrin "to sing in loud staccato tones" after two lessons. Perhaps Mr. Salter could not stop Miss McPherrin; perhaps she is naturally staccato.

It will thus be seen that books like Mr. Russell's "Commonplaces of Vocal Art" are useful, I might say necessary.

According to Mr. Russell, any one who wishes to sing well must first of all be well equipped with correct subconscious habits. There must be equipoise, development of automatic control of the body. The two great destroyers of beautiful tone are muscular stiffness and surplus of breath.

On page 5 we are informed that the head includes the ears, the nose, the eyes, the chin, and the mouth (and of course the brains). No, Mr. Russell, a singer's head does not of course include brains.

A singer, when caught young, must first localize his efforts—that is, if he wishes to say the syllables oo oo oo e e e and "puckers for the 'oo' and spreads his lips as in grinning for the 'e'," he localizes the effort. "To avoid local effort is a result of advanced culture." The advanced singer neither puckers nor grins. "Automatism is subconscious habit in control of processes." If a teacher is shy on automatism leave her, O Louise and Priscilla, leave her at once.

There must be non-interference of unneeded muscles. This is freedom in art. On page 11 we are told how to go from inertia, through relaxation, to buoyancy. Between flabbiness and stiffness there is balance. "The body must take the effort of singing." There should be no voluntary effort at or above the larynx which exceeds that of ordinary speech.

"The correct poise of body demands that the hips be drawn back to a line directly below the shoulders, and this slightly affects the abdomen by drawing it back with them." How does the new long corset affect the correct poise?

The "singers' sensation" is absolutely indispensable. This is defined as "the 'feeling' of the body and its members just preceding and during the act of emotional expression." Perhaps the instructor was working wisely and conscientiously for art when he felt Miss Taylor's nose.

A singer should have a floating chin (page 31), but a floating rib or a floating kidney may be a disadvantage. Coins or spoon backs should never be used to hold the tongue flat. The tongue should be taught to act, and "every shade of vocal color can be readily made and should always be made without interference of the lips."

The face of a good singer has "smiling looseness." Even though the face should drop off in a climax, the singer should continue to smile. This requires careful practice. There should never be a "fixed grin," but the face should be alert, earnest, good natured.

"Various noises are frequently made by singers as they sing." True, most noble Festus. Last week in Boston there was more than once a fine exhibition of what might be called the menagerie voice.

A pure tone finds impingement or placement upon the hard palate at the teeth. Mr. Russell does not discuss the question whether pure tone is alloyed by auriferous dentistry, or whether vocal emotion is lessened by false teeth. These questions have been put to me by earnest inquirers and as yet there is no authority to which I may refer them.

The Yankee has a "too forward sprawling placement," while the southerner, especially the negro, draws his

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voice far back into the pharynx and makes it sombre, heavy, thick. A squeaking tone is not to be recommended.

"A properly controlled voice calls for no worry about its registers. * * * There is no part of the voice that is not likely to be called upon to sing every possible vowel sound in the language. * * * When we sing a tone 'out of the proper register,' as it is often called, the cause is not due to a defect in the changing powers of the singing muscles, but to the fact of our placing some impediment in the way of their proper and natural operation. Therefore, the way to study registers is to study 'how to let the throat do its will in the matter,' which, when we have learned it will at once give complete control over the changes."

In the section "as to the chest voice," there is no allusion to the old saying, "Many a true word is spoken from the chest."

Mr. Russell is wholly right in saying that heavy voices, contraltos and basses, are apt to use their lower chest tones badly, through a desire for "big tone." The majority of deep voices are pushed and coarse. "When contraltos and mezzo sopranos will believe that 'mannish' voices are out of place in a woman's throat, then shall we be spared such vocal horrors as Scalchi and Ravogli often have shown us." On the other hand, the upper tones of a woman's voice should be characterized by "womanliness, expressional, emotional warmth." "Every soprano with a fairly good vocal organ can, if she will, learn to sing high, and to sing florid passages, and if she will hear the truth with reference to registers she can also have a real living head voice, as warm and beautiful as her lower voice, and with this voice throughout its range, she can, if she will, sing with pure and intelligible diction."

The chapters on tone color and phrasing are perhaps of special interest. By studying them the singer will be able to enunciate correctly the phrase, "I think it's so," and not to soften it so that it sounds as "the words of an intoxicated or imbecile person, 'I dhing idz zo' (drawled out languidly)"; and he will avoid singing "um—my" for "my" and "ug—good" for "good."

There is much that is interesting and valuable in this little book.

The volume of songs from the operas includes arias by Caccini, Campra, Bononcini, Rameau, Pergolesi, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber (two), Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini (three), David, A. Thomas, Verdi (two), Gounod, Delibes, Bizet. The arias are given in the voice for which they were conceived; in the original keys, in the original texts, "with as faithful a translation to the vernacular as the exigencies of the music would allow"; in the manner in which they were sung when they were written—that is, the arbitrary signs used by the older composers—appoggiaturas, mordents, etc.—are here translated. Gounod is represented by the "Jewel Song"; Meyerbeer by the "Shadow Song"; David by "Charmant Oiseau"; Thomas by "Je Suis Titania"; Delibes by the "Bell Song," so that the book as a whole is especially for a singer of florid passages.

Mr. Krehbiel's notes, or rather little essays on all the songs are instructive and entertaining. It was not necessary perhaps to give Mme. Sembrich's version of "Ah! non credea," although the version may interest some singers. When Mr. Krehbiel says in the preface, "The value which such a personal note gives to an air is scarcely to be overestimated," he displays, in this instance, the admirable enthusiasm of a devoted friend. In the note to Micaela's air from "Carmen" Mr. Krehbiel says with reference to that opera: "Unfortunately Bizet lived to enjoy his triumphs only three months." As a matter of fact, Bizet died when "Carmen" was considered to be a hopeless failure. He himself was dejected to his end by reason of the lack of success.

The volume, as are all the volumes in this series, is published in a sumptuous form, and portraits of nine composers are included.

The volume of Bach's shorter piano compositions includes preludes, pieces from the suites and partitas, 15 inventions and symphonies. The music is fingered and expression marks and metronome marks are supplied. Dr. Prout in his preface gives first a short biographical sketch of Bach, inquires into the undervaluation of him by the general public and then furnishes useful information about the ornaments, notation, phrasing, fingering, etc. He also speaks in detail of the history and character of the pieces.

In his inquiry into the undervaluation of Bach's music by the great public, Dr. Prout compares Bach and Handel, and justly says that the latter wrote with his audience always in mind, while "Bach never wrote for a large audience; with him his art was everything, and the standard at which he aimed was the highest possible." Here we have the old familiar cant. Bach wrote pages of perfunctory and dull music. He wrote because he had a mania for writing. That he did not always have true art in view is shown by the fact that he took indifferently certain pages already composed and included them in his mass in B minor, as Italian composers used to transfer arias from one opera to another without thought of dramatic situation or expression of the text.

Some of Mrs. Kotzschmar's "Half Hour Lessons in Music" were contributed originally to the Ladies' Home Journal. She has endeavored to appeal to both the imagination and the reason of children, who she fondly thinks are naturally enthusiastic and optimistic, especially in beginning the study of the piano; whereas there are many children who have to be bribed to sit for 15 minutes at a piano stool. Mrs. Kotzschmar discusses keyboard study, the value of notes, the music staff, finger drill and stroke position, and so on in conversational lessons of half an hour. With each lesson there is an account of a famous composer. The book is illustrated and there are lists of pieces for study and recreation suitable to children. It will undoubtedly be of help to perplexed teachers.

Mr. York's "Counterpoint Simplified" is a supplement to his "Harmony Simplified," and his hope was to put the old principles of strict counterpoint in as convenient and as concise a form as possible.

In the review of the musical season of 1907-08 in Boston, published in The Herald last Sunday for "Mrs. Riccardo Luchesi" read "Mr."

A concerto by Bach for harpischord, flute and violin with strings was performed at the third Dolmetsch concert, not at the second.

DIME HEROES.

The Rev. William D. Simonds, addressing members of the Oakland Club in California, admitted that the first book he bought was a dime novel. He bought many of them, and he now thinks they were good for him. "I believe boys often find things they most need in books outside of standard literature, and because the books interest them they become better readers and gain broader vocabularies." On the other hand, the Rev. Everett T. Tomlinson, in an address before library clubs in session at Atlantic City, N. J., insisted that boys should read neither dime novels nor psychological romances.

Each generation of boys has its own series of dime novels. Our own generation was fortunate, for the novels that were then published once a week and eagerly read in a garret, in the barn or behind the large and sheltering geography in school were scrupulously clean. Some had red covers, some were covered in yellow or a dirty cream; the front outside page bore a picture, usually that of an Indian or a trapper. "Seth Jones" and "Silverheels the Delaware" were masterpieces in their way. There were novels that had more sensational titles, as "Snaky-Snodgrass," "Mad Mike, the Death Shot," "Heavy Hatchet," but they were harmless. The characters were good and bad Indians, gallant backwoodsmen, white villains who met frightful deaths; peerless maidens, who talked as though they were quoting from "The Complete Letter Writer," were rescued from the oppressor and wedded the hero, an unerring marksman. There were sentimental books in the series, but they were not popular, with the exception of "Charlotte Temple." Then there were stories of highwaymen and pirates, books in larger form and with lurid covers. We well remember the appearance of "Sixteen String Jack," and would now gladly read of his daring exploits.

These books were better written than those that delighted the generation that followed, when the hero became a detective and the characters were chiefly crooks. There were books in the Beadle series that had the literary distinction of simplicity and force. The dialogue was natural and animated. There was little or no coarse slang. Yet fathers protested against these novels, took them away from their boys, and not infrequently read them. Caught in the act, a father would say: "I am reading it to see whether it is a fit book for you." The objection was made that the attention of the boys was diverted from their studies, an objection that might have been brought against any book that was not in the school course or did not bear directly on the lines of study.

The dime novels of that period which were carelessly or grotesquely written were sternly moral. Vice was never alluring; truthfulness and bravery were encouraged; the sinner was punished in this world. So, when the two clergymen disagree, each one might be asked: "When did you read dime novels? Was the hero of your school Seth Jones or Old Sleuth?"

May 18. 1908

BOW AND ARROWS.

The Ranclagh Club, near London, delighted by the success that has attended the revival of croquet, now purposes to make archery popular, and in June there will be meetings of bowmen and bowwomen on the lawns of the club. The tailors are already at work on costumes for the "ideal archery girl," or archeress, as Cowper and George Eliot called her.

There have been archery clubs in the United States, but the sport has never been widely popular. Boys go through the bow and arrow stage, but they soon put the weapon aside for the rubber sling and buckshot. To youthful ears there is no sweeter sound than that of schoolhouse windows riddled by shot, and the aim is more certain. One reason why grown persons do not care for archery is that they can seldom shoot effectively. Xenophon remarked wisely that "it is impiety in a man who has not learned archery from his childhood to ask such boon of the easy gods." Young women may affect enjoyment, for drawing the bow displays the figure, and the costume may be picturesque and alluring; but the sport is not physically light. The average man, persuaded for a time, soon feels himself ridiculous. Did not Diomede sneer at Paris as brave with the bow and a slick-haired lover? And, though this is a warlike generation, and though Ben Franklin and certain fancy tacticians have advocated the bow, with its lightness, silence and quickness of discharge, as a substitute for the musket, it is doubtful whether the authorities at Washington would look kindly on regiments of bowmen with arrows barbed or poisoned.

The revival of archery would necessarily reintroduce a bore, the man that would revel in the terminology of the sport and be wise in the matter of weapons and shape of butts. We remember a bore in "Ivanhoe" who was always saying: "My grandsire drew a good bow at Hastings." The fear of this phase of boredom is ungrounded, in spite of the news from England. Only an unusually brave man would venture to be seen with bow and arrows in trolley car or in the street making his way to the archery grounds.

Men and Things.

Sir Toby Belch replied to Maria commenting on his late hours and general misbehavior: "These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots, too." A commentator might add this anthropological note based on observation of daily and contemporaneous life. A man never looks so thoroughly and abjectly intoxicated as when he wears a plug hat on his rounds or during the enforced rest. The inexorable respectability of the plug is in striking contrast to the mess below it. On the other hand there are hats, slouch hats or the derby made to suit individual taste, which have of themselves a rakish, dissipated appearance. The wearer's slight jag or pronounced bun, is in keeping with the hat, which may thus be said to crown the glorious work.

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The Lancet, optimistic at last, declares that deceit is the protection of woman in certain instances. False teeth may be regarded by some as decoys, but they "connote conditions of health. If they conceal imperfections they also aid digestion"—except when the wearer happens to swallow a set.

This reminds us that Miss Emma Virginia Ice of Kansas City, Mo., declined to pay a dentist's bill of $36 on the ground that four false teeth caused her to whistle when she talked. The dentist said in court that he had worked in Miss Ice's mouth in a skilful manner, and that she was a mighty hard woman to please: She once took a dress back and had it made over seven times. Nevertheless the decision was against him, and it was the dentist, not Miss Ice, who paid dear for the whistle.

Miss Ice said in court: "I whistle when I talk." But is the beauty of her dominos thereby diminished? May not this be an excellent dental beauty that would have pleased Bacon by the "strangeness in the proportion"? Regularity in artificial teeth pleases many, as it did the woman who was talking recently with a friend just in front of us in a North Shore train. She was rather good looking and she chattered until her companion said: "How well your teeth look." She answered. "Do you like them? I'm so glad. You know, they were mother's." But there are different tastes. The teeth of Solomon's beloved were likened unto a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing—"Dentes tui sicut greges tonsarum tuae ascenderunt de lavacro"—not a black sheep among them; and the Italian poet likened the teeth of his mistress to pearls and diamonds, "urn of gems wherein my heart is buried"; but beauties of Japan, China, Bokhara were wont to stain their teeth wholly black; in Sumatra women gilded theirs; in the time of Marco Polo women of Cardandon, subject to the great Khan of Tartary, bore a plate of gold over the teeth, which reminds one of the first visit to London of an American musical comedy chorus, and the remark of the Pall Mall Gazette that the "long thin line of American dentistry reached from box to box"; in Java, both men and women had teeth pulled out to be replaced by those of gold, silver, brass, iron.

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Natural teeth do not always please even when they are regular and white. There are teeth that threaten and command, or recall Herman Melville's inquiry into the inherent and mysterious horror of the color white. The man in Poe's tale "Berenice" was haunted by "the white and ghastly spectrum" of his cousin's teeth. "Not a speck on their surface, not a shade on their enamel, not an indenture in their edges, but what that brief period of her smile had sufficed to brand in upon my memory." They were long, narrow and excessively white. And when she died, her cousin visited her tomb for consolation and took with him instruments of dental surgery. Had Berenice had a neat set, upper and lower, warranted, her tomb would not have been violated, even though in life she had whistled when she talked.

* * *

There have been Oriental women who decorated a front tooth with a gem, and in recent days professional beauties have followed their example. We remember an actress—she was thus classified in the natural history of stage-land—who displayed in Boston some years ago a diamond on an upper tooth.

Query: Is there any esoteric meaning in the first verse of Maginn's superb ballad:

There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man;
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman.
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman—
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring Irishman.

* * *

Here is a singular phase of human nature. When at a dinner given to a man in recognition of what he has done or is about not to do, the cry is raised, "All up!" and some enthusiast sings untunefully, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" at least half the guests sulk in the chorus. However friendly they may have been, they resent the gross expression of opinion, they begin to question whether he is after all a good fellow, and at the end of the dinner they leave almost disliking the man whom they met to honor. It is an ironical fact that the air to which the words are sung was intended with the original words to ridicule the great Duke of Marlborough. The air was composed, it is said, in 1709, on the night after the battle of Malplaquet. The words "For he's a jolly good fellow" were not written until 1827.

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The Linnerts' home in Brooklyn was not a restful one. Mr. Linnert's mother-in-law more than once poured water down his back. The wife would call him a thick-headed Dutchman and slap his face. He annoyed her by putting his head out of a window and shrieking madly, and on one occasion he smashed a custard pie against the wall instead of hanging it as a decorative plaque of exquisite color. The marriage was unhappy from the beginning, for Mr Lin-

may 19. 1908

MONET, SELF-CRITIC.

Let us take it for granted that the story of Mr. Claude Monet destroying his pictures painted during the last three years is true. These pictures, studies of water under effects of light, were about to be exhibited. Critics and friends had pronounced them admirable. Monet, reviewing the pictures and looking after the framing, found them unworthy of him, could not bear the thought of posterity's judgment, and destroyed them. It is said that in Paris they are discussing an artist's right to destroy his handiwork.

A more important question is this: Is an artist the best judge of his work? The term, artist, may here include poet, essayist, composer of music. Whimsical or inexplicable preferences may be cited, as of a poet insisting that verses now ignored or forgotten were his best; of a composer blaming the world for its inability to appreciate his dullest opera. The artistic egoism enters into the formulation of these judgments. A, knowing that two of his tragedies are hailed as masterpieces, cannot quietly accept the contemporary opinion that a third is trite and feeble. In these instances the work had gone before the public and the public's verdict had been given. The new pictures of Monet had not been judged by the world at large.

No one but the artist knows precisely what he, the artist, endeavored to produce. Is he in the habit of echoing the Great Creator and calling all of his work good? Or does he go to the other extreme and does the act of creation give him consequent depression that for a long time clouds his judgment? From Tschaikowsky's diary and letters we know how often he worked feverishly; how, when the symphony, overture, fantasia or opera was completed, he would exult in it as his best work; how dejected he would be after the performance; only after some years had gone by could he consider these works and pronounce discriminative criticism upon them as though he were an outsider. But Tschaikowsky was by nature melancholy, a creature of doleful dumps.

It appears that the new pictures were boldly experimental even for Monet. He, better than another, could judge of the success or failure. He also knew that, whether he were satisfied or discontented, the pictures would bring a high price in the market; but, as Mr. Durand-Ruel said of him, he is an artist, not a mere manufacturer. Monet had not solved the self-imposed problems to his own satisfaction. There was nothing left for him but to destroy the pictures. He doubted the praise of friends; he doubted the sincerity or the knowledge and imagination of critics.

The great artist has to a supreme degree the gift of self-examination and the courage to reject. Would that many writers, painters, musicians had weighed more carefully their work and found it wanting.

W. D. PARK.

The late William D. Park outved his restaurant which gave distinction to the town and spread its fame throughout the land. There are today restaurants in Boston where a man may eat well, but no one of them has the individuality that made the Park House famous. There are cities that have been known to travelers by a restaurant or by a dish. Thus Springfield was as famous for its waffles as for its arsenal; Hamburg's "Himmelsleiter" with its cold roast beef was as renowned as the superb Binnen-Alster with its quays, trees and mansions; New Haven's "Quiet House" kept by the Moriartys was to some visitors a greater attraction than were the buildings of Yale. Think of the historic London taverns, from the Mitre to Simpson's, from the Mermaid to the Cock. Is not Paris a cemetery of distinguished landlords? Even if broiled live lobster and musty ale had not been served at Park's, the place itself would have been apart from other places. The landlord was of the great race, the comate of Parker and George Young. He had a marked individuality.

OLD FAVORITES RETURN.

Clara Lane, J. K. Murray and Others at Castle Square Theatre.

may

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Simonson was the conductor. The cast follows:

Leonora.....Clara Lane
Inez.....Aimee Remley
Azucena.....Louise Le Baron
Manrico.....George Tallman
Count di Luna.....J. K. Murray
Ferrando.....Francis J. Boyle
Ruiz.....W. H. Pringle

A full house, frequent applause and many flowers, greeted the return of the old favorites, Miss Lane and Mr. Murray, who presented "Il Trovatore" last night, and are to repeat it all the week with the exception of Wednesday matinee and Thursday and Saturday evenings, when they will present "La Traviata." Next week De Koven's "Robin Hood" will be given.

From the time that the orchestra played "Auld Lang Syne" as a curtain raiser to the repeated encores at the end which brought Mr. Murray forward with a pleasant curtain speech, the company received an enthusiastic reception.

The best work was done in the tower scene, where Leonora was at her best, and where Manrico's decidedly nasal tones were softened at first by distance. Miss Le Baron as Azucena was quite winsome in spite of her repulsive make-up, and she showed dramatic fervor, especially in the long recital in the second act. The pathos of the last act was marred by Manrico's squeaking shoes, but the ensemble was soft and harmonious in the final trio. The count was at his best in the song "The Tempest of the Heart," which was best suited to his voice and which was encored twice.

All in all, the performance gave promise of the attractive summer season which Mr. Murray pledged in his curtain speech.

Men and Things.

Mr. Morgan of Lynn asked us nearly a fortnight ago why the phrase "put on your hat" or "put this in your pocket" is used instead of "take on your hat" or "take this in your pocket"; and he argued that "take" is "the act of reaching for and bringing inward," while "put" is "the act of expelling or removing outward."

The Herald answered on May 12 that the Oxford English Dictionary does not at present in the letter "P" go beyond "premious," but that Dr. Johnson gave the first meaning of "put" as "to lay or reposeite in any place," and the first definition of "put on" as "to impute, to charge," while the second is "to invest with, as clothes or covering." Now Mr. Morgan replies as follows:

May 15, 1908.

Men and Things: It also is interesting that the sleepy Oxford Dictionary has got up to "P" or down to it: the same thing. It is interesting, further, that you quote no dictionary between Johnson and the moribund Oxford: perhaps this is too severe; it may live yet. Please discover America!

It is interesting to read what you say of Lydia Thompson, because it indicates that the writer is over 60. I was at the opening in Wood's Museum, near Thirtieth street, in the fall of '68. Becket was easily the best artist in the cast. Besides, there was Cahill; I do not remember any other males than these two. I did not see "The Forty Thieves," being in Massachusetts all winter, but saw "Sinbad." Eliza Weathersby played the leading role, while Thompson stayed with Henderson, her husband, at Long Branch. But occasionally Lydia came on. Later the troupe went West. Belle Howitt married soon after and left the stage, I think. Liza Weber was said to be the cause of the expulsion of the troupe from the Spingler House, where they lived at one time. Pauline Markham—what a story her true life would be! Becket joined Daly after the troupe lost its flavor. Weathersby married Nat Goodwin, I believe, but she was not quite of the first troupe.

JOHN J. MORGAN.

* * *

We admit our mistake in beginning with Johnson's Dictionary: we should have begun with Nathan Bailey's. We quoted from the seventh edition of Johnson's (1785). We now quote from Bailey's, the second edition (1736): "To put; to place, lay, etc"; and we learn from Bailey that "to put a horse" is to break or manage him; then there is this Cheshire proverb: "Put another man's child in your bosom and he'll creep out at your elbow."

Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to humor Mr. Morgan. We will quote from a later dictionary than Johnson's. Here is the definition given in John Ash's (London, second edition, 1795). This date 1795 to the inhabitants of the air, who know not our paltry definitions of time and space and look on Julius Caesar and Gen. Grant as contemporaries, is as yesterday. Listen to Ash: "Put, to lay in any place, to place in any situation," etc. "Put on, to invest with," etc. Where did Mr. Morgan get the idea that "put" means to expel or remove outward? And he thinks that the colossal Oxford English Dictionary is "moribund." We hasten to assure him that it is in rude health.

* * *

When Lydia Thompson first appeared at Wood's Museum, New York (Sept. 28, 1868), her company consisted of Lisa Weber, Pauline Markham, Ada Harland and Harry Beckett. Sol Smith, Mr. Mestayer and M. C. Daly of the regular company assisted the English visitors. The play was "Ixion."

* * *

Mr. Morgan thinks that any one who remembers the British Blondes in 1868 must be over 60. If there were giants as well as blondes in those days, there were also youths of 14 years, with clear eyesight, quick ears, alert and receptive minds, lovers of the beautiful, whether the beautiful were draped or undraped. An elaborate mathematical calculation would prove to Mr. Morgan that a youth of 14 in 1868 would now be 54 years old and therefore not over 60, not a trembler with wrinkled face, with "eyes purging thick amber, or plum-tree gum," with "plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams."

* * *

To gratify Mr. Morgan, we hasten to add that the writer who remembers gratefully those British Blondes is now, we should judge, about 73½ years old. He was not present at the battle of Waterloo, but he wore a Wideawake uniform in the first Lincoln campaign and let off roman candles from the back of a foaming farm horse. Today he has the benignant face of one that has labored incessantly for the good of his fellow-men, although a portion of it is hidden by flowing and venerable whiskerage. His life has been a simple one: he has eaten little meat; he has constantly used tobacco in the form of cigar, pipe and plug, and while he has never enjoyed delirium tremens and seen the blue monkey grin at him at daybreak, he has taken a sociological interest in the drinks of all nations. His chief joy is to write convincing editorial articles of no mean literary style on the jute crop.

* * *

No newspaper man can be considered invaluable and an ornament to his office until he is at least 65 years old. We were glad to hear from Mr. George R. Sims on this point. Mr. Sims was replying to a lugubrious article by Mr. Clement Shorter on the subject of journalism as a profession. Mr. Sims argues that "the journalism that includes the critical and the literary faculty may be practised with pleasure and profit up to 90 or 100." The newspaper men that grow tragically old are those whose ideas grow old; these ideas are sometimes old when the entertainer of them is only 35; these men refuse to recognize changes in life and manners, and they will not fall in with "newer methods, newer views, newer needs." Age is chiefly a question of vitality. Mr. Sims also argues that the older a man gets the younger should be the society with which he surrounds himself. (He might have cited the instance of Dion Boucicault, who made it a point to have younger actresses about him the older he grew.) "So long," says Mr. Sims, "as a man is capable of taking a keen interest in the young life around him he need never be too old for anything, except, perhaps, tight-rope walking, sprint running, weight-lifting, champion clog-dancing, and international wrestling a la Gotch." But he must always be in love with his work.

may 20, '08

Men and Things.

A teetotaller is by no means necessarily a Prohibitionist, although there is too often a confusion of the terms. A temperance man of course must drink temperately whether the drink be spring water, ale, sauterne or rum.

Long ago in England there was a demand for "some one definite and suggestive term wherewith to designate a person who abstains from the use of fermented liquors as beverages." "Good templar" was condemned as meaningless and "total abstainer" as absurd. "Water Drinker" in the Times advocated the word "hydropot" and rather plumed himself on the coinage, not knowing that "hydropota" was thus used in 1727 and that "hydropote" was in Bailey's dictionary of that year. "Hydropotist, a water drinker," was in Phillips' "List of Barbarous Words," published in the latter half of the 17th century.

* * *

The proposal of "Water Drinker" was mocked by the ungodly. The St. James's Gazette asked: "Well, why not water pot?" and Sala wondered why the lovers of the pump did not call themselves Hydrophils or Antihacs, "bacs" being accepted as the abbreviation of "Bacchanallans." "'Water-spouters' might be turned to discourteous account."

* * *

The Herald has already commented on the reported remark of Mr. Roosevelt, that Dist.-Atty. Jerome's throwing dice for drinks was undignified. We may here add that it depends largely on how the dice were thrown. No one that, throwing, drops dead—that is, throws a two or a five until his dice are exhausted—can appear dignified, although he may at the time be resplendent in full uniform or wear a stovepipe, toga and cavalry boots. On the other hand a man may swell to heroic proportions when throwing poker dice.

As for dice, they are said to have been invented by Palamedes at the siege of Troy, and Ajax and Achilles are represented on a famous vase as throwing in rivalry. The Emperor Augustus was an inveterate dicer. Read the account of Suetonius as Englished bravely by Philemon Holland. "As for the rumor that ran of his dice-playing he bashed no whit thereat; and he played simply without art and openly for his disport, even when he was well stricken in years: and besides the month December, upon other play days also, yea and work days too. Neither is there any doubt to be made thereof. For in a certain epistle written with his own hand: 'I supped,' quoth he, 'my Tiberius, with the same men: there came moreover to bear us company these guests, Vinicius and Salvius, the father. In supper time we played like old men, both yesterday and today. For when the dice were cast look who threw the chance, Canis or Senio, for every die he staked and laid to the stock a denier: which he took up and swooped all clean, whose luck it was to throw Venus." Here is probably the origin of the jackpot. But dicing in the old days, as now, heated the blood, for Patroclus, discomfited, slew the young Amphidamos, and Caligula often cheated in the game. Not infrequently, as in the time of Horace, dicing was prohibited by law.

* * *

The statement that Francis I. of France was the first to write with a diamond on glass is again going the rounds. The story is the old one: how the monarch wrote at the Castle of Chambord, to let Anne de Pisseleu know that he was jealous of her:

Souvent femme varie,
Mal habil qui s'y fie.

the same moral observation that the duke sings with never failing applause in "Rigoletto."

Whenever we read this story, we are reminded of the lines of a humble poet:

Whene'er you see a fellow's name
Written on the glass,
You know he owns a diamond
And his father owns an ass.

* * *

To run an ordinary closed automobile in Paris costs the owner about $1750 a year, and if he have bad luck he spends about $2500. The chauffeur expects $50 a month, though, it is said, that in hard times plenty of men will hire out for $10 a week. There are Americans—auriferous but foolish Americans—who pay a chauffeur as much as $150 a month. A Paris newspaper remarks: "Less wealthy owners claim that the Americans spoil the market."

And where do they not spoil all markets? A westerner spends the summer in a "cottage" on the North Shore. His wife is willing, yes, eager to pay absurd prices for servants. A few days ago an agent in Boston supplied one family with 17 servants for the summer, and at extravagant prices. These things are not hid, and naturally the prices go up, so that thrifty and sensible Bostonians stand aghast.

Penguins' eggs imported from South Africa are now delicacies in the London market. They are "boiled and served cold for breakfast with shrimps or anchovies and cucumbers." Without bacon? What becomes, then, of a long cherished English institution? And no marmalade or jam of any kind, with hot buttered toast and something potted?

The name Penguin was first given to the Great Auk of Newfoundland and some etymologists still insist that the word is Welsh—"pen gwyn," meaning white head. Why do not the uneasy rich endeavor to obtain an egg of the great auk for a formal breakfast party? The scarcity and the price would make the occasion of eating one or two memorable in the annals of pompous feasting. Mr. H. G. Wells in a short story introduces a young auk and its egg with thrilling effect.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Capus said recently in Paris that Bohemia was no longer a district in that city the other side of the Seine. "It is impossible to live the Bohemian life in new quarters, in big tenement houses of five stories, overlooking great broad avenues, furrowed by electric tramways and speeding motor cars." Is Bohemia, then, a matter of architecture? Is it subdued and changed forever by the elevator and sanitary plumbing? Hospitals and poorhouses still exist for the ending of the Bohemian; will they, too, soon be unromantic and hopelessly bourgeois?

May 21 08

Concert Foyer.

BY PHILIP HALE.

After the first performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Majestic Theatre in Boston May 11, dispatches were sent to newspapers in New York stating that Boston had applauded Mme. Padovani enthusiastically and proclaimed her great. As a matter of fact, the galleries filled with Italians had shown their patriotism, good will and enjoyment in a hearty manner, and there was considerable applause on the floor, chiefly from dead heads.

Mme. Padovani was treated respectfully by the newspapers of this city because she is evidently a sincere singer and actress who has been well trained. It is impossible to deny the fact that her voice is now worn and wiry; that her mechanism creaks at times; that her intonation is not infrequently false. It is not the custom, however, in this city to dwell on vocal faults and flaws when they are the results of Time's envious ravages.

Mme. Padovani sang with a certain brilliance and with more emotion in "La Traviata" on the following Wednesday night. It was again evident that she was a singer with a past. The Herald received a letter written with reference to her impersonation of Violetta:

"Boston, Mass.

"Mr. Music Editor:

"The performance of Mme. Padovani last evening was the most completely satisfying piece of work I ever listened to or saw, and I frequent the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera houses. You do not give her half the mead (sic) of praise to which she is more than entitled. Why don't you enthuse, as the big audience did? As I came from the lobby I heard one of your fashionable Boston dames say: 'I could listen to her forever.' JOSEPH W. NORTHROP.

"Bridgeport, Ct."

The only reply to this is that The Herald does not "enthuse" over anybody or anything. "Enthuse!" 'Tis a vile verb, an "ignorant back formation" from "enthusiasm." A gent in pants enthuses. As for our "fashionable Boston dames," they are given to saying extraordinary things about art.

The highly respectable Mme. Padovani and the other members of Mr. Kronberg's company began an engagement at the Majestic Theatre, New York, last Monday night. The Tribune said of her: "The lady is certainly entitled to respect for what after, we should say, was a long and probably active career, remains of a once fine voice and more than ordinary skill. The once fine voice is now sadly worn and the skill is evident only at intervals that are few and far between; yet she stirred a fair gathering of listeners who admired power and well, though laboriously simulated feeling more than they appreciated just intonation, to several outbursts of enthusiasm."

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang at the music festival at Ann Arbor last week. Mr. Walter C. Boynton was much pleased, although he admitted that "one's critical judgment is likely to be given a somewhat dizzy round in hearing her sing very often." "The three Schubert songs she sang were in the very essence of the unapproachable." Singing an aria from "Rienzi" she made a deep impression, "Sounding all the depths of anguish and mounting to all the heights of noble reserve."

Mr Boynton heard excerpts from Sibelius' "Kalevala"—"a work full of 'folky' writing."

It is a pleasure to add that Mme. Schumann-Heink was so pleased at Ann Arbor that she clasped Prof. Albert A. Stanley in her arms and gave him resounding smacks. The Free Press says she did, and it publishes a portrait of Prof. Stanley taken probably before the osculation, for the face is a mask of academic composure.

Miss Lilia Ormond of Boston sang with marked success at musical festivals held in Manchester, N. H. (May 4-5), and Nashua, N. H. (May 14-15), conducted by Eusebius G. Hood. At the latter festival she took part in the performance of "The Swan and the Skylark," Gade's "Erl King's Daughter" and "The Finest Walpurgis Night." She also sang an aria and groups of songs. Mr. Hood's chorus at Nashua has much more than a local reputation. It compares favorably with any chorus in Boston or New York.

Mrs. Clara Sexton Crowley of Boston will sing at the music festival to be held at Burlington and St. Albans, Vt., next week.

Professional pupils of Mme. Salisbury will give a concert in Potter Hall Wednesday afternoon, June 3. Mmes. Sundelius, Helen Hunt, Dorothy Mellier, Baker, Ames, Davis, Pickhardt, Crowley, Ray, Wainwright and Ellis will take part. Concerted pieces and songs by Wagner, Smart, Secchi, German, H. Wolf, Schubert, Vidal, Gounod, Handel, Chadwick, H. Parker, Clough-Leiter, Bond, Taylor, Rubinstein, Chabrier, Mrs. Beach, R. Strauss, Whelpley and others will be sung.

A Frenchman advances the pleasing theory that blonde painters "see blonde and should paint blonde." We are told that Miss Martha Leland, encouraged by Mme. Melba and engaged by Oscar Hammerstein, is a tall blonde and a soprano: Query: Should not all purely lyric and bravura singers (women) be blondes? Do we not reasonably expect a passionate brunette to be a dramatic soprano, or a contralto with thrilling fog-horn tones?

So Mme. Chaminade will visit the United States. She should have come here some years ago when young women were enthusiastically "Chaminadng" on the piano or with the voice. However, there may yet be curiosity to see her. She will be 47 years old next August.

Edyth Walker has made a great hit at Covent Garden as Isolde. It is a pity that we did not know her better in Boston, for she did not have a fair opportunity of showing what she could do when she visited this city in 1904 and 1905. Ortrud is not one of her best parts, nor as the blind woman in "Gioconda" and Urbain in "The Huguenots" could she expect more than manifestations of moderate rapture. We should have been allowed to know her Amneris, but that part was given to another, also an American, simply, forsooth, because the other had taken the part and had friends in Boston.

President G. Stanley Hall does not value highly college glee clubs. "Glee club performances constitute a unique badge of our national academic inferiority in music. * * * Glee clubs croon college ditties of the 'polly-wolly-doodle' or 'Mary's Little Lamb' order. The utter banality of the words soberly sung by stalwart college barbarians in evening dress often suggests downright infantilism." Nevertheless, college glee clubs will keep on singing. The graduates like to hear the old songs, and the girls like to look at the singers, even though the singing be high-shouldered rather than diaphragmatic; though it be of the collar-and-elbow variety.

Miss Charlotte Lund, a grandniece of Ole Bull, gave her first concert on May 7 in London. She spent her youth in the United States and for two years or more has been studying with Jean de Reszke. She has, it appears, a pleasing soprano voice. "It may be that in the attack of certain higher notes the tone was not uniformly smooth, nor was her control of color all that might be wished, yet there was a degree of elegance in her general style of singing."

The Londoners are confirmed fetishists. Listen to the opening sentence of the Pall Mall Gazette's review of a performance of "Tannhaeuser" (May 8): "With Dr. Richter at the head of affairs no performance of 'Tannhaeuser' could fail to strike a note of truth and sincere beauty."

The Observer (London) insists that Mr. Nikisch is not "a great accompanist" on the piano. "It is absurd to expect that with his multifarious duties, he should ever find time to keep his piano technique to a high standard. And such songs as the 'Wiegenlied' and 'Lied vom Winde' require fine finger work." Furthermore, the Observer does not swallow all that Miss Gerhardt, the Leipsic singer, does. "I allude to the persistent forcing of the upper notes; this, frequently inappropriate, means of expression savored more of 'ranting' than true dramatic feeling."

The faithful London public! Mme. Albani and Sir Charles Santley—the latter is in his 75th year—sang at a concert May 6, and were wildly applauded by the audience and praised by the critics, although the Pall Mall Gazette did have the courage to say: "Time has begun to touch the brilliancy" of Mme. Albani's voice.

May 22 08

THE PIERIAN SODALITY.

The Pierian Sodality of Harvard University will celebrate its centenary tonight, and the occasion is indeed one out of the common. It has been rashly said that the Pierian is the oldest musical organization in this country. It is the first musical society that was formed in any American college. The Stoughton (Mass.) Musical Society was founded in 1786, and the St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, S. C., was probably established in 1762, although there is still a dispute about the latter date.

Pierian was an epithet of the muses, and the adoption of this name in the university shows that the classics were more respected in the old days when the curriculum was conventional and rigid. The term is used allusively in reference to poetry or learning rather than specifically in reference to music, but who would have the quaint title changed? And how often was the famous couplet of Pope applied to the enthusiastic amateurs!

In the early years the faculty of Harvard did not smile on the sodality. It no doubt looked on these undergraduate musicians as John Adams on the amateurs of a half-century before, for, praising Peter Chardon, "a promising youth," Adams wrote: "This fellow's thoughts are not employed on songs and girls, nor his time on flutes, fiddles, concerts and card tables; he will make something." The Pierians delighted in serenading young women, in spite of the prohibition of the faculty; they then refused to play at a college exhibition. As there were regulations later against secret societies, all the members deserted except a '34 man. Henry Gassett would not resign; he held meetings, with himself in the chair, paid himself the regular dues, and finally elected other members.

Members of the sodality, as the late John S. Dwight, have told amusing stories of the quality of the musical performance. This quality has varied naturally from year to year, according to the musical endowment of the members. This is certain, however: the sodality has been of good influence, not only in college life, but in arousing an interest in music that bore fruit after graduation. It is not too much to say that the Harvard Musical Association, which long gave orchestral concerts in Boston, sprang in a way from the Pierian. It is also a significant fact that the programme of the concert tonight is made up of compositions by Harvard men. The proposal to give the proceeds of this concert to the fund for the new building of the Harvard musical department is characteristic of the general aim and purpose of the sodality as it exists today.

May 22 1908

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letter:

Boston, May 20, 1908.

Men and Things—You have spoken at times of the number of oysters eaten by one man at a sitting, and you have asked how many should be eaten as a first course. These are subjects of contemporaneous human interest, although May is without an "r." Let me call your attention to a passage in Henry Cornelius Agrippa's "Vanity of Arts and Sciences" (chap. lxxxix, "Of the Art of Cookery"): "Among the Greeks and Romans there were a sort of people called wrestlers, men of most greedy and voracious appetites; but their infamy was at length outvy'd and exceeded by consular magistrates and emperors. For Aliinus, who formerly rul'd in Gaul, devour'd at one supper an hundred peaches, ten melons, fifty large green figs and three hundred oysters."

I do not know where Agrippa found the story of this memorable feat. Not in the "Banquet" by Atheneus, although that lover of culinary gossip tells us that a certain Apicius found a way of keeping oysters fresh and sending them in this condition to Trajan in Parthia; that there was a kind of oyster known as "wild," nourishing, and of a strong odor; he quotes the opinion of Mnesitheus, an Athenian, that oysters should always be roasted, otherwise they are a windy food; furthermore, Atheneus says that sea oysters are excellent when they are found in the neighborhood of a pool or a river; "they are then larger and sweeter."

MARCELLUS L. GRAVES.

* * *

Never judge a man's habits by the color of his nose.

Distrust the man who talks constantly of gout, and how the disease runs in his family. "I come honestly by it." His corns may have come from standing behind a counter.

* * *

C. F. B. writes: "I was interested in your account of the wineshop, 'At the Sign of the Return from the Funeral,' with a sign 'Private Rooms for Persons Desirous of Weeping Alone,' near a graveyard in Paris. Is it not highly probable that the landlord with true Gallic spirit will add a corps of male sympathizers on whose breasts mourning females can weep in comfort. Of course, flannel shirts should be worn by the assistants in order to avoid crumpled bosoms and consequent washing. With this further luxury, second marriages might be arranged in transit from the newly-dug grave to the bereaved home. The story of the Ephesian woman told by Petronius and afterward with gusto by Jeremy Taylor in his 'Holy Dying'—in the section entitled 'A Peroration Concerning the Contingencies and Treatings of Our Departed Friends After Death'—is for all time and for every land. Resolved to weep to death in the vault with the corpse of her husband, or to die by famine or a distempered sorrow, she listened to a soldier watching dead bodies near the vault of her husband, took drink from his hand, grew gay and fell in love: 'and that very night in the morning of her passion, in the grave of her husband, in the pomps of mourning, and in her funeral garments, married the new and stranger guest.'"

* * *

Marie Lloyd, returning to London, said she was delighted with the attention paid her by American audiences. "The only thing I didn't like in American variety theatres was having to give a show twice every Sunday." She then said to the reporter: "When I got to Boston—where I had heard the people were so narrow-minded, but they're not—Mr. Keith insisted on having my Sundays off because I was working so hard." Marie is indeed a close observer with a good memory. She thinks America is ahead of England "especially in what you might call the provincial cities; for one thing, you never see any draggle-tail women and sloppy girls about." But she was afraid in Chicago, because there were five murders a day there, on the average. "I drove to the theatre and drove back again. I wasn't taking any risks, you bet."

* * *

Some people gamble here in rugs as others do in quinine. They should be interested in W. Howson's note on Persian carpets made in the Province of Kain. (Mr. Howson was formerly British agent at Birjand.) He says that buyers of large quantities should order directly from the manufacturers and an agreement should be taken, binding the makers to use vegetable dyes, otherwise, aniline dyes will be substituted.

We were reading recently Mr. Ducket's observations on the state of Persia. He was an agent for the Moscovy Company and went to Persia in 1568. He noted, that the Persians ate on the ground, "sitting on carpets cross-legged as do tailors, there is no man so simple but he sitteth on a carpet better or worse, and the whole house or room, wherein he sitteth, is wholly covered with carpets. And when Morgan Hubblethorn, a dyer, was sent to Persia in 1579, this direction was given to him: "In Persia you shall find carpets of coarse thrummed wool, the best of the world, and excellently colored; those cities and towns you must repair to, and you must use means to learn all the order of the dyeing of those thrums, which are so dyed as neither rain, wine, nor yet vinegar can stain; and if you may attain to that cunning, you shall not need to fear dyeing of cloth. For if the color hold in yarn and thrum, it will hold much better in cloth."

* * *

When John Ogilby's "Asia" was published (London 1673) the best Persian carpets were sold at Caxem. Carpets, "made in the villages belonging to the jurisdiction of the city, none in all Persia comparing with them, except those of Ispahan. The weavers live all together in a little part of the city, inclosed with a wall, and all those other workmen who prepare and make ready the silk." Let it not be forgotten that highly civilized Persia in 1673 was an open country for all nations to vend their wares in, and as the Persians were ignorant in the use of wool and making of cloth, they gladly exchanged bales of silk for cloth, copper and tin.

* * *

We regret to say that we do not know who made Solomon's carpet of green silk on which his throne was placed. All his forces could stand on this carpet as it flew through the air. The [illegible]re on his right hand and the [illegible] were on his left. The army of [illegible] flying at the same time over their

...ds f... d a ...py to shade them ...m t... sun. This carpe t would go the air wherever S...lom...on pleased. ...s did it d...ffer from the flying ma...ies of today.

May 23 1908

TREES AND THUNDERBOLTS.

There is still a belief that certain trees are less likely than others to be struck by lightning; that it is safe to stand during a thunder storm under a beech, while the danger under a resinous tree or an oak is much greater. This belief is an old one. Pliny wrote: "Of all those things which grow out of the ...arth, lightning blasteth not the ...urel tree." He also recommend...d as places of shelter "booths made ...f skins of sea-beasts, which they ...all seals or sea-calves; for of all creatures in the sea this alone is not subject to the stroke of lightning." Query: Would a woman in a sealskin sack be free from danger, that is, if she first removed her diamonds?

The ash was reckoned a lightning plant.

Avo...d an ash,
It courts ...he flash.

The hazel gives immunity from lightning, and the Holy Family in the course of its flight into Egypt sought shelter under one. Therefore in Germany and Austria hazel twigs are put in window frames during a thunder storm. The mistletoe was supposed to protect a house from bolts. Other trees or plants with preservative properties are holly, nettles, olive, walnut, or pine, fig, everlasting flower. A person is safe under an elder tree, for the lightning never strikes that of which the cross was made.

There were incredulous persons in the early years. Vicomercatus ...ave instance of a bay tree blasted in Italy. Sir Thomas Browne was sceptical: "And, therefore, although Tiberius for this intent did wear a laurel upon his temples, yet did Augustus take a more probable course, who fled under arches and hollow vaults for protection." Now comes Dr. A. W. Borthwick, who says in the "Notes of the Royal Botanical Garden of Edinburgh" that no tree is immune; the beech is struck as frequently as any other species; the taller trees are the ones most likely to be struck.

In Herman Melville's fantastical tale "The Lightning Rod Man," Melville, observing the dazzling lightning in the Berkshires, was warned by his voluble visitor never to stand in a storm beneath any tree. The advice was sound, although the visitor had a faith, that was wellnigh impious, in the lightning rod. There are persons who profess to relish thunder storms; they talk jauntily of the artillery of heaven and the handwriting in the sky. We doubt the ecstasy of their enjoyment. Some, on the other hand, suffer physically, as well as mentally, during a storm, nor would they be consoled if houseleek were growing on the roof that covered them, or if they were sheltered in a ...irch hut. It would seem as though ...ommon sense should keep any one ...rom running to a tree for shelter, ...et it is safe to say that over one-...alf of those killed by lightning ...re struck while under or near a ...ee. It is more prudent to stay in...oors, and divert the mind by stand...g in the middle of the room, in ...bber boots, or on a footstool with ...ass casters. The fatalist should ...t be obliged to think of these pre...utions humiliating to man's pride.

Men and Things

The Herald has received the following letter:

May 21, 1908.

Men and Things: Yesterday it was my intention to speak of strawberries; which you noticed recently. It is true that strawberries are of a deterrent nature and that the residue irritates the bowels and aggravates any dormant tendency toward lumbago or sciatica. * * *

Now, it is a curious fact that those thus affected are the persons most delighted with the flavor of that delicious berry. I have noticed that they eat them lovingly; leisurely crushing them between the tongue and the vault of the mouth, thus absorbing the last vestige of the aroma. Now, it were a pity to rob these lovers of the innocent objects of their joys, and it were cruel in me to know of the remedy and not give it forth. Let the berries be prepared thus, and none of this harm will come from even a gorge of them. Carefully wash and dry the fruit—dry by heat and not with a towel. Dust on a little powdered sugar if they are tart. But use no cream—that is the secret. Instead use castor oil, which, by contrary action, will overcome the deterrent effects of the berries. Yours, MORGAN OF LYNN.

* * *

Tickets for the gala operatic performance at Covent Garden the 27th will be high. The grand tier and pit tier boxes will be sold for 40 guineas each, the first tier boxes will cost 30 guineas; the second tier boxes, 15 guineas; the orchestra stalls, 7 guineas; the balcony stalls, 4 guineas, and the two front rows of the amphitheatre stalls 2 guineas. Admission to the gallery is fixed at 10 shillings a ticket.

* * *

As our readers probably know, the Knickerbocker grand opera company came to grief in New York after an engagement of "one consecutive night." Mr. Kronberg says the New York critics did the harm with their little pens. As a matter of fact, the New York critics were as friendly as was possible. They could not stultify themselves by saying that Mme. Padovani is a young singer with a fresh voice, the equal of Mme. Melba and Mme. Tetrazzini. The husband of Mme. Padovani came from Santiago, Chili. He said to a reporter: "This morning Mr. Kronberg called me up on the telephone and told me that 10 papers had said the most horrible things about my wife. He declared that we could never succeed here, and I agreed to leave for Milan in two days and cancel the contract. I saw Mr. Kronberg tonight and he wept. I was so affected that I also wept." A scene for our distinguished friend, the historical painter!

* * *

Mr. Brockman went into a theatre in Cleveland, O., a few days ago to see a moving picture show. He gayly took his seat, and, taking it, disturbed a long splinter in the bottom of it. Mr. Brockman says the splinter was four inches long. There is a dispute about this, but there is no doubt that the splinter disturbed his peace of mind, injured his feelings and ripped his trousers. The manager would not spread pecuniary balm, so Mr. Brockman went into court, "produced his damaged exhibits" and demanded $7. The Leader tells us that "experts were employed to survey the damage"—view the premises—"and assess the valuation." A verdict for $4 damages and costs amounting to $5.75 was given in favor of the plaintiff. The case is a singular one. Mr. Brockman will carry it up to the supreme court if the judgment is not satisfied.

* * *

There are men who would have sat on this splinter and not noticed it. We are inclined to think that Mr. Randolph of San Francisco would not have made such a fuss. He has repose of manner. For, asked on the witness stand in Washington, D. C., if he knew a woman, Pearle E. Randolph, he asked in return: "How do you spell the first name?" (Was he thinking of purl, a soothing drink, made of beer warmed nearly to boiling point and flavored with gin, sugar and ginger—formerly with a dash of wormwood—a drink once dear to watermen on the Thames?) "P-e-a-r-l-e." said the district attorney. Mr. Randolph rummaged his memory. At last a smile lightened his face. "Why, yes, I remember it now. She was my wife once. We were divorced eight years ago." Mr. Randolph is what is known to certain healers as a low vibrator. A splinter eight inches would not have moved him, even though the show were moving.

* * *

"Carrots develop good temper and are recommended to peevish and bilious subjects." We remember that in the sixties German physicians at the head of water cures in Hampshire county gave carrots to their patients. For this they were accused of meanness both by ignorant patients and by the villagers, who knew carrots only as food for their stock and for pet rabbits. Even now many people in this country are prejudiced against carrots.

In the first years of the reign of Henry VIII. neither cabbages nor carrots were grown in England. The word itself is not in Shakespeare or in the Bible. Yet Gerarde speaks of the carrot as a love philtre. Where did the modern idea that it develops good temper originate?

George Augustus Sala was enthusiastic over a young carrot soup. He put the red gratings—the hearts were not touched—into a stew pan with an ounce of fresh butter, a little lean ham or bacon, an onion, a turnip and a bunch of leeks and celery. "Sweat the roots gently over a slow fire, stirring them with a wooden spoon; add a sufficient quantity of stock and let the whole boil slowly for an hour and three-quarters; take out the ham and the roots, but strain the carrots through a sieve; pound them in a mortar, return them to their liquor, and rub all through a tammy. Add some more stock and boil over a quick fire; when it boils, set it at the corner of the stove and skim perfectly; add a pinch of sugar to soften the flavor of the roots. When thoroughly clarified, serve in a tureen with bread dice lightly fried. This is one of the wholsomest and most palatable summer soups I know. I call it 'do-without-the-doctor soup.'" Sala's recipe for carrot pie does not persuade us to try the dish. Neither do we hanker after carrot pudding, recommended in "The Cook Not Mad; or, Rational Cookery" (Watertown, N. Y., 1831): "A coffee cup full of boiled and strained carrots, five eggs, sugar and butter of each two ounces, cinnamon and rose water to your taste. Bake in a deep dish without paste one hour."

The carrot has little nutritive value. In its composition it has 88.2 of water and only 1.1 of proteids.

* * *

Thirty-nine women and girls and the Rev. Mr. Forbes entered into a chewing gum contest at a "social" given by the Daughters of Veterans in Chicago. Mrs. Irene Anderson won the first prize, a decorated piece of china, for the best specimen. She moulded a rat out of her gum. The chewing lasted three hours. We refer to this industry in art only because the chewing was done to music. It was rhythmical. This was as it should always be. Unrhythmical, spasmodic chewing irritates the looker-on, and gum chewers should have some consideration for the nerves of others.

May 24. 1908

TSCHAIKOWSKY'S ERA RECALLED IN REPRINT

Charles Scribner's Sons have imported "Tschaikowsky, His Life and Works, Etc.," by Rosa Newmarch, edited and enlarged by Edwin Evans, Sr., F. R. C. O. The London publisher is William Reeves.

This book should not be confounded in any way with Mrs. Newmarch's translation and condensation of Modeste Tschaikowsky's life of Peter, published by John Lane. It is a different book. As far as biographical detail is concerned, it is much inferior.

The purely biographical section in the new volume is a reprint of Mrs. Newmarch's biographical sketch published originally in London eight years ago. This sketch was based on Kashkin's reminiscences and information based on other sources; but Modeste Tschaikowsky's authoritative work had not then been published. There were other sections—"Tschaikowsky as a Musical Critic" and a translation of the diary of his tour in 1888. These sections are now reprinted. The plates of 225 pages seem to be the same, and there does not appear to be any revision based on Modeste's information. As a biography, then, this reprint was superseded before its appearance, and it is open to correction.

Mr. Evans has added nearly 200 pages in which he discusses the "relation of Tschaikowsky to art questions of today," and analyzes at length a few of his most important works. Mr. Evans is an organist who gave recitals in London and conducted concerts in the provinces 25 years or more ago. He has composed a symphony, piano concerto, sonata, etc., like any other self-respecting, god-fearing English musician.

He speaks of Tschaikowsky's method of instrumentation, saying that, like Berlioz, he relied greatly on his instrumentation; he welcomes Tschaikowsky's definition of the art as "the distribution of a work among the various instruments," and he incidentally makes this astonishing remark: "The student either knows or should know that in composition the best work is always done very rapidly." This statement encouraged us to pass on at once to "Tschaikowsky and Form." "The fates seem so cruelly to have ordered matters that, while some are ethereally wafted to the empyrean, others need to console themselves with a faint approximation, and that, too, attained only by small and painful stages." This too encouraged skipping, but Mr. Evans quotes from Tschaikowsky himself to prove that the composer's idea of form is "not that of the school-men, but of the artist." We are invited to consider the composer and idealism.

It seems that the unthinking may be easily lured into the belief that idealism is in the ascendant. "Such folk perceive no humor in the aspect of a 'man in the street,' analytical programme in hand, en route to be tone-poemed. They might even be ready to dogmatize upon this as a sign of the wonderful advance accomplished in the true understanding of the tonal language, aye, and even perorate with pity of times gone by, before the supervention of this glorious flood of enlightenment." Mr. Evans admits that programme music has come to stay, but "only as an additional member of the family." Asked by a rebellious and stiff-necked pupil why he revered the sonata form, Mr. Evans answered: "Because it is true." Listen to this beautiful explanation:

"The sonata enthralls us because of its truth to nature. * * * Its repetition groups reflect the constant tendency in nature to return to a point of departure. Our very lives end as they began; in childishness and helplessness. With the termination of our school days we are at the threshold of the 'Durchfuehrung,' which is as the turmoil of our existence; its climax our zenith of success—or, mayhap, our comment of supremest suffering. But, whether borne along by happiness or misery, it is the flood-tide of our lives; the forerunner of calm; associated with either contentment or with resignation, as the case may be; as we return to pass the evening of our lives in meditation of the past."

Mr. Evans has the sonata form ever before his eyes; he sees it in the clouds, at breakfast, in the sea, in the woods. The seasons revolve according to the sonata form, which is in the pages of the classics, "as in the separate life of every flower and insect." To the inhabitants of the air, no doubt, Mr. Evans himself is a sonata form.

Then there is talk about the "nationalism" of Tschaikowsky. Was he an eclectic, a cosmopolite? Mr. Evans is not willing to hand down an opinion and thus settle the question for all time.

Tschaikowsky had individuality, and Mr. Evans admires him because he did not imitate Mozart, whom he adored. Writing about this individuality, Mr. Evans slaps the new English school that has "blatancy of assertion" and "whistles aloud to keep its courage up." He is a bit of a critic, like the horse that, having borne Beerbohm Tree, was offered to Sir Henry Irving, yet he speaks unkindly of the two kinds of critics: "Those who know nothing but how to write and those who do know something but cannot write." To which class does Mr. Evans belong? The third? Those who know little and cannot write? Tschaikowsky as critic and composer had both an intense human feeling and abundant melodic charm. Furthermore, he was cautious. Mr. Evans leaves him to give a recipe for the perusal of criticisms: "Take a bundle of criticism, and first carefully shake out all the expletives. The removal of these will enable you to perceive the facts, if any. Be sure that the facts are really such, as there are so many formations prepared in their resemblance; and that the opinions, if any, are not soiled by the intrusion of any foreign motive. You will then be prepared to form a judgment."

Tschaikowsky's compositions, analyzed at length, are the piano trio, the piano concerto in B flat minor, and the fifth and sixth symphonies. These analyses are chiefly pedagogic. Describing the theme with variations in the elegiac trio, Mr. Evans mentions the supposition that each variation was written with special reference to some characteristic of the dead friend, N. Rubinstein. He adds: "It would be both difficult and undesirable to penetrate into such matters." Why would it be "undesirable"?

When Mr. Evans comes to consider the second movement of the "Pathetic" symphony he claps his hands in glee. Is he joyful over the music itself? Hear him: "When my manual 'How to Compose Within Lyric Form' was written, although I knew that the principles which it enunciates for the student's guidance would find easy confirmation, I scarcely hoped ever to find in any one movement of a great master such a complete and accurate corroboration of every detail of my statements that extracts from his work would as fitly have served to illustrate my text as those which I wrote specially for the occasion." Evans indorsed by Tschaikowsky! But not a word about the effect of the drum pedal in the trio of this movement. Truly a man without imagination!

There are classified lists of Tschaikowsky's compositions, a portrait of the composer—the portrait from a Berlin photograph published in the edition of 1900—and an index.

If any reader wishes to know about Tschaikowsky, his life and opinions, his few simple joys and many sorrows, his opinions concerning music, his musical aims and purposes, the genesis of his works, he should read Modeste Tschaikowsky's life of Peter. If he does not read Russian, he should buy the translation into German by Paul Juon. If he does not read German, he should own Mrs. Newmarch's English version of Modeste's work.

If the reader burns with the desire to become acquainted with Mr. Evans and what he thinks about Tschaikowsky and art and himself, he should at once purchase this reprint of Mrs. Newmarch's earlier book.

"The History of Music to the Death of Schubert" by John K. Paine is published by Ginn & Co. of Boston. This book is practically a collection of lectures on the history of music delivered by the late Prof. Paine before his students at Harvard University. He had begun to revise the lectures covering the period to the death of Schubert, but this work was not completed when he died. The rest of the lectures were in the form of manuscript notes, therefore the later lectures

are here omitted. A. A. Howard, whose chief qualification as editor of the volume is, as he modestly says, "a deep love for Prof. Paine and a slight knowledge of ancient musical instruments," verified names and dates, made some changes in form and style, and added marginal notes. The book is a condensed musical history on orthodox lines, simply written, without any pretence of original research, without any polemical purpose.

"The Music Lover," by Henry Van Dyke, is published by Moffat, Yard & Co. of New York. Here is a description of a man listening to a performance of Beethoven's fifth symphony. He heard "an inner voice" running along through the scherzo. It died away quietly, and then he listened to the finale, moving on again after the reappearance of the scherzo theme, "with hurrying, swelling tide, until it breaks in the swift-rolling, thunderous billows of immeasurable jubilation." After it was all over he sat entranced until somebody poked him with a stick and invited him to "a bite and a sup and a pipe and an open fire." The story is printed in a sort of purple ink. There are broad "decorative" margins. Sigismund de Ivanowski contributes a portrait of the Music Lover, a sad eyed person with dishevelled hair, sparse whiskerage and hands apparently about a foot long.

Moffat, Yard & Co. of New York also publish "The Pianolist: A Guide for Pianola Players," by Gustav Kobbe. Mr. Kobbe is always sane and entertaining when he writes about music and musicians. To those interested in the pianola and they are numbered by thousands—this book will be both agreeable and instructive reading. Mr. Kobbe writes about the pleasure of playing the instrument. He accompanies the first steps of the novice, and he is thrilled again by the music of the great masters.

The final chapter is entitled "A Few 'Don'ts' for Pianolists." It is the fault of the player if, carried away by the capacity of the instrument, he plays at first "too loudly and too brilliantly." "The chief distinction of the instrument lies in its exceeding delicacy." Runs should not be ripped off "as if you were tearing cloth." "Don't use the sustaining pedal too frequently, not even as frequently as indicated on the rolls." "The pianolist should remember that as the instrument on which he plays relieves him of all burdens of technique and enables him to play anything, no matter how difficult, with absolute technical accuracy, it is all the more his duty to play with as much expression as he can call forth from his inner nature."

"The Story of the 'Ring': A Short Analysis of the Plot of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung, with the Principal Music Motives," by S. H. Hamer, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York. This is one of many Baedekers to the "Ring." The story is told as simply and briefly as possible—so the author says—and the chief musical motives are given in their proper place as illustrative of the text. Then there are marginal notes for more advanced students: "Thus, when it is stated in the text that 'Siegfried and Bruenhilde enter from the cave,' a marginal note—Siegfried the Hero (106), Walkueres (56)—indicates that these two motives occur at that moment in the music." The seriousness of these compilers of musical guide books passeth all understanding. If the books themselves were all thrown with a millstone into the sea, it would be of great benefit to the music of Wagner.

Harry Roundtree has made four colored plates for this particular book. Alberich is shown with the Rhine maidens, who are in bathing suits, as far as I can make out through the smear of colors. A "Walkuere Maiden" is on a gigantic horse, bitted in an apparently cruel manner. "Mime and Alberich quarrelling over the body of Fafner": the puzzle is to find Alberich. "Hagen's Watch"; Hagen seems lost in sleep, or the flippant might suggest that he has "a numb," but Alberich, kneeling before him, is in a highly nervous state, and is a sight.

The Boston Music Company of Boston has published part second of "A Treatise on Harmony with Exercises," by J. Humphrey Anger. The Herald has before this spoken of the treatise by the professor of harmony at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. In this volume Mr. Anger discusses secondary sevenths, chords of the ninth, derivative chords of the dominant ninth, simple and compound suspensions, auxiliary notes and extraneous modulation. Another book planned on orthodox lines and without recognition of ultra-modern harmonic schemes.

The Boston Music Company has also published "Studies in Musical Graces," by Ernest Fowles. Mr. Fowles, pianist and composer, was born at Portsmouth, Eng., in 1864. He studied composition with Macfarren at the Royal Academy of Music, London. This interesting book contains discussions of the appogiatura and the acciaccatura, the turn and the trill, mordents and the slide, The [illegible] and combined graces, and there is also a chapter on graces in vocal music.

The explanations are clearly given and there is a wealth of illustrations in notation. The book will be especially valuable to students of instrumental music of the 18th century, for editors have often gone astray in their translation of ancient ornaments into modern notation. See, for example, extraordinary blunders committed by Joachim as editor although he was probably acquainted with the explanatory tables of Francois Couperin and C. P. E. Bach. How many singers are there today who know how to distinguish between the old and the modern trill? How many are there [illegible] the slide with the [illegible]? Each section of Mr. Fowles' book is supplied with a list of [illegible] for examination and exercises for study. At the end there is a valuable glossary of terms bearing upon the subject of musical ornamentation, from "abbellare" to "zwischenschlag."

"The Story of Minstrelsy," by Edmondstoune Duncan, a volume in "The Music Story Series," published in London by the Walter Scott Publishing Company, is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. This book is intended to be of a popular nature, rather than scientifically historical, and it is therefore necessarily more or less anecdotical. Mr. Duncan is a compiler, and he gayly plucks here and there without personal investigation. It is not surprising, then, if he occasionally repeats what rests solely on tradition. In his preface he admits that certain accounts which fix origins and determine introductions are not trustworthy. "Those who would have history cast her pale light on such dark times must be glad even of scraps such as these. But the only real history which concerts music is that contained in the fossil remains, sculpture and painting of ancient times, which needs more elucidation than it has hitherto received to be of any popular use."

The book is avowedly popular, and it will entertain the general reader, who will gain agreeable information about minstrels, their customs, laws, social condition, from the Druids and Scalds and the first Christian church to ballads and songs even of the 19th century. There is also a chapter on folk-song collecting, and there are supplementary chapters that treat of literature dealing with minstrelsy, song collections, etc. In the first list there is no mention of Rowbotham's striking and debatable book, "The Troubadours and Courts of Love" (1895), or of "Histoire Litteraire des Troubadours," published in three volumes (1774) in Paris.

Among the statements that should be taken with much salt is that Henry VIII. was "well skilled in music." (Nothing is said about Richard the Third's interest in boy choirs.) Quotations from Philys Stubbes and Stephen Gosson of the 16th century, and from John Earle of the 17th would have shown clearly how little was thought of wandering minstrels in the England of those years.

Of course we find this fine old saw: "If a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation," said Fletcher of Saltoun, and he bids fair to be remembered by the saying." First of all, this quotation is not correct.

Fletcher wrote in 1704: "Tempted to all manner of lewdness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets * * * I know a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."

But what was the meaning of ballad in connection with this remark? From the middle of the 16th century into the beginning of the 19th a ballad often meant a popular song celebrating or scurrilously attacking persons or institutions. These ballads were often printed as a broadsheet. Thus in 1556 ballads were "made of divers parties against the blessed sacrament," and Dean Swift in 1727 wrote of a "ballad" to be made against Pope.

Mr. Duncan's book is illustrated with pictures of minstrels and their instruments and there are many quotations in musical notation.

THE POPS.

The fourth week of the Pop concerts in Symphony Hall will be ushered in by a "Tschaikowsky" night, tomorrow evening. These programmes, devoted largely to the works of the greatest of Russian composers, have in past years been only less popular than the Wagner nights, and last Monday, the first of the Wagner nights of this season, brought out one of the largest audiences of the year. The middle section of the programme will be devoted to Tschaikowsky, the works being "La Belle au Bois Dormant," the scherzo from the "Pathetic" symphony, the Andante Cantabile for strings and the overture-fantasy "Romeo and Juliet."

Mr. Strube ends his service as conductor at this year's Pops on Thursday evening and on Friday evening he will be succeeded by Arthur Kautzenbach, who will make his debut here as a conductor. Mr. Kautzenbach is one of the first 'cellists of the orchestra, who came from Berlin last fall. For two of his last performances Mr. Strube has arranged special "nights," Tuesday being "German night" and Wednesday being "Italian night." At his debut Mr. Kautzenbach will play a new waltz by Ziehrer, a new piece by Blon and a new march of his own which he has christened "The Pops." The programme for tomorrow evening will be as follows:

March, "Nechledil" .... Lehar
Overture, "Euryanthe" .... Weber
Selection, "Rigoletto" .... Verdi
Ballet music from "Boabdil" .... Moszkowski
La Belle au Boi. Dormant .... Tschaikowsky
Third movement from "Pathetic Symphony" .... Tschaikowsky
Andente for string orchestra .... Tschaikowsky
Overture, "Romeo and Juliet" .... Tschaikowsky
Overture, "The Rose of the Alhambra" (first time) .... Hosmer
Valse and Pizzicato from ballet music, "Sylvia" .... Delibes
Selection, "The Red Mill" .... Herbert
March, "Stars and Stripes Forever" .... Sousa

FRANCOIS COPPEE.

The death of Francois Coppeé was not unexpected. Never physically robust, he had been obliged for years to take care of his health, and for some months before the end he suffered greatly.

France loved and cherished him. He had received the honor which nearly all Frenchmen of more or less distinction covet, though they may affect to despise it; he was a member of the Academy, and when he was chosen there was no belittlement of the selection. For as poet, dramatist, writer of short stories, he had kept before him the traditional qualities long demanded in French art of any sort—clearness of thought and expression, logical sequence of ideas, and grace without affectation of style. Schools of poetry were founded with a flourish of trumpets; they disappeared, and there were none to do them reverence. The Parnassians, symbolists, idealists, realists, naturalists, fought angrily about him; he saw some good in all the conflicting theories. He kept on writing verses, plays and tales after his own simple manner, and the people heard him gladly.

As poet and as man, he was, first of all, gentle. His sentiment, pure and at times exquisite, seldom rose to emotion. He was a lyric singer, by choice idyllic; yet, as he had known poverty and the life of the common people, he often voiced pathetically their humble joys and sorrows. Some of his tales are little masterpieces in their direct appeal. It is doubtful whether any one of his plays will have long life, yet "Le Passant," which has moved more than one composer to set music to it for the stage, has the elements of more than an immediate and fading popularity. Some of his verses are already classic, nor will their fame depend on music set to them by distinguished composers.

Gentle as Coppee was in his life, he had convictions, and he was not afraid to express them forcibly. He was singularly appreciative of talent in others; ready to bring the obscure into publicity; eloquent when he cried "Ave, atque vale" over the grave of a comrade. He was not one to establish a school and form disciples, he was not a revolutionary, he was not a titan, a superman in letters; but he had unmistakable individuality. He could have said, as De Musset said of himself, that his glass was small, but he drank out of his own glass.

may 25 08

Men and Things

The readers of The Herald already know Mr. Morgan of Lynn as a purifier of the English language and a corrector of the deadly malice of the raw strawberry. It remains for them to see in him a judge of female beauty and a terpsichorean expert.

Lynn, May 20, 1908.

Men and Things:

You will admit that our language is yet in a somewhat muddy condition and that it will settle clearer; that the sediment will harden into various strata, after geological precedent. Many layers have already been formed; these are the old dictionaries you mention. In them can be seen the remains of extinct forms as well as the germs of coming verbal organizations. Both "take" and "put" are stronger words than formerly and will become stricter as they throw off the loose usages of the past. Education enlarges a man's vocabulary, and the man whose Irish parents directed him to "bring that away out of this" now says "take it away."

This is enough to say now. Your mind can follow a scent. If it gets away or leads you to strengthen your argument by slight misquotations, I am done with you.

Now, let's get to the show. Lydia Thompson would have been a graceful dancer if she had not been musclebound, particularly crotch-bound. When she attempted to kick high, the toe came back with a tension like a catapult. The reflex muscles were too tense. Compare the action of the long muscled Spanish dancer, who can kick high and then from the first altitude, kick still higher and hold her leg there indefinitely, or gracefully sway it about. Neither could Lydia sing very well; but she had style and grace and was an honest, respectable woman. Besides she was a fair actress outside of burlesque. Pauline Markham was no great beauty; Weathersby was her superior in figure and face, although Pauline had the better complexion. Neither was Pauline a fine singer. She had a low, mellow voice of no great range and of no great culture. But it was surprising sweet in many of the middle tones.

Returning to dancing: Jig steps spoil grace in all dancers; these limited movements harden the muscles to the limited range and all movement beyond is ungraceful. Hence there are no great English dancers and this is true of all who begin with step dancing, no matter where they are born.

JOHN J. MORGAN.

* * *

Mr. Morgan has not yet told us why we should say "take this in your pocket" instead of "put this in your pocket." Nor has he told us where he learned that "put" is "the act of expelling or removing outward."

It is plain that Mr. Morgan knows little or nothing about Lydia Thompson's younger stage years. Lydia was reared as a ballet dancer and in 1856 she charmed many in Germany by dancing as a "guest" at leading opera houses in that country. They spelled her Christian name "Lidia." After her return to England she went into burlesque, and in 1859 she attracted attention by her performance in "Magic Toy." But before this she had danced in London pantomimes, for in 1854 Henry Morley praised her as Little Silver Hair at the Haymarket. "What a nice little dancer and actress is Miss Lydia Thompson. . . . She is a true heroine for a nursery story." It appears that she then imitated Senora Perea Nena, a Spanish dancer, "who shakes her petticoats and observes curiously the twinkling of her swift, impatient toes."

* * *

Something in our heart tells us that Mr. Morgan goes in for muscular and athletic dancing; that he found little beauty in the movements of the first skirt dancers that came to us from England; that he would have preferred the "chahuteuses," charming pupils of the once famous Nini Patte-en-l'Air, with their "croisements" and "grand ecarts" (in which the two legs formed one straight line on the floor) to an ethereal pas seul of Taglioni or Cerito.

We regret to say that the majority of Spanish dancers whom we have seen came from South Boston, not from Cadiz or Seville, and they were not wholly irresistible or at home in bolero, fandango, jota, cachucha, tango or seguidilla.

* * *

Giacia Calla sang in Gounod's "Faust" at Manchester, N. H., May 20, and the Daily Mirror and American admits that she did not have a fair chance, for a tenor from New York appeared "dressed in citizen's garb and what he did to poor lovesick Faust would be a shame to tell." Furthermore "her appearance was marred by a crude stage." As for Giacia, she has "charming and fascinating manners"; she is also "pretty and vivacious." "Like Anna Held, she is petite and thoroughly 'Frenchy.'" This should make her especially effective in the church scene. "She gowns herself handsomely and stylishly, she looks and acts like a woman who knows something of the tragic side of life, and, moreover, she appears rather tired."

Yet there were pleasant features in the performance. We quote again from the Daily Mirror and American: "A beautiful bunch of roses, fastened by a white satin ribbon of wondrous proportions, was carried down the aisle by Mr. Frank S. Chase and presented to the lovely lady."

* * *

Mr. Basil Tozer, an Englishman, reading a mass of contemporaneous fiction, was amazed by the novelists' use of tobacco to fill up the pauses and the intervals in their characters' dialogues. For example:

"'Try one of these Murias, lad,' the Earl said kindly. 'You will find them all right, I think.'"

"'I though you would soon get sick of it,' said Raymond Easter, knocking the ashes out of a huge pipe which was popularly known as Puffing Billy because it made so much noise."

* * *

Mr. Tozier gives other instances, but we miss one that was dear to our boyhood. The hero was always "puffing a wicked looking cheroot." For some years, country-bred, we longed to smoke one. We still remember the thrill when we first saw a cheroot, the doubt as to which end should be put in the mouth, the disappointment after the tobacco disappeared in smoke.

* * *

The references in the modern novels show the change in manners: "Looking down pensively at the delicately flavored cigarette burning between her bejewelled fingers."

"'Give me a cigarette, dear boy,' she said, with one of her coy laughs."

"'Ferdinand always smoked tobacco of that brand,' she answered sadly, 'and the scent of it recalls his dear face to my memory—oh, so vividly, so

... she made phot... smoke in the kitchen or on a veranda. Mr. Tozier should have alluded to the rank cigar stump over which the heroine in "The Quick and the Dead" raved and maundered because her dead lover had once held it between his lips. He does notice the fact that in fiction the hero, however hard up he may be, is always able to buy "if not inside-leaf cigars, at any rate 'weeds' which would be sold at retail in our clubs for ninepence apiece at a low computation, and at a high class restaurant for a shilling or even more."

May 26. 08

Men and Things.

Who is Miss Marion Winchester, an American by birth, who has been fulfilling an engagement at the Palace, London? Her home is in Paris. Miss Winchester is evidently considered worth knowing by some, for "the precious stones with which she adorns herself on the stage are worth fully $100,000." One rope of pearls worn around her neck is valued at £54,000. The wonder is that no duke with a strawberry mark on his arm, no belted earl has yet married her, an American with a half million in portable property.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Shaw is never so much a perfect character as when he is in private. An Englishwoman assured him recently that she had been one of his audience 20 or 30 times at the Court Theatre. "The greater than Shakespeare looked at her with a large tolerance in his eyes. 'I have no audience at the theatre, I have a congregation. It comes there to sit under me.'" And he says these things with a straight face.

* * *

Miss Marie Dressler must also be ranked among the sociologists. She has been comparing in London the English with the American audience. "In England," says this acute observer and deep thinker, "one can take one's time, one's turn, and come off the stage without ever losing one's breath. When I come off the stage in America my nerves, and voice, and limbs are all gone. In England they never let a joke pass if you hand 'em a good one. They're a faithful race." We infer that by "limbs" Miss Dressler means legs and arms. She surely is not so prudish as to deny, like the Queen of Spain, the existence of her legs.

* * *

We are accustomed to surprising news from the West. In January last a baby was born weighing 14 pounds, 22½ inches in height, and with a chest measure of 18 inches. Last week we read of a charming girl who was missing—was she not from Omaha?—and her identification was not regarded as difficult, for she has six toes. Now the East is not to be outdone. Miss Marie Foscolo of New York is missing, and she has 12 toes, 12 in all, and also 12 fingers.

The question is whether a 12-toed girl is of a finer race than one that is conventionally equipped? On Cape Cod the most valuable cats have for generations had more than the ordinary number of toes. It is a singular fact that there are women, otherwise sensible, who can find no beauty in their own toes even when they are shapely and without a blemish, yet they will go into raptures over the toes of a baby. There are women who go further; they contradict the poets, for they insist there can be no beauty in a woman's undraped foot.

The question arises: Would the average man think more of his wife if she happened to have six toes on each foot? Would the irregularity appeal to him or would he be continually reminded of the dime museum?

* * *

Mr. Lyons of Montclair, N. J., suing for a divorce from his wife, alleged that she had put her star boarder to bed when he came home heavy with booze. She made in court this noble answer: Out of 20 boarders at her house there were only three who did not occasionally return home thoroughly alcoholized, and she made it a rule to take care of the 17. A motherly soul, this landlady, one whose name should be gratefully remembered. Some may say that she did not wish her boarders to go to bed with their boots on or to mar the furniture, and thus her conduct was purely precautionary, in a way selfish. We prefer to think of her as sympathetic, tender-hearted.

* * *

Mr Rector went into a butcher shop at Parrsboro, N. S., and said to the proprietor: "Smith, you are not looking well today." Smith drew a revolver and shot Rector. Many will applaud the deed. Why should a man's personal appearance be a subject of everyday comment? If you know that you are not in sound health, that your face betrays you, why should you be obliged to hear chatter that even when it is kindly meant is necessarily disturbing? You resent this sympathy when you are as "fine as a fiddle." The questioner seeing that you are annoyed hastens to make amends: "Why, Jones told me you had not been allowed to go out"; or, "But, weren't you sick last summer?" And he looks at you as though he were measuring you for a coffin. Of course there are some persons who "enjoy poor health" and enjoy talking about it. "No, I have no organic trouble, but the doctor says I must not work against the clock and must be in the open air at least two hours a day."

* * *

The New York Times told editorially a few days ago the old story of the loving wife who asked Mike on his deathbed what she could do to make him comfortable. He said he would like a slice of the ham that smelt so good when she was boiling it. She refused him on the ground that it was to be eaten at his wake. Mr. Sims tells a prettier story of Jenny, a factory girl, who had only a few days to live. Her girl companions clubbed together and raised the money for an elaborate funeral wreath. Talking together at night, one of them said: "Poor Jenny; she'll never know what a lovely wreath we put on her coffin; she won't be able to see it." They all wept. Another spoke up: "Why shouldn't Jenny see it? The doctor says as she can't last more than a day or two. Let's have it made and show it to her." The next day they took the wreath to the room of the sick girl. "Jenny, we're going to put this wreath on your coffin, dear, and we thought perhaps you'd like to see it." Jenny's eyes brightened. "Oh! How beautiful! I'm so glad you've let me see it!" The wreath was hung against the wall at the foot of her bed, and thus her last hours were cheered.

* * *

Geza de Kresz is the name of a young fiddler who played a week ago in London. Geza is not an auspicious name for artistic success in London town; for the appellation is usually one of contempt or derision. Thus in the pathetic ballad of the heart and home "Her Mother's Got the Hump," we find the lines:

> This frizzle-headed old geezer had a chin on her as rough—
> Well, as rough as her family, and they're rough 'uns.

There are instances when the term is not one of aggressive contempt, as in the famous song of Mr. Chevalier:

> Last week down our alley comes a toff,
> Nice old geezer with a nasty cough,
> Sees my missus, takes 'is topper off
> In a very gentlemanly way!

Yet no violinist would like to be called a "geezer."

May 27. 08

Men and Things

News that is of truly contemporaneous human interest comes occasionally from Washington, D. C. Mr. J. Hampton Moore, a representative from Philadelphia, has introduced a bill to license public laundries in the District of Columbia, and to prohibit under heavy penalty the use of chemicals and ponderous machinery which tend to destroy clothing. Some say that Mr. Moore was righteously vexed because his favorite shirt was ruined. Others say that a saw-edged collar choked his freedom of speech with Secretary Metcalf. It matters not. The purpose of the bill will appeal to thousands throughout the land.

* * *

What one of us has not been cajoled by laundry circulars into patronage in the hope of finding more considerate, tenderer treatment for shirts and collars? There is the promise of "laundering by hand"; there is the solemn statement that no injurious chemicals are used. Perhaps the laundry has a reassuring name, one that inspires confidence, and brings up a vision of old days and home washing. The disappointment is always keen; its edge is not blunted by repetition. The shirt suddenly and unaccountably gives way at an elbow or shoulder. The neckband is ironed out of shape, so that collars do not fit. The top buttonhole is now a gash. The stud holes at the end of a week would admit a sleeve button. The collar that was a joy, though soiled, on Monday, returns serrated on Saturday. It matters not what the name of the laundry may be, the Ilion or the Aurora Borealis. Think of the waste, the discomfort, the impotent profanity! "Weak and irresolute is man." He does nothing that is effectual. He tries another laundry.

* * *

Mr. Herkimer Johnson tells us that he once sent two new shirts to a laundry. They came back full of holes. This explanation was given: A chemical is thrown into a vat, and the linen that happens to be nearest the chemical is riddled. Mr. Johnson's shirts happened to be next. The "accident" might have eaten the linen of Ferguson, Golightly, Brown, Jones or Robinson. Now, a shirt is a serious thing to Mr. Johnson. Did the company urge him to have two new ones made at its expense? No. The man looked at them and said, "They must have been old ones"; and when he was assured that they were fresh from the shirt maker he answered: "Darned if I see how it could have happened."

* * *

No wonder that the price of a good laundress is far above rubies. What a pity it is that healthy young women, eager to make a living, do not learn the trade instead of attempting to sing, act or write illuminative essays at space rates for newspapers. What work can be more truly womanly and philanthropic?

Who is the most charming heroine in old fiction? Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous. Thousands of schoolboys in all lands have loved her, and wondered why Ulysses persevered in returning to Penelope. Did not Minerva, goddess of wisdom, tell her in a dream to go to the river and wash her clothes? And Nausicaa took her own beautiful garments and her father's clothes, that he might have clean garments when going among the chiefs, and the clothes of her five brothers, who always desired to go to the dance having their garments fresh washed. When Nausicaa and her hand maidens reached the river, they took the garments out of the chariots with their hands and put them into the water, "and they trod them in the cisterns, quickly showing rivalry; but when they had washed and cleared all the filth, they spread them in order on the shore of the sea, where the wave most washed the stones to the beach." Then they bathed and anointed themselves with oil, ate their meal and played at ball, and white-armed Nausicaa began the song for them. Matthew Arnold once wrote: "By the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing." In the land of the Phaeacians there were no chemicals, no machinery for washing. No dirt was ironed into the shirt waists of Nausicaa.

* * *

There are other scenes that might well tempt our friend, the Historical Painter; the fight of the washerwomen in "L' Assommoir," Mr. Mantalini, still elegant, though loathing the mangle; the mystic washers of the shroud. A fair woman may be beautiful when seen bending over a washtub, hanging out the clothes, ironing. It all depends on her lines and quality of skin. William Cobbett first saw his wife when she was 13 years old. The two were living near St. John in New Brunswick. One morning early, in the dead of winter, he walked by the house of her father and mother. "It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we had got out of her hearing."

* * *

There are some who think that "laundry" is a comparatively new-fangled word, dear to the genteel. As a matter of fact, "laundry," meaning "an apartment or establishment where linen is washed and 'got up,'" and often ruined, is over three centuries old. The word once meant the action or process of washing. Thus laundry was known in ancient Troy. Achilles pursuing Hector reached the mother springs of deep Scamander.

> Near which were cisterns made
> All pav'd and clear, where Trojan wives and their fair daughters had
> Laundry for their fine linen weeds, in times of cleanly peace.

But "laundry," meaning soiled clothes for the laundry, is a vile term.

* * *

In old English, a man or woman that washed linen was a "launder." Then came the word "launderer," which is now apparently obsolete "except in the United States." We learn, by the way, from Bacon, that clothes were ruined in his day: "Chalky water is too fretting, as it appeareth in laundry of clothes, which wear out apace, if you use such water."

"Launder" was a contraction of "lavender," a washerwoman.

* * *

The news also comes from Washington that Senator Scott appeared in the Senate chamber dressed in a suit of yellow silk, with white shoes, white cravat and white belt. This shocked some, who insist that a statesman should be known by an old-fashioned frock coat and a plug hat. He is otherwise undignified. The costume sounds cooler, though it is less floppy than the laticlavium worn by the old Roman senators, a garment bestudded with flourishings of purple silk in manner of broad nail heads. The dignity of the Senate at Washington is today only a matter of tradition. It should be remembered that Messrs. Platt and Depew are still senators and from a great state.

May 28/08

Concert Foyer.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Detroit Free Press trumpeted the arrival of Mme. Zelie de Lussan in that city by saying that for seven years she had held "the position of principal soprano with the Metropolitan Opera House organization under the management of Maurice Grau." The only answer to this statement is that the statement is not true. The Free Press gives other information about the shy and shrinking singer, information that fired the heart of the populace with curiosity to see and hear her in vaudeville: Her father was the late "Count de Lussan"; she travels with 60 trunks and three maids; "her vaudeville contract contains the clause that she is not to appear on a bill in which there is an animal act." So she cannot be assisted by a heroic tenor.

Rochester rejoices in its summer music in the parks, which costs $5000 yearly. The people are being slowly and majestically educated. The Post tells us that 15 years ago the overture to the "Poet and Peasant" represented "the high level of local band attainments, and when the Genesee Falls band dared to attack the 'William Tell' and 'Semiramide' overtures old musicians looked on in scornful incredulity." But what is the matter with the "Poet and Peasant" overture? It's a good tune. I hear the waltz now: Lum (two, three), lum-tum-tum, tum (two) tum-tum. Organists used to play the overture while the people were going out of church. The more ingenious thought that the octave and the Twelfth judiciously added to an eight-foot stop gave the brilliance of violins.

The people in Rochester now look forward to Tschaikowsky's "1812" overture. "At first people listened to it with an air of bewilderment. It was so different from what they had been accustomed to that they wondered what was the matter."

Mr. Bert Morphy has been engaged to sing at the Republican national convention at Chicago next month, "to whoop things for the winning candidate." He stopped in St. Louis a few days ago, and the Republic paid him a glowing tribute "as a human megaphone of soul-stirring melody and brain-storming harmony." "When Morphy warbles, the roar of the sea sounds like a gentle whisper and the noise of a boiler factory is like the quiet drone of a bee. He is always way above the band, drums, fifes and cymbals included." His songs are of "the popular and heart-interest kind."

The Detroit Free Press has been considering the subject of color in singing. "Red predominates when the Bacchanalian outbursts follow the clamping down of the lid. Frequently you recognize the lemon tint when you have paid to hear it. Black and blue often appear in suggestive combination, yellow emanates from stage fright, green marks the amateur, and the unbearable clash of colors, like a spilling of all the paints, comes when the college chorus is weaving its way homeward. Blended colors make the most charming music, but as in whiskey, the best work can be done only by the true artist."

The New York Symphony Orchestra has been playing in San Francisco. Mr. Walter Anthony of the Call was much moved by the Russian music. "There is no good trying to programme Tschaikowsky. The first movement meant anything you wanted it to, provided tense heart strings and the ability to feel were there. Indeed, Damrosch, with baton in hand, was leader not so much to his orchestra as he was to his hearers, for whom he untwined the briars by the wayside and showed a path into a land as strange and beautiful and new as ever poesy's pioneers have trod, and you felt the pressure of a comrade's hand."

Miss Geraldine Farrar talked about art to a reporter in Paris a fortnight ago. It appears that she has the utmost con-

fidence in her dressmake. "I never am obliged to try on the dresses and they always please me. I wish, above all things, that my gowns should be simple and quiet. No matter how much money I should spend I would always choose simple things and trim them with rare lace. Lace is my weakness."

Mrs. Cecil Edwardes, a Canadian, and a pupil of Jean de Reszke, will soon appear at Covent Garden in "Faust." She is "pretty and piquante." Let us hope that she has more success than the other pupils of De Reszke who have sung in public.

The officers of the Oliver Ditson Fund for Needy Musicians attended the annual meeting on the 23d in Boston. The result of the election for the ensuing year was as follows: B. J. Lang, president; C. H. Ditson, treasurer; B. J. Lang, A. Parker Browne, Arthur Foote and C. F. Smith, trustees. The existence of this fund should be more widely known, for musicians in need should have the opportunity of making application and benefiting thereby. The officers welcome applications and are diligent in judicious distribution of the money at their disposal. Messrs. Lang and Foote can always be reached at the Lang Studios, 6 Newbury street.

Professional pupils of Mme. Gertrude Franklin Salisbury will give an invitation recital in Potter Hall next Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Mmes. Sunrellus, Hunt, Dorothy Miller are among those who will take part.

Miss Gertrude A. Breene, soprano, assisted by Miss Gladys Sprague, reader, Miss Doris Hoslin of the Dorothy Dix school and others will give a concert in Hnutington Chambers Hall next Wednesday evening.

Miss Frieda Schmidt will give an operatic recital in Highland Club Hall, West Roxbury, next Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock.

A new suite, "Ramayana," by Mr. Bertram Shapleigh, formerly of Boston, was played for the first time at a concert in London April 28. "Lancelot" of the Referee wrote: "The American composer does not show that command of orchestral writing that is now expected, and the music shows lack of imagination, considering that his subject is the Sanskrit epic of the love of Rama and Sita, the abduction of the latter by the demon king, and Rama's rescue of his bride. There is, however, some graceful music in the fourth number and the conclusion is vigorous."

The Los Angeles Herald of May 14 says that an ice cream vender, Frank Padovani, who was buried there the 13th, was once a famous operatic tenor, sang with Patti and other prima donnas, and left the stage 26 years ago at the request of his wife.

Women met recently in solemn assembly at Rome and, like the walrus and the carpenter, talked of many things. The Countess Teresina Franchi-Verney-Tua, once celebrated for her beauty, when she went about playing the violin, insisted that the study and pursuit of music as a calling does not necessarily lower a woman's moral tone. Mme. Elisabetta Oddone talked about woman as a composer. "Woman does not attempt to vie with man in genius. It is her place to interest by the delicacy of her art, by a manifestation of feminine emotion. There is already room for women to exercise musical activity and they will be successful if their education be conducted on the fitting lines." Mme. Edvige Ghibaude is of the opinion that chorus singing is neglected in the Italian elementary schools. This singing should be obligatory and they that wish to teach should be rigorously examined. There was a discussion concerning women in orchestras. The prevailing opinion was that certain instruments should be left to the men, and that women should study especially the strings. A retired actress, Mme. Virginia Marini insisted that women in the drama would have the greater influence if they themselves valued purity in life, "for art is not the result of morbid mentality, but of a mentality that is sane and noble." She cited as examples Isabella Andreini, a comedian of the 16th century, and Adelaide Ristori; "who shone among the most distinguished women as she had shone among the greatest tragic actresses of her period."

The total expenditures of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association last season were $132,932.67. The total receipts were $94,078.40. The deficit of $38,854.27 is covered by a guarantee fund of $42,835.

The Omaha News tells us that Miss Mabel Manning of that city, just 16 years old, has a fine voice, so that her mother is prepared to sell "some very valuable diamonds" that Mabel may study in Europe.

M 29. 05

Men and Things

Once more Mr. Morgan rises to explain. The "Diversions of Purley" are tame in comparison with the "Diversions of Lynn":

May 26, 1908.

Men and Things: I asked a simple question, but made no argument, in relation to two simple words that have puzzled me by contradictory meanings; they puzzle all that study them. A German friend, not yet perfect in our tongue, invariably "takes" on his coat and "puts" it off.

A man takes a wife when he marries, but puts her away when he divorces her. This is an epitome of my understanding of these verbs. The writer makes no pretension to profundity in this matter, but believes two or three things regarding them. "Put" and "push," if they were not the same originally and in some of the languages that have made our speech what it is, seem to have been closely allied. Their meanings have grown apart about as much as their spelling. They both mean ejectment, but different modes of ejectment, to my understanding.

The printer "takes" his copy from the hook toward him; he "takes" type from the case toward him, but "puts" it in the stick away from his hand, or person. You may say that this is precisely the same as putting it in his pocket. I will speak of that later. The athlete "puts" the shot, throws it away from his person. We "put" the golf ball into the hole—an English friend persists in saying "push," but strikes fairly. These examples could be extended indefinitely, but by you as well as by me.

The reason of the false use of these words seems to be in elision, ellipse (sic)—writing language as a skeleton instead of completely. When I say "Put this into your pocket," I mean "Take this article of mine and place it in your pocket." The error is in substituting the verb "put" for the more perfect "take." Or, "Take your hat from the peg and place it on your head." "Take on your hat" is the skeleton of that, and enough.

These are my premises, and I shall not further extend illustrations. I do not thinks fools will be interested, anyhow.

Yours, MORGAN OF LYNN.

* * *

A deep thinker once remarked, Mr. Morgan, that the English language is what it is, and not what it should be. Men will for many years endeavor to take money from others and put it in their pockets. Mr. Herkimer Johnson takes a drink and puts it down, nor does this putting down mean necessarily ejectment. He tells us that he inherited a friendly stomach. Put and push are not the same, not the same.

Let us wonder at the beauties, intricacies and perplexities of the English language. Let us accept them and be thankful. We now beseech you to consider the words of Walt Whitman:

> The English language befriends the grand American expression; it is brawny enough and limber and full enough. On the tough stock of a race who through all change of circumstance was never without the idea of political liberty, which is the animus of all liberty, it has attracted the terms of daintier and gayer and subtler and more elegant tongues. It is the powerful language of resistance; it is the dialect of common sense. It is the speech of the proud and melancholy races and of all who aspire. It is the chosen tongue to express growth, faith, self-esteem, freedom, justice, equality, friendliness, amplitude, prudence, decision, and courage. It is the medium that shall well nigh express the inexpressible.

* * *

This note found in a manuscript journal in the Chateau d'Harcourt will interest those curious in the matter of flying machines: "Feb. 18, 1875: Mr. Pilatre des Roziers is obliged to put off his departure through the air for America in the spring, by reason of violent hurricanes which have greatly damaged his apparatus, and especially on account of the blunder of a workman who opened the valve of the balloon by which the inflammable air escaped. He will be obliged to order in Paris the necessary ingredients to fill again his balloon, which is now collapsed and empty."

Pilatre de Rosier was born at Metz in 1756. In 1783 he made two or three balloon trips successfully and the next year he was equally fortunate. On June 15, 1785, he ascended with a man named Romain at Boulogne. It is said that he then hoped to come down somewhere in England. He had been in the air only half an hour when the balloon took fire and the two were killed by the sudden descent near Vimille.

* * *

The incorrigible Adelina Patti! On Nov. 29, 1907, at London she made her "positively last farewell" appearance. On May 26, 1908, she made "what she declares was her final public appearance." To prove this she publicly kissed Wilhelm Ganz, a singing teacher 75 years old. She is still kittenish. Some when they grow old take to avarice; others to dram-drinking. Farewelling the public is now more than a habit with Mme. Patti; it is a mania.

* * *

At Muncie, Ind., lightning injured several persons at the funeral of Mrs. Losch. This seems like an instance of crowding the mourners.

* * *

Sheriff Evans at Pottsville, Pa., thought that the public hanging of the murderer Felix Radzius would serve as an impressive object lesson to Hungarians, Poles, Italians, Russians, Lithuanians and others. He therefore welcomed guests and encouraged men with cameras. But the murderer went to the gallows as though he were going to supper and the only confusion was when the crowd rushed forward to get a bit of the hangman's rope to wear as a sure cure for rheumatism.

The sheriff should have known that public executions in times past were holidays; that if a man went stoically to death or made a fine show of bravado he felt himself the observed of all observers, and was regarded as a hero by the great majority of the spectators. The sheriff should now read the history of Tyburn Tree with the descriptions of the riotous processions and horrid scenes; how ladies of quality looked on in tears when Claude Duval danced in air; how Jonathan Wild the Great picked the ordinary's pocket of a corkscrew and was swung off with it in his hand; how Sixteen-String Jack was resplendent in bright pea-green coat and huge nosegay; how Earl Ferrers dressed in his wedding clothes, a suit of white and silver, and remarked that it was as good an occasion for putting them on as that for which they were first made. Dean Swift's "Clever Tom Clinch" was not an idealization; he,

> While the rabble was bawling,
> Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling;
> He stopped at the George for a bottle of sack,
> And promised to pay for it when he came back.
> His waistcoat and stockings and breeches were white,
> His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tie't;
> And the maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
> And cried "Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man."

Dr. Johnson grumbled when hanging ceased at Tyburn and the gallows was worked in front of Newgate: "Executions are intended to draw spectators; if they do not draw spectators they lose their reason. The old method was more satisfactory to all parties. The public was gratified by a procession, the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?" But Englishmen grew less brutal, and in 1868 private execution became the law.

May 30 1908

A FUTILE QUESTION.

The old question has returned, like any well-behaved comet "Has America yet begun to produce a literature?" Harper's Weekly says that in poetry we cannot compete with Mother England. "Only the Whitmanites may contend that we have sung once in a strong, natural, compelling voice; the rest are echoes. In the novel Mr. Henry James alone stands up in the front rank."

It might be reasonably asked whether the finest poetry is "strong, natural, compelling," before there be any examination into Whitman's poetic thought and expression. Is the voice of Poe only an echo? Swinburne and the French poets and critics would not say "yes" to this, and Tennyson more than once expressed the liveliest admiration for the originality of Poe, who has had imitators by the score. There was a time when Joaquin Miller, stamping about London drawing rooms with his trousers tucked into his boots, was hailed as a distinctively native American bard. Is Mr. James the only American in the front rank of novelists? Mr. James is an American only by birth. He has written in an amusing spirit of condescension about Americans, but that does not make him an American novelist. Mr. George Moore once said: "Henry James went to France and read Turgenef. W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James."

Sydney Smith irritated our countrymen by asking: "Who reads an American book?" and also by protesting against the easy repudiation of indebtedness by a state. When he asked the question, the reply was an indignant splutter. Hazlitt had accused Irving of having "skimmed the cream and taken off patterns with great skill and cleverness," from the best known and happiest English writers, and Hazlitt added insult to this statement by spelling Irving "Irvine." The first American authors were called copyists. Charles Brockden Brown, a novelist of uncommon force, could not get away from Godwin's "Caleb Williams." Later the poet Longfellow was reckoned among amiable cosmopolites, sweet singers of familiar lays. Bryant was accused of being influenced by Wordsworth, but there is much that is purely American in Bryant. Whittier was, for the most part, a versifier of zealous tracts. Dr. Holmes followed now Pope, now Praed. Poe and Whitman were not so easily dismissed. Unfortunately for the objectors, even Europeans began to read these books published in America. Longfellow was more popular than Tennyson in England, and we remember that nearly thirty years ago, on the remote island of Heligoland, the pastor questioned a wandering American about Longfellow by the hour, his appearance, his habits, his views and opinions.

Would Harper's Weekly refuse Hawthorne a place among novelists of the first rank? Is not "The Scarlet Letter" distinctively American? Or must a literature be distinctively national? Are not the great writers world-men? The determination of an existing literature does not depend on a counting of prominent and irregular noses. Yet it might be fairly asked whether Emerson or Thoreau would have been possible in another country. The American Apollo is not necessarily red-shirted; his singing robes may be conventional; nor is his voice inevitably raucous; his speech a defiance to foreign tyrants; his boast that his home is in the setting sun. Harper's Weekly should rub its eyes. America has had a literature for many years. Whether the writers in this country today are of true force, whether they are producing anything that will be permanent—these are other and far different questions.

A NOTE ON RABIES.

There are some physicians, men of authority, who insist that there is no such disease as rabies. At rare intervals a man or a woman dies horribly in consequence of a dog bite or infection from a dog that had been judged mad. These physicians say the death was from a form of nervous shock, and not as a direct result of the dog's poison. To them rabies is a popular delusion.

If it be a delusion, it is an old one, and one thoroughly established throughout the world. The ancient physicians believed in the disease and its cause, and their descriptions of the symptoms might have been written this week. Caelius Aurelianus went so far as to say that the disease may be produced by the breath of a rabid dog. This opinion has been held by modern writers, as Gokel, Lister, Rhazouz. He knew a sempstress who contracted the disease from having sewed a robe which had been torn by a mad dog, and he added that rabies arises without any manifest cause.

Remedies without number are named by the ancients. The majority of them seem to us fantastical, so fantastical that the belief in the precautionary efficacy of carrying about the worm that grows under a dog's tongue is comparatively reasonable. Many of the remedies proposed were disgusting and absurd, but both physician and patient had faith in them. Paulus Acgineta, who lived in the seventh century, was a man of indisputable learning and uncommon sense and shrewdness, yet he gravely advanced this proposition:

By the following experiment you may ascertain whether the bite was inflicted by a mad dog or not: Pound walnuts carefully and apply them to the wound, and next day take and present them for food to a cock or hen. At first, indeed, he will not touch them, but if he is compelled by hunger to eat of them, observe, for if the dog that inflicted the bite was not mad, then the fowl will live, but if mad he will die next day; and then you must hasten to open the wound, and after a few days repeat the same experiment; and when the fowl does not die you may bring the wound to cicatrization, inasmuch as the patient is then freed from danger.

The report that a man died of rabies creates at once a panic, and the public, for a time, is wholly unreasonable. Some, having seen a dog running in the street, rush at once to the Pasteur Institute. Many, frightened without cause, are in such a nervous condition that they can no longer be called sane. The cry arises that all dogs are the foes of mankind, and should be exterminated. The most amiable house dogs are so treated by local law that the wonder is they do not go mad. There is no need for this alarm. Well authenticated cases of deaths from rabies are exceedingly rare, so rare that the disease itself is still questioned. But delusions do not die easily. Thousands still believe that the eating of cherries in conjunction with milk is dangerous to life, and they will not be shaken from this belief.

3/1/1908

MRS. FRANZ LIEBICH TELLS OF DEBUSSY

Mrs. Franz Liebich has written a life of Debussy, and the volume, one of the series "Living Masters of Music," is published by the John Lane Company of New York. The world is told that Mrs. Liebich is the daughter of a younger brother of Mr. Evelyn Shirley, "an antiquarian and archaeologist, immortalized as Mr. Ardenne in the pages of 'Lothair.'" She has published a pamphlet on the beautiful in music, and translated Victor Wilder's "Mozart." She lectures, and her husband, a pianist, "illustrates" the lectures. He has studied "under many famous masters, including Hans von Buelow, and accompanied many noted singers, including Patti."

Mrs. Liebich says in her short preface: "My best thanks are due to Mr. Granville Bantock for his kind loan of the piano score of 'Pelleas et Melisande.'" This statement is amusing for various reasons. First of all, it may be remarked that only a faint idea of Debussy's opera can be derived from reading the piano score. We are not told whether Mrs. Liebich has heard the opera. It might be thought that anyone about to write the life of Debussy, and especially a lecturer on music, might own the piano score, for the price is not prohibitive, and no doubt Mr. Bantock would have procured a copy for her at reduced rates. Possibly the publishers, Messrs. Durand & Son, might have been persuaded to give Mrs. Liebich a copy, but Parisian publishers are a thrifty lot and they are often close when it is against their own interests.

The biographical sketch of Debussy is short and it will disappoint those who wish to know the personality of the composer; what he eats for luncheon; whether he prefers white wine; what his opinions are about the influence of tobacco and alcohol on the imagination; whether he wears medicated underclothing, etc., etc. Mrs. Liebich says: "It is possible to get a discriminating grasp of his characteristic qualities, but the task of placing him under the scalpel of analysis he has fortunately rendered impossible. And even were it possible to play the part of 'moral detective' should we be greatly the wiser? When all the little details of everyday life have been tabulated, and a classified list of foibles and virtues, of likes and dislikes, drawn up and annotated, are we any nearer the inner arcanum within the sanctuary of the soul?"

And yet some think they have a deeper understanding of Brahms' music since they have learned that he habitually wore his trousers at half-mast.

It is true that there is not much to be said about Debussy's life as a citizen.

MISS FANNY LOTT OF BOSTON

Daughter of the Hon. W. H. Lott Has Returned After Several Years of Operatic Experience in Italy.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, would gain little material for his colossal work—as yet, alas, unfinished—from a biographical sketch of Debussy. Perhaps it is better not to know the most sensational episode in the life of this subtle composer; how he forsook his wife, a woman of rare beauty, who had suffered with him in poverty and had not complained; how the passion that took him from her was commercial and grotesque rather than heroic and inevitable; how the deserted wife, left penniless, attempted more than once to kill herself; how, after a divorce, Debussy now lives at ease and is said to be fastidious in the stocking of his wine cellar. Knowing all this, we might not be any nearer the "inner arcanum within the sanctuary of the soul." But Debussy the man and Debussy the composer are after all two different beings, according to theorists in matters of art, though some might think it significant that the composer has made no advance in musical expression since his "Afternoon of a Faun" and "Pelleas and Melisande," which were composed when he was poor, when his wife believed in him, before he met the elderly and damaged siren whose song, though cracked, was golden.

When Debussy won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1884 he was 22 years old. His first work was orthodox, and there is little or no trace of the harmonic scheme and melodic expression that now distinguish him. When he sent from Rome his symphonic suite "Spring," it was judged by Thomas, Gounod, Delibes, Reyer, Massenet and Saint-Saens as unduly modern, "insufficiently precise in form and design." The second composition sent from Rome, "The Blessed Damozel," was also condemned for vagueness of expression, although a certain poetry and charm in the music were not denied. His "Afternoon of a Faun" won friends for him; his songs delighted a few; his string quartet excited hot discussion; but he did not become famous until "Pelleas and Melisande" was performed, and even now there are some, as Mr. Paderewski, who say openly that there is no true music in this opera. But Debussy is a man to be reckoned with seriously. He is already an influence. He has created something new, something that, as many of us believe, is wondrous and beautiful.

Let us endeavor to gain some idea of the man from Mrs. Liebich's book. Her description of his personal appearance is more flattering than that given by Mr. Huneker. She does not say whether her impression is derived from personal knowledge or from the portrait painted by Jacques Blanche.

"The eyes are those of a visionary; of a warm brown; deep set, kindly; they have the abstract, inward look of the seer. The rather heavy, mustache and beard scarcely hide the full, sensuous lips. In the mouth and eyes, in the firm set of the head on the strong, broad shoulders, in the energetic nervous hand and easy unstudied attitude one discerns the ingenuous bonhomie of the independent artistic temperament allied to deep-seated idealism, acute sensibility and epicurean fastidiousness." He is unapproachable to strangers, but popular with intimate friends by reason of his geniality, humor, fantastic imagination and rare gifts. "Of late years he has absented himself more frequently than usual from his charmingly situated Parisian residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Circumstances have enabled him to gratify his love of travel to its full bent, and he avails himself of every opportunity to see as much as possible of his own beautiful France and of other picturesque countries." The word "circumstances" might be starred for an entertaining footnote.

We can also gain some idea of the man from his own writings as music critic, although it is only too evident that at times, like Petrus Borel and Baudelaire, he said things to mystify the bourgeois and make him sit up. When he began to write for the Revue Blanche in 1891 he said by way of introduction to forthcoming criticisms: "I shall endeavor to trace in a musical work the many different emotions which have helped to give it birth, also to demonstrate its inner life; this will surely be accounted of greater interest than the game which consists in dissecting it as if it were a curious timepiece. Men in general forget that as children they were forbidden to dismember their puppets (it was even then a crime of 'lese mystere'), but they still persist in poking their aesthetic noses where they are not wanted. If nowadays they have ceased to split open their playthings or toys, they still explain, dissect, and with cool indifference put an end to all mystery."

The same year (1891) he ventured to say to an imaginary person that "men had essayed, some in poetry, others in painting (with difficulty I managed to add, and some in music) to shake off the accumulated dust of tradition, with the result of finding themselves labelled symbolists and impressionists, both of which terms are convenient to those who despise their fellow-creatures. They are journalists and tradesmen who treat others in this manner; they are unimportant. A fine idea in process of formation is a worthy object of ridicule for imbeciles. But rest assured that there is a greater certainty of finding a true perception of beauty among those who are ridiculed than among the class of men resembling flocks of sheep who walk with docility in the direction of the slaughter houses prepared for them by a clairvoyant fate."

And, again: "Continue to be original, above suspicion. Methinks it spoils an artist to be greatly in sympathy with his surroundings; I am always afraid of his thus becoming merely an interpreter of his own milieu. One must seek restraint where freedom reigns, and not in the formulae of a worn and feeble philosophy. Go not to others for advice, but take counsel from the passing breezes, which relate the history of the world to those who listen." For there are object lessons of liberty in the leaves unfolding in spring, in wavering winds and changing clouds. Debussy learned much from nature. He tells of an autumn evening in the country. "The sun was setting solitary, and not a single peasant thought of placing himself in a lithographic attitude in the foreground. Beasts and men turned peacefully homeward, having accomplished their impersonal tasks, regardless of encouragement or disapproval."

To him applause at a concert is most distasteful. A true impression of beauty ends only in silence. "When you see the death of the sun, that daily fairy display, has it ever come into your mind to applaud? Yet you will admit that it is a development a little more unforseen than all your petty, sonorous stories."

In music he admires Bach, Weber, Rameau. What Voltaire wrote of the latter in 1735, might be said today apropos of those who can hear nothing save ugly noises in the music of Debussy, d'Indy, Loeffler: "I believe," said Voltaire, "that in the end taste for Rameau will prevail in proportion to the nation's progress in musical knowledge. The ear improves little by little. In the course of three or four generations a change comes to the acoustic organs of a nation." Debussy admires in Weber his love of the fantastic, his use of legend, his recognition of "the affinity that exists between the unfathomable soul of nature and the human soul." He finds nothing superfluous in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, "not even the andante, which some modern aesthetes have deemed too long; is it not a rest thoughtfully foreseen between the persistent rhythm of the Scherzo and the instrumental torrent leading irresistibly to the glory of the finale?" Going to London to describe a performance of the "Ring" for Gil Blas, he lost his identity and became transformed into a "walking leit-motif moving in a tetralogical atmosphere." He continued: "How insufferable these people in helmets and wildbeast skins become by the time the fourth evening comes round! Remember that at each and every appearance they are accompanied by their damned leit-motif. There are some who even sing it themselves. It is as if a harmless lunatic were to present you with his visiting card while he declaimed lyrically what was inscribed thereon. * * * All this is really dramatic criticism, which is outside my province, and I prefer to describe the impassioned beauties in the Tetralogy. There are long moments of boredom, when one does not really know what is more at fault: the music or the drama? Then suddenly the most supremely lovely music, irresistible as the sea, surges into one's ears and criticism flies to the winds."

Debussy is generous in praise of contemporaries. He has spoken nobly of Vincent d'Indy; he thinks Strauss "the most original musician of young Germany. 'Heldenleben' is a series of pictures, it is even cinematography; but it must be conceded that a man who can construct such a work with such continuity of thought is little short of a genius." As for Strauss, "he is tall, and has the ingenuous and decided manner of those great explorers who have made their way through the territories of savage tribes with a smile on their faces. For the purpose of rousing a civilized public it is as well to possess a little of this particular manner. All the same his forehead is that of a musician, but his eyes and features are those of a 'superman'; this last expression is borrowed from his instructor in energy, Nietszche." Weingartner reminds Debussy of a "brand new knife; his gestures have a quasi-rectilinear eloquence; then all of a sudden his arms make relentless signals which evoke a bellowing from eht trombones and drive the cymbals distracted. This makes a great impression and seems allied to necromancy. The public is at a loss to express adequately its enthusiasm." Grieg's music gives Debussy "the charming and bizarre sensation of eating a pink bonbon stuffed with snow."

Two-thirds of the book is devoted to a consideration of Debussy's music. We are told that the composer, serving with his regiment at Evreux, found pleasure in listening to the overtones of bells and bugles. These were annotated, as it were, by him for future use, and he afterward applied harmonic laws to these infinitely complicated intervals. Mrs. Liebich has borrowed freely from Mr. Jean Marnold's analysis of Debussy's harmonic scheme, but she examines into the influence of Gregorian modes, Russian music, impressionistic painters and poets of symbolism.

Other chapters are "Choral, Orchestral and Instrumental Works," "Songs and Piano Pieces," "Pelleas and Melisande." The descriptions of the orchestral works are somewhat analytical, but they are also rhapsodic. Mrs. Liebich says that "The Afternoon of a Faun" is "an enconium in verse of the imperishable dominion of fancy and dream and of the artist's power to evolve a world of his own from his artistic creation." Mr. Gosse's paraphrase of Mallarme's poem might well have been reprinted here. The chapter on Debussy's songs is of special interest to singers, and the description of "Pelleas and Melisande" is not unduly "precious." Mrs. Liebich says that the opera "has been heard with success in Germany, Belgium and Italy." When she wrote this sentence, and when her book was first published, "Pelleas and Melisande" had not been performed in Italy.

There are portraits of Debussy, Mary Garden as Melisande, Jean Perier as

Pelleas, and there are quotations in musical notations from Debussy's compositions.

MISS FANNY LOTT.

Miss Fanny Lott, daughter of the Hon. W. H. Lott, is again in Boston, after several years of operatic experience in Italy. At the time she made her debut after study in Boston with William L. Whitney and with Vannucinni in Florence, the Herald spoke of her success. During the past winter she sang under contract at the Ponchielli theatre in Cremona, and at the Massimo in Palermo. Her appearances were in "Lohengrin," "The Masked Ball," "Carmen," and "Faust." The critics praised her voice, her vocal skill, and her dramatic action.

THE POPS.

The Pops in Symphony Hall pursue an uninterrupted course of prosperity and the present season is the best they have had since they moved uptown from old Music Hall, eight years ago. Arthur Kautzenbach, the new conductor, has made a favorable impression on the audiences. The principal feature of this week will be "Dartmouth Night" next Friday evening on the eve of the ball game between Harvard and Dartmouth. There will be a strong representation of those who wear the green of the New Hampshire college and there will be Dartmouth songs aplenty. The programme for tomorrow night is as follows:

March, "Semper Fidelis".....Sousa
Overture "Fra Diavolo".....Auber
Mazurka, "Woman's Heart".....Strauss
Waltz, "Most Charming".....Waldteufel
First time.
Hungarian Rhapsody in F major.....Liszt
Intermezzo Russe, for string orchestra...
.. Francke
First time.
In Cairo.....Blon
First time.
Husarenritt.....Spindler
Overture "A Night in Granada"...Kreutzer
Waltz, "Freut euch des Lebens".....Strauss
Selection, "The Merry Widow".....Lehar
March, "Ordre de Bataille".....Lehnhardt

MUSIC NOTES.

Professional pupils of Mme. Gertrude Franklin Salisbury—among them Mrs. Sundelius, Mrs. Helen Hunt and Mrs. Dorothy Miller—will give a concert in Potter Hall on Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The programme will include songs by Secchi, German, Wolf, Vidal, Schubert, Gounod, Handel, Rubinstein, Chabrier and others, and trios by Wagner and Smart will be sung.

Pupils of Miss Lucy F. Gerrish will give a piano recital in Chickering Hall next Thursday evening.

STREETS AND FEES.

Physicians in Warwick, N. Y., raised their fees last month about 50 per cent. Several formed a union and agreed on a new schedule of prices: Consultation in office, 75 cents; visit within one mile of office, $1.50; calls at night, double rates. They gave as a reason for raising the fees the present high cost of living.

No one can justly complain of these fees as unreasonable. What is to be said of a ruling given recently by Sir William Selfe in a county court action: "That a physician is entitled to fix his charges, not merely by the value or labor of his services, but by the localities in which himself and his patient respectively reside"? If this principle prevailed in Boston, a patient calling a doctor who lives in Marlboro street would be obliged to pay a Marlboro street fee, and if the patient lives in Marlboro street that very fact would compel him to pay the fee of the street. Now suppose a man living in Beacon street should call in a Columbus avenue doctor. How would the fee be determined? Living in Beacon street, the patient might feel the force of the old saw "Noblesse oblige"; or the physician would be tempted to charge twice or thrice his Columbus avenue fee. Nice questions might thus arise.

Do not some physicians even now charge according to the locality in which they live, without reference to the nature of the case and the amount of time and skill expended? There are few doctors who would admit the reasonableness of a sliding fee. The majority charge the servant girl and her mistress alike, for a single visit or for two or three treatments. There are glorious exceptions, men of marked ability, who take the trouble to inquire into the pecuniary condition of a patient and then charge accordingly, often asking only a nominal sum that the patient's pride may not be wounded.

Nor is the principle of the sliding scale wholly free from just exceptions. Why should a millionaire be charged an extravagant fee simply because he is rich? The Hippocration oath, once revered, for some practitioners, now seems to be as obsolete as the constitution of the United States or the old legal maxim that an accused person is innocent until he is proved guilty.

June 1 1908

Men and Things

G. R. A. asks: "Are hats worn in our leading clubs?"

It depends on the club and also on the hat. A member whose derby is over-ripe, so that the rim is beginning to crumble, leaves the hat in the coat room. A member who has bought a panama at a ridiculously low price—"that hat, gentlemen, is usually sold for $75 or $85"—wears it in the halls, the sitting rooms, the library, the billiard room, the card room—he would fain wear it in the dining room, and we have heard of a clubman who insists on wearing his panama when he is in the bathtub.

* * *

There are clubs in which the wearing of a hat in the rooms is considered an affectation and also an impertinence. The more "exclusive" clubs are not always distinguished by the good manners of their members. There are clubs where any hat is sported freely except in the dining rooms. Some think the practice conservatively English, therefore to be encouraged; others perhaps remember the line of Walt Whitman: "I cock my hat as I please indoors or out." A man that wears his hat in club rooms usually enters with a stick. The stick, unless it be adroitly handled by a person whose system is without a trace of alcohol, is a nuisance to others; and if there be much crushing of cups and clinking of cans, the stick inconveniences the owner; flourishing it, he miscalculates distances, hits a friend or misses a bore, smashes glass or an admired vase; or, resting on it in a sculptural attitude, it slips and he is at once grotesque, as was the tyrant Dionysius, impersonated in old days by Louis Harrison: "Come, see how Dionysius can die!" and then the marble on which he was haughtily leaning fell to the stage.

* * *

We have received a copy of "Barham Beach: a Poem of Regeneration," by Julia Ditto Young, the author of "Adrift, a Story of Niagara"; "Glynne's Wife," a novelette in verse, highly praised by the distinguished critic, A. Jeffrey; "The Story of Saville," characterized by A. W. Austin as "glittering, musical and beautiful," and described by Kate Burr as "a romance woven with heart-breaking skill"; "Black Evan," which inspired the Rev. J. E. McGrath to say that Mrs. Young sings, like Virgil, of love, chivalry and God, moved Esther Chaddock Davenport to liken the first stanzas to "a magnificent painting of gold, crimson and amethyst," and excited the admiration of the fastidious critic, Mark S. Hubbell.

We have read "Glynne's Wife." It is, indeed, hot stuff. We were eager to read "Barham Beach" after wo saw an extract from a letter of Margaret Emma Ditto: "'Barham Beach' will give you a place in English literature in the line of the worthies of the centuries who have written immortal words, words which the world will not let die until the world itself dies and goes darkling out in space, a perished planet." This letter was written at Mount Kisco, N. Y.

* * *

Mrs. Young tells us in one of her prefatory notes that "Barham Beach" was begun at her home, 391 Bouck avenue, Buffalo, May 1, 1895. "It was not written quite with the headlong speed of its predecessors, the first rough draught not being completed till June 10. The first and only Ms. was finished June 20 at the Nest, Mrs. Lavinia M. Oberst's cottage at Crystal Beach, Canada, and was the next day sent over to the city for the inspection of Mr. William McIntosh, editor of the Evening News, who is our valued friend and adviser. The poem contains 1998 lines in nineteen parts, no two consecutive parts are in the same form or meter. The writing of 'Barham Beach' was throughout an unmixed delight."

Another note is dated April, 1908: "During the thirteen years which have elapsed since the following pages were written, they were preserved in the Erie County Savings Bank, Buffalo, N. Y., and in the First National Bank of Caledonia, Livingston county, N. Y., at the home of Francis and Eliza Blakeslee." A cold storage warehouse would have been a safer place.

The volume contains a portrait of Mrs. Young, a picture of her writing desk and chair—the waste basket is empty in this picture—and a picture of Blakeslee House.

* * *

The hero, Theodore, in this thrilling story of a woman whose husband went wrong and also to state's prison and then died so that she could marry Theodore, was suggested in 1895. Mrs. Young tells us, by Police Commissioner Roosevelt of New York City. "Sacred are the mysteries of creation. The poet may not, if he would, unveil them, nor trace and twine again the delicate filaments that bind the Ideal to the Real. But every reader of 'Barham Beach' knows the man therein depicted, and is competent to judge the value of the portrait." The title page bears this motto:

A stainless gentleman,
Who never yet hath uttered any word
Less whitely true than what the angels breathe
Nighest the throne.

Mrs. Young purposes to give copy No. 1 of the poem to His Majesty King Edward VII., "should he graciously deign to accept this poetic tribute to a brother ruler."

* * *

The following lines will give a fair idea of Mrs. Young's lyric flight:

While for us: men are marble, and we are but mastic,
Things to be malaxed like wax or like gold,
A woman is good or bad just as the plastic
Soft clay of her nature curves under man's mould,
Full apt of impressure is woman, a creature
Made to receive much and little to give,
A copyist faithful, a learner, no teacher,
A crypt for love's logic, for aught else a sieve,
Who can know but few things, and these scarce worth the knowing,
Who e'er since the age prehistoric began
Hath donned her pontificals just for the throwing
Idolatrous incense and worship to man.

We have heard of wives wearing the breeches, but donning the pontificals is a far finer phrase. "Malaxed" is a word that will attract attention; so will the lines:

Yet he knew her mood
Had been a pit of black amaritude,
A marish whence black vapors did exude.

On the whole we prefer the noble simplicity of the scene of parting:

He was gone!
Gone to a future of achievements bright,
Leaving Louise to Barham Beach and night.

June 2 1908

Men and Things

Again we hear from Mr. Morgan, the far-darter of copy, the pryer into "push" and "put." This time he is autobiograpic and anecdotical.

May 27, 1908.

Men and Things:

Having told you why I think two simple words should be used reasonably, I now will move upon your works.

It is certain that neither of us know (sic and underscored) anything about Lydia Thompson before her American career. The data you cull from the library I read in 1868. We had heard of her and were interested, but to "know" is another word and betokens evidence.

That she was reared as a hallet dancer is not perfectly true, because she learned step dancing first. The first dance she mastered was the Sailor's Hornpipe, a particularly easy, but effective, thing for a child. This fact I had from the lady's own lips in New York on Niblo's stage after the return from out West. A few of us youngsters were got on at some expense, and after the show a newspaper man and I were given some personal history. I confess to being a disinterested listener. The interview was brief, as the lady was still in stage dress. She attracted attention by her graceful steps and was taught ballet dancing, but the training came too late to make her an entire success. I gather from her biography that she failed to obtain engagements of any value on the continent and came home. "Swift, impatient toes" describes her dancing quite accurately. I cannot improve on that.

Morgan does not go in for any ungraceful dancing. Neither is he enamored of "the split," and it is useless to quote terms to him that the other readers cannot be interested in; he is not.

There is little satisfaction in a discussion of this character, because one of the "Men" may take part in the argument today, while one of the "Things" may reply day after tomorrow. I object to debating with a menagerie. For fear some one may take this paragraph seriously, I may say it is humorous and may be left out. MORGAN OF LYNN.

* * *

Mr. Morgan, we have all been interested in reading about Delilah, Cleopatra, Semiramis, the invention of the cotton gin and the battle of Waterloo, but, according to your theory, we know nothing about them. Yet we have reason to believe that Delilah, Cleopatra and Semiramis worked much mischief among men; that the cotton gin was invented by a Yankee; that the battle of Waterloo was fought, although it is doubtful whether Cambronne made his celebrated reply of one word to the Englishman asking whether the Guard would surrender.

Of course, we culled facts about Lydia Thompson's early years from books. Where would you have us cull them? From rose bushes, potato vines, or from the spreading chestnut tree? Facts are stubborn things; and the histories of German theatres show that Lydia Thompson danced on German stages with marked success as a guest before she visited the United States. (See, for instance, Anton Pichler's "Chronik des Grossherzoglichen Hof und National Theatres in Mannheim"—Mannheim 1879.) We have now before us a charming portrait of Lydia by A. Weger of Leipsic, taken in her dancing days in Germany. She wears an evening dress with bodice cut square and low; her large hat has a curling feather, and her hair is in many long curls; she displays much jewelry.

* * *

That Lydia talked with you, a youngster on the stage, is no doubt a pleasant memory to you, but it is not of documentary importance. Stage women say many things to young men in or out of the playhouse. That you were "got on" this particular stage at some expense is an interesting fact. How many bottles did it cost, or did you cross the manly palm of the stage door keeper? As Lydia was in stage dress, we are surprised that your "interview was brief."

* * *

We like your reference to yourself in the third person. It reminds us of Napoleon in the saddle dictating a bulletin. It grieves us to learn that you are not interested in various modern feats of dancers, as "la guitare," "le port d'armes," "le salut militaire," "le croisement," "le grand ecart." You should be interested in them as a sociologist, a terpsichorean expert, a world-man, "teres atque rotundus," a lover of humanity.

* * *

It pains us, on the other hand, to learn that you find little satisfaction in discussions of this character. We assure you that no "Thing" contributes to this column. The writers of "Men and Things" are men of middle age, serious in their views of life, who labor constantly for the good of humanity, and are actuated solely by high and noble purposes. Some of them adorn the bench, the hospital and the pulpit. One of our most valued contributors is a retired barkeeper. Mr. Herkimer Johnson favors us with notes collected for his colossal work—he is still correcting the proofs of the first volume (elephant folio sold only by subscription).

* * *

Mr. Hammerstein says that he will produce Richard Strauss' "Salome" in a manner that will be "chaste, sublime and impressive." There has been no assemblage of adjectives to compare with this since the description of the dead Englishwoman as "blonde, passionate and deeply religious."

* * *

This reminds us that in Lord Alfred Douglas Mr. Bernard Shaw has a worthy foeman. Lord Alfred's translation of Wilde's "Salome" into English is a masterpiece, and some of his poems in French have charm and distinction. But when Lord Alfred expresses disapprobation of certain passages of Mr. Shaw's latest play on the ground of immorality, the inhabitants of the air not only smile, they snicker right out.

* * *

The new "exclusive" club now organizing in London names as an indispensable qualification for membership the possession of a coat-of-arms which has been in the family for not less than 100 years. "This is to insure that no rich parvenu, be he worth millions, may gain admission to the patrician circle."

But there is no "rich parvenu" in America who has not a coat-of-arms that has been for at least six or seven centuries in his family. When he chooses and buys a coat-of-arms, he is not content with a century. The ancestors of many of these suddenly rich went over to England with William the Conqueror. Not a few of the suddenly rich have suits of armor to decorate their halls.

June 3 1908

"AMERICAN" ORCHESTRAS.

Dr. Muck, talking pleasantly in Berlin about Boston and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, said that the city is "the American Athens," and the orchestra deserves the highest praise and the best of reputations. Berlin is known as the Athens of the Spree, so Dr. Muck may well plume himself on being an Athenian on either side of the Atlantic. Yet not all Bostonians are Athenians, for some objected to the novelties performed by Dr. Muck and the orchestra, while the original Athenians, to quote from "The Acts of the Apostles," spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing.

While Dr. Muck is loud in praise of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, he says "it can hardly be called an American orchestra, because the members are Frenchmen, German and Austrian." Yes, and other nationalities are represented. On the other hand, Bilse's orchestra in Berlin, when it was at the height of its fame, was called a German orchestra, although the concert master was a Russian (he succeeded Ysaye, a Belgian), and some of the leaders of the various instrumental groups were French or Belgian. The time has not yet come when a large orchestra composed exclusively of Americans born of American parents can compete successfully with the chief orchestras of the world. The number and quality of American soprano and contralto voices are world famous. There are a few distinguished American violinists, an Maud Powell is among the supreme virtuosos. American players of orchestral wind instruments are not common. The opportunities for learning these instruments have not been so general as in European countries, and there has been little pecuniary inducement for students to devote themselves to oboe, bassoon and certain other instruments.

Call the list of names, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not American; but it was founded by an ideal American, and it is supported by him and an American public. Furthermore it is an open question whether an orchestra made up of men from various countries be not a more elastic and impressive ensemble than one that is chauvinistically national.

GENTEEL ENGLISH.

The New York Times, discussing impartially the question whether the English people or the American speak the best English, alludes to "habits and affectations of speech which mean little." Thus the American asks, "How are you?" with an accent on "are," while the Englishman throws the accent on "you." The Times adds: "An habitual speaker of good English rarely uses this phrase at all. When he meets an acquaintance he does not fall into the common vulgarity of asking a question to which he desires no answer."

This "common vulgarity" is old and highly respectable either in its present form or in variants, as, "How do you do?" "How do you?" "How fare you?" "How's Miss Jones?" This question, which is perhaps not expected to be answered, is found in English literature from the fourteenth century until today, from the time of Caxton and then of Shakespeare to Tennyson and Thackeray. When Tennyson exclaimed, "O heart, how fares it with thee now?" he probably had no expectation of an immediate answer to the question. Furthermore, in nine cases out of ten in familiar speech the man to whom the question is put answers: "Pretty well," "First rate, thank you," "Only fair to middling," or, perhaps, "Rotten!" meaning only that he is not "quite fit." Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was constantly horrified by the use of "how?" for "what?" commended those who meet and pass with a pleasant bow "and 'How d'ye do?' or 'How's your uncle now?'" Would the Times prefer an inarticulate but amiable grunt, or "Hallo," or "Hello," or "I say!" or "Ah! there"? We fear the Times is in this instance genteel. But we are sure that it does not prefer "Elegant Extracts" to a book by Defoe, Swift or Cobbett. Only it forgets.

The Times says: "People of both nationalities who talk well rarely use slang. * * * Fondness for slang betrays an ill-developed intellect." Yet Aristophanes was in his day a pretty fellow, a man of considerable parts. There was Apuleius, who, as Mr. Whibley says, "would twist the vulgar words of every day into quaint, unheard-of meanings, nor did he ever deny shelter to those loafers and footpads of speech which inspire the grammarian with horror." Among the Englishmen of "ill-developed intellect" are Shakespeare, Fletcher, Dekker, Ben Jonson, Fielding, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, Henley; among Frenchmen, Villon, Rabelais, Balzac, Hugo, Verlaine, Schwob. We do not refer now to the cheap and parochial slang that is forgotten at a week's end, but to slang that is picturesque, forcible, human, eloquent; slang that may have lyric grace or be heroically epic. There is slang that is language in the making; there is also a slang that stands haughtily without the temple and is respected by the Muses. Also there is slang.

Men and Things

The New York Sun, speaking of Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, the famous singer, the friend of Turgenef, says she "has been an orphan for two years only, her father, Manuel Garcia, having died in 1906 at the age of 101."

This Manuel Garcia was Pauline's brother, not father. The two, with their sister, Maria Felicita Malibran, were children of Manuel del Popolo Vicente Garcia, who came with them to New York in 1825, and died at Paris in 1832.

* * *

The Punta Gorda Herald in its desire to advance the material interests and the glory of Florida protests against the slaughter of the alligator, and calls for stringent legislation in behalf of the picturesque animal. The Herald's praise of the alligator, who is misunderstood, or at least unappreciated in northern states, should be spread abroad.

"To the practice of many of our leading citizens of allowing these domesticated lizards to roam their yards at night, unfettered and free, we attribute in our town the happy absence we enjoy of tramps, burglars and yellow dogs.

"As a watch dog the alligator is unsurpassed. His honest bark is enough to put the fear of God into the hearts of all midnight prowlers, and his affection for superfluous dogs is only equalled by his capacity for benevolently assimilating them." It is not surprising, therefore, that no case of rabies is recorded in the annals of Punta Gorda.

"We recall the expressions of surprise and astonishment, of an amazement amounting to incredulity, which fell from the lips of visitors to our town, who for the first time witnessed the spectacle, common on our esplanade, of the trained alligator performing nursemaid's duty by taking the children out for an airing in the cool of the afternoon. Those who have never had occasion to observe the devoted concentration of the alligator when wheeling the perambulator, with as many as four small boys and girls perched gayly on his back, have missed perhaps the most convincing sight that could be offered as an argument in favor of the rescue of this faithful friend from the destruction that threatens this species."

No wonder that the people of Punta Gorda are anxious to put an end to the traffic in which the alligator's "honest bark appears in the form of hand bags, suit cases, etc."

* * *

Mr. Edward G. Craig contributes to the Mask an essay on "The Actor and the Uber-Marionette" in which he says that "since the perfect artist is he who has perfect control over the material he works in and as the actor has to deal with that most intractable material, flesh and blood, over which he never can assume ideally complete control, the actor can never be a master artist, and so had better be swept off the stage and make room for the marionette." The idea is not original with Mr. Craig.

Anatole France has with gentle irony more than once urged that all plays should be acted by marionettes. In one of his delightful essays contributed to the Temps he accused actors of spoiling comedies. "I mean good actors. I could accommodate myself to the others, but I really connot endure excellent artists, such as those at the Comedie-Francaise. Their talent is too great; it covers everything. Their personality effaces the work which they perform. They are persons of importance, and I wish that an actor be important only when he has genius. I dream of masterpieces played demoniacally in barns by strolling mummers."

And in the same essay, "Les Marionnettes de M. Signoret," France declares that a beautiful marionette surpasses actresses of flesh and blood. "A truly artistic idea, a fine and noble thought enters more easily into the wooden head of a marionette than into the brains of a fashionable playactress."

* * *

In a vegetarian cook book recently published there is a picture of a dining room fireplace. Over this fireplace is a motto in bold letters, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." This motto might well adorn the dining rooms of even the carnivorous, but with reference to the attitude of the household toward the cook.

* * *

There is a sad omission in this cook book. No recipe is given for pumpkin soup, which is a thing that makes life worth living. Nor is the pumpkin included in the list of vegetables.

* * *

Americans will not mourn over the fact that foreign buyers of American apples lost heavily last year. "American apples for Americans" should be a rallying cry, also an important plank in a political platform.

* * *

Mrs. Ella St. Clair Nickerson Stoddard, the wife of a steamboat captain, is somewhat disappointed in her "soul-mate," Mr. Hermann, a speculator in real estate, and is, incidentally, suing Mrs. Hermann, young Herman the son, and Miss Laura Hermann the daughter, for alleged defamation of character. Mrs. Stoddard is not sure that Mr. Hermann has "the proper degree of psychic power," so she is not yet ready to marry him. "Should I find that he does not measure up to the high state of spirituality, I will make him wait for another incarnation. I am of the firm belief that a mystic marriage of the soul is the ideal romance, but the world still is grossly material, and thus all unions should have some formal ceremony in order to quiet the ever-ready and gossipping public. Mr. Hermann is still afraid of the world, but I snap my fingers at such thoughts. My relations with him have been as pure as the holy altar is sacred." For, as she declares, Mr. Hermann's kisses have been only "benedictions" and his caresses an expression of "God bless you." Strange to say, Capt. Stoddard, a plain man of the sea, doesn't like this soul relationship. A mad world, my masters.

June 4 1908

MME. SALISBURY'S PUPILS IN CONCERT

Pupils of Mme. Gertrude Franklin Salisbury gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Potter Hall, which was filled with a deeply interested audience. The singers that took part were Mmes. Sundelius, Helen Hunt, Baker, Miller, Ray, Pickardt, Davis, Ellis, Crowley, Ames, Wainwright. Mrs. Wood-Forrest accompanied. The programme included trios by Wagner and Smart, and songs by Secchi, Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, Rubinstein, Jenceres, Chabrier, R. Strauss and others.

The concert was called a "pupils' concert," for although some that took part, as Mrs. Sundelius and Mrs. Hunt, for example, are professional singers of experience and reputation, they nevertheless realize that the greatest prima donnas are always eager to learn; that study ceases only when the voice cracks or death brings the end. It is said that Adelina Patti, now in her 66th year and farewelling the London public for positively the last tear-dripping time every three months, takes a few lessons occasionally in Paris.

It was natural that the professional singers yesterday won artistic and popular success. Both Mrs. Sundelius and Mrs. Hunt sang delightfully. The former was especially pleasing in Whelpley's "Go Not Happy Day," and the charm of her voice and the purity of her art gave character to Liza Lehmann's trifling "Cuckoo." Mrs. Hunt was loudly and deservedly applauded for her interpretation of Loomis' "Dutch Garden" and her eloquent singing of an impressive song, "My Star," by Mrs. Beach.

It may be said of the pupils in general that they showed the results of sound and conscientious training. Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Ray have sonorous and at the same time flexible voices, and Miss Wainwright's lower tones have an uncommon quality. Miss Davis of Malden has a voice charged with emotion and of fine and sympathetic character. She sang with true dramatic feeling, and interpreted Wolf's "Verborgenheit," the old English "Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces" and Vidal's "Ariette" with a marked appreciation in each instance of the poet's sentiment and the composer's translation of the sentiment into melodic phrases. Pleasant things might be said of other singers.

MUSIC NOTES.

S. E. Goldstein, violinist, a member of the Boston symphony orchestra, will give a recital in Huntington Chambers Hall Saturday evening at 7:45 o'clock.

The graduating exercises of the Faelten pianoforte school will take place in Huntington Chambers Hall Thursday evening, the 18th.

"NUTTY."

Mr. James J. Fee of Omaha told Mr. Luther Drake that he would blow up the Merchants' National Bank if he, Fee, did not receive at once $5000. Mr. Fee did not receive and did not blow up. He was arrested, jailed and tried. Inasmuch as he wrote while in jail letters in which he complained because he was fed on "manufactured potatoes" instead of potatoes that grow in the ground, experts were called to testify in his defence, and Mr. W. Q. Rose swore that the defendant was "nutty." Several of the jury asked at once what "nutty" meant, and the county attorney wished to know whether Mr. Rose were an expert on "nuttiness." Mr. Rose replied that "nutty" was not an exact synonym of "crazy," but it was "a species of the same affliction."

The term, "nutty," is often heard in these parts, and its meaning is generally understood. When was the term introduced and what is its origin? It seems to be an Americanism.

In English slang, the "nut" has long meant the head, as in "Jack got a cracker on the nut." It follows reasonably that to be "off one's nut" is to be insane. There is a beautiful use of this phrase in Sims' ballad, "Polly":

"Or to go off their nuts about ladies as
dies for young fellers as fights."

To be nuts (or dead nuts) on it, is to be much pleased with the object, or proposition, whatever it may be; and to be nuts on any one is to be exceedingly fond of a man or a woman. Some one in Black's "Princess of Thule" said that his aunt was "awful nuts on Marcus Aurelius."

"Nutty" in English slang means, first of all, to be amorous of a person; it also means to be fascinating, fruitful of details, doggy (that is, stylish—as: "The beak wore his nuttiest wig"), or nice. Byron's Don Juan, on his way to London, killed Tom, a highwayman, who was "so prime, so swell, so nutty, and so knowing." When Jerry Juniper, in Ainsworth's "Rookwood" sang:

"But my nuttiest blowen one fine day,
Fake away!
To the beaks did her fancy man betray,"

he meant to say that his favorite girl

betrayed her sweetheart to the magistrates.

There are more modern and more picturesque terms than "nutty" meaning a light form of insanity, a term applied to a man that is a crank on one subject or several. Personally, we prefer the phrases: "There's a bat in his belfry"; "He has a slat loose"; "He has wheels in his head"; or the more subtle variant: "Can't you see 'em go 'round?" Estimable citizens may be "nutty" in social and philanthropic schemes, in views on art, yet shrewd in business and lovable at home. Mr. Rose was correct in his differentiation: A "nutty" man is by no means necessarily crazy, fit only for the madhouse.

Men and Things

It is the duty of a guest to be cheerful, even at breakfast, even if he then misses his favorite form of chicken-feed and sees no fruit, raw or cooked, on the table. Emerson once protested against the practice of chattering about a sleepless night or telling in detail a singular dream. There is no more tiresome person than the man with a constant flow of hard luck stories. If you yourself are fairly prosperous, with sound digestion, with a wife not too active in social enjoyments—O, the irony of that phrase!—and schemes of benevolence, with children that are reasonably well-behaved, the more the despondent one rasps your nerves. There is also the awful thought of being "touched," when you two are alone with tobacco. Or if you are a spendthrift in generosity, nevertheless as a sensitive being you are racked.

Marie Tempest told a good story that bears on this point at the annual meeting of the Rehearsal Club. Two schoolmates met, and they had not come together for many years. The meeting was in the house of the prosperous one. The dialogue was about as follows: "How is the wife?" asked the host. "Don't ask me; she died two years ago." "I'm sorry, old man; pardon me for not knowing about it; but how's your girl?" "Didn't you hear? She got a divorce, and it was a lot or trouble to me." "Terrible! but how is your son getting on?" "Don't mention him. He ran away last year, in debt." The host got up, touched the bell and said to the butler: "Tomkins, throw this man out. He is breaking my heart."

* * *

Simoleon is a nobly sonorous word, which, as The Herald has before this remarked, should be good Greek. You would not be surprised to read in Xenophon that Cyrus rewarded some one by giving him a thousand simoleons. The word suggests a princely sum. It is far different from "bone" or "plunk."

A painter, not a sash and blind painter, but a "boss painter," as Artemus Ward would have said, was moved by thought of this word to construct the following joke. Having built it laboriously, he found it good and tried it on friends at the Porphyry. "I see they call Rockefeller a Napoleon of finance. Then his name ought to be Simoleon Bonaparte." After mature deliberation we do not think that this is so funny that it would make a man laugh if he were all alone, by himself, in the woods.

* * *

It appears from "Queen Victoria as I Knew Her" by Sir Theodore Martin, which was published recently, that the Queen was "most anxious to enlist every one who can speak or write to join in checking this mad, wicked folly of 'Woman's Rights' with all its attendant horrors, on which her poor feeble sex is bent, forgetting every sense of womanly feeling and propriety. Lady —— ought to get a good whipping. It is a subject which makes the Queen so furious that she cannot contain herself. God created man and women different—then let them remain each in their own position. Tennyson has some beautiful lines on the difference of men and women in 'The Princess.' Woman would become the most hateful, heartless and disgusting of human beings, were she allowed to unsex herself; and where would be the protection which man was intended to give the weaker sex?"

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on this outburst, says merely this: "One may rejoice that a gracious sovereign to whom the aberration of her sex was so repulsive did not live to see the word 'suffragette' gain a place in English dictionaries."

* * *

There are other words ending in "ette" that are equally obnoxious: as leaderette, a short editorial paragraph, printed in the same type as the leaders in a newspaper; sermonette, historiette, leatherette, a wholly absurd word, for it describes a fabric composed of cloth and paper, in imitation of leather. Yet perhaps these words are no more hideous than "booklet," "leaflet" and others of the same formation.

* * *

Dr. Saleeby, warring against the idea that tuberculosis is hereditary—for this idea still exists even among persons who should know better—mentions the fact that tuberculosis is now sometimes described as a dwelling disease. "It might probably be described with still more accuracy as a bedroom disease, or a bedroom and public-house disease."

* * *

It is a pleasure to find Herman Melville's "Typee," "Omoo" and above all, "Moby Dick," the greatest of all sea-stories, reprinted in Everyman's Library. There should also be room for Melville's "White Jacket," "Piazza Tales," "Israel Potter," and in spite of certain extravagancies "Redburn." The world can easily spare "The Confidence Man" and "Pierre." How about "Mardi?" It was condemned without mercy when it was first published. Blackwood's called it a rubbishing rhapsody; another magazine, the Dublin University, spoke of it as a sad, humiliating, deplorable, most melancholy perversion of genius—which was taking the book far too seriously; Putnam's, if we are not mistaken, likened the romance to the dream of a midshipman drunk on hashish in a hammock under a South Sea sky. "Mardi" is indeed fantastical, but Melville said that after he had written "Typee" and "Omoo," stories of fact, which had been received with incredulity, he thought he would write a romance that might be received for a verity.

* * *

In "Mardi," however, there is a passage on names for battleships that is pertinent today and should please especially the believers in an enormous war fleet. Melville begins by saying that Christian nations are but too apt to be daredevils in naming ships—as the British Pandora, a name that slapped Fate in the face, Defiance, Revenge, Thunderer, the Tremendous; while the names of French vessels in the Forties were characteristic of the aspirations of Monsieur, Destiny, Magnanimous, Indomitable, etc., and the Spaniards ransacked the theology of the religion of peace.

"Much better," says Melville, "the American names (barring Scorpions, Hornets and Wasps) Ohio, Virginia, Carolina, Vermont. And if ever these Yankees fight great sea engagements—which Heaven forefend!—how glorious, poetically speaking, to range up the whole federated fleet, and pour forth a broadside from Florida to Maine. Ay, ay, very glorious indeed! yet in that proud crowing of cannon how shall the shade of peace-loving Penn be astounded to see the mightiest murderer of them all, the great Pennsylvania, a very namesake of his. Truly, the Pennsylvania's guns should be the wooden ones, called by men-of-war's-men, Quakers." But Pennsylvania no longer has this honor."

June 5 1908

HOLLOW, ALL HOLLOW.

Dr. Delageniere, lecturing in Paris, gave his hearers the sweet assurance that it is possible to live comfortably without a stomach. One of his patients, relieved of this organ two years ago, is now attentive to his daily labors and in excellent health.

It has often been said in jest that the happy man would be he whose stomach, liver and kidneys could be taken out each night and put with the boots for cleaning. Some have prophesied that in the years to come, when all food will be taken in little pills or tablets, the interior clockwork of man will be of metal, nickel plated, and food will serve only as an oil. We are reminded from year to year that this or that organ is not really necessary, and the surgeon operator fondly encourages the belief.

A few years ago a singular romance, "Caresco, Surhomme," by Andre Couvreur, was published in Paris. In it figures the captain of a flying machine, who had been surgically treated to qualify him for his position. Born with four legs he was exhibited at fairs when Caresco, the eminent surgeon, saw him and gave his parents 20,000 francs for the permission to remove the superfluous limbs. For other reasons the remaining two legs were cut off. Then came other modifications of his anatomy. His eyes were changed into powerful telescopes; the ears of a Siberian wolf were grafted on his own; an operation on throat and vocal cords changed his voice into that of a megaphone; a rheumatic arm was lopped off; stomach and appendix were taken away, also a kidney. There were other operations on which we need not dwell, until Caresco, the highest type of the modern surgeon, exclaimed joyously: "Captain, you are almost perfect, you are almost the human monad. You are my masterpiece!" Last of all the surgeon took away the captain's name. He was known only as "The Captain."

The satire is a fierce one, yet the book, singularly unpleasant, may be read with profit by all that put their trust in the material, the commercial, the purely scientific. It is not mere sentimentalism to honor organs of the body, even though they may be diseased. The ancients named them as seats of emotions and passions, as dwelling places of beliefs, faiths, aspirations. There is too much dehumanizing of the body, which is after all sacred. The thought of an empty, hollow torso is intolerable. We love the vitals of our friends.

Men and Things

The lights and shadows of the artist's life! At present Miss Betty Lawrence is in a dark shadow. The tale comes to us from the Pacific coast. Miss Betty, having won fame as a singer in the houses of her friends, would fain blaze as a star of the first magnitude in the operatic sky. Her friends encouraged her; her parents were already looking forward to interviews with illustrations of the old homestead and portraits of Miss Betty at 2 years of age, 9 and 16. All believed in Miss Betty except Mrs. Genevieve Corbin, who lived in the adjoining flat, and she said openly that "Miss Lawrence had better be doing something useful rather than disturbing the neighbors with her do, re, mi, fa, so, las." Mrs. Corbin was, thereupon, asked to mind her own business "and the parting between her and the Lawrences is said to have been characterized by a great warmth of expression."

This display of temperament argued well for Miss Betty's career but, alas, the next day she was drenched with a pail of cold water, poured, as she alleges, but Mrs. Corbin denies it, from Mrs. Corbin's window. "O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve!" Wherever the water came from, it fell on Miss Betty who was laid up a week later with a sore throat, which was followed by a lingering disease, and at last the extinction of her singing voice. She, therefore, now brings suit against Mrs. Corbin for damages to the amount of $10,000. For this voice is now "a hoarse whisper, and specialists have announced there is no prospect of its ever recovering its rich, sweet timbre." Possibly this timbre is even now ground into wood pulp.

Miss Betty should remember the words of the poet, Borup G. Dennison, and find comfort in them:

Sweet are the songs that are sung,
But the unsung songs are sweeter.

* * *

A correspondent writes: "Can you name the author of these superb lines?"

IN THE CIRCUS.

Here rests, his head upon the lap of earth,
The brave young man that rode the brindle mule.
He learned when meek Asinus burst the girth,
Too late, the lesson of life's harshest school.

Broad culture, solid judgment, breadth of brain,
Thought that has drank at the Pierian spring;
Grand depth and height of culture he must gain
Who safely rides the trick mule round the ring.

We do not find these verses in Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," Emerson's "Parnassus," or in more recent anthologies; but we think they were published in the Burlington Hawkeye, in 1879 or 1880.

* * *

We all have heard of the poet that wrote a magnificent ode in fine frenzy on the head of a cracker barrel in a country store; of the editor that dashed off an editorial article in 10 minutes that elected a Governor; of the paragrapher that jots down side-splitting jests on his cuffs, whether he be in street car or at a funeral service. Now we hear of Mr. H. Trotere, a maker of music, who composed "The Brow of the Hill"—perhaps some one can sing it to us?—wrote a letter and ran 400 yards to catch the post, all inside of eight minutes.

* * *

A happy marriage is the result of constant mutual tact, nearsightedness, and occasional deafness. For instance, the conduct of Mrs. Elizabeth Krebs at Jamaica, L. I., a few days ago, cannot be commended by writers on the domestic relations. She appeared with a stern face and a revolver in the barroom doorway of the Bergen House, and exclaimed: "Where's my husband, Gawge? I want him." There were men in the room; possibly some were stranded on the bar, but they managed to get off it, and some jumped through open windows, others fell under tables. Mr. Krebs, who had been attending to electric wires in the hotel, walked into the bar-room. "Gawge," said the wife, "come home, or——"; and she levelled the revolver at him. She thought Gawge had been studying sociology, especially the drink question, with other students.

* * *

We tell this story to remind wives that they should never humiliate their husbands in the presence of others. Suppose, for example, that a woman invites her husband—we do not like the word "command" in connection with a domestic scene — to help the janitor in rolling up rugs for the summer, or in fastening brown paper in the windows. The husband may be slow, thick-fingered, obtuse; but he is usually a willing beast of burden. The wife should not by word of mouth or facial expression, or contemptuous shrug allow the janitor to see that she considers her husband a poor thing. Least of all, should she brush him away, and say in staccato tones: "You go and do something else. I'll attend to this."

* * *

Mme. Schumann-Heink, who is now proud of her American citizenship—or as some would have it, citizenessship—showed out West that she is at last a full-fledged American. She tipped her waiter at a hotel in Ann Arbor, Mich., by giving him a $20 gold piece.

* * *

The Brighton (Eng.) Town Council met recently to consider the appointment of a new conductor for the Corporation Band. One member, believing that the public is prepared to pay more for its pleasures than for its necessities, remarked that "a town clerk was more useful than a bandmaster; but the public was ready to pay more to the bandmaster; that a borough surveyor was more useful than a Mme. Albani; but the public would pay the singer £25,000 a year and a surveyor £500." He favored a proposed bandmaster who was unmarried. For this reason: "Where ladies had gone by the hundred, they would now flock to the concerts by the thousand; and their receipts would go up by leaps and bounds." And yet the conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have all been married men. Even Mr. Creatore has been married, divorced, and again married.

Men and Things

Inasmuch as some of our readers may be going to Europe this summer, the following extracts from a letter written to us by a Bostonian, who has lived for several years abroad, a student of cookery in all its forms, pots, pans and ramifications, a citizen of the world and a most observant looker-on, may be of valuable assistance:

* * *

"I have learnt a thing or two about certain matters that spur on the quick-tempered to write to the Times and parade their woes before an unsympathizing public. Especially have I learnt about what are generally known as 'extortionate' hotels and restaurants. Few people go to extortionate hotels without knowing what they have to expect, but a great many people go now and then to that sort of restaurant, and get very mad about it afterward. Such places as Ciro's in Monte Carlo, the Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, Paillard's and Henry's in Paris itself, all exist for a certain purpose; if they are put to uses they are not intended for, trouble of some sort is inevitable. The same may be said of restaurants in the 'Palace' hotels—

rand, sumptuous hotels that have one lle a manager for the table d'hote and 'restaurant' for dining a la carte. Every now and then you see an indignant letter in The Herald or Daily Mail about the enormous prices charged at such places for 'the simplest little meal.' Such a letter only shows that the writer has made a fool of himself. Such restaurants were not made for simple little meals, and have no notion of serving simple little meals to the general public. They are meant for lavish and luxurious big meals, and you will generally find that, for such meals, the charge, though high, is not what can properly be called extortionate.

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"The principle on which such luxurious restaurants regulate their charges is perfectly simple; here it is they say to themselves, the price of a table d'hote dinner at an ultra-first-class hotel of the 'Palace' order is f.15 'couvert'—and this does not include wine or after-dinner coffee. Moreover no table d'hote ever represents the real height of luxury in dining; it merely furnishes a complete dinner, fully equipped in every respect, and well cooked and handsomely served; but it does not go in for extraordinary excesses. It is accordingly the cheapest meal such hotels purpose serving. If patrons go to the restaurant instead of to the table d'hote they do so for greater luxury, not for greater simplicity, also because the restaurant is frequented by a sweller set than the table d'hote, it is in the restaurant that you will find princes and grand dukes, not to mention other luminaries of fashion. All this being granted we make the following tacit guess: as f.15 a head (wine not included) is the minimum price of a first-class table d'hote, we will let anybody out of our restaurant until he has spent at least f.15 no matter what he orders. If he orders nothing but soup and cheese it will cost him f.15; and we can make it cost him what we please, for our prices are not known on our bills of fare.

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"This is the reasoning, and this is the principle on which such places are run. I know a hotel in Paris (and it is not the Ritz either) where they charged a lady who had her meals in her own salon 2 francs apiece for eclairs. Now an eclair costs 16 centimes at any bakery and 25 centimes at the swellest cafes in the city. But the lady's orders were too simple, and the price had to be made up somehow. The upshot of all of which is: Don't go to very swell places for simple little meals, if you do, you will get skinned alive—and get no better food than you would at cheaper places. If you must dine at a tip-top swell restaurant, go the whole hog and dine luxuriously; then, especially if you order the dinner the day before, you may be financially ruined, but you will at least get your money's worth.

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"The dinners I have had with a friend, tete-a-tete, at the Cercle des Etrangers in Aix-les-Bains, and at Ciro's in Monte Carlo, I having in every case made the money beforehand at the tables, were perfectly 'regardless' and cost from 55 to 80 francs. With more careful ordering they might have easily been cut down to 40 francs—but hardly to less. But I have had capital, really delicious dinners at Ledoyen's on the Champs Elysees at 35 francs for four people. So you can see the difference. And pleasures have told me that it is useless to go to the very swellest places, unless you order the day beforehand; like such restaurants on the spur of the moment, and they are no better than other places."

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Apropos of an editorial on excessive surgery and the consequent reduction of a man to a human monad, which was published in The Herald of June 5, we may here say that Dr. Delair showed recently to the members of the French Academy of Medicine a man with an artificial face that can be taken off daily by the wearer and washed in soap and water; the patient, in consequence of an accident with a gun, had his chin, lower part of the lower jaw, lips, a portion of his tongue and the whole of his upper jaw and nose blown away. The mechanical face is in four pieces; a silver groove with lower teeth fixed in it, attached to a dental apparatus of tin with the remaining teeth; a dental apparatus in vulcanite and gold for upper teeth, and this is fitted to two small protuberances that enter the nasal cavities and fill up the right sinus; a chin and lower lip of india rubber, painted to look natural and with false beard; finally an india rubber nose and upper lip with false moustache. The fastenings of these pieces are said to be most ingenious.

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"During the cafe concert singer makes her appeal to strangers in search of foreign wickedness," Mr. Zenas B. Parsons of Hockanum Ferry was reminded of lines by Arthur Stanley Riggs:

> I not good, nor wise, nor just,
> I can I sing.

Mr. Parsons did not have the image of an irreproachably dressed young man who arose some months ago at a variety show in this city after a soubrette contralto with a menagerie of pets had sung a ballad of the heart at home. He in turn lifted up his own voice: "We do not care for the lady's singing; we do not care to hear her any more." Others joined in this frank expression of opinion; the manager yielded after a faint remonstrance; as for the singer—the rest was silence.

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We were much impressed by Mr. Charles L. Stone's dedication of his "Booklet of Sonnets" to his brother, "whose esthetic sense and entheal creative genius cannot but attain his noble and lofty aspirations." There have been creative geniuses in several countries, but it is not too much to say that the only "entheal creative genius" is now to be found in the United States. There is not even an enthean creative genius to be found in Indianapolis.

Discusses Dr. Muck's Remark on the Make-up of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Herald has commented editorially on Dr. Muck's remark that the Boston Symphony orchestra could not justly be called an "American" orchestra because its members are French, German and Austrian. He might also have said "Belgian, Italian, English, American, Hungarian, Bohemian." Croatians, Roumanians, Russians have been members of the orchestra and are possibly today.

No doubt Dr. Muck, whose praise of this orchestra was as sincere as it was eloquent, was not quoted in full when he spoke about the composition of the band. No one will believe for a moment that he made the remark with disagreeable intent.

Foreign composers and conductors, visiting us, have expressed surprise that there are not more Americans of American parents in the orchestras of Boston, New York and Chicago. When Richard Strauss was in this city he remarked on the fact that the leading London orchestra was made up chiefly of Englishmen. Yet if you look over the list of members of that orchestra, you will find men with foreign names occupying important positions. Mr. d'Indy also was surprised when he was here not to find more Americans in the orchestra.

The Herald has already given reasons why comparatively few Americans are in the leading orchestras of this country. For years there was little opportunity for an American to study certain wind instruments with skilled teachers, nor was it a pecuniary object for him to study in order to gain his living by devoting his time to one of these instruments. The few conservatories of music worthy the name for years had no classes for these instruments. A pupil was obliged to go to a bandman.

Now the case is different in a few cities. In Boston excellent instruction may be obtained at the New England Conservatory, and there is also the opportunity of orchestral practice, which is most important.

Grant, however, that an American has attained some proficiency as an oboist or bassoonist, he seldom has had orchestral experience sufficient to enable him to hold his own in a first-class orchestra. If an American should play the oboe as skilfully as Mr. Longy or Mr. Lenom, or the flute as well as either one of the Maquarre brothers, and had also routine experience, he would be welcome in any American orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is supposed to be a band of picked men, an orchestra of virtuosos. What matters it whether these virtuosos come from Germany, France, Bulgaria or Brazil? There should be no such thing as chauvinism in art. "American orchestras for Americans" would be a sadly parochial cry.

The remark of Dr. Muck reminds me of a striking article by Mr. Pierre Lalo, published in the Temps, apropos of the concerts some weeks ago in Paris by the Philharmonic Orchestra of Berlin.

Mr. Lalo begins by saying that the enforced comparison between this orchestra and those of Paris is instructive and also disquieting. There was a time when the French players of wood-wind instruments surpassed those of other countries.

(He might have quoted Berlioz, who, giving concerts in Germany, mourned the inferiority of German wind-instrument players, and dwelt on this point; but Mr. Lalo no doubt thought that Berlioz's comments were familiar).

"The French wood-instrument players," says Mr. Lalo, "were incomparable for purity of tone, style and facility of mechanism. The distance between them and their rivals was so great that it seemed as though it should be eternal. I do not say that today there is no distance; but it has diminished. German flute players are still far less good than ours; they are drier and sourer; but the Philharmonic has a perfect oboe and excellent bassoons; such is the result of patient efforts made for the last 20 years in the schools and orchestras of Germany."

He finds that the German brass players are doubly superior; in beauty of tone, and in ease and accuracy of performance. He admits that the German horns and trombones are better made, and asks why French manufacturers have not studied their neighbors' methods. "The German horn players, moreover, are absolutely sure, while ours seem always timid, hesitating, liable to distressing accidents. Yesterday in the most dangerous passage of 'Till Eulenspiegel,' the horn did not seem to meet even the shadow of a difficulty, and the audience was never on pins and needles. Imagine a French horn performing the same work; you would constantly have had the impression of an impending accident, and nine times out of ten the accident would have come under the form of a 'couac.' Why? I don't know. But, to quote from 'Hamlet,' there's something rotten in Horniand."

Mr. Lalo goes further. He finds that French strings have lost in in sonority, energy, breadth. Whenever he crosses the Rhine to hear concerts he is struck by the superiority of German orchestras in this respect. "Our inferiority is deplorable. An orchestra that is not based solidly on the quartet lacks a firm foundation. It is more and more evident that our orchestras rest on a quartet that is weak and lacking in balance and firmness. Our strings have as much precision and delicacy as those of other lands, but they no longer are vigorous. The Germans play with full bow and the bow is on the string; the French play with ten centimeters of bow and with the tips of their fingers. The Germans play as orchestral musicians; the French as virtuosos."

This severe criticism of French orchestras will surely awaken replies.

What Mr. Lalo says about the superiority of German horn players may well excite surprise in Boston. For two years the two first horns of the Boston Symphony orchestra have met with many accidents in performance, and when there has been accuracy the horns have too often been overblown.

It may also be said here that both Dr. Muck and Mr. Gericke had an unreasonable prejudice in favor of wooden flutes and found their tone preferable to that of silver flutes. Whereas, the experiments conducted by Victor Makillon and others have proved conclusively that the only reasons for difference in the timbre of wind instruments are to be found in the proportion of the pipes, that is, in the shape of the vibrating body, which is only air, and in the manner in which the air is set in motion in the pipe.

The Baltimore Sun has been discussing editorially the comparative offences of tenors and basses. It will be remembered that von Buelow, vexed by Anton Schott, cried out in his wrath: "The tenor is a disease." The Sun takes a more charitable view:

"We by no means advocate the manhandling of tenors. We by no means regard their blood-curdling braying as evidence of moral turpitude or demoniacal possession. On the contrary, we have steadily and consistently maintained the theory that they are entirely unconscious of wrongdoing. When a tenor stands before an audience and begins to sound his wolf tones, he fancies that he is giving exquisite joy to all. Being tone-deaf himself, his most agonizing gurgles fall upon his ear like heavenly harmonies. The gallows might extirpate, but it could never cure him. What he needs is a vaccine."

Strange to say, the Sun is bitter against the bass. The popular impression is that the bass is at heart a worthy, estimable citizen. He may be a little pontifical in his bearing, or, as some would have it, slow; but he is seldom accused of whims and caprices or of deep rooted hostility toward the human race. The Sun thinks otherwise.

"Here we have a normal man, entirely sound in mind, who yet bellows like a bull of Bashan. He stands up, he clears his throat, he throws back his head, and his Adam's apple begins to tremble. At once there issues from his glottis a long, sinuous snake of sound. It goes down, down, down, down—a mad jumble of hoots, whoops and howls—leaving civilization and the diatonic scale behind it and entering the undiscovered country of the ultra-violet tones. Beside it, the ultimate grunt of a bull-fiddle seems like the shrill scream of a piccolo, and the nether blast of a B flat ophicleide like an oboe's jumping-off note. It shakes the building and clouds the heavens. It makes strong men quake with fear and brings sorrow to the home. And all the while the basso profundo is a sane man, who knows what he is doing. For him we urge the knout. Let him be dragged to the court house square and flogged. Let him taste the bastinado."

Mr. Ralph Osborne of Cambridge sang in opera for the first time in New York as Mephistopheles at the American Theatre May 27 and was warmly praised by the critics. The Globe spoke of his acting as "surprisingly free and effective" and showing "thorough knowledge of the traditions of his part." It added: "He sang with spirit, style, dramatic accent, and a beautifully clear enunciation: altogether he made a most promising first appearance in an exacting role." Other newspapers were equally complimentary.

Aline van Baerentzen, born at Boston July 7, 1897, now a pupil at the Paris Conservatory, gave a concert in Paris May 29.

As a deep thinker remarked, there are shadows as well as lights in the artist's life. Look for instance at the case of Mrs. Rose M. Johnson Towers, described as a prominent Denver musician, although we are not told whether she sings, plays the piano or thrills by mastery of the slide trombone. She sues for divorce, and says that her husband, who evidently has no music in his soul, bashed her with his fist and knocked her against the piano, so that she was literally, to use the programme genteel phrase, "at the piano." On another occasion, he caught hold of her ankle and dragged her out of bed. This statement seems incredible, for her portrait represents her as singularly comely, aye, temperamental.

Mme. Osborne-Hannah, an American, a member of the Leipsic Opera House company and the wife of the United States consul at Magdeburg, made her first appearance at Covent Garden, May 20, as Eva. The Pall Mall Gazette said that her impersonation was "clever, simple and unsophisticated, the only drawback being the somewhat uneven way in which she sings." Others praised the quality of her voice. The Telegraph says she took the part for the first time.

Again the London critics are contradicted by the London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald. Edyth Walker took the part of Isolde at Covent Garden (May 16), as The Herald noted at the time. The Daily Telegraph said she was superb, "for there have been few isoldes in our experience at once of such womanliness and queenliness and of such musical and vocal capacity." The Times characterized her as "a great artist, able to impress every hearer by the grandeur of her conceptions and the fine musicianship she shows. * * * With the single exception of Ternina, whose readings of the part she must have studied, one cannot think of any living artist who could have taken the part with greater success. Her appearance, though perhaps a secondary matter in comparison with her performance, is all in her favor, and she adds to the statuesque character of her attitudes by appearing with bare feet." Other London journals were as eulogistic, although the Pall Mall Gazette, while it admitted that Miss Walker had power as a dramatic singer, did not accept her interpretation as being of the best. "In the difficult first act she did not convey sufficient dignity, and in the second there was a lack of warmth in her singing. The 'Liebestod,' too, was deficient in phrasing and a sense of conviction. Still, her voice is strong and carries well, and she has every attribute of experience and confidence of manner."

Now mark the opinion of the Glasgow Herald correspondent: "Miss Walker's Isolde is not Teutonic. Her Irish Princess is not a heavy weight; and since it is impossible to imagine that so nervous and passionate a creature as Isolde could have been stout and Teutonic, Miss Walker begins with a decided physical advantage. At the same time the new Isolde was not ideal. Miss Walker is a very intelligent artist, and in all she did that intelligence could be traced, but she is not a great actress, and her Isolde is lacking in emotional reality and overpowering individuality. Indefatigable gesture and obvious facial expression will not take the place of the spontaneous power of acting which makes itself felt with no apparent effort at all. Nor is Miss Walker's voice very expressive. She sang the music clearly and easily, but the high notes were hard, and in moments of tension degenerated into a shriek, and the voice itself is not plastic enough for subtle dramatic expression. At the same time the new Isolde must be considered as more in the picture than the ordinary run of German Isoldes."

A London newspaper announced after the death of Ludovic Halevy that he wrote the libretto of "Orphee aux Enfers," to which "Gluck set music." Happy journal to which Offenbach and Gluck are merely names that may be interchanged without fear of suits for damages! Furthermore, the libretto of "Orphee aux Enfers" was written by Hector Cremieux. Halevy began to work on it with Cremieux, but he was named head clerk in the office of the ministry for Algiers and he abandoned the task.

A London evening journal made a still more astounding break a fortnight ago. "The greatest test of the soprano is probably the second air of Astrafiammeti in Mozart's 'Magic Flute.' The composer is said to have written the melody for his sister-in-law, Ilma di Murska"!

Mrs. C. R. Holmes, the president of the Cincinnati Orchestra Association, said in her annual report: "We tried last season to give a series of concerts with outside orchestras, and it was not a success. We must have our own orchestra." The total receipts for last season amounted to $15,120.51 and the total disbursements were $21,429.17. This left a deficit of over $6000, which has been made up by the subscribers to the guarantee fund. Mrs. Holmes hopes to form an orchestra for the season 1909-10, one that will "measure with the best in the country."

Raymond Roze, a London theatre conductor, who has composed much incidental music, especially for Beerbohm Tree, has written the libretto and music of an opera, "Joan of Arc." He has based his libretto on Wallon's book, but he has "introduced a love interest" by making Dunois fall in love with Joan, who is here "shorn of all the supernatural powers which have grown up round her name." There will be several tableaux vivants and a great opportunity for spectacular display. No opera based on the story of Joan of Arc has had lasting success.

The London notices of Mme. Melba's return to Covent Garden glow with praise. The correspondent of the Glasgow Herald is fortunate in his choice of words: "I never hear her sing the part of Mimi without marvelling at the expressive effort of a voice of beautiful quality perfectly produced. The mere tone of Melba's voice has an expression of its own. If she does not put passion into Mimi's avowal of love, Mme. Melba at any rate sings with voluptuous charm, so that her voice does convey some kind of human feeling."

The Daily Telegraph (London) speaking of Dr. Wuellner's singing of Schubert's "Alinde," says the song must surely have been running in Sullivan's head when he wrote "Titwillow." Sir Arthur's head was full of many tunes when he wrote his own. He lifted boldly and with both hands.

To F. L. M.—Adeline Genee's real name was Anina Christianson, but her father changed his name because it was common in his country and the daughter preferred Adeline to Anina.

Joseph O'Mara, an excellent opera singer, with a delightful brogue, has signed a contract to appear in this country for five years. He will begin soon after election at Chicago in "Peggy Machree."

THE POPS.

The season of Pop concerts in Symphony Hall is one week shorter than usual this year because of the coming to Boston of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, which are to hold their meetings in Symphony Hall the week of June 22. Only two weeks more remain of these concerts. In these two weeks attractive special programmes have been arranged. Tomorrow evening will be "Vienna night." The programme will be given largely to dance music. Naturally the greater part of the programme will be given to Johann Strauss. Tuesday evening brings the annual "Technology night." This is always one of the great nights in the Pop season. "Harvard night" will come on Monday evening, June 15.

A new feature of the Pops which Conductor Kautzenbach has devised is a "Request night," on Thursday evening, June 18. The programme will be prepared in accordance with the requests made by the patrons of the Pop concerts. All requests should be addressed to Arthur Kautzenbach, Symphony Hall. Tomorrow night's programme is as follows:

March, "Hoch Hapsburg".....Krai
Overture, "The Gypsy Baron".....Strauss
Waltz "Vienna Girls".....Ziehrer
Hungarian Dance.....Brahms
Waltz, "Blue Danube".....Strauss
"Perpetuum Mobile".....Strauss
Mazourka, "Woman's Heart".....Strauss
Waltz, "Sounds from the Vienna Woods" Strauss
Selection, "The Merry Widow".....Lehar
Pizzicato Polka.....Strauss
Waltz "Vienna Citizens".....Ziehrer
March "Wien, Bleibt Wien"....Schrammel

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

The Rev. J. E. Snyder of Chicago is about to build a "courting room" in connection with his church. This room is to be fitted with cosey corners, soft lights, "and everything to encourage acquaintanceship between the young men and women of his congregation." "Everything" is a little vague, yet it may be considered as reassuring. The Rev. Mr. Slicer of New York thinks Dr. Snyder's idea is a good one if the church is in a "congested district." Other New York clergymen approve, and one, "who would not allow himself to be quoted"—a first cousin, apparently, of "the prominent citizen who does not wish his name to be mentioned"—exclaimed: "I wish I had the nerve to advocate just such an innovation from my pulpit. A good, well-lighted meeting room is a much better place than Coney Island or the average back parlor with the lights turned down," from which we infer that though Dr. Snyder's lights will be "soft," they will be searching.

There was no need of courting rooms in the good old days of New England meeting houses. We remember that in the '60s and early '70s courting was decorously conducted during the service itself. A lover sat next his adored Arabella. They sang out of the same hymn book. He passed her motto lozenges, or she gave him a sprig of caraway. He fanned her in warm weather with a palm leaf fan, or a fan of sandalwood, demurely coquettish, drew him a little nearer her by its compelling odor. They stood, as was the custom, during the long prayer and thought of the time when they, two to be made one, should stand more prominently before the minister.

Young boys gazed at girls of their age across the aisle and squirmed about in the pew until their view was unobstructed. They, too, stood during the long prayer, but on crickets that they might see Jane or Lucy in her Sunday best. The boy then wore a broad collar with a tassel and he felt starched and crinkly.

This courting was by day. At night the wooing was more intimate. The service was in the meeting house or in the chapel—it mattered not. There were fond couples, and there were the unattached and expectant. The benediction was pronounced. Then came the long-anticipated exit. Youths lined the walk from the door to the street. The maidens ran the amorous gauntlet. Marcellus advanced. "Can I see you home this evening?" There was coy acceptance, or ignominious rejection. Ah! the heartache or the delirious fervor. What wonder that churches were filled in those days, that the evening meeting or the Sunday school concert was the event of the week! There was then no need of "courting room."

June 8. 1908

Men and Things

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called on us Saturday before his departure for Clamport, where he purposes to revise the proofs of his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast," so that the first volume will be given to the subscribers about the 15th of October. (This volume was announced as ready for the press in the spring of 1902.)

Mr. Johnson was in fine feather. "This week," he said, "has been a rich one. Notes for various volumes of my little work"—it is in 16 volumes, elephant folio—"have poured in from anticipated and unexpected sources. I am much indebted to your exchange editor. He has sent to me clippings of inestimable value.

* * *

"Here is one for example—a clipping from the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Why do you suppose that Mrs. Esther J. Yoho wishes to be divorced from her husband John? She charges cruelty against him. It seems that he is in the habit of 'using' tobacco freely, and he 'expectorates on the floor or carpet' according to his mood, or as the newspaper says, 'whenever the mood strikes him.' This is cruel treatment of the floor and the carpet, but I do not see how it is a specific act of cruelty against Esther. I should like to know whether Mr. Yoho uses plug or fine cut, the kind of tobacco differentiates the fury, also the accuracy of expectoration. The man who prided himself on the fact that he could paste his fly at a distance of 20 feet used plug, but true Virginia plug of the plantation, unsweetened, without licorice. There are 'users' of tobacco who need no receptacle, not even a hard wood floor, Persian rug or open fireplace. They may be called self-consumers. But let us go back to the Yohos. John is equally reckless with cigar stubs and burnt matches. Thus, you will admit, he is trying. We all know the man who lights a cigar in any one's office or library but his own, looks about him carefully, ignores ash receivers and then throws the match still burning into the waste basket.

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"But Mr. Yoho's cruelty took a more aggravated form. He was in the habit of getting up in the night and playing the pianola. He did this, as Mrs. Yoho asserts, not because he suffered from insomnia, not because his soul yearned for a movement of a symphony by Beethoven, a nocturne by Chopin, a march by Sousa; he set the machine agoing simply to annoy the family. Mr. Yoho is evidently not a restful person."

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Mr. Johnson pulled out of a shabby wallet a clipping that told of the domestic trials of Mrs. Jessie Rebecca William Bahnsen in Sandusky, O. It appears that her husband, who had been deeply interested in the Levy Url case, read the decision concerning the nature of whiskey under the pure food law handed down by the highest court of the District of Columbia, and went on a tour of investigation to learn whether the whiskey in Sandusky answered the definition of the court. This tour was personally conducted for several evenings and when Mr. Bahnsen returned home, somewhat overcome, he would force his wife to remain in bed by pointing a revolver at her and he would then make her stand on her head. Mr. Johnson said he knew of no similar case, nor could he account for Mr. Bahnsen's whimsical conduct, except that the husband possibly thought the wife was more attractive to the eye in this position.

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"Notes without end concerning cookery have come to me," said Mr. Johnson. "Mr. George R. Sims forgets for a moment the desirability of protection in England and the horrors of the American invasion to describe the glory of a jam omelette he ate recently at Cookham. And he rather boastfully adds that he has eaten jam omelettes in every capital of Europe. Unfortunately he does not name the sort of jam that was used at Cookham. Jam is a vague term. Take the matter of 'French pancakes.' What is the ideal jam for this dish? On the other hand Mr. John Nelson, who is constructing a new water plant at Massapequa, L. I., has learned from Italian laborers a new way of preparing roasted eggs. You take an old shoe that has been on a dump pile long enough to have age, flavor and a little mould; you fill it with chips and put it in an iron pan. Then you place a half dozen eggs around the shoe and light the chips inside. The shoe is said to import an exquisite flavor to the eggs, for, as you know, egg shells are porous, and as the old song has it, there's nothing like leather. I remember that when I was a lad in the sixties, a German baker in the village sold lager beer on the sly, and every now and then we found a bit of shoe leather in a glass. The baker, if he were reproached, would say, 'every good keg of beer must have a piece of leather in it.' We accepted the statement, for he was a German and he surely should have known how beer was best served."

* * *

We looked at him sternly in the face. "Herkimer, do you mean to say that you believe all these stories?" He answered: "This is a world of wonders, and a doubting Thomas is never wise. Perhaps you do not believe that Miss Bessie Whiteman of Franklin, O., only 15 years old, conducts a brass band of 17 men, full grown, some of them with noticeable whiskerage? Or that Mrs. Lillian Wyeth, passing through Chicago and "handicapped by two babies and a husband," found that her valise was stolen at 10:35 A. M., caught the thief with the goods at a pawnshop at 10:45, swore out a complaint at 10:55 and met her husband again at the Rock Island station at 11:05 the same morning? This is, as I say, a world of wonders."

HOME ENCOURAGEMENT.

Miss Ethel Smyth, an English woman, who has composed orchestral, choral and operatic music, complained not long ago that her opera "The Wreckers," produced at Leipsic, would not be performed at Covent Garden. She submitted the opera to the managers, who told her there was no chance of their being able to produce it. "It is enough to announce a new opera by a new composer to secure an absolutely empty house, and in future no opera will be produced here that has not established its success abroad, though of course if Puccini wrote a new work it would be a different matter." Miss Smyth thereupon wrote a long plea for luckless "native born" composers who are impelled to write operas without the slightest chance of ever having them produced. She argued that a British composer is boycotted at home, to use the phrase of the Spectator (May 23), which considers Miss Smyth's case in a long article. The Spectator concludes that if it be impossible to organize opera on a self-supporting basis in England without ignoring the claims of native composers, there should be a national opera house with a governmental subsidy.

Unfortunately Miss Smyth, who is known in the United States, as in England and Germany, is not a composer of operas that have been favorably criticised by the best critics, or that have met with popular favor when they have been performed. One of her operas, "The Forest," was produced at Berlin, in consequence of court influence, and its failure was unmistakable. This opera was produced in New York by Mr. Grau, and a strong effort was made by Miss Smyth for a performance in Boston. When "The Wreckers" was produced in Germany, there were protests by music journals of unimpeachable integrity against allowing works of this character a hearing.

Let us suppose, however, that these adverse criticisms were all unfair. A composer, whatever his nationality, is in the habit of complaining that he is neglected in his own land. Germans and Frenchmen alike cry out against the attention paid to modern Italian operas; yet the German and French audiences hear these operas gladly. It is not given to every composer to write dramatically for the stage. How many serious operas by Englishmen produced within the last twenty-five years have had stage life? Few have outlived two or three performances after the first. There is a cry in this country that the American composer is neglected in his own land. "No manager will put an American grand opera on the stage." How many of these operas are worthy of production? Mr. Walter Damrosch at the head of his own company brought out his "Scarlet Letter." How many performances were there of the work? Produced in Boston, it did not arouse enthusiasm or anything more than curiosity. Mr. Converse, a composer of talent, brought out his "Pipe of Desire" in Boston at his own expense. The opera, symbolic rather than dramatic, contained some charming pages and gave hope for future works, but what would have been its fate had not the composer been known and esteemed here?

One of the purposes of the new Boston Opera Company is to produce operas by native born composers if these operas are found worthy. It is not impossible that this encouragement will spur some musicians to write music that is truly dramatic and moving. When such works are submitted to managers, they will be more favorably disposed toward native born makers of opera.

June 9. 1908

Men and Things

An assistant surgeon of the navy is charged with forgery. His counsel does not deny the forgery, but says that his client was mentally irresponsible at the time by reason of the "excessive use of cocktails." It is stated that these cocktails were of the Martini brand, which seems to us an instance of invidious distinction, for the Meschal cocktail is more potent, and we are told that if a man drinks three "affinity" cocktails "the green grass grows up all around, birds sing in the fig trees and your affinity appears." The recipe of the affinity cocktail was given by that most entertaining fireside companion, literary repository, bar-keeper's guide and pyrrhonic tonic, the New York Sun (Oct. 28, 1907): "One medium teaspoonful of powdered sugar, one dash of orange bitters, one jigger of Scotch whiskey and a half jigger of Italian vermouth. These are shaken in cracked ice, cocktail fashion, until thoroughly blended and cooled, then strained and quickly served."

* * *

Why is the cocktail so deadly in its effect? Why does it quickly heat the brain, cloud the judgment, remove all desire for work and give a wolfish, yet fictitious, appetite for food—also for more drink? Stomach specialists, liver specialists and specialists for each kidney, say solemnly: "If you must drink, drink whiskey, but not over two glasses a day. If you will persist in drinking beer, do not take over two bottles a day, or a pint and a half of draught beer. But no cocktails! Remember, not a cocktail!"

* * *

There are some who can drink one cocktail and then stop. To them the one drink recalls the line of Marlowe—Christopher, not Julia: "Infinite riches in a little room." These temperate men have an iron will. They have it with them. It is not in a safe deposit vault. These men are not harmed. They talk with lightness and ease, but do not babble. They take a cheerful view of the market. Going home they choose a car at the corner with dignity. They do not make a wild rush for the first passing thing on wheels. They enter the house amiable, but not uxorious. Nor are they asleep in a chair half an hour after dinner.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette praises "H. M. I. Some Passages in the Life of One of H. M. Inspectors of Schools": "From

Cover to Cover the book is one long 'tally-ho' of quips, cranks, bon-mots, tales, stories and anecdotes, in which the percentage of chestnuts is remarkably low." Here are some of the "good things" quoted by the reviewer:

A clergyman, stumped for a subject, at last took the chief Bible characters: Moses was a man for weakness, Samson for strength: "And then there was Samuel * * * and David, and Solomon, and—h'm, h'm. He was a man for marriage. And there was Jonah. What shall we say of Jonah? He was a man for fish. And now, etc."

"I heard that the election of medical officers of the Union was announced. 'Who got in?' 'Dr. Blank of So-and-So.' 'Why,' I said, 'I met that man last week at a School Board; he has just recovered from an attack of delirium tremens.' 'Well, yes, indeed,' said my informant soothingly, 'but the other man was much worse.'"

"Here is the caustic comment of an old toper to whom a clergyman gave a glass of bad sherry, the usual drink of the country: 'I see you've taken the pickles out, Mr. Hughes!'"

Nine words could be struck out from this last story, which has only thirty-four.

From these specimen bricks would any American be induced to buy the book itself? Yet the Pall Mall Gazette laughs out loud and beats its sides over the stories reprinted here. We much prefer the final quotation. Wilberforce heard of a bishop who had married beneath him and secretly. He said the bishop should be translated to the vacant See of Ossory and Ferns because ferns were cryptogamous.

* * *

Let us again peep at this world of wonders. Dorothy Grace Drake sang in Milwaukee May 28 for the benefit of a Sunday school. She is 4 years old. A man in Meriden, Ct., exclaimed, in a play-acting voice: "There is nothing so loathsome as a fat woman." He then took a whip and made his wife skip a rope "for hours" until several times she nearly fainted. Aesthetes seldom make good husbands. The thinnest maiden at the altar may be a bulbous wife at 40. The wife who has a fine development of bone at 35 may have been beautifully upholstered as a bride. A good man should be prepared for either fortune.

* * *

There was a time when amateur dramatic societies in this country and in England did not rise in their ambition above "Still Waters Run Deep." Now they look kindly on problem plays and the young leading women strive to be psychological. In England they are daring; they produce original plays, as the Amateur Dramatic Union, for example, which recently brought out in one evening three one-act pieces, a play, a drama and a farce. Nevertheless, amateurs will be amateurs, for we learn that in the drama a man fired a revolver at the burglar's boots and the burglar fell dead on the stage. The slayer stooped over him, pawed the dead man's waistcoat and then cried out: "Ha! Right through the heart!" This made the audience laugh.

* * *

Mr. Lucien Maury, reviewing the recently published letters of Stendhal, tells a story that might have come from the egoist himself. A lifeguardsman, falling from his horse at a royal shooting party, broke his leg and was put in a courtier's coach and driven by him to the physician's. "On the way," said the courtier afterward, "the man's cries and groans were so frightful that I was almost sick. Fortunately, I had a bottle of Hungary water in the coach." "Did it relieve the man's sufferings?" asked his interlocutor. "I didn't try, but the few drops I drank enabled me to bear them until we reached Versailles."

* * *

Dr. C. C. Guthrie of St. Louis startled an audience early this month by saying that he had cut off a dog's head and grafted a new head on the body, so that the animal lived 26 minutes. The slang phrase, "I'll put a head on you," may yet have scientific significance. Still more wonderful was his story of fitting out a sterile hen with an egg-laying apparatus. Pictures of chickens hatched from these eggs were thrown on the screen." This, of course, proved the story, though eggs of the tinkered hen thrown at the audience would have been a stronger proof.

June 10 1908

Men and Things

The Herald has received the following letter:

South Boston, June 5, 1908.

Men and Things:

"Hustler." Will the genial conductor of Men and Things furnish a slight disquisition on this sadly overworked word so dear to commercialism?

What constitutes a hustler? Our dictionary gives the verb—to shake together in confusion; to push, or crowd. But say, this will not do. The modern version would seem to be one who makes a great to-do over his daily vocation, a live one, so to say, one with the faculty of getting next to the coin.

No doubt John Evelyn numbered among his friends a few men prominent in mercantile pursuits in London. Presumably some of them had amassed a competence without making any undue noise about it: without the assistance of a press agent or a publicity bureau to exploit their charitable deeds to a long suffering public. One sometimes has an idle curiosity as to whether they considered themselves hustlers or not.

They lived in a more leisurely and non-commercial age, an age before every consequential be-dollared individual issued "statements to the press" on all matters, domestic or foreign; before rampant and blatant quackery conducted "advertising campaigns" through the medium of the daily newspapers; before modern literary "fodder syndicates" became the censors of public taste in regard to reading material and importuned one to purchase the "six worst smellers" from every point of vantage.

We understand that a certain Mr. Johnson of your acquaintance is collecting data for a colossal literary work he is engaged on at present. From what we can learn of him it is evident that he has various interests, being a family man, an earnest student of sociology and undoubtedly a man of parts. It would be interesting to know how a man of his catholic tastes would define this colloquialism. If his labors are not too pressing, perhaps he would be willing to assist you in your investigation.

HORGAN of South Boston.

P. S.—We are unable to place that Spanish dancer, mentioned in your discussion with Morgan of Lynn as hailing from the peninsula district.

* * *

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is, we understand, at Clamport and we would not disturb him for a wilderness of hustlers or South Boston Spanish and whirlwind dancers. One of his many peculiarities is that he does not answer letters except to acknowledge contributions to his sociological storehouse of information and misinformation. We received a postal card from him yesterday: "I am at Clamport, and as it is a sea town I cannot obtain fresh fish until the express trains from Boston are running. Eggs are now selling here at 24 cents a dozen."

Yes, Mr. Horgan—or is it Hogan?—we all know the hustler. He has bug eyes and steam comes out of his boots. The old world knew him. Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Jehu were hustlers. As you say, the verb means to push, jostle, elbow, crowd. Does it come from the Dutch "hutselen"? The latest dictionaries know the noun hustler, which we believe originated in this land of free and reckless speech: "A person of great energy and activity."

Was "hustler" a slang term at first? Who knows? The formation of the word is not irregular to the verge of impropriety, as Anstey said of Italian verbs. Even if the noun were born in the tenement house of slang we should welcome it. As we have often said, there is a slang that is picturesque; there is a slang that is heroic. There is slang that endures and enriches the language; though it come up in a night like Jonah's gourd, it is not withered the next morning. And even the foolish, vulgar, tavern slang has a charm for us, as do uncouth solecisms. Suppose you were talking in a group about the summer. Jones says he is going "to automobile" in France. (He will probably spend July and August in Putney, Vt.). Brown says: "I prefer the North Shore. There is delightful society near us." (Brown will pass his two weeks in a seaside boarding house). Robinson exclaims: "I have never seen Alaska. I think I'll take a trip out there." How refreshing to hear Smith shout out: "Me for the Cape!"

* * *

By the way, in certain English provinces the noun "hustle" means a crowd; "there was a wonderful hustle of people." Here is a curious resemblance to the use of "push" in this country: "There was a great push at the ball game"; "were the push there?" In this latter quotation "push" may mean a select crowd, some of "our best people"—we will not use that vilest of all phrases, "the smart set." And the word "push" thus used is singularly expressive, for if many climb and attempt to climb—hence the climbers—as many push, and they have broad backs, sharp elbows and the thickest of skins.

* * *

Why object to the hustler, if you can keep out of his way? Viewed from a safe and comfortable distance, he enlivens the landscape.

* * *

And why should there not be hustlers in society as in commerce, which now includes the learned professions and the vets? Mr. Brouillet, a visiting Frenchman, who shrewdly praises the beauty of American women, says that his letters of introduction to Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. J. J. Astor were sufficent to open all doors to him, for their "salons" are "tho places of reunion for the elite of American society. For an American to be received in either is equivalent to a patent of nobility." Mr. Brouillet, a painter by trade, puts aside his palette knife and lays in on with a trowel. Who would not hustle in this country to be one of the untitled aristocracy?

Fr. Vaughan urges husbands to be patient with their wives. "Most women have a passion for jewelry and finery. Give her what you can, and let her feel that it is from you she got it." This is dangerous advice, for it opens the door to nagging. "Didn't I give you a sunburst last Christmas, and a tiara on your birthday? And yet I haven't had a decent breakfast this week." No woman likes to be reminded of a gift from an adorer, and if he persists she will not look him in the mouth.

Where's that specimen pin
I gaily did win
At a raffle and give unto you?

Nor does the wise husband ask why his wife wears, or does not wear a ring, pin, bracelet or necklace on any particular occasion.

* * *

Thieves broke into Sir Hubert Herkomer's house, but left his paintings. An account of this burglary was headed: "Thieves were ignorant." Not so; they were discriminative critics.

June 11 1908

Men and Things

The man of sensibility dropped a tear when he read that the storehouse of the Medford distillery is now razed. The account in the newspapers of the process of demolition was a short one, yet tragic in its full significance. Gibbon or President Eliot might have written for a memorial tablet the final sentence: "In the shed, which was erected over one hundred years ago, have stood thousands of barrels of the rum that has made Medford famous."

* * *

Some insist that rum, the word itself, is a true Boston word. If you look in the dictionaries you will find "short for rumbullion," or "perhaps derived from 'rumble'." The latter derivation is foolish. "Rumbullion" was the word given to the liquor by West Indians who made the drink. Some years ago Mr. C. W. Ernst, an indefatigable and painstaking investigator, wrote to a London journal, and to this effect: Boston men were the first to produce rum for commerce, and they called it "strong water." Then somebody in Boston called this species of fire water a rum drink, meaning, if we quote Mr. Ernst correctly, "a powerful drink." This descriptive term was adopted and made its way over the world. Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us by postal card that "rum" was mentioned in the Massachusetts Colony Records of 1657.

* * *

Has Mr. Ernst made further investigation of this all-important matter? Is he sure that "rum," the colloquial English term, said to be derived from the gypsy speech, meant powerful or strong at the time referred to? It generally meant queer, strange or first rate, fine. In the north counties of England it was a common word for anything queer or odd; the elder Weller used the word with this meaning. Jamieson interpreted it "excellent," while Forby declared it meant generally and indefinitely "great."

"Rumgumptious," an admirable word, meaning forward and queer, is compounded, no doubt, of "rum" and "gumption"; but "rumbustical," a noble word, a word that Homer might have applied to Ajax or other strutting, noisy, overbearing heroes on the wind-swept plain of Troy, probably may be traced to "rumble."

* * *

Miss Buttolph's collection of menu cards is no doubt remarkable, and the bill of fare furnished for the luncheon given by the alumni of Maynooth College to Cardinal Logue brought the number nearer 20,000. But who invented the "menu card"? We know something about the table equipage of the ancient Greeks and Romans, but were there bills of fare at their pompous dinners? "Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." This sentence is as a fanfare of trumpets and kettle drums. It has sounded sonorously for centuries. But did the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines know, after the first course, what was coming next? Were there bills of fare at the suppers of Louis XV. in the Parc aux Cerfs? Perhaps Miss Buttolph can enlighten us.

* * *

An Englishman visited the dog show in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, and was shocked because the entries were not closely watched. "Any demi-mondaine with a mongrel can get him benched by paying the fees." Furthermore, fashionable owners sent their maids and valets to parade their dogs before the judges. There was little air in the exhibition sheds, and on one day four valuable dogs died by reason of the heat.

Yet dogs are coddled in some ways by Parisian owners. Some of the best dressmakers in Paris do not disdain to make clothes for dogs. Mr. Herman Patrick Tappe, a milliner of New York, refused with a pretty show of indignation to construct a spring hat for a pet, though its owner pleaded almost with tears. "I shall not give the woman's name," said Mr. Tappe, "because that would be a violation of ethics."

* * *

This reminds us that Mr. Marcel will visit England next month as the guest of English hair dressers. Of course, the paragraphers and Punch will exclaim: "Long may he wave." The question is, however, not whether Marcel's coiffures will have long life, but whether one hundred years from now he will be as famous as Leonard, the hair dresser of Marie Antoinette, is today. Leonard took the precaution to write his memoirs. Mr. Marcel should note this fact and profit by it.

* * *

Apropos of the interest in the treatment of the sick by clergymen, the following passage from John Wesley's Journal (May 12, 1759) is pertinent: "Reflecting today on the case of a poor woman, who had a continual pain in her stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable negligence of most physicians in cases of this nature. They prescribe drug upon drug without knowing a jot of the matter concerning the root of the disorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they can murder the patient. Whence came this woman's pain? (which she would never have told had she never been questioned about it): from fretting for the death of her son. And what availed medicines while that fretting continued? Why, then, do not all physicians consider how far bodily disorders are caused or influenced by the mind? And in those cases, which are utterly out of their sphere, call in the assistance of a minister: as ministers, when they find the mind disordered by the body, call in the assistance of a physician? But why are these cases out of their sphere? Because they know not God. It follows, no man can be a thorough physician without being an experienced Christian."

The opening sentence of that most learned physician, Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," might be published as a foot note to this observation of Wesley: "For my religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all—as the general scandal of my profession," etc.

* * *

There is an attempt to lure Germans from their coffee and to persuade them to drink tea instead. At present they drink 2½ ounces of tea a head yearly, compared to the 6½ pounds consumed in England. In northern Germany, and it may be said nearly throughout the whole country, the coffee is adulterated and unfit to drink, and every traveller knows how difficult it is to obtain a cup of decent tea in Germany, when it can be obtained at all. The Emperor is an "enthusiastic" tea drinker, possibly because he has read that the tea-drinking nations will drive out those that prefer coffee—a statement that admits of fierce discussion. There may yet be night schools for tea drinkers in Berlin, so that the mistake made when the plant was first introduced into England will not be repeated: the leaves were then boiled, served as greens and eaten with melted butter.

June 1908

TOLSTOI AND ENGLAND.

Count Tolstoi will celebrate his 80th birthday on August 28 and certain Englishmen wish to prepare an address of congratulation and to publish and distribute widely a cheap edition of his writings in English, "since this, it is understood, would please him more than anything else." The committee.

which Mr. Gosse is chairman, includes such men as Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Henry James, Maurice Hewlett, Prof. Gilbert Murray, J. M. Barrie, G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells, Maurice Baring, Sir Donald Wallace, the Earl of Lytton and others.

Lo and behold, objection is made by "Anti-Jacobin," who writes an indignant letter to the Pall Mall Gazette. It seems that Tolstoi has criticised harshly some of Shakespeare's plays, and therefore he "has but little regard for the susceptibilities of the English people." Tolstoi has also said that Darwin "with the law of struggle is beginning to be forgotten"; he has slighted in print George Sand's novels and the "empty dramas" of Goethe. Therefore he should not be encouraged in his evil ways by Englishmen, for what may he not say and write after he is 80? He may even speak disrespectfully of the equator which may run somewhere through a British possession.

There have been Englishmen who have disparaged Shakespeare, from Mr. Pepys to Mr. G. B. Shaw. Did not an essayist of Queen Anne's time pick "To be or not to be" into little pieces? Did not Charles Reade ask whether a cork jacket and a pair of bladders were arms against a "sea of troubles"? We fear that "Anti-Jacobin" has no sense of humor. The committee would no doubt be pleased to examine his bumps.

Men and Things

The Herald has received the following letter:

CENTERVILLE, June 10, 1908.

Men and Things: We opened our summer cottage a few days ago. When we arrived we found a bird's nest in a pine tree close to a window by which we all were often obliged to pass. The young were literally hatched before our eyes; only one egg remained. We came Friday night. The mother bird seemed disquieted on Saturday, but reconciled on Sunday. On Monday morning there was no mother, no chick, no egg. The nest was cleaned out. There was no sign of any nocturnal tragedy. Neither in the nest, nor in the tree, nor under the tree was there anything to indicate the prowess of a cat, and no parent bird flitted hopelessly about the tree mourning its young, unwilling to be comforted. I did not get a good view of the bird except when she was covering the young and the remaining egg. She seemed to me to be about the size of a robin, but her bill suggested a woodpecker. How do you account for the disappearance? MRS. M. A. B.

* * *

Although we were brought up in the country, we were and are shamefully ignorant concerning birds and their habits. We were taught that stealing their eggs was a crime, punishable with state's prison, which at that time was not a popular winter or summer resort patronized by some of "our best people." Furthermore, we were not good at shinning trees. Some years ago we were obliged to spend a few months in the country, and in order that we might enter into sympathetic relations with nature, we bought at random and second-hand "Curiosities of Bird Life," by Charles Dixon; "Some Country Sights and Sounds," by Phil Robinson; Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee."

There books are now with us. Passing by Maeterlinck's, we open Mr. Robinson's entertaining volume and to our surprise find that among country sounds that of the village sheet-iron band is not included. Not a word from Mr. Robinson about birds seen flying with their young in their bills or hanging to their feet. The title of Mr. Dixon's book is promising: "Curiosities of Bird Life." Let us look at the table of contents: "Sexual Adornments"—a description of crests, patterns of color, gorgets, ruffs, plumes, frills; "Strange Sounds," "Wonderful Displays," "Curious Nests"—ah, now we are warm.

* * *

There are descriptions of strange nests, as that of the Oreotrochilus pichincha of Ecuador, found by the intrepid Prof. Jameson on the snowy mountain of Antisana, at an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet, attached to a straw rope suspended from the roof of one of the lower apartments of a house. There are tales of hang-nests, of the weavers, of the sunbirds and honeypeckers. Note [illegible] of sticks, varying in size from a pumpkin to a barrel, constructed by the synallaxis erythrothorax of Yucatan. Truly this is a world of wonders, as Mr. Johnson remarked last Monday morning. But Mr. Dixon says nothing about removals of young families from one nest to another.

* * *

The bird you speak of, Mrs. M. A. B., was probably a flicker, a species of woodpecker, and we have been told by Cape Codders that if disturbed this bird will change its nest and remove its young. If a cat has devoured the family, there would have been some trace of the consequent confusion and damage, and the mother bird would probably have flown about the tree in the morning—at least we are thus informed. There is a snake on the Cape that climbs pine trees to suck birds' eggs. It's a small snake, marked not unlike an adder.

A reasonable theory is this: The bird was much upset by the arrival of your family, but the young were not yet hatched. You say you saw the hatching. She could not move till the remaining egg was forsaken by the youngest. As soon as all the children had come into the world, the mother moved them to a vacant nest. This is reasonable; it is also unreasonable. What became of the egg shells? Truly this is a world of wonders; yet there is no mystery about a bird on toast; the mystery then is in the accompanying bottle or in the man's companion.

* * *

"Vanoc," contributing to the Referee an essay on happiness, quotes a man who says he should like to be a beautiful woman until 28, a successful admiral or general till 62, and for the rest of his life a cardinal with the hope of being elected Pope. In the old Greek story Tiresias was at one time a man, and at another a woman, and he gave his word of honor before a committee from Olympus that the woman has more pleasure in this world than the man. But is there no greater happiness than that of the successful admiral or general? Mr. Johann Schmid of Suhr, Switzerland, is now in his 55th year. He told a reporter last March that he was the happiest man alive. "I have never worked, never married, never been sick and have never been anxious about the future. I eat well, drink well and sleep well. What more would you have?" Mr. Schmid's father left Johann in his teens a small plot of land and an income amounting to $5 a week.

"Never been anxious about the future." Mr. Schmid should have added: "Never regretted the past." "Vanoc" does not mention this Swiss in his essay, but tells of a Nottingham manufacturer who was as easily satisfied. He prospered so that he could afford to have roast goose for his Sunday dinner. The granting of a patent for an invention doubled his fortune. A friend said: "What will you now have for your dinner on Sunday?" The answer was immediate and hearty: "Two geese."

* * *

It seems like a digression, yet "Vanoc" in his study of happiness says that every place is to him associated with an identifying smell; thus Florence is a blend of violets and sewage; Paris is a blend of wood-smoke and chocolate. "Vanoc" stops with these instances. He should have continued. What, for instance, is the identifying smell of London, Berlin, Boston, New York? Twenty-odd years ago to students approaching Munich the whole atmosphere was odorous with beer. Does Ispahan itself breathe forth the perfume of roses? Long ago Herman Melville praised the women of New Bedford for their bloom, which could not be matched elsewhere, "save in Salem, where they tell me the young girls breathe such musk, their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off shore, as though they were drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands." But that was long ago.

June 13, 1908

Men and Things

Mr. Emanuel Lasker, in his latest contribution to the New York Evening Post about chess, discourses pleasantly about the characteristics of the city of Berlin and finally refers to the game that has made him famous. German chess players, as a rule, he says, are "rococo." Their style is weak. "In chess the best four players of German birth are myself, Dr. Tarrasch, my brother and I, Mieses."

We quote this sentence to ask whether this personal declaration is the height of egoism or of true modesty. Should Mr. Lasker have written the names of three and then said: "And another whom modesty will not allow me to mention"? This seems long-winded and not a bit modest. Should he have named himself last? Should he have named his associates in honor and then said: "And I am told that I play a pretty fair game myself"? Or should he have ignored his own ability and let the world raise the cry and "Emanuel Lasker"?

There are some who find Caesar's constant reference to himself in the third person more egotistical and tiresome than the thickest sprinkling of "I's." It all depends on the manner in which the personal pronoun "I" is used. No one has ever protested seriously against Montaigne's "egoism." The frankness with which he strips himself endears him to readers of any century. When Walt Whitman shouts his barbaric yawp, "I celebrate myself," only the genteel are shocked, for Whitman here stands for humanity, for any, every normal man. The most timid person, as the boldest, is more important to himself than to any other being.

According to the conventions, Mr. Lasker should have named himself the last of the four. He probably believes he is the best, and, therefore, should come first.

* * *

It all depends on the mental attitude of the man who talks or writes about himself. There are some whose mere physical bearing in the presence of others is more egoistical than the trumpeting of the boaster. They sit still and exude egoism. Others will so scrupulously avoid references to themselves that they, too, are insufferable.

* * *

Mr. Clarence H. Mackay has given a statue of his father to the University of Nevada. The father is portrayed in the costume of the miner, with high boots, with pick in hand. A good many years ago the elder Keppler drew for Puck a biting caricature of some of the self-appointed Four Hundred of New York attending a fancy dress ball in the costumes of their ancestors. The bite was not in the fact that these ancestors earned their living in a respectable and honest way and were never ashamed of the fact when they were rich and their children had "social aspirations"; it was in the fact that the descendants talked snobbishly of "old families" and looked down on others. It is a pleasure to know that Mr. Mackay is proud of his father as a miner and pioneer. The statue stands also as the representation of a type that made western states what they are today. Furthermore the sculptor's task was thus made easier.

* * *

How hard it is for some to remember, when they look at their pompous table equipage that their grandfathers used forks with two tines, forks that were not of silver. On the other hand plates and platters, cups and saucers, then looked on as ordinary and to be expected, are now eagerly sought after.

* * *

This reminds us that when President Fallieres gave a dinner in honor of King Edward at the French embassy in London, every article of the dinner service was brought over from the President's palace. There were 10 huge candelabra, each of 30 lights, and there were 1300 plates of Sevres china. Each plate was valued at about $60. And what did they all eat? The Daily Chronicle gives the bill of fare. After a choice of two soups, the dishes were as follows: Melon with sherry, salmon trout with chambertin, saddle of lamb, pouse a la royale, ham from Prague, cooked in the Bohemian manner, granit a l'orange, roast ducks of Rouen, soufflet d'ortolan Orloff, asparagus, salad, peaches, Nelusko ice.

* * *

Was this a well-balanced bill of fare? The Morning Telegraph recently quoted a gourmet as saying that in a perfect dinner each heavy dish should be followed by a light one. He sketched this order: Oysters or caviare; a thin soup; salmon with thick Hollandaise sauce; a white meat, poularde Vladimir; saddle of lamb with vegetables; duck a la presse with salad, asparagus served alone; fruit, or an ice. This is too much, and there is at least one serious error; the duck follows lamb. Why is it that game is served at nine-tenths of all formal dinners after beef or mutton?

Let us hope that at Mr. Fallieres's dinner the bread was also imported. The English loaf is the abomination of desolation.

* * *

W. I. F. writes to The Herald: "I was interested in your quotation from Wesley's journal, his opinion about the efficacy of mental treatment in certain diseases. But did he not administer to himself strange remedies? I remember reading that he used to cure himself of hoarseness, and also lumbago, by applying bruised garlic to the soles of his feet."

June 14, 1908

A BACKWARD SEASON.

In spite of a few warm days, the season is backward. We have not yet noted the appearance of a summer article on the sea serpent, with a knowing allusion to Bishop Pontopidan, who was condemned by John Wesley as a naturalist credulous to an extreme; on the dangers of iced water; on the soda fountain as a menace to the individual and society; concerning the influence of park concerts on public morals; on abandoned city cats; on the dangers of a meat diet in hot weather. The season can never be said to open until there is at least one article on Boston as a summer resort.

POPULAR SERVICES.

Again we find an instance of the new driving out the old. The Psalmist sang in his "song of degrees": "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." Gregory, bishop of Nazianus, when a pagan, dreamed he was singing these words, and shortly after he awoke he was baptized. At Mantauban and La Rochelle the Huguenots sang this psalm in thanksgiving for victory. The thought of the verse has cheered thousands in strange lands. Yet the Psalmist held out no special inducement.

On Sunday, June 7, the pastor of a church at East Orange, N. J., began a series of "smokers', automobilists' sunset services." Handbills were distributed before the meeting: "Camp Chairs Provided. Singing, with Cornet Leadership. Special Quartet Music. Men especially welcome. Ample Automobile Space. Cigars not excluded." Nothing was said, however, about pipes, cigarettes or "eating" tobacco.

The Sunday evening services at Atlantic City flourish. The clergyman sees that the men "have a good time." They sing hymns, smoke, look at moving pictures and listen to a short talk on religious matters. On June 7 soda water, lemonade and sarsaparilla were served by professional barkeepers, "so there would be no muss" in the serving. There is now the natural anticipation of beer from the keg during warm weather, with "Hallelujah" for "Prosit!"

Yet we remember that the orthodox, and even the indifferent, in a western village of this commonwealth, shook disapproving heads when some rash woman suggested the need of a kitchen in the chapel of the new meeting house, that there might be convenient cooking for church sociables.

HORSES VS. MEN.

Mr. George T. Angell was asked recently what he thought "about the proposed nomination by the Republican party of Mr. Taft to be President of the United States." Mr. Angell answers, in Our Dumb Animals, that if Mr. Taft is to carry out the military policy of Mr. Roosevelt, "then, speaking for 100,000 American horses which will be liable to army service," he hopes Mr. Taft will be defeated and some more peaceable man, such as Senator Crane or Gov. Guild, be chosen.

Mr. Angell forgets that, both in the theory and the practice of war, horses are valued highly, much higher in fact than men. More than one general has complained that while he could get all the men he wanted,

he was obliged to pay extravagant prices for horses, and sometimes could not purchase at any price. In war the death of a horse is much more deplored than that of a man. Furthermore, according to the Book of Job, the horse delights in war. "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

GERALDINE FARRAR TALKS OF AMERICA

Miss Geraldine Farrar, engaged at the Opera Comique, Paris, last month for a few special performances, talked with a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, talked seriously about art and her own native and beloved land.

It may be remembered by some that Miss Farrar last season, when she was still in Berlin, mourned the rampant commercialism in art as cultivated in the United States, and inveighed against it. Her remarks excited some attention at the time. There were denials, restatements, and again denials. Then Miss Farrar came over here, sang, acted, kissed her hands to the galleries, and the little of her tirade that was remembered, splenetic as it was and foolish, was forgiven.

While she was in this country she must have seen a great light, for she told the reporter in Paris that she had "a great opinion of the musical future in America." Furthermore, she did not content herself with a generous generalization. She gave the reasons for her "high opinion." "The people," said Miss Farrar, "have an elemental knowledge and love of music and of rhythm." She also said: "There are many beautiful voices in the States." "The people!" Not "my people" or "our people," but "the people." We seem to see and hear Mrs. Humphrey Ward referring to the "American peasant." The essay on a certain condescension on the part of prima-donnas is yet to be written.

Yes, the pee-pul of the United States have an elemental knowledge and love of music. They enjoy "Bill Simmons" and "Lohengrin," "The Red Mill" and a symphony by Tschaikowsky. When Miss Farrar sings well they applaud her. When she sings the music of Mimi in the first act of Puccini's "La Boheme" they remember Mme. Melba. They also know the value of rhythm. This they show in several ways.

Yet that word "elemental" may stick in the crop of some true American. He will resent the attitude of Miss Farrar and liken her to Mungo Park describing the manners and language of the Serawoolles, whose kingdom in his day was bounded on the southeast and south by Bambouk, on the west by Bondou and Foota Torra, and on the north by the river Senegal.

"The soil is very rich in America," said Miss Farrar; "but art must be approached from the proper standpoint. I think perhaps some day it will not be necessary to acquire a foreign reputation before being recognized in America." "Some day, some day." Why didn't you sing it, Miss Farrar? The refrain is known in this country, where there is an elemental knowledge and love of music and of rhythm.

"Art must be approached from the proper standpoint." What is this proper standpoint? Miss Farrar gave her definition in this interview, when she said she had not as yet visited London in a professional capacity, "for the reason, as she explained, that the pay at Covent Garden was not sufficiently high."

And yet the pay at Covent Garden this season is high enough to satisfy Mme. Melba and Mme. Tetrazzini. Miss Farrar must, indeed, be a great artist. In connection with the statement just quoted, the following is of peculiar interest: Miss Farrar begged the reporter to publish abroad the fact that "in the States the people do not think only of making money."

Miss Farrar went to the Opera Comique last month to sing in de Camondo's opera, "The Clown." She impersonated the heroine when this opera was performed for the first time in Paris at the Nouveau Theatre in April, 1906. The Herald gave at the time an account of the opera and the performance. The libretto is by Mr. Victor Capoul, who is still remembered here as an incomparable lover in sentimental parts. The daughter of President Grevy of the French Republic was not the only woman romantically in love with him.

The Count Isaac de Camondo is an Oriental by birth, an Italian by descent, a Parisian by education and residence. He is described as "a man of wealth by inheritance, a financier by atavism, a musician from taste and natural instinct." He is also "a real Maecenas." His costly house is stocked with works of art. His collection of Japanese curios is the talk of collectors. It is said that he dines frequently on stewed meats and claret. He was precocious, too, for at the age of 5 years he showed "a strong bent" for music, and at 11 he was taken by his parents from Constantinople to Paris for the opportunity of musical education.

He, too, has been talking, but about musical art in general.

He believes first of all, that the artist reveals himself at an early age. If the boy is to be a painter he draws as a child rude figures on paper, a slate, the walls, and especially where he should not. If he is musical, he will attempt to express himself, untaught, with the aid of fiddle or piano.

The Japanese, Chinese and Indians do not compose operas, because they have no means of being educated musically, no matter how naturally endowed they may be. There is a musical movement only where there is an organized musical education. These statements are safe; no one will scream in protest. The count grew bolder. "I think music is in a state of revolution and has been so for the last 40 years." Say, rather, in a state of constant development. "Wagner broke with the religious art of Palestrina." What do you mean by that, dear count? The most moving and impressive music in "Parsifal," that of the first temple scene, was inspired directly by Palestrina. "Music has become richer, more human and less mythological." Is not Wagner's "Ring" mythological? "Richer" is a comparative term. No modern comic opera is so rich in humor or sprightliness as Rossini's "Barber of Seville." There is a richness that is Asiatic, overladen and grotesque. Is there anything today more human than the scenes between Alceste and her husband, or those between Fidelio and the prisoner? Do you mean by human, realistic? Then you should say human and inhuman. Is the woe of Amina any less real than that of Canio?

The Count called attention, apropos of the recent revival at the Paris Opera of Rameau's "Hippolyte et Aricie," to the "small musical palette" there was in 1733. He looks forward gleefully to the discovery of new instruments. There must be still more color in music. New emotions, new developments of life are to be expressed. What "new emotions" will inspire the composer now in the cradle? Have we not enough at present? Were not the elemental passions tempting or masterful as soon as there was dispute over the ownership of things? And this included the possession of a certain woman.

"The old music," said the Count, "is like this tinted drawing of Fragonard." The comparison is not unfortunate. "The new music might be composed with a water color." Whose new music? And why the comparison? Why not to a mural decoration, or to a gaudy o'er-crowded canvas? For the new music is not all of one sort. Richard Strauss is "essentially an inspired colorist." He is more than a colorist, and as a colorist others may well be thought to surpass him. Some might say that Strauss is a Hans Makart in music or even a Rochegrosse. It is easy to make these foolish comparisons. Was not Mr. Silas G. Pratt described as the Wagner of America? It followed logically that Wagner was the Silas G. Pratt of Europe.

The count thinks that new music is creating only in France, for there is a state of fermentation, of ebullition; but choral societies should be established throughout the country to awaken a real love of music. Let us hear his final remark in his own words:

"There is a constant need to seek new forms of expression in music. There is no art that becomes so quickly old-fashioned, no art in which the old formula and the old 'cliche' must be rejected. No one thinks of writing like Mozart today, or even like Wagner. Sculpture and painting do not become old-fashioned in the same sense, and I think the reason is that in a musical composition, as in a book, you must have a beginning and an end. You cannot perpetually employ the same language and forms of expression for opening and closing your work."

There is truth in the statement about the quick passing of modernity, but all music is not old-fashioned necessarily in consequence of the flight of time. "The Barber of Seville," to which I have already referred, is still fresher, more modern than any comic opera composed since it first saw the footlights, for "The Mastersingers" is only by courtesy a comic opera. The overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," even without Wagner's tinkering, is today a complete expression of the modern idea of ancient bodement and the faith in overruling, inexorable fate. Gluck did not need eight horns and two cornets, tam-tam, ruthe, alto flute and wind-machine. The finale of the second act of "The Marriage of Figaro" is still incomparable for dramatic flow and continuity and steady enlargement of multifarious expression. And how simple the means with which this wonder was worked! How old much of "Cavalleria Rusticana" sounds today, much older than "Il Trovatore," "The Huguenots" and even "Lucia"!

The Count Isaac de Camondo thus talks pleasantly about the future and puts his trust in musical instruments to be invented. His speculations are harmless, as are those of any other composer. Harm is done only when theorizing leads the theorist to compose dull, futile music. Some years ago Gounod prophesied that after composers were tired of complex expression and the discharge of great guns, there would be a return to the simplicity, the clearness, the pure beauty of certain ancient worthies, especially Mozart. Another may prophesy that music will in future be more complex than that of Reger. The delight in prophecy is the keener because there can be no crushing contemporaneous contradiction. Debussy's simplicity of expression in "Pelleas and Melisande" is marvellous, and how small and discreet is his orchestra! On the other hand, there is Strauss' "Salome," in certain respects a mirific work. The revival of Rameau's opera in Paris induced a very appreciation of the composer's dramatic intensity which is simplicity itself. There was inevitable comparison between Rameau and Gluck. Now comes Saint-Saens and says that the music of Gluck is wofully misunderstood by modern interpreters, that it is not broad, pompous, solemn; on the contrary, "it is life, it is passion, it is dramatic sentiment in its most intense form." The majestic slowness attributed to Gluck is all wrong; there should be action and vigor. The "broad diction" has killed the meaning of the recitatives. In his youth Berlioz often heard Gluck's operas, before the 18th century traditions were lost, and Saint-Saens was intimate with Berlioz. All these things trouble us little in Boston. We know Gluck by an aria or two and one overture; we know Rameau by a few clavecin pieces, usually "revised and edited."

"Lancelot," in a recent issue of the Referee (London), compared the voices of Mmes. Melba and Tetrazzini in a finely discriminative manner. He speaks of the distinctive quality of Melba's voice, its peculiar bell-like tone. "Every note possesses this distinction with an evenness that has caused her voice to be likened to a string of pearls." Her performance of florid passages is technically perfect, and she is mistress of the old traditions. Her best tones are now in the medium register.

The voice of Mme. Tetrazzini has not this distinctive quality. Her best tones are in the head register, and the highest ones have a phenomenal volume.

"But the great difference between the two singers, and one which renders comparison futile, is the point of view from which each singer regards her art. That of Mme. Melba is lyrical; that of Mme. Tetrazzini dramatic. The singing of the former shows that beauty of tone is her first consideration, while that of the latter indicates that it is dramatic truth which dictates the character of the tone. Mme. Melba sings and acts; Mme. Tetrazzini acts and sings, and in proportion as one admires prominence of the lyrical or dramatic in art, so one will favor either singer."

Dr. Harriss' setting in choral form of Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee" was performed for the first time in London on Empire day (May 23). Does the poem admit elaborate treatment? Clay's song is effective; so is the music written by G. A. Macfarren for four voices. On the same day Mackenzie's "Empire Song" for chorus and orchestra was performed for the first time. When we read that it is "solidly written" and that the music to the second verse has "admirably designed contrapuntal passages," we are filled with a desire not to hear the work, massive and concrete as it surely is; nor are we impressed by the Referee's statement: "It is such music as this that excites esteem in the fatherland." Sir Edward Elgar's marching song for soldiers, "Follow the Colors," was also performed for the first time. It is said to be better than "Follow the Man from Cook's."

Mr. Ernest Sharpe of Brookline has been giving a series of song recitals in London.

Miss Flora Wilson, "daughter of the American secretary of agriculture," pupil of Jean de Reszke, gave a concert in Paris June 5. It must have been eminently successful, for she "received an ovation," also "about 100 pounds of orchids and roses." Those stern critics, "the prominent members of the American colony," were all present.

Lady Bancroft made a "graceful reference" at Wilhelm Ganz's jubilee concert in London May 26 to Mme. Patti, as "that sweet nightingale." This was more graceful than if she had called her an old bird. Mme. Patti, by the way, sang her familiar tunes, "Voi Che Sapete," Tosti's "Serenade," Gounod's "Serenade" and "Home, Sweet Home." The last named song was sung, according to the Telegraph, "with that perfect feeling for its tender sentiment which has never failed to stir her hearers to the depths of their nature."

Paolo Martucci, a pianist and a son of the composer and conservatory director, has been giving concerts in London. So has John Powell, "the American pianist," not "an" but "the." The Times says he is wanting in self-restraint.

The Times said of Mme. Samaroff, who played Tschaikowsky's concerto with the London Symphony orchestra, led by Mr. Nikisch, May 25: "If her range of expression is less wide than that of the conductor, we cannot grumble on that account. She played the solo part with brilliance and fluency. The octave passages of the first movement flowed with wonderful ease, and the delicacy of her treatment of the andantino could not have been exceeded."

Mr. Dohnanyi played his suite "Humoresken" for the first time in London, May 22, and there was a wide difference of opinion concerning the value of the composition. The Pall Mall Gazette says the suite contains much charming music, while the London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald found the suite "insipid and without any striking character."

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on a performance of "Aida" at Covent Garden, spoke of "the piquancy of the dance music and of the ceremonial in the temple of Vulcan." So Vulcan was one of the chief Egyptian deities.

Did you ever hear of Mr. Max Fichandler? The Philadelphia Inquirer says "he is known throghout the musical world as a conductor of brilliant promise and notable achievements." His was no easy, pampered life. As the Inquirer eloquently exclaims: "Disowned by his aristocratic parents, loss of his beautiful fiancee, exile from his native land, ten years of harrowing struggle with poverty—this was the price paid by Max Fichandler, the operatic conductor now at the Grand Opera House, to be a musician."

The New York Evening Post mentions the fact that the Kneisel Quartet will give its concerts in Boston in the music room of Fenway Court, and adds: "Mrs. Gardner's music room is in reality a small concert hall, seating about 7000 (sic) people, and an ideal setting for chamber music."

A committee of Venetians and members of the German colony in Venice are raising money for a statue to Wagner, which will be placed in the Public Gardens of that city.

Mr. Oumiroff, who sang Slav songs in Paris last month at a concert with programme "The Lied in all countries" was characterized as "a very remarkable baritone of the United States." Mr. Oumiroff has sung in this country; we all remember his vocal bursts in Boston: but he is not an American either by birth or adoption.

The Guide Musical of May 24 31 published this singular note in the section devoted to concerts in Paris: "Many of our readers have asked us why we do not review Mr. Moriz Rosenthal's piano recitals. The answer is simple: because we have not been invited to any one of them. The Steinways who have taken charge of the advertising feared no doubt that our sympathy for French pianos, Erard, Pleyel or Gaveau, would make us unjust. However we know how to appreciate talent without regard to any instrument, and the talent of Mr. Rosenthal is most remarkable." This note is not only singular; it is foolish.

LAST WEEK OF THE POPS.

Three Special Programmes Scheduled for Closing of the Season.

Tomorrow evening brings in the last week of the 23d season of Pop concerts and the eighth and most successful series held in Symphony Hall.

Three special nights are scheduled for the last week. Tomorrow evening will be the annual "Harvard night," now of much increased importance since "graduates' night" has been abandoned. Thursday evening Conductor Kautzenbach will give a request programme. Friday night will be the second Wagner night. Eight excerpts from Wagner's music will be played, the first and last sections of the programme being given to them. The middle section will be miscellaneous. Tomorrow's programme is as follows:

March, "Cruiser Harvard"	Strube
Overture, "Rienzi"	Wagner
Waltz "Estudiantina"	Waldteufel
"Husarenritt"	Spindler
Overture, "Sphinx"	Thompson, '92
Selection, "The Title Seekers"	De Golyer, '08
(Pi Eta production, 1908.)	
Selection, "The Fate Fakirs"	Sweet, '08
("Pudding" production, 1908.)	
"Shadow Waters"	Seeger, '08
American Fantasy	Herbert
Waltz, "Jolly Fellows"	Vollstedt
"Fair Harvard."	
March, "Up the Street"	Morse, '96

June 15 1908

Men and Things

Mr. Herkimer Johnson has sent to us a package of newspaper clippings which relate to the sheath dress, physical culture and other matters of costume and morality. A superficial observer might find some of these clippings contradictory, or at least inconsistent. We are told that in Paris the assistance of "the physical culturist, the masseuse, the corsetiere and even the osteopath" is invoked by women who wish to be fashionably slim and able to wear the modified Directory dress. It is whispered that some are treated with a jackplane and sand paper. On the other hand there was testimony brought into a New York court to prove that the late Mr. Barker, whose will was contested, used to stuff with cotton the sleeves and legs of his tights so that he would look like Mr. Sandow the Strong Man.

* * *

Mr. Gustaf H. Ander, who will found a "simple life paradise colony" near Vera Cruz next fall—the exact date is not given—says that the colonists will not wear any clothes at all, for a man is healthiest when he allows the air to circulate over his skin. Thus they will be healthy and happy, and the hours that would otherwise be wasted in making clothes will be spent in aesthetic development. Mr. Ander's hair now reaches to the middle of his back and his beard falls to his waist. He gives a reason for this hirsute conduct, a reason that will at once impress any serious thinker: "I have concluded that hair must be, in an intangible sort of way, useful in communicating with the spirits around us."

The colonists will not keep cows, for it would be a shame to rob the calves of their milk. The colonists will live chiefly on nuts and fruits. Inasmuch as we walk upright, nature intended us to eat from trees. This is close reasoning, which W. Stanley Jevons, the eminent logician, would have approved. If we were built like cows, we should then eat grass and vegetables. Near Vera Cruz children will not be named; there will be no books; men and women will be mated according to their fitness and by decision of the state; tobacco

and liquor will be allowed, and in connection with this it is interesting to learn that Mr. Ander is "making an attempt to get some inebriate millionaires" to join the colony. "People will become so clean-lived when they get close to nature that they'll not want stimulants"—not even Jamaica ginger or a novel by an English matron of a cathedral town. Mr. Ander personally desires to raise cocoanuts.

* * *

The excitement over the sheath dress seems to have died away. Some days ago it was announced in Boston that a play actress would wear one in a scene of a drama, but so far as we have learned no one was killed in the crush. They take these things more seriously in Chicago, if a special dispatch be trustworthy: "With eyes flashing and cheeks crimson, indignant wives at the exhibition of the American Medical Association insisted that demonstrations of a new style of medical corset by a fascinating model be suppressed." Would there have been this uproar if the model had not been fascinating?

* * *

Miss Maud Allan, who dances in London as Salome in beads and a gauze skirt, says her performance is "perfectly modest." She interprets music by motion, and moves about "as harmony suggests." She tries to "represent living art." But the authorities in Manchester, Eng., would not allow Miss Allan to move about in gauze and harmony. They did not wish to see Salome, with beads or no beads. This reminds us of Artemus Ward's visit to Utica, N. Y., with his exhibition of wax works. The crowd was incensed by the presence of Judas Iscariot. The ringleader shouted, "I want you to understand that Judas Iscariot can't show himself in Utica with impunity, by a darned sight," and the virtuous mob threw the statues into the canal.

* * *

We are inclined to think that Miss Allan would not be allowed to interpret music by motion in Helmetta, N. J., for Mr. Girard, a "physical culture enthusiast" of that village, running in the streets clad only in a pair of swimming trunks, was taken before the magistrate and given his choice of a $10 fine or 30 days in jail. Boston is more liberal in this respect. Young runners scantily dressed are a familiar sight in Boylston street and Massachusetts avenue.

* * *

After all this Directory dress will be nothing new in Massachusetts. We do not refer to its appearance on the stage, in spectacular plays long out of fashion; in early performances of "La Fille de Madame Angot." Over a century ago variations of this dress and the empire costume were worn by most respectable and fashionable women. Read the descriptions given in the books on costume in this country. It now seems impossible that the daring and transparent robes—sometimes there was no petticoat—were worn by any woman who considered her health and was forced to tempt the New England climate. There are family portraits now preserved that make astonishing revelations.

* * *

The true objection to the display of sheath dresses at Longchamp—aside from the fact that it was an advertising scheme—was that "evening gowns intended for private receptions were worn abroad in the daytime on a public racecourse." No one need fear that the style will become the rage. It is not given by nature to every woman to wear these costumes.

* * *

The dancing masters tell us that "society people" will introduce clog dancing in the ballroom next season. This is welcome news, if statue clog dancing be included. We should like to see a grown man at a "Cheap and Hungry" giving an imitation of Ajax defying the Lightning. Classic groups of Damon and Pythias, Bacchus and Ariadne, the Apollo Belvedere with the Diana of the Louvre, might also reflect credit on the taste of the modern Athenians.

June 16 1908

Men and Things

It was reported a few days ago that a member of a visiting baseball team in Boston lost by theft a diamond ring worth $300. This was not a case of diamond on diamond, for Mr. Huggins did not sport the ring when he was covering second base; he left the ring "inadvertently" in a summer suit of clothes which he sent to a tailor.

Incidents like this will give future students of sociology some idea of the luxury of life in the America of 1908, and may tempt them to put faith in Mr. Upton Sinclair's romance of New York. Perhaps these sociologists yet unborn will wonder at the apparent contradiction: baseball players were "sold" from one club to another, and yet these slaves wore diamonds.

* * *

A theological student about to be called to the pastorate of the Mittineague Church—he will be ordained to the ministry this month—after talking with a deacon about creed and salary, offered the deacon a cigar, and said: "I'm sure you'll like it. It's a choice brand imported by a friend of mine." The deacon reported the incident to the church, and another candidate was called. Was the deacon disappointed in the brand? Did he object to an imported cigar when he was not far from a valley of native tobacco? The account of this episode in ecclesiastical history is lamentably short and superficial. It is never prudent to insist strongly on the fine quality of a cigar that you offer to a man, whether he be a friend or a mere acquaintance. He may not like the tobacco, and will then question your judgment. He may, secretly approving the cigar, resent your nicotian superiority and accuse you of putting on airs.

* * *

The horrors of the prison Schluesselburg have often been described with the realism that is sensational. Now comes Mr. Norregaard to turn the loathsome dungeon into an agreeable summer resort. According to his account of the prison and the prisoners, life is there not only endurable, it is pleasurable. The jailed eat the favorite soup of their country and smoke cigarettes. Their cells are lighted by electricity, so that they can read in bed or write letters to their friends, and the little light work required of them is benevolently planned for their health. It is true that those sentenced to imprisonment for more than eight years are obliged to wear chains for two years, but these chains are polished till they look like silver, and they may be regarded as a personal embellishment; furthermore, they make a musical jingle.

* * *

So in old times Siberia was described as a gloomy land, full of ice and snow, barren and repulsive. James Clarence Mangan voiced this opinion in his dismal poem

In Siberia's wastes
  Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft
  And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
  Is one with those;
They are part and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
  And the killing snows.

But in late years we have been told that Siberia is a land flowing with milk and honey, as green as the hills and plains of Vermont, the coast of Ireland seen after days at sea, the beautiful slopes of Ormont Dessus; a land fit for summer sports and pastimes, calling for marquees and parties on the lawn.

* * *

Mrs. L. A. Clark, formerly a nurse in government employ in the Philippines, declares vehemently that the Americans should not treat the Filipinos as their equals. "The natives are too anxious to wear white linen collars, and consider themselves too fine to till the soil." Thus they resemble many Americans, for, although some of our fellow-citizens have made a step forward by wearing "soft shirts" in hot weather, they nevertheless persist in wearing with these shirts the incongruous, stiffly starched linen collar.

On the other hand, why is a Filipino that wishes to wear a white linen collar necessarily "arrogant"? The lowest native African yearns for a plug hat, and has yearned for it since the day his ancestors first saw one on the head of a European trader visiting the Gold Coast. Why any European should have worn a plug in that region is a mystery. Yet we once met an American in northern Italy, when it was roasting hot, who said he had been down the crater of Vesuvius. "I went down just as I am now." He was wearing a shiny black, professional frock coat and a plug hat.

* * *

They say that gray will be the favorite color in costumes this season. Two or three years ago an amateur and English criminologist advanced a theory that operators in murder cases affected suits of gray. The man suspected of skilled workmanship in the "tunnel mystery," which excited England in 1905, wore a gray suit. Mr. Lefroy wore gray when he put an end to Mr. Gold, but he changed this suit when he escaped the supervision of a police officer. The Abbe de Segonzac wore gray when he finished his celebrated, but unclerical, job in a well.

This criminologist probably argues from the particular to the general. He names only three murderers addicted to gray. One of the most famous operators in England was Mr. John Williams, the hero of the Marr and Williamson affairs, described lovingly and superbly by De Quincey. The hair of Williams was extraordinary; it was a bright yellow, something between an orange and a lemon color, and some believed that Williams, having been in India, where horses of a high caste were painted, chose this color as a disguise. When Williams cut throats in the tavern of Williamson, "his second great performance," he wore a long, blue frock of the finest cloth, and richly lined with silk. De Quincey suggests that when Mr. Williams went out for "a grand compound massacre" he always assumed black silk stockings and pumps: "Nor would he on any account have degraded his position as an artist by wearing a morning gown."

June 17 1908

EARLY TO RISE.

Mr. Fallieres, President of the French republic, goes to bed, or, as Richard Grant White put it, goes through "the mysterious operation of retiring," at an early hour, for he rises always at 7 o'clock and after coffee and rolls walks four or five miles in company with a member of his household. Let it be observed that he has companionship at the early hour. There is no more pathetic sight than that of a human being walking alone, before the world is fully on its feet, in the endeavor to gain health or preserve what he already has. Walking for pleasure at a reasonable hour is another thing, and then, many, as Hazlitt, like to go alone. "I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. Out of doors nature is company enough for me."

We are told today by learned men anxious about the health of humanity that the old saws and proverbs are all wrong: that early rising is a mistake; that alarm clocks are the invention of the Adversary; that a man should sleep out; that to go to bed early in order to rise early is foolishness. There are also new ideas, new but old, for that which is new in 1908 was also new in 1008 and then became old and was forgotten—there are new ideas, we say, about the number of hours that should be spent in sleep. This or that famous man is quoted as an example. President Fallieres is 66 years old; he is robust and his stomach is sound, in spite of his early rising. Another man may be his double in health and yet sleep ingloriously till 9. Why count noses in this extremely personal matter?

Among the more depressing bores is he that tells you with sickening detail the amount of sleep that is necessary to him. He may say: "I make it a point to be in bed at 11 o'clock and I am in my bath at 7:30 every morning"; or "we all sleep too much. All I need is six hours and that is enough for any sensible man." As though the hearers should be interested in Jones donning of pyjamas and his uprising. Yet, after Jones is finally through with his personal disclosures, others in the group will in turn reveal their nocturnal habits. John Wesley, who attributed his vigor at 73 to constant exercise and change of air, habitual rising at 4 A. M., the ability to sleep immediately, two violent fevers and two "deep consumptions" which turned his flesh into that of a little child, made at 60 years experiments to find out how much sleep he required. Procuring an alarm that waked him at 7, he nevertheless lay awake at night, as he did the second morning when he arose at 6. Not till he rose at 4 did he sleep through. Thus he determined that a sleep of six hours was required by his constitution.

The main thing is not to be haunted through the night by the thought of compulsory waking. If Mr. Ferguson wakes naturally at an early hour and feels refreshed, let him get up. If he sleeps naturally till a later hour, he should not be called back jarringly or raspingly to the world of routine. Neither the bird of the proverb nor the sluggard seen by Solomon should be held up as an example for grown persons or for the young.

Men and Things

Mounted policemen in San Francisco have been instructed to have their lariats in working order, so that they may lasso chauffeurs who break the speed laws. Thus the mad career of the automobilists will be checked, and no great harm will be done if the owner, instead of the chauffeur, be yanked violently from his seat. This will be a good and invigorating outdoor sport for the policemen, and it will furnish innocent amusement to the lookers-on. Lassoing is, perhaps, to be preferred in San Francisco to shooting chauffeurs with Maxim's new noiseless gun, for the policemen of that town are handy with the larlat, but in Boston the introduction of the noiseless gun will fill a long-felt want. Dwellers in Commonwealth avenue, for instance, can then plunk easily a chauffeur of the Jehu type, and there will be no rifle crack to disturb the neighbors or identify the shooter, "a gentleman who does not wish his name to be mentioned." Of course, smokeless powder should be used.

* * *

An Earl of Derby is dead. What Derby gave his name to the hat so called in this country, but known more commonly in England as a bowler, if our information be correct. Or was the hat named after a commoner or after a place? George Augustus Sala once wrote an entertaining, though padded, pamphlet on hats, for the benefit of a hatter, but he said nothing about the origin of the derby.

In the seventies a cravat was worn which covered the shirt to the top button of the waistcoat, no matter how low the waistcoat was cut. It was larger than an old-fashioned chest protector. It was black or of a dark, subdued color, and it served as a background for a stickpin. This cravat was called the Stanley. After what Stanley was it named? Surely not after our old friend "On, Stanley, on!"

Are chest protectors now worn by any one in the winter months? In our boyhood there were buckskin atrocities that were supposed to ward off inflammation of the lungs, pleurisy, etc. There were "medicated" chest protectors. But those were the days of heavy flannels and all sorts of precautions that invited disease.

* * *

How many remember the quickly passing fashion of corduroy boots for boys? They were vile things, yet fond parents returning from the city thought they would please their young sons by bringing these boots, which were supposed to be waterproof, to prevent chilblains, to keep the feet warm, etc., etc. No normal boy ever liked these boots. Wearing them, he was a mark at school. What was he not called by his rude associates? To him these boots were like unto those dear to mediaeval torturers.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. C. H. Hamlin is reported as saying in his baccalaureate sermon at Williston Seminary that heaven will be populated by "up-to-date souls." The phrase is hardly to be commended, especially when it is used at an "institution of learning." But what is to be said of Mr. Hamlin's celestial vision? "The more advanced minds see in the eternal city a place of endless puration to be joyously employed in attention to the higher mathematics." An eternity spent in researches in the calculus of variations, perhaps principally on the theory of discontinuous solutions, with a billion years, by way of relaxation, devoted to quarternions! A pleasant outlook for all poor souls that could not pass intelligently beyond coni

sections! After all, this definition of heaven is no more grotesque than those given by learned and devout theologians down the centuries. Soon after Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' "Gates Ajar" was published a clergyman, about to die, was talking with a friend. "There's one thing I hope: that I shall not find the streets of the New Jerusalem strewn with gingerbread crumbs."

* * *

Anna Kiselcia did not die at Passaic, N. J., on a certain hour last Sunday, as she confidently expected, on account of a divine message that she had received. Yet there are instances, apparently well authenticated, in which men, some of them distinguished, have foretold accurately the day of their death. There are instances in which the very hour was named, but we do not insist on this.

* * *

When Judge Murray stated from the bench: "The fact that his (an arrested man's) breath smelled strongly of liquor may not mean that he was drunk," he proved himself a man of sense and observation. An onion laden breath does not prove that the breather ate the whole dish. A finger of gin, whether it be dry or sweet, Holland, Plymouth, Gordon, Dock, Old Tom—any form of blue ruin in fact—will make a man as odorous as though he had swallowed a quart of the beverage described by Eccles as cool and refreshing. Again, there's rum. The most moderate dose reminds one of the old definition of pot-pourri: "A vase of flowers to perfume a room." We have never yet seen—smelt would here be incongruous—deodorized strong waters. What would be the effect of such a beverage on a regular and philosophically inclined drinker? Would he find pleasure in them? Or would he be as one smoking tobacco in the dark? These are interesting, if not vital, questions.

June 5 1905

Men and Things

The hunter of second-hand bookshops in Boston seldom has occasion to rejoice with an exceeding joy. The shopkeeper is fully aware of the value of his books. This speaks well for the distribution of literary knowledge in the city, for a bookseller as a rule is now expected to be interested chiefly in "quick sellers," but it is disappointing to the man who hopes to buy an old edition or a rare volume for a trifling sum. Nor are there apparently so many entertaining books in these shops as there were, say thirty years ago. Cornhill in those days was a delightful loafing ground. There was then the pleasure of the sidewalk stalls, which held books that excited the desire for possession. We remember when one morning we stumbled on a singularly well printed copy of Shakespeare's poems, with Richard Grant White's autograph on the fly leaf and his notes pencilled in the margin. Did he not part with many of his books soon after he wrote his glowing and still famous tribute to Pauline Markham?

* * *

There is a pleasure in ordering from a foreign catalogue of second-hand books, ordering at random or with deliberate, long-nursed intent. There is the suspense in waiting. You steel yourself against disappointment. "How absurd to expect the book! The catalogue was a month old when you received it. The price is so absurdly low that the book was probably sold the day after the catalogue was published. The copy may be an imperfect one; the pages may be foxed; the back is broken, or, if the binding is modern, it is no doubt hideous." Thus you comfort yourself in advance. Lo, the book finally comes. You look it over. There is no fault to be found. You read a few pages, then put it aside and forget it. A year afterward, noticing it, you wonder why you bought it and blame yourself for your extravagance.

* * *

Some time ago we saw in the catalogue of a Parisian firm "Pensees Diverses," by Ange Goudar, published at London in 1750. Goudar is not an unfamiliar name. He and Sarah Goudar were a pretty pair. They are in the long list of scoundrels, monarchs, play actresses, blackguards, male sopranos, courtiers, abbes, women of extraordinary minds and manners, philosophers, quacks, portrayed by Casanova in his immortal memoirs. Goudar enjoyed the reputation of being a spy. He and Sarah were aesthetically inclined when they were not scheming and intriguing. There are the pamphlets about French and Italian music that are still quoted by learned students of the opera.

* * *

We sent for "Pensees Diverses" at once and were feverish with curiosity until it crossed the Atlantic. It's a small volume of 180 pages. There is a letter of dedication to Mme. la Marquise de Pompadour. "Nature, in forming you, madame, has adorned you with all the perfections of body and mind. She endowed you with great beauty. The graces attend your footsteps. But you are still more worthy of admiration by reason of the qualities of your soul." How he flattered her! "Vanity finds no place in your heart. Gentleness, courtesy, affability are your natural characteristics." Goudar laid it on with a trowel.

* * *

There are 435 "thoughts" in this book and not over a dozen were worth thinking. Thought 261: "Those who wish to appear brilliantly on the great stage of the world require great virtues or great vices." Thought 199: "A sincere friend, who does not hide from us our faults, is an inestimable treasure." A stupid, vapid book. Goudar, the adventurer, is far more entertaining than Goudar, the thinker, who thought he thought. Did Mme. la Marquise look at her copy of the book more than once? Did she read beyond the flattering letter? Did she glance here and there, sigh, and say: "Too true"?

* * *

Not many volumes of thoughts, so deliberately entitled, are worth the reading. In the endeavor to be epigrammatic the thinker is often flippant; in the desire to be sententious he is often dull. There are famous exceptions, and chief among them the widely differing Frenchmen, Rochefoucault and Pascal. There is another volume which, though it is comparatively little known, is full of sense and wit, Hazlitt's "Characteristics," and in these maxims Hazlitt avoided both paradox and commonplace, faults that he himself named in his preface. There is a wholesome bitterness in many of his sayings. "To marry an actress for the admiration she excites on the stage is to imitate the man who bought Punch." Still bitterer are the views of women inspired by Hazlitt's foolish, grotesque, yet indescribably pathetic passion for Sarah Walker, the lodging house keeper's daughter. The sour and splenetic maxims may offend some, but the great majority of the pages are stimulating; they are helpful, especially to those who good-naturedly expect too much from their friends and from life itself.

* * *

And what is to be done with Goudar's little book? It is not worth keeping; it is not worthy of a place even in a Carnegie library. It is true that it cost only thirty-six cents—think of it, 435 solemn thoughts for thirty-six cens—one more than Hazlitt's little book contains—but its presence irritates. Yet what lover of books is willing to throw one away? Let us keep "Pensees Diverses" for a few weeks at least. Mme. la Marquise may have read it in her bower.

June 19, 1908

APPROPRIATE READING.

"Close observation has shown the workers of the Seaman's Friend Society that sea tales are most unpopular with their world-wide audience of seamen." And so retired sea captains, instead of choosing a home where they can "sweep the offing with a powerful glass," while a case bottle of pineapple rum is at hand, as a rule prefer in seacoast villages houses well sheltered, not near the ocean, with a reassuring view of trees, a dusty street, the old common and the meeting house with its horsesheds. One would think that a sailor intelligence might like to read a sea tale by Cooper, Melville, Clark Russell, Conrad, if only to catch the author in grievous error of technical description; that an old sea dog would still wish to look out from his snug kennel on his tossing and tumultuous home of many years.

In reading we are governed by the law of contraries. The forest guide may well relish a story of the sea. The sailor may read eagerly a tale of adventure as long as there is good fighting or perilous undertaking far inland. Richardson, the architect, in his few hours of relaxation, found pleasure in detective stories; he did not ponder the life of Piranesi, or Sir Christopher Wren, or minute descriptions of skill shown by his rival builders, the beaver, the bee, the ant and certain birds. There are judges, high in authority, who would prefer to be left alone with a novel by Maizeroy or de Regnier than with any story of law cases, as "Orley Farm." Thoreau's "Walden" is enjoyed chiefly by confirmed citizens who feel uncomfortable when they are in the woods even at high noon. We know an inveterate reader of travels who seldom goes five miles from the State House. We also know an amiable agnostic whose favorite book is the Journal of John Wesley, a man of varied reading. The admirer of Hazlitt reads the famous sentence in the essay "On Going a Journey" "It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the 'New Eloise' at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken"; Yet this admirer dislikes to walk, would not read Rousseau's romance if it were the only book on a desert island, and could not be persuaded to drink sherry with chicken, cold or hot.

The summer comes and a man about to have a vacation chooses books to take with him for entertainment. He buys some cheap reprints: Prescott's "Conquest of Peru"; "Wuthering Heights," which he has heard is an extraordinary novel; "Froude's Essays"—he is ashamed because he has never read them; "Man's Place in Nature," by Huxley, which he also should know; Marco Polo's Travels, also the Travels of Mungo Park. This summer he will not waste his time over trash. Examine him when he returns. How much will he be able to tell you about the books? He may say that Francisco Pizarro was a monster of cruelty; that "Wuthering Heights" is a strong novel, strong and unpleasant; but press him, and he will at last tell you that he had little inclination to read, and when he had he read the newspapers and the magazines. Few are now coerced into reading books "with which every one should be familiar." Epictetus is not necessarily the one author for a fortnight in camp, "where a man can think." When birds sing about you why pretend to enjoy the "Natural History of Selborne," even though you be an ornithologist by trade?

SUMMER MEANNESS.

It is stated that the coming season at Newport R. I., will be uncommonly brilliant. It is also stated that a merchant in Newport has filed an attachment on a humble thatched cottage of a summer resident in the hope of collecting a debt of about a thousand dollars owed for groceries supplied. There will be other attachments for a similar purpose, it is said, if settlements of long-standing debts are not soon made.

Shopkeepers in many towns and villages where city folk spend the summer will read the news from Newport with much interest. Reading they might say: "I am the man; I suffered; I was there." For the name of this Newport grocer or provision man is Legion. It is surprising how many summer dwellers forget to pay the local tradesmen and workmen and how indifferent they are to courteous and timid reminders. The men that keep markets or drive about in carts have themselves only short credit; the workmen are sadly in need of ready money and wish to settle their account at the village store. They do not like to press their claims from fear of losing trade. Sometimes the summer residents, when they are reminded of their indebtedness, are incredibly small and mean.

So, too, every summer in the city humble tradesmen, sewing women, carpenters, locksmiths and the like are injured by the forgetfulness or the indifference of the well-to-do, who, leaving town, put off payment to a more convenient season. "It's a small amount. Wait till it is worth while," or the answer is: "I'll settle with you in the fall"; or, as is too often the case, there is no answer. The man who thinks little of signing a check for $5000 will haggle over a bill for $5 or not take the trouble to pay it. These small sums are needed by those who have supplied or worked. Genteel indifference to just demands is in reality a fine brutality.

Men and Things.

Mr. Elliott O'Donnell, who declares himself to be an expert in the matter of London ghosts, is now prepared to form parties for the purpose of visiting haunted houses. He guarantees gooseflesh and standing hair, and, if satisfaction be not given, the money will be refunded. This announcement brings with it a revival of the old stories, and among them is the choice one of the house in Berkeley square with a room in which any one dies who happens to sleep there at a certain time of the year. From this it would appear that ghosts are like oysters, not for all months.

* * *

An edition of John Wesley's "Journal" has been published in cheap and attractive form. Was Wesley more credulous than the majority of Englishmen of his day? He gravely recorded many surprising stories. Thus, certifying his dependence on the veracity of Mrs. Sarah M——d, he noted in 1778 three "uncommon circumstances" related by her. The third was as follows: "Not long after this (March, 1756), Mr. Sm—— died. Ten or twelve days after, as I was walking near his house, about 11 o'clock, in a bright, sunshiny day, I saw him standing in his chamber window and looking full upon me; but it was with the most horrid countenance that I ever saw. As I walked on I could not keep my eyes off him till he withdrew from the window, though I was so terrified with his ghastly look that I was ready to drop down."

* * *

Mark the impressiveness of the detail remembered for over 20 years. All the accounts recorded by Wesley, and some of them are grisly, were given to him by persons of "piety and veracity." Were they themselves all deceived? Wesley more than once stated his belief in apparitions, and he knew no reason why his followers should allow this weapon against "deism, atheism, materialism," to be wrested out of their hands. Here is one of the many singular things related by Elizabeth Hobson which Wesley annotated. She, by the way, saw many ghosts, this woman who was "serious from a child and grew up in the fear of God." Her uncle, who visited her frequently after he was dead, told her that evil spirits seldom appear except between 11 at night and 2 in the morning; but after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the day time, and whatever spirits, good or bad, come in the day, visit mortals at sunrise, noon or at sunset. Wesley added this footnote: "How strange is this! But how little do we know concerning the laws of the invisible world!"

The story, however, trivial as it is, is as follows: "A young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married, but he purposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went aboard his ship. About 11 o'clock, going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother's door with his hands in his pockets and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand to put up his hat; but he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane part as he went through and then immediately close after him. At 10 the next morning he died."

* * *

Now, Wesley was a man who had travelled with observing eyes. He was by no means a mere dreamer of dreams, a blameless fanatic. He was one of the bravest, shrewdest and best of men. His belief in tales of ghosts and "extraordinary circumstances" and "strange occurrences" was childlike, yet he was

sceptical concerning statements of fact made by authors whose religious view he could not accept.

* * *

All men sympathize openly or secretly with the husband that sought for a divorce on the ground that his wife had her hair in curl papers except from noon till bedtime. There was a singular case before an English magistrate not long ago. A little girl was sent to school "with her hair screwed up in rags" so that she might be more comely at a concert in the afternoon. The head mistress ordered her to throw away these preparations for the toilet or leave the school. The mother of the young girl objected to the exclusion, but the magistrate decided that the teacher did not go beyond her jurisdiction.

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the case, sided with the mother, or, at least, characterized the scholastic view as a little narrow. "There is nothing unnatural or improper in the desire of little girls to cultivate that quality which 'draws us by a single hair,' and, if their education included sympathetic tuition in the art of personal appearance, it might correct some of the perverted conceptions by which the daughters of the people persist in making themselves hideous."

We cannot agree to this opinion. If the Lady Arabella or the young 'Arriet wishes her hair to draw favorable eyes toward it, let her practise her art in private. A girl who is slouchy in school will be slouchy as a young woman and as a wife. A woman that wears curl papers at breakfast will be slatternly in other respects. No thoughtful husband demands that his wife should appear early in the morning with a Marcel wave or with any elaborate coiffure. He has a right to ask that she does not make herself physically repulsive at a time when the modern human stomach is most squeamish. Did Dr. Aked refer to curl papers when, in his eulogy of the American husband, he exclaimed: "Occasionally we find the wife upon whom a true husband has bestowed his great love is worse than the vampire wife of fable"?

* * *

"E. E. F." writes to The Herald: "You spoke recently of the miserable bread, the loaf, furnished in England to both natives and foreigners. I was reading last night the memoirs of Albert Pell, and I came across a passage in which he dwelt on the excellence of wayside meals in England when stage coaches were in fashion. 'The bread,' said Pell, 'was nutritious and infinitely better than the white, sapless, thin slices cut nowadays off some scientifically prepared loaf. In the thirties one got a hunch off some huge, bulging loaf with the mark on the base of the bricks on which it was baked, and with the healthy smell of the wood-heated oven from which it had been drawn. The crust was neither tough nor rocky, but crisp and fragrant.' It is surprising that Pell said nothing about the horrible, doughy centre of the modern English loaf. After all, we cannot boast of the bread found in the great majority of American hotels outside the chief cities. And, in strict confidence, tell me, please, in how many private families is the bread what it should be? I do not refer to rolls and what might be called the 'smallwear' of breakfast or high tea, but to the loaf, which is, as a rule, too solid, or it is soggy and sour."

June 20, 1908

UNDER THE LADDER.

Because Secretary Taft hesitated recently when he found that he would be obliged to pass under a ladder, the New York Times expressed editorially the hope that his hesitation came from the thought that workmen on the ladder might drop something on him. "For it would not be quite pleasant to think that the man who at the present moment seems most likely to be the next President of the United States should have even a humorous respect for a silly superstition." Would he not be nearer the heart of the people? Are not the whims and foibles of the departed great often dearer to the world than their conventional and expected virtues? Would Mr. Taft be any less suited to high office because, forsooth, he laughingly looked at the new moon over his right shoulder?

To the folk-lorist no superstition is silly. Its origin is of anthropological, and it may be of religious, importance. All nations have their superstitions, and some of these superstitions have been found in all lands. Strong-minded men have heeded these popular beliefs. Many today may smile if any particular superstition be discussed gravely, yet they instinctively prefer not to go under a ladder, they welcome a fourteenth at table, they are disquieted for a moment if they happen to see for the first time the new moon over the left shoulder, they also for some hypocritical reason choose any day but Friday for opening a summer cottage.

It would be a drab world if all men and women were without some open or sneaking belief in what are called popular superstitions. It is not necessary to go so far as John Wesley went when he said that "giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible," yet thousands in the United States today are taught that one person may exert mentally a malignant influence over another. Schopenhauer discussed seriously the practice of moulding a waxen doll in the image of a person and then piercing it with needles or melting it. He argued that the doll served only to concentrate the mind of the one wishing to do injury on his task. Belief in these theories might even now bring about horrid persecution. We speak of more amiable superstitions, such as the one that urges a man not to cut his nails on Sunday, lest he be unlucky during the following week. Even the most ridiculous superstition leads one to think of something that is not in itself grossly materialistic and commercial. It is a question whether it is not better to believe in evil spirits than to believe in none at all. Why should the passing under a ladder bring bad luck? Does it? These are unprofitable questions. If a man feels for a moment that it will, it is more prudent for him to go about the ladder. The relief of mind, the consequent buoyancy of spirits, will enable him to do better work, to think more clearly that day.

Men and Things

Priv. Hagan of the marine corps died on the U. S. S. Mississippi from a blow received in "a gruelling prize fight." While he was dying, there was another mill, the last of the series on the deck. "It was almost over"—it is not stated whether another marine was about to be killed—when the chaplain, "with white face and trembling lips," broke into the ring with this oratorical burst: "Wait. Our friend and comrade, Priv. Hagan, who fought so gallantly in that last bout, has now passed into the great unknown. In his pursuit of athletics he has died. Let all be silent while we pray for his departed soul."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt, in the midst of the excitement and the shouting at Chicago, did not miss this speech. It is one after his own heart, although it would be hard to think of him as referring to anything as a "great unknown." Consider the scene, the speech, the manner of reporting the tragedy—is it not all typical of the period we live in? Twenty or thirty years ago all this might have amused in opera bouffe.

* * *

This is the season for touch and go marriages in the upper circles of musical comedy folk. Flossie Coughdrop has shaken off forever a husband of a year and is married by a clergyman to Harry Rocket, who has thoughtfully rid himself of his young wife. We are informed that Miss Coughdrop's divorced husband will probably marry Mr. Rocket's divorced wife, the fascinating Estrella de Bang. Change partners! All hands round! Meanwhile, Bishop Doane is thundering in London against divorce and polygamy, not synchronous, but progressive. As is well known to thoughtful observers, high respect for the sanctity of the marital relations is not always inculcated by the ingenious writers of musical comedies. Is it possible that the comedians are imperceptibly influenced by the lines and situations? Or is the frequent change of partners for advertising purposes only? Here is a subject for writers on the domestic relations and for earnest students of anthropology and sociology.

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The Herald has received the following letter:

June 16, 1908.

Men and Things: A man from Baltimore noticed a sign in a Boston suburb reading "Boarding and Baiting Stable," and asked me "What in thunder is a 'baiting' stable?"

Will either you or the professor tell me if there is any subtle irony in the word; whether it is "on all fours" with "Jew-baiting," and therefore the joke is really on the horse?

DOOGAN OF BRIGHTON.

"Baiting," Mr. Doogan, is a good, old word. It is a pleasure to see it on a stable sign. "Licensed victualler" is another good, old sign that may still be seen in Boston, although it is unfortunately becoming rare. Good word as "bait" is, we doubt whether many of the younger generation could define it properly when it is used in connection with a stable. To bait a horse or a man is to give food and drink to him while he is resting, and a bait is a short meal for man or beast. The intransitive verb means to stop for rest and refreshment, also to feed.

Modern lexicographers speak of derivation from the Icelandic through Middle English. Horne Took, who was cocksure of everything, wrote this curious note, which you might send to your Baltimore friend in exchange for terrapin: "Bit—Bait, whether used (like Morso, Morceau or Morsel) for a small piece, part or portion of anything; or for that part of a bridle (imboccatura) which is put into a horse's mouth; or for that hasty refreshment which man or beast takes upon a journey; or for that temptation which is offered by treachery to fish or fool—is but one word differently spelled, and is the past participle of the verb 'to bite.'"

* * *

The Herald has received a postal card from Mr. Herkimer Johnson: "When I arrived at Clamport about a fortnight ago fresh eggs were selling at 22 cents a dozen and local hen raisers had plenty of eggs to sell. Now eggs are 30 cents a dozen. Why? I asked a native, and he said that hens were not laying assiduously. Why are hens shy as soon as the summer sojourners arrive? The dealer never says 'There is a greater demand.' He lays it all on the non-laying hen. I am beginning to believe that there is much sense in the apparently foolish conundrum, 'Why is a hen?'"

* * *

The agents of a steamship company whose vessels stop at Cherbourg have forbidden dockhands to accept tips from passengers for transferring their baggage from train to steamer. The dockhands struck in consequence. The ship's sailors thereupon transferred the baggage. Query: Did not the passengers then transfer tips from dockhands to sailors?

* * *

We are all told that old magazines should be saved so that they may be used in the place of hot water bottles for the aged and infirm. You heat a magazine in the oven and then tuck it behind a cold back or under chilled feet. Much depends on the character of the magazine. Back numbers containing Mr. Lawson's articles should require only a little heating. Some of them, and numbers containing articles on public grafters, crimes of states and cities, might be applied without any preparation.

* * *

Charles B. Ullmo, a French naval officer charged with being a spy, was publicly degraded a week ago at Toulon. He is sentenced to life imprisonment at Devil's island. A week ago, and they who read the account of the degradation have already forgotten it. The account of Capt. Dreyfus' humiliation and sentence made at the time in this country no more durable impression.

June 21 1908

MANY NEW IDEAS OF BERLIOZ'S LIFE

Boschot's Biography Corrects or Sets Aside Views Hitherto Held.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Adolphe Boschot entitles the second volume of his life of Berlioz "Un Romantique sous Louis Philippe." The third volume, "Le Crepuscule d'un Romantique," is now in preparation. The biography will be a long one when it is completed. The second volume alone contains nearly 700 pages. Perhaps it might have been published in a more condensed form. There are certain spinnings-out and repetitions, yet a reader would not find it easy to decide on just what should be omitted. He might reasonably complain of the tiresome reiteration of catchphrases which are supposed to aid in the portrayal of the composer's character. Because Berlioz in his letters expressed admiration of Virgil, Shakespeare, Miss Smithson and his own music by exclaiming "Thunder and lightning!" sometimes with three or four exclamation points, why should Mr. Boschot repeat the phrase ad nauseam in the course of the narrative or comment?

Yet this biography is one of extraordinary interest to those who rank Berlioz among the greatest of geniuses that have expressed their character and emotions in music, to those that are inclined to look upon him as a juggler with orchestral instruments, and finally to all those that find pleasure in studying the career of any uncommonly brilliant and influential man.

Whatever else you may say of Berlioz, he was certainly extraordinary. He was of his own time, a romantic of the romantics, yet he was far beyond his own period, so that his best music sounds today extremely modern. But let us not consider him now as a composer; let us see what Mr. Boschot has to say about him as a man.

Berlioz had an unusual gift of expressing himself in words as well as music. His feuilletons are entertaining in 1908, although the compositions he discussed were often insignificant, although many of the men and women who sang and played for him are now only names as in a long-stale city directory; his more carefully prepared articles, as the description of Beethoven's symphonies, are masterpieces and inimitable; his letters are admirable for their spontaneity, wit, shrewd observation of men and things, revelations of self, individual charm; his treatise on orchestration is both a musical rhapsody of high imaginative flight and a storehouse of information; his memoirs are to be ranked with those of Cellini, Herbert of Cherbury, Casanova and Rousseau. No wonder that these memoirs excited the wonder of Henley; no wonder that the man himself compels respect as an artist in words as in music.

The world for years knew the life of Berlioz through these memoirs, the letters to Humbert Ferrand and the letters collected and edited by Bernard. There were pages in the memoirs that could not be reconciled with statements in the letters. In the memoirs Berlioz displayed an olympian indifference in the matter of dates. The world was not too curious about these contradictions and the memoirs were considered as the true life of the composer by himself.

The legend of Berlioz thus shaped itself. The world then looked on him as a heroic soul, fighting a desperate cause; unaided, misunderstood in his own country, appreciated only in Germany and Russia. His concerts in Paris were organized at his own cost. He supported himself for years by writing reviews of concerts and loathed the chains and bondage. Paganini came to his rescue with 20,000 francs. Habeneck, conducting the Requiem, put down his baton at a critical moment and took snuff instead of giving the necessary cue. Then there were the women, Camille Moke, the pianist, who was false to him and married Pleyel; Harriett Smithson, the play actress; Marie Recio, born Martin, who played the part of the Dark Lady in the cryptic sonnets, and at last Estelle, the placid old woman whom Hector had known in his youth. There is the romance of disillusionment and disaster; of strife within domestic walls, in opera house, in concert hall; of two wives who in turn provoked discord and were only quiet when they were side by side in death; of the untimely taking away of the dearly beloved son; of the last morose years when the body was racked and the mind without hope was gradually extinguished.

Much has been written of late about Berlioz. There are the books by Messrs. Prod'homme and Tiersot. Additional volumes of correspondence have been published. There are essays on Berlioz as a writer. But the volumes of Mr. Boschot are the first to explain fully inconsistencies, contradictions, to correct certain false impressions derived from Berlioz's own statements, to show us the man himself as he must have been seen by some of his contemporaries, who admiring him, fond of him, yet had the gifts of discretion and silence.

Objection has been made in Paris to Mr. Boschot's methods and frankness, as though it were his purpose to blacken the character of the composer, to tarnish the glory of an illustrious Frenchman. This objection seems to any reasonable and disinterested reader unfounded. Mr. Boschot is not malicious. He is first of all an indefatigable investigator.

We learn from him that Berlioz had powerful friends in political circles, in newspaper offices, among artists; that at the time he was complaining of poverty, he was in receipt of money which would have supported him, had he been prudent; that he was as shrewd and industrious in blowing the trumpet of his praise and inducing others to sound fanfares as was Wagner after him; that he left no wire unpulled. Fact is heaped on fact. Yet nothing that is brought forward can affect the character of Berlioz's music, and the man himself stands out as a still more extraordinary and in many ways a still more heroic figure.

We now know clearly for the first time the boredom of Berlioz as a

Prix de Rome [illegible] eternal city, under the care of Horace Vernet and associated with students who could not understand the romanticism of the young composer. We learn that after the return to Paris, Berlioz received his pension from the government yet deferred his obligatory sojourn in Germany. The government itself was strangely tolerant toward him and his caprices.

It now seems well established that Habeneck did not take his famous pinch of snuff; that on the contrary he labored both in Paris and in other cities to produce music by Berlioz to the best of his acknowledged and indisputable ability. There is still doubt about the Paganini episode. Was the greedy violinist only a go-between and did he pass over money that had been intrusted to him for the purpose? Or, since he had been attacked fiercely by the Parisian press and since he could not play in Paris with any pecuniary success did he take the advice of a knowing journalist and give f.20,000 to Berlioz, who was at the time a power as a critic? The latter supposition now seems probable, yet there is not one bit of evidence that Berlioz was privy to the transaction. On the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that he was overpowered by Paganini's appreciation and generosity and treasured the recollection till the day of his death.

For the first time we are as intimate with Berlioz in his private life as though we had personally known the profession of noble dames that he pursued. The strange story of Camille Moke is told by Mr. Boschot in his first volume and so is the story of Berlioz's passion for Harriett, women who inspired in turn his Fantastic symphony, its sequel, "Lelio," and his "Romeo and Juliet." The second volume gives additional details.

After Hector left Rome through the kindness of Vernet, before his "exile" was officially at an end, he returned to his father's house at Cote Saint Andre, and there, melancholy, passionate and bored, he wrote to Mme. Vernet a long letter, in which he hinted at a marriage with her daughter Louise. He said that his father wished him to marry, and that if the bride were worthy, he should have from him f.100,000, but he would not sell himself at any price. Did the Vernets answer this letter? No one knows. When Hector went to Paris he took the rooms which Harriett had once occupied, and his passion for her broke out more furiously than before. She returned to Paris with a wretched company of players and failed.

It may be remembered by some that Berlioz attacked Fetis, the critic and pedagogue, in his "Lelio." Why did he make this wanton and impudent assault? Fetis had favored the music of Berlioz and had in fact treated him with peculiar consideration when others had characterized the composer as a madman; but Fetis had lost money by publishing the Revue Musicale, and certain stories concerning his private life, whispered about, led to his withdrawal from the position of librarian at the Conservatory. Surely the greater reason why Berlioz should be generous toward him. Camille Moke, after her love affairs with Berlioz and Ferdinand Hiller, married Pleyel, the manufacturer of pianos. She was adventurous by nature and, after her marriage, she became still more emancipated in her views concerning the conduct of life. After several "amiable episodes" she lived, a teacher, near Fetis (who was at the time director of the Brussels Conservatory), and it was rumored that their intimacy was more than musical. Berlioz could not in 1831, when he wrote the famous attack, have foreseen this relationship. It is probable that Fetis was already interested in Camille when he urged her to break her betrothal with Berlioz.

There are entertaining stories about the wooing of Miss Smithson. She naturally could not understand why a young man whom she had never met should introduce her as the courtezan in the finale of his Fantastic Symphony. She was not musical herself, and in after years it was a grief to Hector that she did not have a soul above the tunes of Auber. It would not have consoled her to know that his courtezan was originally intended for Camille, as now seems probable. She had heard that Hector was an epileptic.

When she went to the famous concert the audience had eyes only for her. She was then a woman of the Rubens type, large, decorative, dazzling. And Heine, Dumas, Sue, Legouve, Janin, Hiller, the brains and wits of Paris, looked at her and marvelled. The period was still romantic, and Bocage, who spoke the monologue in "Lelio," was a type of the romantic hero, the sinister and accursed one, the breaker of hearts, the ruiner of souls, the Giaour, Antony, Manfred, Lara; pale, with heavy eyebrows, thin, phantasmal, with face worn and body racked by fatal passions, with voice metallic, thunderous, cavernous, and now caressing in vague, disturbing, amorous whispers.

Hector and Harriett met and loved. His family protested against their marriage. Her sister, deformed and malevolent, endeavored to cool Harriett's passion. But Harriett was 33 years old and now unsuccessful on the stage; heavily in debt and weary of her wandering life; her shoulders were too round; the lines of her neck and breast were too mature; she was heavy-bodied, heavy-hipped. It was time for her to marry and this astonishing, delirious young man, brilliant, a genius, loved her.

They had one year of happiness. The woman whom he thought to be sensitive and timid, whose purity provoked him to a famous confession, developed into a "terrible amoreuse." She was exacting, annoying in her demands. She was insanely jealous of women praised by him in a feuilleton. She intercepted letters, opened drawers. A son was born to them, whose young years were lightened by the scenes between the father and mother. Now and then Harriett would appear in some tragic excerpt in a second-rate theatre and with pitiably incongruous surroundings. She was not even a falling star. Her glory had passed forever. She took to drink and became gross, intolerably fat. She was no longer an inspiration.

The fair Ophelia once adored by him was now 40 years old, puffy, obese, who welcomed him returning from the opera, concert hall, or cafe. She met him with alcoholic endearments and extravagant caresses. Jealous as she was in her shabby, slovenly kept rooms, she could not for a time name any particular woman, for singers, dancers, actresses, the run of light women with whom Hector naturally came in contact, had made no deep impression on him. They were facile, vain and designing rather than passionate. In 1841, eight years after her marriage, Harriett began to suspect Miss Recio, Marie Genevieve Martin, to give her true name, the daughter of an army officer and a Spaniard. The girl, longing for an operatic career, took the name Recio, for Italian singers were then in fashion. Her father was dead, and she and her mother were poor.

Marie was then 27, and she was described as most desirable; a tall brunette, rather thin faced, with a warm pallor; her hair was thick and of glossy black; her eyes were black and hard, but veiled under drooping eyelids, and the lashes were long and languorous; the mouth was full as were the scarlet, bulbous lips; she was svelte and the daughter of a Spaniard; "a fausse maigre," ardent, exciting.

Once more Berlioz was passionate. The daughter appealed to him; the mother coddled him. Here he found a home. For two years he had felt no spur to musical composition. Now he was eager to create.

There was a price to pay. Marie demanded an engagement at the Opera. Berlioz as a critic was a power. Could he not secure her a position?

Marie sang "a little." Hector's life with Harriett was unbearable. She was more jealous than ever, and her passion for Hector had now the intensity of desperation. Her one hope was that the son would save for her his father.

Hector yielded to Marie's entreaties. She was engaged at the Opera for one year, although she had never been on the stage, as the Courrier maliciously remarked. She was to receive f.110 a month and f.7 "for heating" for each performance. She made her first appearance in the little part of Ines, in "La Favorita." The Gazette Musicale, the organ of Berlioz, said of her: "This young person, endowed with a fresh, pure voice and a tall and elegant figure, could not fail to be well received. When she will be more accustomed to the scene more important successes will evidently be reserved for her." In the Journal des Debats, of which he was the music critic, Berlioz apologized for Marie by speaking of her fear of the audience; he praised the extent and purity of her voice, and the seductive freshness of its timbre. He insisted, as one having personal knowledge of her physical advantages, that she should be allowed to appear as a page, as Isolier in "Comte Ory."

She did appear as the page, and Berlioz then made a powerful enemy who worked against him at the Opera, when he wished to be appointed conductor when he endeavored to have an opera performed there. He praised the physical appearance of Marie at the expense of Mme. Stoltz, for he said in the course of his article: "Other actresses who expose themselves to the treachery of this gay costume resemble in legs and body a sack of nuts placed on a foot-stool. Miss Recio, without imitating Mme. Stoltz, has known," etc. The comparison was rude and not witty, and it worked him much harm, for Mme. Stoltz was the dear friend of the director of the Opera.

Berlioz had now two households to provide for. Harriett was impossible. Marie made enemies for him on every hand. Furthermore, she persisted in singing. Only inconsiderable parts were given to her at the Opera, and at last she asked for a vacation. Here was Mme. Stoltz's opportunity. The director granted the leave of absence, "to finish on the 8th of October, the term of your engagement." Marie was soon without her f.120 a month and the burden of Berlioz was that much heavier.

She went with him to sing at his concerts in Brussels where Fetis, whom he had abused, was the incarnation of kindness. Harriett read that Marie was among the artists that accompanied him. She also read that her husband was about to make a concert tour in Germany, for there he had influential friends and there his mucis would be appreciated. She spied his movements, but he lulled her suspicions. Little by little he removed his musical material. When the mother and the boy were both away one day he took out his trunk. And with him, as he fled like a thief, went Marie Recio, who would hold him enchained until she died, who would isolate him, and fill his mind with bitterness toward others. He was then 40 years old, and he entered with Marie into the dusk of his flaming, tumultuous life.

The Herald will discuss at a more convenient season Berlioz the critic, as revealed in this strange and fascinating volume of Boschot. Hitherto the half of Hector's adventures in this thorny and stony field has not been told.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S ADVICE.

Father Bernard Vaughan, preaching in London on marriage, gave advice to husbands concerning the daily and household treatment of wives. "Bear with her. Never attempt to check the flowing tide of her talk. Let her talk on, while you possess your soul in peace. Remember that woman needs many safety valves and outlets for her temperament." On the other hand, the vicar of All Hallows, Gospel Oak, expresses the opinion that excessive talking is responsible for the increase of insanity and nervous diseases in modern society. But was there no excessive talking in the time of Queen Anne, in the hanging gardens of Babylon, in the days of Juvenal, and also of Solomon? On the side of the vicar is Prof. W. H. Chever, who, addressing teachers assembled in Detroit, told them calmly, but firmly, that they talked too much. Three-fourths of his hearers were women. Peace has its heroes.

Father Vaughan confined himself in this sermon to the garrulity of the wife in the presence of her husband. Some may say that the "silly season" is recognized in pulpits as in newspaper offices; that the subject treated by Father Vaughan may be classed with "How to Feed Your Husband in Hot Weather" and "Does a Gentleman Take off His Hat to His Cook if He Meets Her in the Street?" This would be hardly fair. Sermons on the conduct of life are for all seasons. Others may advise a husband to read daily to his wife extracts from Maeterlinck's beautiful essay on silence. They are evidently bachelors. This essay would arouse the most self-restrained wife to incredible loquacity, if only in the spirit of contradiction.

"Let her talk on while you possess your soul in peace." This sounds like excellent advice, though a wife might resent the implied superiority of the husband. The advice is not easily followed. To keep the mind in a tranquil condition, to be able to think of other things, to ponder a business scheme or to sketch a magazine article, to look as though the attention were riveted on the wife, to be able to answer "yes" or "no" so as not to excite suspicion, but to give her pleasure by corroboration of her views—all this is not in the power of every husband. "George, you haven't heard a word I have been saying." "Nonsense; of course I have. What did you say?"

Garrulity is not reckoned among instances of cruel and inhuman treatment, in spite of the old picture, "This man was talked to death." It can hardly be called a form of nagging, unless the peculiarities of the husband's dress, manners, behavior, opinions feed the flow of words. It is often tiresome; it is sometimes intolerable, unless the husband has trained himself, as those that live near a switching yard. As long as the voice is low-pitched, the breathing long and deep and rhythm observed, the effect may be soothing and salutary. Schools of elocution have their uses. Pupils may be trained there for domestic purposes, but they should be kept out of the oratorical and dramatic classes. A man goes home tired after the day's work. After he has answered a few questions he is disinclined to talk. Artificial light is bad for his eyes, and if they are strong he dislikes to read aloud, even Maeterlinck's essay. Let him smoke and listen. It is safer to listen than to assert. The neighbors may smile and say he is henpecked. Whether the henpecked are not the happiest husbands is a subject that admits of serious and academic discussion. They are at least freed from harassing responsibility.

Men and Things

Mr. Thomas Wiggins, better known as "Blind Tom," died a week ago Saturday. Many of our readers probably have heard him play the piano or, at least, they have heard a "Blind Tom," for the original had his imitators. Even now there is doubt in the breasts of some whether the man buried on June 15 was the old slave of Col. Bethune. Among the mourners were doubting Thomases. This one said the man in the coffin looked too young to be the famous one. There was a woman—she spoke with a "strong English accent and refused to give her name"—who had appeared with the now dead man in Hoboken concert halls. She was sceptical about the identity. She said that this Blind Tom had often talked with her about the real Blind Tom; he had told her that the genuine one was an imbecile, but had visited Europe and played before crowned heads; he himself was not an imbecile and he had never seen Careasonne. A reporter of the Times swears that the genuine Blind Tom was buried last Monday. He knew him well in life.

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Thus legends are shaped. Thus stumbling blocks are prepared for lovers of accuracy. Which Apicius was the truly famous one? Did any one of that name really write the treatise on food and cookery? Was the Dauphin brought to America and raised among the Indians, and did he die as the Rev. Mr. Williams? Did Marshal Ney escape the bullets of his countrymen and pass peaceful years in Georgia? "Great are the myths! I, too, delight in them."

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The genuine Blind Tom was reported dead five years ago. Before that it was said that he perished in the Johnstown flood. His body was scrupulously identified. It was buried and a tombstone was put over it. As a matter of fact, how many knew on June 13 whether Blind Tom was dead or alive?

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Two hundred years from now a story may be told in this manner: In the latter half of the nineteenth century there was a negro slave named Uncle Tom. He was blind. His master, named Legree, discovering his musical instincts, saw to it that he practised the piano, flogged him when he was lazy, and finally made large sums of money by exhibiting him in public. There was a young singer, a white girl named Eva, in the company. She died from exposure when crossing the Ohio on a winter's night on her way to fill an engagement. Uncle Tom, mistaken for a fugitive slave, was torn into pieces by bloodhounds.

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This sad story will be told in future penny dreadfuls and shilling shockers. Sociologists will refer to it. Students of musical history will use it, possibly as a footnote to a chapter about music among the negroes. A romantic opera may be composed with Blind Uncle Tom as the baritone hero. Already have Chopin, Rossini, Mozart, Haydn appeared as heroes in lyric dramas for the stage.

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The genuine Blind Tom was a marvellous mimic. He was naturally handy with his fingers on the piano, as there are natural bone-setters. He was emotional. Truly a mimetic phenomenon! His race is musically imitative. The early slaves brought little music with them. It is probable that the great majority of the so-called plantation melodies are distortions of airs sung by the women of the master's household and picked up by the dwellers in the quarters.

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There were citizens of Chicago who did not believe in the anti-injunction plank. Among them was Mr. Carl Emil Christensen, who some time ago filed a petition in the circuit court asking a restraining order against his father-in-law and mother-in-law. Mr. Christensen says that his and his wife's views of life differ in some respects, and he has to exercise patience in order not to offend her sensitive nature. Their life would be pleasant, however, were it not for the annoyance, interference and intermeddling of the wife's parents. Mother-in-law gives unsolicited advice which is usually contrary to Mr. Christensen's opinion. She and father-in-law show openly their contempt for him and his wishes; they ridicule his ideas, belittle and berate him, call him ugly and disagreeable names. Mr. Christensen should have addressed the Republican committee on the platform, and later the convention.

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While Judge Going of Chicago did not favor the stage as an educational influence for Miss Clara Schalz, an 18-year-old girl who ran away from her home, he nevertheless took the trouble to mark out a route for her. "The first stopping places on the road to hell for a chorus girl leaving Chicago are Winnipeg to the north, Memphis to the

south, Omaha to the west and Buffalo to the east." These "stopping places" are at some distance apart, and the journey would have been tiresome before Miss Schalz arrived at her destination for a continuous performance. The judge was no doubt considerate in sending her to the House of the Good Shepherd for a year, although the sojourn will retard her progress toward the desired goal.

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Men and Things.

The vivisectionists and the anti-vivisectionists are still warring bitterly in England. Now Lord Cromer defends experiments on living animals and advances the reasonable argument that the "small amount of pain and suffering" caused by these experiments "is a price which may justifiably be paid in view of the enormous amount of pain and suffering which is prevented or relieved." Lord Robert Cecil goes farther and says if any infliction of pain on the "lower animals" is unjustifiable, many forms of sport, the riding and driving of horses, the beating of disobedient dogs, the imprisonment of animals at the Zoo are also condemnable. He did not name, in the account we saw, fox hunting, pigeon shooting, dog fights and cock fights.

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The anti-vivisector still clings to his two chief arguments. As Dr. Saleeby puts it, "clad in wool and standing up in boot-leather, he denies the right of man to inflict any measure of suffering on any sentient thing for any purpose." His second argument is that the experiments of the vivisector effect nothing. It might be said that the "lower animals" themselves have benefited through vivisection.

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The English have for years accused the French, Spanish and Italians of careless and also deliberate cruelty toward animals. Their accusations have been in the holier-than-thou spirit. They forget the old national sport in England of bull baiting; they forget the entertaining practice of badger drawing; they still chase the fox. Let us see what their idea of sport was late in the 17th century. One Nicholas Cox, in 1697, published a book on various sports. Let us quote a few remarks from this volume devoted to the "Generous Exercises of Hunting, Hawking, Fowling and Fishing, with Method of Breeding and Managing a Hunting Horse and Easy Directions for Blowing the Horn." Mr. Cox was not wholly devoid of sentiment. "It is the privilege," he says, "of Man, who is endowed with Reason and authorized in the Law of Creation, to subdue the Beasts of the Field"; but he adds, "so to tyrannize over them too much is brutish in plain English."

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After this humane declaration, it is disconcerting to find advice "to take a hart in nets, and after you have cut off one of his feet, let him go," and then set the young hounds on him.

Here is also a pleasant paragraph: "Take an old fox or badger, and cut away the nether jaw, but meddle not with the other, leaving the upper to show the fury of the beast, although it can do harm therewith. Then dig in earth in some convenient place in your own grounds * * * cover the hole with boards and turf, putting the fox or badger first therein, and afterward put in your terriers, both young and old, encouraging them with words that are usual terms of art. * * * Then take out the fox or badger with the clamps or pincers, killing it before them, or let a grayhound kill it in their sight. Here note that instead of cutting away the jaw, it will be every whit as well to break out all his teeth, to prevent him from biting the terriers."

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Hawking was also an agreeable sport. Mr Cox advised falconers training hawks to "let loose a hern in some fair field, and when she is up a reasonable height, cast off your falcon, who if she mind with the hern and bring her down, make in apace to rescue her, thrusting the hern's bill into the ground, and breaking her wings and legs, that the hawk may with more ease plume and fow him. Then reward her as before with the bloods, marrow of the bones and heart, making thereof an Italian poppa."

And if a newly caught hawk was disposed to take its food, it was a good thing to "rub her feet with a live bird, and at the crying of the bird the hawk seizeth it with her feet, it is a sign she will feed; then tear off the skin and feathers of the bird's breast, and put the bird to her beak and she will eat."

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If a dog "babbled" without cause, an excellent remedy was to bite him hard "at the roots of his ears." If a dog was thought to be mad, there was a sure cure: "Bore the skin of the dog's neck through with a hot iron just betwixt his ears, so as the fires may touch both sides of the hole made; after that, plucking up the skin of the dog's shoulders and flanks backward, thrust it through with a hot iron in like manner. By giving the venom this vent is a ready way to cure him."

Bites were as serious a matter in those days as now. "What place soever a boar biteth, whether man or dog, the heat of his teeth causeth the wound to be inflamed, and for this cause, if he but touch the hair of a dog, he burneth it off; nay huntsmen have tried the heat of his teeth by laying hairs on them as soon as he was dead, and they have shrivel'd up as with a hot iron."

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Yet see how Mr. Cox was tender in his consideration of a frog: "If your bait be a frog, put the arming wire in at his mouth, and out at his gills; and then with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg with one stitch only to your arming-wire, or tie his leg above the upper joint to the wire; but as gently as you can, lest you hurt him." Leigh Hunt, who was shocked by the bland cruelty of Izaak Walton and his enthusiastic fishing companions, would have commended the humanity of Mr. Cox in this instance.

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We bring forward these extracts, culled originally by Mr. Basil Tozer, to show the gentle nature of the more refined English sports. As for vivisection, itself, many will approve the saying of a distinguished surgeon in Boston, which we heard a few weeks ago: "I have never practised vivisection; I never shall. I do not wish even to see an experiment. The idea is horrible to me. I believe, however, that incalculable good for the human race has come from wisely directed experiments of this nature."

IN SPITE.

The city of Pittsburg has been famed of late for the exuberant, if not turbulent, lives of many of its multi-millionaires. No doubt the exploits of these captains of industry have been exaggerated. It is not probable that they have studiously chosen either Heliogabalus or Louis XV. as a model in the conduct of life. Success is hideous, as Victor Hugo remarked, whether it be military, literary or pecuniary. We know that the rich of Pittsburg are not wholly without appreciation of art, for when it was proposed to perform "The Pirates of Penzance" for a charitable object the chorus was composed of sixty young women whose fathers are "worth," in all, over half a billion dollars. A large audience was, therefore, confidently expected.

Pittsburg, like Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, has fashionable, "exclusive" streets, in one of which a family must live if it expects to receive "social recognition." New York is more democratic, more sensible, in this respect. In one of these streets of Pittsburg a man erected a "flat building," which, being interpreted, means an apartment house. Great was the consequent rage of the dwellers in that street. A clergyman, who owns property adjacent to the apartment house, immediately ordered a fence to be built forty feet high. This shuts off the light from one side of the apartment house. The fence on the clergyman's side is covered with pressed steel, painted to look like a stone wall. The sham rejoices his eye, as there are persons who find pleasure in the stucco houses built in New England in the sixties, or in the gas arrangements that counterfeit a fire of wood or soft coal. The flat dwellers see only bare, unpainted boards, and are deprived of light and air. Yet the reverend gentleman says he did not put up the fence in spite.

Nothing is said about the apartment house as an eyesore, and the world has a right to infer that the prejudice is against the apartment house as a house of that character. Why should there not be flats in a "fashionable" street? The rent is probably prohibitive to the obnoxious poor, who in Pittsburg have an income of only $10,000 or $15,000. Persons in moderate circumstances—that is, with incomes of $100,000 or $150,000—might hesitate before signing a lease. Even if these undesirable ones should become neighbors, why a "spite fence"? For no one builds a fence forty feet high as an architectural adornment or to keep off cats. What pleasure can there be in this petty revenge? This question might be asked by an intelligent visitor from another planet. Alas, on this whizzing ball we all know too well that man, made a little lower than the angels, can be ridiculously small in dealing with his fellows.

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Men and Things

They that joyfully leave the city for rest and quiet, are amazed at noisy nature in the country. Birds in the early morning are more disturbing than the jarring of street cars, the rumbling of wagons, the mad rush of express trains or the switching done in the railway yard by the side of Boylston street.

This reminds us of a story told of two women in Boston who had returned to Charles street—this was many years ago—after two months in the country. One afternoon a huge wagon full of iron rails went thrashing and crashing by. One of the women put her hands to her ears and said to her sister: "If this goes on, I shall go mad." The sister answered: "Don't say a word; it might have been a bird."

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Yet our city streets are needlessly and intolerably noisy. Schopenhauer, who was vexed by coachmen cracking whips in quiet Frankfort, would write letters to the newspapers at least twice a week, were he now enjoying the advantages of civilization on earth. Boston is not peculiar in this respect. We infer from letters addressed to journals in New York that the patience of the long suffering in that city is at an end. One man wrote recently urging the invention of a noiseless typewriter. He probably meant the machine, not the operator of it.

* * *

The principal of a school in Pennsylvania was found guilty of assault and battery last week because he kissed one of the school teachers against her will. There she was sitting in a chair at recess time. The principal came in, threw his arms about her and kissed her several times. "She was so angry that she threw a paper weight at him, whereupon he ran back to her, threw himself in her lap, slapped her cheeks, pulled her hair and bit her lip." She told this story to the jury. The jury believed her, found the principal guilty, but recommended him to the mercy of the court. What were, pray, the extenuating circumstances? Was the beauty of the teacher irresistible?

* * *

Kissing a school teacher at recess or out of school has always been considered the perquisite of the school committeeman and the privilege of the older male pupils. At this very trial the lawyer for the defendant argued that it was no crime to kiss a school teacher. What are school teachers for?

* * *

It is a pleasure to learn that the profession of playing baseball is at last gaining social recognition. We read that the catcher for the Athletics in his moments of relaxation plays golf, "rides at the hunt" and makes "social calls on the best people in town," or as an admiring colleague of Mr. Smith puts it: "Smith is strong on the society end." In England visiting rajahs are applauded furiously for proficiency in cricket. In this country professional baseball players have won reputations in after years at the bar and in the pulpit, as captains of industry and fathers of prima donnas, but no one that we remember has ever become a parlor lion. The Roman ladies of high degree, even the wives of senators, smiled sweetly on the gladiators, and what were gladiators in comparison with the heroes of the diamond?

* * *

A man in Chattanooga asks for an absolute divorce on the ground of desertion. He declares that he has been left alone for over three years, while his wife has been following her literary pursuits, in which "she has been successful, commercially and artistically."

There are men who could never be persuaded to leave wives that for three years had been commercially successful in literary work. They would at the same time take pride in the artistic success, whether the works were problem novels, plays with heroines of an undoubted past and decidedly uncertain future, or sparkling essays on subjects of social interest.

* * *

Frenchmen have in recent years written careful studies of Hazlitt and Crabbe. Their work has been applauded by grave English reviewers. What is to be said of Dr. Guerrier, a young physician of Lyons, who attempts to prove in an elaborate thesis that Thomas De Quincey grossly exaggerated his ability as an opium eater; that while he may have taken small doses of laudanum and other narcotics, he could not possibly have written so much as he did, retained his memory, been able to walk ten miles or more at the age of 70 if he had been pre-eminent as an opium eater?

We prefer to think of De Quincey as he described himself, a man that knew the pains and the pleasures of just, subtle and mighty opium. That he took the drug—"but not to hurt"—may serve as a theme for intellectual ingenuity, but De Quincey in many respects was not as other men, and it is absurd to argue that the doses he named were necessarily impossible, incredible. We shall next be told that Charles Lamb did not smoke strong tobacco; that he did not toil after the ability to smoke it, "as other men toil after virtue." We shall also hear that Daniel Webster never made the memorable speech: "Boy, don't inundate the brandy."

* * *

A correspondent spoke recently of Albert Pell's memoires and his praise of old-fashioned English fare at inns on stage coach routes. What a praiser of past years Pell was! "The butter, before these days of technical instruction, separators and margarine, was invariably good. * * * The twenty minutes for dinner came in due course. No small pork pies, no sardines, no cold boiled eggs, no wing or leg of a small fowl, on a counter obstructed with biscuit tins and bath buns; but in place of these disappointing 'refreshments,' a solid round of cold, perhaps hot, boiled beef, English bred and fed, and unconscious of chilled chambers or the decks of an Atlantic cattle ship."

vacation 2 weeks
Maine woods

Jun 9. 1908

Men and Things

Mme. Nordica went from the wilds of Idaho to Portland, Or. In Idaho she hunted with a shot gun, not a manager, not a critic, not even Mr. Doeme, but game that was worthy her prowess—and for the purpose she donned a "shortlengthened costume." At Portland she sang and talked. The reporter of the Oregonian was deeply impressed by her. She described Mme. Nordica: "Broad of shoulder, and with regal bearing, she at once commands respect." Nor did the reporter fail to describe Mme. Nordica's "superb voice," which "full of brilliancy and limpid tones, has swayed the intelligent audiences of the world—a voice which interprets the entire gamut of human emotions and depicts with such ineffable charm tenderness, gaiety, pathos, consuming anger, poignant grief and despair." But when Mme. Nordica is described as "a city-bred woman unaccustomed to the delights of a life in agricultural neighborhoods," and wondering at the behavior of a Plymouth Rock hen and a brood of chickens, it is only too evident that the reporter knows nothing about Mme. Nordica's early and happy years in a Maine village, nothing about her early association with "Camp-Meeting John."

* * *

The great prima donnas and the prettiest and most adventurous chorus girls come, as a rule, from the country, and their families belong to the plain people. We were reminded of this when we read of the "half billion dollar" chorus that sang in an amateur performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" in Pittsburg. These girls, according to the report, refused to wear tights, and when the stage manager suggested sheath gowns with slits in the sides of the skirts they were indignant.

As a matter of fact, if the traditions of the Savoy had been followed, there would have been no occasion for the young women to wear tights in this performance. Let us waive the point. It does not follow that because amateur or professional chorus girls are born of rich parents they are therefore entitled by gifts of nature to stand in the first

[illegible] young women of Pittsburg were possibly both sensible and indignant.

* * *

A correspondent of the Paris edition of the New York Herald asked Mme. Melba a singularly foolish question: "Why are you a great singer?" To this Mme. Melba answered: "If I sin, it is because I could not help it." Mme. Melba was eminently prudent when she said it would be unbecoming for her to praise or to belittle any one of her colleagues. But did she add: "We will leave that for your friends, the Long Haired Critics"? This does not sound like Mme. Melba. The gag is an old one, and the Herald has made it stale both in Paris and in New York.

* * *

Let us leave the company of singing women for a moment. We received yesterday a note from Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who is pursuing his sociological studies in a camp near Chain of Ponds, Me.

"I have tried to interest a guide here, who is fond of reading, in Thoreau's 'Walden,' which I brought with me. He got as far as the description of the building of Thoreau's house: 'I hewed the main timbers six inches square, most of the studs on two sides only, and the rafters and floor timbers on one side, leaving the rest of the bark on, so that they were just as straight and much stronger than sawed ones.' The guide dropped the book and said: 'If he left the bark on, how about worms, and how about rot?' I have not been able to persuade him to read further in 'Walden.'

"How many students of American government, who do not dwell in Maine or were not born here, can tell the difference between a town and a plantation in this state? How many know that there are plantations in Maine?"

* * *

As many of our readers are aware, the story of "Pagliacci" is said by Leoncavallo to be a true one, and the real Canio was tried for murder before Leoncavallo's father as judge. But the story is an old one; it prompted the Spanish tragedy known in this country through the version, "Yorick's Love," and it moved Catulle Mendes to write his cruel drama, "Tabarin's Wife." More than once in the annals of the stage has a playactor in the course of the drama killed a woman of whom he was jealous; more than once has a woman similarly agitated slain the man whom she was supposed to kill.

Not long ago Mr. William O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien were doing a turn in a theatre at Alton. He asked her: "Why is it that women can't grow whiskers?" She spoke her allotted line: "I don't know why it is that women can't grow whiskers." "Because," answered William, "they are so gabby they chew them all off on the inside of their mouth." The audience laughed, as it laughs in the pantomime scene in "Pagliacci." This was the beginning of a realistic quarrel. At last Mr. O'Brien called his wife an "old woman," and she cried. Then came the interference, but not from the audience. Gallant Mr. Erickson, a playactor, rushed from behind the scenes and exclaimed: "I'll not let any woman be talked to in that way, not while I am around." He and Mr. O'Brien clinched, and Mr. O'Brien struck the chivalric Mr. Erickson a painful blow, which smashed the defender's eyeglasses. "Women in the audience screamed and some fainted." There was a general mix-up on the stage. The manager is not a friend of realism. He discharged Mr. O'Brien and caused his arrest.

Thus it may be inferred that the feigned quarrel is more effective dramatically than the quarrel that is real and therefore grotesque, unless in the latter case tragic result should follow vulgar squabbling.

July 10 '08

Men and Things

We are now acquainted with the "ghastly details" of the Sagan-Gould marriage ceremony. They were sent by cable. The prince carried "a morocco-bound book eight inches by six, with heavily gilt edges, apparently a Bible." Why did not the reporter ask the prince to let him look at it, to confirm his suspicions? The book may have been a railway guide, or a copy of "The American Peerage." At any rate, it was eight inches by six, if the reporter's eyes are to be trusted. This information is important. A larger book—Mr. Herkimer Johnson's "Man as a Political and Social Beast" is in elephant folio—might have seemed pretentious in church. A smaller volume would not have been impressive. The prince "used the book on several occasions to shield his face from the snapshotters." Only his well-attested good-breeding prevented him from throwing the book at them. As it was, the clicking of the photographic instruments made the bride nervous. Yet she had the presence of mind to tell the reporter of the New York Times that she loved her prince. The choir should have sung the choral refrain in "The Princess of Trebizond": "O, Prince! You are too kind!"

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt, like Clara in the old story, was "simply delighted." Although the weather was extremely warm he drove his clenched right hand into the open palm of his left hand" in his rapture at seeing the stanch Arctic steamer lying at anchor in Oyster Bay. "My! My! What a fine ship!" remarked Mr. Roosevelt, nor was he restrained in praise by the fact that the vessel was named after him.

* * *

We are informed that a prominent citizen, Mr. Frank Jay Gould, has completed a course of lessons and is now singularly proficient in the art of buck and wing dancing. This will "facilitate his activities as a yachtsman" and also give him an easy bearing in the drawing room. But is he now able to dance a statue clog? Clog dancing will be fashionable next season at the entertainments given by "our best people" and the days of preparation are quickly passing. No one becomes an accomplished clog dancer suddenly.

* * *

Every step forward in civilization brings with it adjudication of nice points of law. Inasmuch as there is the promise of new cabs in Boston a recent English decision will be of interest here. This decision is to the effect that "time ought not to run against the hirer of a 'taxi' until he has entered it." In the case in court, the driver put his flag down and began to register the moment he was called. Did not the hiring begin at that moment? The English law in the case of the horse cab is this: that when the cab is hired on time, the time begins with the moment of ordering unless there be a special contract. "If people will not go to the cab, but will have it come to them, why should they not pay for it?"

* * *

Manfred—not Byron's gloomy hero, not the King of Sicily, but Mr. Manfred of New York—believes that every owner of a cat should be compelled to obtain a license. The license should cost $5. If the cat yowls, the owner should be compelled to pay a fine of $10 for each offense. Mr. Manfred is not a professional humorist; he is a quiet-loving citizen; yet he apparently would be happy only in Utopia or some other opera-bouffe land.

* * *

"Some men cannot write about women. They lack the delicate touch, the rapturous style, the blissful enthusiasm, to accurately portray exquisite feminity." And then the writer, a fearless splitter of infinitives, quotes from sketches by a Denverite of "Princess Longworth" and "Princess Maybe Leavitt." The Denverite thinks that Mrs. Leavitt looks as Ellen Terry "must have looked" when the actress was younger.

There was once a man who could write about women, and he once wrote about Ellen Terry, not in a review for the public, not in an "appreciation" for a newspaper, but in his diary. His name was Charles Reade, and he said of Miss Terry as Philippa in "The Wandering Heir": "She is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing in particular. Complexion, a delicate brickdust, her hair rather like tow. Yet, somehow, she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. She is a pattern of fawn-like grace. Whether in movement or in repose, grace pervades the hussy. In character impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical—in short, all that is abominabe and charming in women."

* * *

While we are speaking of stage-folk let us not forget the story now told about Paul Mounet and his adventure at Havre. Mounet was playing there a part in "Le Duel." He is supposed to enter smoking a cigar, and he lighted it in the wings just before going on the stage. A fireman stepped up to him and said that smoking was not allowed behind the scenes. Mounet told him he had to smoke in the piece. "I go on smoking, and I throw down my cigar in the centre of the stage." "Do you?" was the answer, and the fire lieutenant said something to a couple of his men. When Mounet entered as the missionary bishop he was followed by two firemen. One of them carried a bucket of water; the other carried a huge sponge. The lieutenant stood by, ready to pick up the cigar when Mounet dropped it.

July 11 '08

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

There are some who still wonder at the credulity of Mr. Henri Lemoine's victims. There is Sir Julius Wernher, for instance, a cool-headed, practical man, who withstood the persuasive eloquence of Cecil Rhodes. Mr. Beit was by no means known as a Reuben in the great city. Yet Sir Julius and Mr. Beit both believed that Mr. Lemoine had a receipt for the popularization of diamonds, for bringing the stones within the reach of the humblest. It would be unkind to inquire how the high value of the diamond would have been maintained when it was generally recognized that the pressure of carbon would shape the stone and give it brilliance.

Mr. Lemoine might have sent out circulars about a method for extracting gold from salt water, or invited subscriptions for working King Solomon's mines, or organized a company for raising a treasure ship sunk in a far-off sea, the exact location known only to a converted and long-retired pirate. He would have received answers and subscriptions. He preferred to dazzle the judgment by the glitter of diamonds. The scientific mystery attracted some. And it should not be forgotten that thousands of American patriots believe that the government can make its people rich merely by printing money.

In years gone by Satan was the most conspicuous promoter. Any one that wished to be wealthy had merely to go through the little formula of signing a paper, with the name in blood, as a pledge of good faith, not necessarily for publication. Where Satan obtained the money has never been satisfactorily explained, but he could produce a well filled purse at a moment's notice, and his credit seemed unlimited. A promoter has been defined as one that sells something he does not have to somebody that does not want it. This sounds like an epigram, but, as a rule, the somebody does want it. Faust, for example, knew what he wanted, and the Great Promoter gave it to him.

Nor was it always necessary to invoke Satan. A certain Abraham, in 1458, gave to his son, Lamech, an invaluable receipt for filling the purse. Any one might try it safely today. You first of all consult your guardian angel about the construction of a magic square, which is based on the words, "Sequor," money, "Keser," a heap, and "Mathar," let it be forthcoming. Put this square in the purse, leave it there a short time and then put your right hand in your pocket and you will find seven pieces of the money you wish. You should not do this more than three times a day. Any money saved will disappear, but once in your lifetime you may ask your guardian angel for a fortune suitable to your station in life and your ambition. Abraham was modest; he asked only for 300,000 florins, and the sum was immediately handed over to him. Whether he was afterward permitted to draw from seven to twenty-one pieces a day for living expenses is, unfortunately, not clear. It is best to make your application to the Sub-Prince Oriens, for Abraham assured Lamech that this spirit was industrious and prompt, from which it will be seen that Oriens was no ordinary promoter.

Men and Things

King Edward the Seventh is constantly doing something. In this respect he resembles Emperor William and Mr. Roosevelt. He is especially interested in matters of art. Only a few weeks ago he forbade officers of a crack regiment to indulge themselves in skirt dancing, although one of them had been practising intrepidly for three months and another had paid about $300 for a costume that included gorgeous "tutu." Edward said that the exhibition would be "inane."

Not long ago he encouraged the use of a high walking stick and now he wears his trousers creased down the side instead of the middle. We do not know whether the "suffragettes" will follow his example, or at least indorse the movement, but there was agitation in Paris when the news arrived—for the King of England is the Parisian clubman's "arbiter elegantiarum," although there is still a certain independence in dress outside the glittering circle. A correspondent writes: "At the popular balls at the Hotel de Ville, and on other occasions of a supreme elegance, you may see your concierge or favorite hair dresser in a low-cut, white evening waistcoat, a white tie and a dress coat, terminated by gray plaid trousers and sometimes, if the season is well advanced, by yellow boots. In this fearsome get-up our worthy friend thinks he is the latest thing out in masculine fashion. And he is."

* * *

There is an advantage in having a ruler who, as King Edward, is a "dressy" man. Does the King wear lemon colored kids at the first function of the season? Lemon kids are the thing. Should he appear at a dinner given by the Association of Retired and Judicious Bottleholders with a diamond collar button and no cravat, how many patriotic Englishmen would have the courage to wear a string tie, a wisp of cloth or a shirt protector during that season?

Our Presidents for the last 50 years or more have excited little sartorial interest and they have been without sartorial influence. Mr. Buchanan was punctiliously dressed after the manner of the old school. The taste of Mr. Arthur was occasionally flamboyant, but he paid commendable attention to cut of coat and trousers. We have always suspected Mr. Hayes of wearing leg boots, nor should we be surprised to learn that Mr. Harrison favored Congress gaiters. In spite of the self assertion of a few untitled New Yorkers from time to time there has been no recognized authority on dress in this country. Alas, there is nothing to hope from the coming election. Mr. Bryan's trousers are roomy. Mr. Taft's have to be.

* * *

The Right Honorable Sir Algernon West in his book of reminiscences, "One City and Many Men," speaking of social changes during the last half century, touches on the all important subject of whiskers: "Men wore their hair much longer in those days than they do now, falling over their collars; and their whiskers drooped, or were bostrakised, according to the fancy of the wearer. But no man, unless an officer in his majesty's cavalry, ever ventured in pre-Crimean days to wear a beard or mustache. The Duke of Newcastle was the first man of any note who wore a beard; and Lady Morley used to say the advantage of it was that you could tell all the courses he had eaten at dinner in consequence."

The word "bostrakised" has excited some discussion since the publication of the memoirs. Sir Algernon might have written "curled," for "bostrichus" means a curl or lock of hair. A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette, a true man of notes and queries, wrote concerning Sir Algernon's word: "Evidently it is a shocking bad attempt at a participle coined from the Greek 'bostrukhos,' a curl or ringlet, and ought to be 'bostrychised,' if it had any reason for existing at all. Botany has 'bostrychoid,' meaning curl-like; entomology knows certain beetles as 'bostrychidae,' and 'bostrychite' is a curl-shaped gem. But whiskers might just as well be called 'cincinnate,' if plain English 'curled' is unsatisfactory."

* * *

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette asserts boldly that there are no good hats or boots for men in Paris. "Horribly prickly straws, glazed straws, speckled straws, all kinds of straws, emerge from the French hatter's shop; I call him the Mad Hatter. Panamas are an abomination and the felt hat is worse. The top hat always looks as if it were meant for a schoolboy; it is a perky little thing that dances on the side of the head, but seems to have no real relation to it." The correspondent also abuses the French boots for men. In this instance the assault is unprovoked. It makes all the difference in the world whether you buy the French boots ready for sale in the shop or order them made to suit your feet at the shop of a cordwainer who works chiefly for Frenchmen. There's nothing like leather, shouts the Englishman. Granted; but when he adds arrogantly, "tanned in Bermondsey and fashioned into boots and shoes by the skilled British craftsmen," we are not obliged to shout with him.

* * *

As for the top hat—the stovepipe, plug, silker—it is said that the sale in England in the last few years has shrunk 50 per cent. There was talk of a demonstration in favor of this form

that at the Franco-British exhibition, and the Silk Hatters' Union is appealing to the patriotic instincts of Englishmen. Is it true that "fashion has not yet discovered any form of hat that adequately takes the place of the silk hat?" What poverty in invention!

SANTLEY WRITES ON ART OF SINGING

"The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation," by Sir Charles Santley, is published by the Macmillan Company of New York.

Sir Charles is now in his 75th year, yet he still sings in public and both critics and public applaud. He is a British institution, like the Prayer Book, the cricket bat, the House of Peers, blue ruin.

This "Art of Singing" is not so entertaining a book as "Student and Singer," the autobiography of Sir Charles, published by the Macmillan Company in 1892. The autobiography is delightful from beginning to end. The anecdotes are many; there are well drawn portraits of singers who were associated with Santley; there are pages that should be of much benefit to any thoughtful student of singing. The volume just published is shorter; it is rather loosely put together; scrappy, in fact; but it is, nevertheless, agreeable reading.

Sir Charles in his introductory remarks alludes to the regret expressed for some time over the fact that the art of singing is dying out. "There is no reason why it should, but it will die out if the system of teaching at present generally in vogue continues." Sir Charles says that the regret has been expressed "for some time." He might have said for over two centuries. Old Pierfranco Tosi, who calmly wrote his treatise as a friend of Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, was loud in his lamentation over the decay of song. He, too, looked backward and praised the singers and teachers of his youth and still more those who taught and sang before his birth. And now there are those, amateurs and professionals, who shake sad heads and say to the enthusiastic over Bonci and Caruso: "You should have heard Campanini when he first came to America," or "Brignoli was a stick of an actor, but how he sang!" or "You should have heard Masini, who never visited this country." And so there is no baritone to compare with Amodio, no soprano to be likened to the Adelina Patti of the sixties and seventies.

In his introductory remarks Sir Charles makes one statement that should be pondered by teachers and pupils: "It is a mistake to suppose that because in modern compositions for the voice there is an absence, or nearly so, of 'fioritura,' the exercise of scales, solfeggi, etc., is unnecessary; as such exercises have other two objects of greater importance than that of acquiring even rapid execution, viz.: of equalizing the quality and power of the voice, and of preserving it intact until age destroys its charm. It is a general idea that florid music was introduced to 'show off' the technical ability of the singer. It was not! The 'fioritura' is a great assistance to declamation, whether in serious or comic (buffo) music. Plain chant is the most ancient vocal music, I believe, in use at the present day; I could quote innumerable examples of it from the Gradual and other music books used in the Roman church, abounding in 'fioriture.' They surely could not have been written to 'show off' the technical ability of the monks or priests whose office it was to sing them; but by holding the ear in suspense with attractive sound, to intensify materially the declamation of the text!"

Many teachers, alas, are ignorant of the fact that the careful and persistent study of florid music is absolutely necessary, both for supreme control of tone in the singing of sustained melody and also for vivid and dramatic interpretation of recitative.

"A sonorous singing voice is more sympathetic than a speaking voice." This statement invites discussion. It is doubtful whether any singer's voice is more sympathetic or more truly musical than the voice of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. No operatic tenor's voice as Othello ever equalled that of Salvini. No tenor or baritone singing in amorous mood ever equalled Charles Fechter in his stage wooing. I have never heard from the mouth of admired soprano or contralto a speech so musical and at the same time so melancholy as the words, "I am nothing; or if not, nothing to be were better," spoken by Mme. Modjeska as Imogen in reply to the question of Lucius, the Roman general.

The introductory chapter is a rambling one. Sir Charles at the end of a long and honorable career moralizes. "It is a generally received idea that a singer's life is a merry one—little to do, storms of applause, topped up with sacks of gold, and amusement without end. My experience does not confirm that idea in the least; my anticipation which pointed to merriment broke down in the realization. No gold nor amusement could repay the toil, worry and disappointment of a singer's life as I know it."

He moralizes in his first chapter of advice to young people, "uncurbed ambition often ends in shipwreck." Parents are either cruel thwarters or fond and foolish urgers. Then there is the interference of ignorant and injudicious friends who raise false hopes. "Those who pay for the solace or amusement they find in exhibitions of pictures, musical and dramatic performances or reading have a perfect right to enjoy all the pleasure they derive from them, but that does not constitute them connoisseurs of painting, music, the drama, or literature, all of which require an intimate knowledge of their rudiments to judge of their merits and of the talent of the artists who conceived and executed them."

Who, then, should learn to sing? Voice is not everything, although the great majority of hearers are impressed solely by a sonorous voice. "Very often a singer is dubbed great who possesses little or no merit, beyond beauty and power of voice." If there be a sonorous voice of sufficient compass, there should also be a true ear, accent, "the sense, if not the knowledge, to a certain extent, of harmony," patience, perseverance and courage.

It is said that there are now in London alone about 10,000 persons who teach singing. "A short time ago a friend, a teacher of singing, remarked to me that nowadays every individual who found it difficult to make a living turned his or her attention to teaching singing or selling coals." Sir Charles will not have the term "tone production"; the "production" of the voice is nature's work; the teacher begins with teaching the emission of the voice after its production.

The true teacher should be or should have been a good singer. There are others. "There is the only professor of the true Italian method, 'il bel canto Italiano'; the only professor who understands the management of the breath (with a newly invented pair of bellows); there is the professor of voice production (in my early days the birch rod was considered the ablest professor of that art), and innumerable other only, including one who styled himself on his professional card, 'Voice Builder.'"

But the true teacher must be, or must have been, a good singer. Perhaps a teacher has accompanied good singers. "As well might I undertake to teach the organ, having blown the bellows for my father when he practised the organ; or the pianoforte because I turned over the leaves for him whilst he played the pianoforte."

The pupil should be under a competent teacher from the start. The register of the voice should be clearly determined at the beginning. It is the teacher's duty to ascertain the natural compass of each pupil's voice and adapt all exercises to that compass to develop quality and power. The two great requisites, viz., the study of vocal exercises and the study of the work of great artists, are "almost universally neglected." A few exercises are got through, not studied, and the pupil is hurried into the study of difficult music. The study of artists is confined to criticism without knowledge.

The teacher should be a practical singer that he may illustrate practically what he teaches.

"To those people," says Sir Charles, "who wish to learn a few songs, ducts, etc., in order better to entertain their friends, or to those victims of adulation, who, restrained by their 'position' in society from becoming professional singers, believe they are robbing the world of brilliant operatic or concert luminaries (while not fit to sing at a penny reading), it is of little consequence whom they may choose for a master."

The teacher that professes to teach the emission of the voice "on scientific principles" is especially to be avoided. The late Manuel Garcia, one of Santley's teachers, is held up as the pioneer of these "scientific teachers," but he "taught singing, not surgery." Santley, who knew him for years, never heard him mention the larynx, pharynx, glottis or any other organ. "My experience tells me that the less pupils know about the construction of the vocal organs the better; in fact, as I heard a master once remark, 'better they should not be aware they had throats except for the purpose of swallowing their food.'" And in like manner surgeons have said that the less a man knows about the exact location of his stomach, liver, spleen, kidney, appendix, the better for his general health and peace of mind.

Pupils imagine they have some throat trouble, and they resort to applications of tannin, iron, nitrate of silver; they swallow draughts and suck lozenges, instead of paying attention to regularity of life, choice of diet and outdoor exercise. The throat doctor is too often the singer's foe.

The pupil should learn by studying shocking examples. Santley speaks bitterly of the popular taste when he was young and in Italy, when hearers liked the voice of a bullock and the singing of a butcher. Why do many students delight in braying? "There is some excuse for the younger of their number who see that one who can bray louder than his fellows stuffs his pockets with gold, decorates himself with jewels of price, and is decorated with unearned or ill-earned honors."

The advice given by Sir Charles is for the most part old, conventional, familiar. The pupil reading it may say: "I know all this." The pupil should remember that his profession is a "divine office"; that he should sing for art and not for money; that he should be moderate in eating, drinking, sleep and study. Sir Charles himself prefers sound light wines of Bordeaux or Italy to other drinks, but they should be used strictly as food except at the time of the momentary depression that follows a trying performance. He warns against the indulgence that leads to dram-drinking, "drinking between drinks," and at last the dependence on strong waters. As in his former book, so in this one he sounds the praise of tobacco. Is not tobacco had for the voice? Not at all, says Sir Charles. The weed clears his voice, and he has known only two or three singers who did not smoke and they were indifferent. But he inveighs against flowers in a room. The exhalations of hyacinths, lilies, gardenias, stephanotis, etc., are pernicious to voice and health. "Jonquils, wood violets, and other strong-scented flowers, which are frequently used to ornament the dining-room generally have a very bad effect on most people's digestive organs; they will not admit it, and blame the salmon or the sauce."

This reminds me of the extreme care exercised by amateurs. Not long ago a volunteer singer at an entertainment for charity in the Boston Theatre was waiting to go on the stage. A young woman approached her. The singer waved her back with a tragic gesture. "Go 'way, go 'way," she cried, "you have been using some perfume. You will ruin my voice." This made the bystanders laugh.

A singer should know something about literature and painting, and he should be able to read other languages than his own, to pronounce properly and to give the fitting accent. Sir Charles finds that Italian is the most difficult of all the languages to sing, for few other than Italians ever acquire a pure pronunciation of Italian. "English Italian is especially defective; we do not divide our words nor the component syllables of our words distinctly; the Italians do both."

The student should know that Bohemian life may suit Bohemians—"another name for 'would-be's.'" The great artist is systematic in his work. Study must be regulated judiciously. The length of time occupied in vocal exercise should be from 30 to 40 minutes at a spell, with occasional pauses for rest and meditation; the exercises would then occupy from 20 to 30 minutes. There should be three, or at most four, such spells; the first fully half an hour after a light breakfast; the other an hour before or an hour after a meal.

"You cannot be an artist and a votary of society at the same time. It has been often tried and always proved a failure."

The pupil should obey his teacher as strictly as he would his parents. "It is excessively vulgar to interrupt or, by word or gesture, to indicate contempt or indifference." In other words, do not guy your teacher. He is human, after all.

A student may ask: "Does not Sir Charles give any practical advice about singing? Never mind about his views concerning behavior and the general conduct of life."

Yes, on page 49 he says that you should begin by learning to sing one note at a time slowly, "commencing, continuing and concluding each note in strict time, perfect tune, and with equal power throughout, without the slightest shock at the beginning or the end; in fact, forming a perfect solid rectangle of sound." Then you must learn to sing two notes in succession without slur "executed each as in the example above, and without break between them, taking breath at each bar, for which a momentary cessation of sound will be necessary at the end of each bar, and so on to three and four notes following. This is the foundation of the art of singing, on which all culture of the voice depends; equality and beauty of tone, power, sustaining the power and quality (loud or soft), and rhythm, one of which lacking, singing can never be perfect."

The individual formation should not be interfered with, unless there be some strange peculiarity. Even if the tone be to a certain extent disagreeable, it may, if it be properly treated by a teacher, give marked dramatic distinction to the singer.

There should be a serious study of pronunciation and enunciation. If words are not audible, what becomes of the emphasis? The sound of each vowel should be preserved intact as long as it is held. The consonants should be pronounced promptly and firmly by a use of tongue, teeth, lips, but the consonants must not intrude on the value of the vowels. The mouth ought not to open more than enough to allow the introduction of the tip of a finger. The lower jaw should not wag. There should be a clear distinction between single and double consonants. "Sound an alarm" as generally interpreted becomes "Sounddannalaam," and

"Oh let eternal honors crown his name"

is too often turned into

"Olletteturnullhonnurs crownhis na-em."

Sir Charles has found by experience that German singers are more indistinct than Italian or French. "In my opinion the educated classes in Dublin and Edinburgh speak better English and better pronounced than is heard anywhere in England."

Singers should be able to take breath at any convenient point in a phrase in such a way that the break may not be observable. "The lungs should never be entirely exhausted; in speaking, breath may be taken at any place where a comma might stand, and in singing before any weak accent in a bar, of course being careful not to divide the syllables of a word. There is no mystery or difficulty about breathing."

But Sir Charles finds that the idea of "abdominal breathing" is most comical. "I have in vain tried to discover whereabouts in the abdomen there exists a storeroom for breath; wind there may be, perhaps, but not available for breathing purposes. I hope I do not incur any risk of action for libel or hurt anybody's feelings in describing the authors of such theories as 'wind bags.'"

July 15 1908

Men and Things

The Herald is deeply interested in cocks and hens. Nothing that pertains to them is foreign to us. We read with delight in the travels of Marco Polo that there were hens in the city of Kue-Lin-Fu without feathers. Their skins were clothed with black hair resembling the fur of cats. "They lay eggs like other fowls," said the Venetian traveller, "and they are good to eat." We were equally delighted at hearing recently the true answer to that long-baffling conundrum, "Why does a hen cross the street?" This conundrum is one of the oldest known, and the mystery of the answer has given the hen a character that it otherwise would not enjoy. There is no commanding statue of a hen. We do not recall any masterpiece of the painter's art with a hen as the central figure. It is true that a symphony by Haydn is entitled "The Hen," and Gottschalk wrote a piano piece of Creole character and called it "La Gallina"; but the hen is not inevitably associated with thoughts concerning art. Only the conundrum that has perplexed anthropologists, ethnologists, sociologists, folk-lorists, negro minstrel audiences and other philosophers has glorified the hen and raised it above the rank of routine producers.

* * *

This conundrum is so familiar that it is known to men, women and children in its abbreviated form, "Why does a hen?" The variant "Why is a hen?" has for years excited cudgelling of brains. What deeds apparently criminal have not been committed in the attempt to solve the mystery! No doubt they that broke into the barn of Constable A. B. Jones of Chestnut Hill near Allentown, Pa., and stole a Plymouth Rock setting hen with 14 eggs were no vulgar thieves, but stern, resolute men who would fain not die before they knew the secret deemed throughout the centuries as inscrutable.

How does it profit a man to know that the hens of Petaluma, Cal., in 1907, laid for shipping purposes 4,422,968 dozen eggs and provided 59,198 dozen poultry for the market, if he cannot tell why any one of these hens now preserved in the cold storage of statistics wishes to cross the street? The Hon. Arthur R. Briggs, president of the California state board of trade, has summered and wintered with hens and been through them with a dark lantern. Can he answer the question? There are many interested in the 12 months' laying competition under the auspices of the Utility Poultry Club, held at Stocks Farm, Rayne, near Braintree, Essex, England. There are six pure bred pullets in each pen, and 20 pens are competing. At the end of eight months the pen of white Wyandottes had laid 739 eggs and that of the partridge Wyandottes 396. A white Wyandotte laid 29 eggs in 31 days, and a pen of buff Plymouth Rocks laid 147 in the same space of time. What does it profit a man to know all this, to be able to tell how many eggs were laid by Houdan, white La Bresse, or barred Plymouth Rock, to shed statistics concerning hens, if he cannot explain the simplest habits of the fowl?

* * *

The Montclair (N. J.) town council on the night of July 6 heard a petition of residents asking that the noisy cocks, ducks and geese of the town should be suppressed because they crow, quack, hiss and cackle between midnight and 5 A. M. A letter was read from a man in Beverly, Mass., who said that the sure way to stop a cock from crowing is to put him on a roost so high that he can not stand upright in the coop. He said no cock can crow when compelled to stand in a crouching position. This man in Beverly may be a tank of information about the cock, suppressed, crowing or fighting; he may be able to tell the origin of the old proverb about the Gallic cock and the rejoicing schoolmaster; but all this is as naught if he does not know why a hen crosses the street.

* * *

Mr. Johnson, not Herkimer, but the interlocutor, asked before the expectant public why a hen crosses the street, treats the question with even more than the respect he shows queries concerning the spelling of stovepipe, or the character of a mother-in-law or of a rotary goat. "No, sir. I do not know why a hen crosses the street. And pray, sir, will you be kind enough to tell us all why the hen that furnishes us our breakfast, etc., etc.?"

It is with unusual pleasure that The Herald makes this announcement: the conundrum is now answered, for many years at least, if not for all time, by a deep thinker in the counting room of this establishment, who has approached the question on every side, read incessantly the wisdom of the ancients and the files of poultry magazines, joined a secret order of Chicken Removers whose head lodge is in Louisa county, Virginia, corresponded indefatigably with raisers of cocks, hens and squabs, and with our esteemed and distinguished friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

The farmer in this country built his

[illegible] on one side of the road and his barn on the other. He kept his hens on one side and their feed was on the other; they therefore naturally crossed the street. It may be urged in objection that the barn and the house are now often on one and the same side of the road. The objection is superficial, for the inherited instinct of the hen still rules and she recurs to her ancestral type. So the dog turns about several times before he lies down to take the best place on the rug before the open fire.

July 14 1908

Men and Things

Bavarian brewers are preparing, or have already published, statistics of crimes for which total abstainers have been punished. The brewers, as others, would maintain that a man who is a teetotaler and does not use tobacco in any form must be a suspicious character. Prof. Carl von Noorden said not long ago in Vienna that he considers persons who cannot assimilate alcohol at all to be "somewhat degenerate." It should not be inferred from this that the professor goes in for rum as a steady drink.

* * *

In spite of the brewers showing that murderous anarchists, as the one that killed Count Potocki, are often total abstainers, and that Mr. Imhof, who was arrested for attempting to extort $500,000 from a rich man in Munich by threatening to murder his children, was never given over to strong waters or alcohol in its less raging form, the Viennese are drinking less and less. In 1907 they drank a million and three-quarter gallons less of beer than in 1906, and 40,000 gallons less of wine; yet the population was increased about 40,000. In 1907 there were 27,860,000 gallons of beer put down, and the amount of wine consumed was about 13,458,000 gallons. Yet the abstainers should not be too jubilant. There has been a depression in trade, and the working classes have had less money to spend.

* * *

It would be interesting to know what effect horseflesh has on thirst. We once read a thrilling temperance tract in which it was stated that the proprietors of boozing-kens and boozaria (the former are of low degree, the latter are handsomely furnished, true palaces of art) are alike in this: They set out on the lunch counter everything eatable that can whet thirst. The author ignored the fact that a frightful thirst is often raised by the food prepared in the houses of teetotalers and is slaked only imperfectly by stomach-ruining draughts of iced water. We also read in the tract that good liquor is spilled on the sidewalk in front of barrooms so that weak, unstable mortals endeavoring to fig-- the Demon Rum as they pass are drawn irresistibly to the bar and stranded there.

* * *

Now the Viennese are partial to horseflesh. Last year 20,225 horses were killed in Vienna for food. The city authorities have erected new slaughter-houses for horses. The buildings cover an area of 3300 square yards, and the slaughter hall, more than 300 feet by 50, is furnished with the most modern machinery. Many horses are converted into sausage. There are sliced sausages on the lunch counters of barrooms in Boston. If we believe our friend, the author of the tract, sausage is a favorite bait of the proprietor. Are horse sausages less heating?

* * *

Mr. Wu-Ting-Fang, giving in detail the diet and the manner of life by which a man may live to be 200 years old, says he eats no salt, for salt stiffens the bones. Now salt in all ages and in all lands has been considered a necessity, not a luxury. Seven centuries ago in the province of Kaindu cakes of salt, stamped with the stamp of the grand Khan, were used as money. There is an old law in France today to the effect that on portions of the coast no salt water may be taken up in buckets for private use. In the old days salt was a royal monopoly. Travellers in Italy wonder at the sale of salt, tobacco and postage stamps in little shops. What will not deer, hedgehogs, bears in the Maine woods do to get a little salt? Ashe, speaking of the Onondago, noted the fact that the salt-lake and springs were frequented by all sorts of beasts and even by birds. The virtue of Cheltenham Springs was discovered by the owner of the ground noticing the resort of pigeons to the spot. Is the natural want pernicious? Modern writers on dietetics make strange statements.

* * *

This same Prof. von Noorden warns persons whose weight is too heavy for their proportionate height. He tells the old sad story; avoid butter, cream, sweets, puddings, eat lean meat, green vegetables, salads, raw fruits; eat only a little bread and potatoes; walk much uphill, for walking on the level is futile; horseback riding may reduce the weight of the horse. Others say that if you eat meat you will have rheumatism. The theories concerning diet, contradictory as they may be, are not wholly useless; they feed conversation.

* * *

Whatever may be set on the table, a guest in the restaurant has the right to call for a napkin, nor should a waiter simply because he thinks a guest is therefore putting on airs, knock out his teeth. Even the dentist supplies his victim with a napkin. Whether the Romans at their pompous feasts in the time of the emperors used napkins or not has nothing to do with the case. Some say that each guest took his own napkin to the dinner. We know that it was a practice to wipe hands on the head of a slave. Suppose that Mr. E. Moody Boynton, not obtaining a napkin, had attempted to rub his hands on the hair of the waiter. Mr. Boynton would have had classical authority for the experiment, but would he have escaped as lightly?

July 15, 1908

Men and Things

Italian twins born on Coney Island have been named Taft and Bryan. Many tribes in Africa when twins were born killed one that the other might thrive and also because the existence of the two was thought to be unlucky, hostile to the public good. Absit omen!

* * *

It is a pleasure to read of Frenchmen really at work in a duel, fighting for nearly two hours, stopping only on account of the darkness and insisting on a renewal of operations on the following day after the first breakfast. The damage, it is true, was slight on the first day—only a scratch on an arm—but in the course of a week, when the combatants get their hands in, they may be more skilful pinking and carving. After all, the intention is the main thing—in spite of the musty proverb.

One of the finest duels of recent months was the one between Prince Napoleon Murat and the brothers Plenn. The first round between the prince and one of the brothers was extremely disappointing. Not even the surgeon was hit and only in the third round did the prince shoot so that there was "an unpleasant sensation in Mr. Plenn's left leg." The second Mr. Plenn then took his turn. Prince Napoleon plunked him the first round and Mr. Plenn was borne from the field with his weight increased by a bullet lodged snugly in his liver. Then the prince with the soothing consciousness of a job done to the best of his ability went home to breakfast, which was followed by polo.

* * *

Two lads deserted from the training ship Constellation because they had not been served on board with lemon pie, or, as one report states, lemon custard pie. The Boston Cooking School Cook Book describes four varieties of lemon pie, while the Boston Cook Book gives recipes for only three, but there is a delightful personal touch in the latter: thus No. 2 is a recipe approved, and probably communicated, by Miss M. L. Clarke. Her covering meringue is made with the whites of three eggs and one-third of a cup of sugar, while Miss Hammond's meringue takes the whites of four eggs and a whole cup of powdered sugar. Generous Miss Hammond!

Concerning the reasonableness of the desertion, there may well be discussion. No doubt there are slaves to lemon pie, but neither this pie, nor pumpkin, nor custard (whether the accent be thrown on the first or the last syllable) appeals to us in hot weather, for the color in each instance is not restful, not cooling. A deep apple pie without a bottom crust and with a teacup at the centre is for all seasons, for all time. We can understand why a man should turn his back on the world and reckon it well lost for a deep apple pie of the old-fashioned kind. We have not seen one for years. When found, it should be eaten with cream. Lemon pie, apart from its color, is a pleasing fancy, the delight of a moment. Deep apple pie is not only a present ravishment; it sticks by you. It tickles the palate; it feeds vitality.

* * *

Somebody out West has discovered beauties in the Book of Job and not wishing to be selfish has extolled the book in a newspaper editorial so that the subscribers may share in his rapture. Now let some one discover the Book of the Prophet Ezekiel and not merely for the sake of the memorable chapter that inspired Mr. Swinburne to bring forth a superbly eloquent paraphrase in haunting verse. There is the marvellous 27th chapter, "The rich supply of Tyrus; the great and unrecoverable fall thereof." What verses! "The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy calkers." Not "corkers," as some commentators would have it, but stoppers of chinks, to quote the marginal note. What a marshalling of stately names: "They of Persia and of Lud and of Phut were in thine army, thy men of war; they hanged the shield and helmet in thee; they set forth thy comeliness. The men of Arvad with thine army were upon thy walls round about, and the Gammadin were in thy towers. * * * Javan, Tubal and Meshech, they were thy merchants: they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass in thy market. * * * Dan also and Javan going to and fro occupied in thy fairs: bright iron, cassia and calamus were in thy market." Nor should "they of the house of Togarmah," who traded with horses and horsemen and mules, be forgotten.

* * *

What beauty and what spurs to imagination are in mere words themselves! There is the passage in Kings: "Once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks." Mungo Park took passage in the brig Endeavour, "a small vessel trading to the Gambia for beeswax and ivory." Either passage sets a sensitive boy a-dreaming, and the beeswax in his mother's work basket is glorified forever afterward. He may not run away to sea, but the fleet of Tharshish and the Gambia will be nearer to him than the navy in the Pacific and the Connecticut, or Mill river in which he goes in swimming. Why should any one hanker after precious stones when he knows the garnishment of the foundations of the celestial walls: jasper, sapphire, chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprasus, jacinth, amethyst. The precious stones themselves are not so beautiful. Who would not like to be paid his wages in bezants! Great is the power of names.

July 16, 1908

Men and Things

Mr. James Hutten was sentenced to the house of correction for six months because he made an assault on his wife. When he was sentenced he blew a kiss to his wife Mary, who was in the court room. Was this done in a spirit of repentance, as an assurance of future devotion and tender care, or with the old sad irony that characterized Sir Thomas More on the scaffold?

* * *

We are now informed that Mr. Kern's father predicted that John would some day be President of the United States. The information must be correct. It comes from Mrs. Sallie Engle, Mr. Kern's sister. She gave it forth when she arrived at Roanoke, Va., with a wagon load of "garden sass." Another scene for the Historical Painter!

* * *

It is reported that our old friend, the Wild Man, has again appeared. This time he was seen on Kearney meadows, not issuing with demoniacal yells from a Maine forest, not growling in a mountain cave of Connecticut, not triumphantly evading his pursuers in Indiana by climbing to the top of a sky-kissing tree and disappearing gayly, together with the tree. This time he was on tame meadows, and we regret to say he was caught. Our regret is wilder, inconsolable because he was wearing a pair of corsets, for the purpose, as he said, of keeping off mosquitoes. This remark incites suspicion. Is it probable that this Wild Man is the original one, some of whose deeds we have recounted? No real Wild Man would wear corsets for any reason, nor would mosquitoes annoy him. Nor are Wild Men found on meadows. We suspect some advertising scheme. This Wild Man may give a piano recital here in November.

* * *

Mr. George R. Sims gives the recipe for a salad that should make any eater wild. Mr. Sims is always [illegible] Judge from the recipe: "Stalk a pound of ripe strawberries. Place them in a deep bowl. Add to them a very thinly-sliced, well-cooked beet-root. Peel a cucumber thinly and slice it also very thinly on to the other ingredients. Now add a heaped dessertspoonful of very finely minced chives. Mix well. Add white pepper and salt to taste. One tablespoonful of oil and three large tablespoonfuls of Tarragon vinegar. Mix thoroughly well again and leave in a cool place for an hour and a half before serving." We should suggest the addition of a large cup of green tea and a spoonful of pennyroyal oil. Observe in this recipe the proportion dear to Englishmen of vinegar to oil. Also observe the writer's passion for "very."

* * *

We are told that Miss Hazel Drew of Troy, who was murdered, left home carrying a dress suit case and umbrella and "wearing gold nose glasses." She was not wearing spectacles or eyeglasses, but "nose glasses." She probably left her mouth glasses and earglasses at home in a bureau drawer.

* * *

You will find a few men who have the courage to carry spread umbrellas beneath a blazing sun. The great majority think the habit unmanly, effeminate. There was a time when the use of the umbrella by men in a rain storm was hooted, as Jonas Hanway found out in London to his cost. Yet the protection of an umbrella in extreme heat has been welcome to thousands for centuries. Kings on the bas reliefs of Nineveh are comforted by parasols. The Egyptians carried sun umbrellas long before the Greeks and Romans allowed the use. Robinson Crusoe, who can hardly be called an effeminate person, remembering the umbrella of Brazil, made one in imitation so that he could walk out "in the hottest of the weather with greater advantage" than he could before in the coolest. (We do not now refer to the umbrella that in the east is a mark of high distinction and may by its color denote sovereignty.)

* * *

Two or three men carried sunshades recently at Henley, Eng., and did not escape laughter. Englishmen returning from India a century ago brought home white umbrellas, lined with green, and no one even smiled at them. Yet the East India Company, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, thought the habit of carrying sunshades extravagant. We are told in Sir J. W. Kaye's "Life of Lord Cornwallis" that the younger men at Madras were forbidden to carry shades of broad leaves or split bamboos, called "roundels" from their shape. The men thereupon had their sunshades made square and, when objection was brought, declared they had seen no order against "squaredels."

Mr. Sims, in the Referee, advocates the use of sunshades by men. He incidentally advertises the goods of a company that sent him some "charming" ones, charming because "you can change the covers to suit your climate or your costume," also complexion.

* * *

To G. H. P.: We do not believe that the cruel practice of docking horses' tails originated with the English. This practice existed many hundred years ago among the people of Yunnan in a remote part of China. Marco Polo, speaking of horses there—many were carried for sale to India—said: "It is the practice to deprive them of one joint of the tail in order to prevent them from lashing it from side to side and to occasion its remaining pendent; as the whisking it about, in riding, appears to them a vile habit."

July 17 1908

Men and Things.

The human cargo stowed in the first cabin of the Adriatic when she sailed recently from New York was estimated as representing at least $200,000,000. A list of the plutocrats was published as with sounding of trumpets and beating of drums. The humble citizen, reading, remembered gratefully a remark of John Wesley: "How plain that with God all things are possible: he can draw the sting either of wealth or death."

* * *

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, July 15, 1908.

Men and Things:

I know of nothing more beautiful than the harbor of Marblehead, viewed from the Neck at sunset. The old town itself has a singularly picturesque sky line, with one tower that reminds you of a village spire in Bavaria, another that takes you back to Greece, and others that are more conventional, yet effective, in silhouette. Then there is the

ver delightful sight of the yachts in motion or at rest. The sounds that go with the shipping are in keeping with the scene. The singing machine across the harbor or on a yacht is not disturbing, though the tune may be vulgar tavern music. But a power boat, with its imperative, arrogant staccato, spoils the lot. It cries out: "Look at me! See how fast I am going! How fortunate my owner is to afford to keep me!"

I am told that this impertinence is unnecessary; that the expense of a muffler is not great. There are power boats in this harbor which are not irritating and offensive. Could not Collector Lyman, who is now examining boats of this class, or some Marblehead man in authority do something to abate the nuisance? G. H.

* * *

We do not see how Collector Lyman can interfere in the matter. We should advise you to purchase a power boat that will make more noise than the one that disturbs you. Then you will feel superior to the other man and will be amused by the pretension of his boat. Mr. Herkimer Johnson assures us that the loudest in their outcries against the smell and dust of automobiles and the recklessness of the drivers, when they in turn own machines, kick up a bigger dust cloud and rush more furiously.

* * *

The late Dr. William Mason was probably the first to introduce any important work by Brahms to music-lovers in Boston. As a matter of fact, he was the first to play the piano part of Brahms' trio in B major in this country soon after the publication of the composition. One of the first Americans, if not the first, to study with Liszt, he won an abiding fame as a teacher, though in his time he was well ranked as a pianist, and a few of his piano pieces were both popular and of intrinsic worth. He was a man of many reminiscences, delightful in conversation, and his volume of recollections is interesting to the general reader.

* * *

It is said that the people of London town are wondering over the derivation and true meaning of "lallapaloosa." They do not seem to be acquainted as yet with the variant "lallapatosa." The Daily Express invited explanations and sent out reporters, bold, adventurous persons. They learned in certain quarters that the word was applied to a Maori war dance, a new temperance drink, and a patent medicine. An American actor said: "It's the female species of your own gazeka family." An "intelligent" American insisted that it is "the latest" catchword expressive of astonishment at any strange sight or object.

These are all miserable comforters. The Herald some months ago published an exhausting, if not exhaustive disquisition on "lallapaloosa." It is not necessary to go over the ground again. It is enough to say that "corker" is positive; "honey-cooler," comparative; "lallapaloosa," superlative in the expression of praise or wonder. The term may be applied to the animate or inanimate; to any object, whether it be masculine, feminine, neuter; to a war dance, a cocktail, a picture hat, an enchanting woman. It is by no means "the latest," or even a late, catchword. The term is at least twenty-five years old.

* * *

A female Socialist, haranguing in Victoria Park, London, asked how it was possible for young girls and women to live decent lives when the aristocracy and rich had captured all the means of life. "Women were sweated more than ever." This was especially true from July 5 to July 13 inclusive.

Yet dwellers along the coast or by the side of rivers would not suffer if they were to follow the example of the inhabitants of Ormuz on the eastern shore of the Persian gulf. During the summer season they lived in ozier-work huts constructed over the water, and while the dreaded land-wind blew from 9 in the morning till noon they immersed themselves to the chin, and continued in that situation until the wind ceased to blow.

July 8. 1908

AN OLD QUESTION.

There are questions that will not down. Though they may be answered as it seemed at the time forever, there arise discoverers of new evidence, cunning doubters in matters of historical facts, or as to agreed identification of "Junius," or the Man with the Iron Mask; fresh determiners of personal character. There are purely sociological questions that are constantly revived. This revival is sometimes due to the arrival of an unanticipated factor. "What constitutes a true gentleman?" This is an old question, yet it yearly leads to shedding of ink. A new invention, a new habit, a new line of economic or sociological thought necessarily brings with it new definitions.

"Does a true gentleman take off his hat to his cook if he meets her in the street?" had meaning when cooks were willing to be classed as domestic servants. Today the question is whether the cook will be enough of a lady to recognize courteously the master of the house if she happens to see him in street car or theatre. The automobile has introduced new definitions of gentlemanly conduct.

A few nights ago the question "What is a gentleman?" was discussed at great length "in five-minute relays" by Club A of the People's Institute, New York. Mr. Gabriel Weis, who was introduced as an "expert on the subject," had much to say. He objected to the phrase "gentleman burglar" as used by newspaper writers. He was shocked when he was shown at a haberdasher's "a gentleman's shirt." Now the first requisite of a gentleman's shirt is that it be clean. In these days of "fancy shirtings" are there not colors and patterns that a sensitive and thoughtful man would inevitably associate with the "gent"? A gentleman's shirt may be of the simplest material; it may be a black army shirt worn by guides, or fishermen, who in Maine woods rub themselves with a mixture of pennyroyal, tar, camphor and sweet oil against black flies; it may be of flannel for day labor; but it does not shriek or dazzle.

Mr. Weis defined a gentleman as one "who is what he should be." Who is to decide as to the "shouldness" of this "should?" Mr. Weis was less vague when he asserted that a gentleman has regard for himself, for others, and for the law. Have not true patriots, reformers, noble humanitarians frequently and gloriously broken laws as they then existed? "No gentleman would whistle in a street car." Ah, Mr. Weis, at last we are with you; nor would a gentleman whistle on the car platform, either in low sustained melody or ear-piercing bravura.

Mr. Herman Schamberger has a pathetic confidence in dictionary definitions. He said he had "looked the word up" and it means "a man of good breeding and education." But these terms must first be defined. There are many men of education, as the term is loosely used, who are selfish, boorish. "Good breeding" is largely a matter of locality and chronology. A man of good breeding and education may be utterly heartless, profoundly selfish. The Rev. Dr. Moran thinks that a gentleman is a man of polish who raises his hat to ladies and does not push in a crowd; but because a man does not give up his seat to a lady in a street car, he is not necessarily ungentlemanly. Dr. Moran is sure of this, for he does not always give up his seat.

The definitions, old and new, are entertaining They are also futile. It is a good thing that they are. Any man you meet will admit that he is a gentleman if you press the question. Any man, however tough his appearance may be, however rough his behavior, will resent the charge that he is not at heart a gentleman. Women are equally sensitive from the "lady laundress" to the "lady-in-waiting." "When I 'eard 'er say I was no loidy, I just put 'er 'cad in the street."

A NOBLE SUBJECT.

Our highly valued contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, has frequently mentioned in the columns of The Herald his friend "the Historical Painter." The name of this painter is unknown to the world at large. We have not seen any of his pictures in museums or other public buildings. So far as we can ascertain the private galleries in Boston are not enriched by his canvases. Cataloguers ignore him, and professional critics are blind to his merits and his faults. Pictor Ignotus! Yet Mr. Johnson assures us that the Historical Painter is constantly travelling in search of material; that he may be seen at every memorable meeting; that he has been permitted to see our leading statesmen, clergymen, generals, admirals, all public characters in short, not only in official capacity, but in undress; that his sketch books are many and crowded. Perhaps, alas, the Historical Painter is only one of many who never go beyond their sketches.

Yet there is need in this country of a recognized Historical Painter, one that will be to the United States what David and Horace Vernet were to France. Mr. Roosevelt, some months ago, made the statement that Mr. Remington was a great American artist, the perpetuator of deeds of cowboys, coyotes and broncho-busters, but Mr. Remington has not yet made historical subjects immortal. What we really need is a depicter of scenes in the life of this or that leading citizen, a painter not necessarily a member of the school to which is due "The Deathbed of Webster" and "Washington Irving and His Friends," but an artist who will immortalize that which otherwise may easily be forgotten.

What opportunity has been given recently by Mr. Bryan! There might be a portrait of him listening at the telephone for news from Denver or hearing the prolonged howling in his honor, hearing by aid of an ingenious mechanical device. The Historical Painter would avoid the passing of grape juice at the happy home in Lincoln, for the nature of the liquor might easily be misunderstood, and thus a lasting injury would be done to Mr. Bryan's character. The Historical Painter would, of course, paint Mr. Fairbanks with the historic cocktail in his hand. Mr. Bryan, as is well known, does not look upon the cocktail, whether it be Martini, Manhattan, opal, H. P. W. or Bronx—the most insidious of all, with its persuasive and deceitful mildness of orange.

No, Mr. Bryan should be immortalized by the painter's cunning as the cutter of a huge watermelon. Mr. Bryan's coolness of judgment and clearness of vision were never so indisputable as in the fairness of this distribution. Consider further the symbolism in the action.

Painters in old days delighted in portraying Cincinnatus surprised at the plough by deputies of the Senate; the tyrant of Syracuse, retired, yet happy in his cabbage patch. The list of great men pictured in some homely fashion is a long one. And here is a subject that is thoroughly American. The man, his dress, the action are all distinctively American. There might be pictures of Mr. Bryan on his travels—Mr. Bryan looking at the Pyramids, Mr. Bryan at the tomb of Napoleon, etc., but no one would be so pertinent, so characteristic, and to many so symbolical, as the flawless portrayal of the Great Commoner, knife in hand, over a superb specimen of the citrullus vulgaris, or cucumis citrullus, the large, edible fruit of a trailing plant of the gourd family.

Men and Things.

Mr. Jacob Riis is travelling in Europe. Mr. Riis is described as an "American journalist and friend of Mr. Roosevelt." Perhaps he has this inscription on his visiting card, as Anton Schindler added to his name, "friend of Beethoven." However this may be, the King of Denmark invited Mr. Riis to dine with him on a Monday, whereupon Mr. Riis, remembering his chief, may have said "Buliy." (By the way, what is the Danish for "bully"?) At any rate, he accepted the invitation and said he would bring his wife with him. The King, indescribably shocked, cut the audience short, and on the appointed Monday Mr. Riis thought it best to say he was sick and unable to sit at any good man's feast.

* * *

The Kings of Denmark and Sweden have for some years had the reputation of being democratic in their manners. Mr. Riis knew that his wife, both for present and future enjoyment, would be most happy to dine with a real live king. He would have been the more joyful seeing her happiness. Could not the King have strained a point and said: "Why, sure. Bring your wife and come some time before dinner, so that I can show her the palace." He lost the opportunity and took refuge behind the fence of etiquette.

* * *

Mr. Riis lost his dinner. It would probably have been a good one, with wine and strong waters galore, according to tradition. King Frederick, like his illustrious predecessor, Claudius, might have thrown an union into the cup,

Richer than that which four successive Kings in Denmark's crown have worn.

The kettle would have spoken to the trumpet, the trumpet to the cannoneer, the cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth, "Now the King drinks to Mr. Riis." It was not so fated. Some will applaud Mr. Riis for his spousal devotion; he was not in Copenhagen in an official capacity as a representative of the United States, unless "a friend of Mr. Roosevelt" be necessarily an official representative of the President, and therefore of the government. He had a right to say: "If you wish me to dine with you, you must also ask my 'missus'"; that is, unless the dinner were a stag affair.

* * *

We know men in Boston who occasionally ask a husband to dine with them at their houses without his wife. These invitations are given carelessly, at a club, often in the course of the cocktail hour. The would-be hosts do not mean to slight deliberately the wife in any instance. They say: "Jones is a good fellow; he talks well; he is presentable; he would entertain us tonight." Robinson may know that there is a Mrs. Jones. If he remembers the fact, he also remembers that Mrs. Robinson has "never met" her. Now what should Jones do? Should he accept and telephone his excuses to his wife? If he should stand up and say, in a play-acting voice: "Sir, I do not go anywhere without Mrs. Jones," he would make an ass of himself. Jones gives some plausible reason for not accepting, and asks his would-be host what he will have, then and there. Thus he thinks to square the account, but Robinson is his debtor.

* * *

There are husbands in Boston, as in every city, who dine out frequently—some always—without the wife. The hostess knows her guest is married, but she has heard that she is "impossible" or an "invalid who does not go out." "Prof. Boreax," says Mrs. Golightly, "will dine with us next Wednesday evening. You must surely come. He has so much to say that is interesting about Beloochistan. He was there three weeks. Yes, he is married, but no one knows her. He met his wife when he was just out of college. She was a country girl—I am not sure but she worked in a factory. Oh, she's a perfectly respectable woman, but she is not his equal He is an eagle and she's a wren. It's the moth and the star over again She never dreams of going with him anywhere."

There are men that have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Boreux, and therefore, do not care to be on intimate terms with her husband. She was a country girl, intelligent, naturally well bred, simple in her tastes Her life has been one of slavish devotion to the eminent professor. N

man has a better kept, more comfortable home. When the sun goes down she is often too tired to be brilliant. She would not shine at Mrs. Golightly's table. It is possible that she would not be deeply interested in her husband's account of life in Beloochistan. The hostess would not be able to understand her, and, saddest of all, the professor would be ill at ease, if not apologetic. Yet any man that would be privileged to sup alone with Mrs. Boreax should indeed, be envied. She once looked on her husband as the greatest and best of men. Fortunately for her, she has a sense of humor.

July 19. 1908

CONVERSATION OF WOMEN WHO SING

Now Their Custom to Talk About All Things Knowable and Some Others.

By PHILIP HALE.

There was a time when the singing woman, brilliant on the stage, sang, and lived a joyous life. She jested with her lovers when she was a Sophie Arnould, and once her reputation as a wit was established, sharp sayings, bon mots and epigrams were attributed to her, as stories have been put in the mouth of George Selwyn, Lincoln, Travis. How many of the jests in "Arnouldiana" were really original with Sophie? Or the prima donna in private life was a dull and heavy person, whose eyes brightened only at the sight of jewels, food and drink. It was not the habit of the famous singing women of past years, Mara, Malibran, Grisi, Alboni, Catalani and others of the sisterhood to discuss with airs of importance problems of art and sociology that their opinions might be published broadcast and for the glory of the singer.

It is now the fashion for singers who are still active or even in the young years of stage life to discuss not only the details and the mysteries of their "art," but to talk fluently with a reporter about all things knowable, and some other things.

The Herald commented a few weeks ago on some remarks of Miss Geraldine Farrar, who from the serene height of her success determined the exact present artistic condition of music in America and encouraged affably struggling composers, laboring musicians, and also the great herd of common people stumbling blindly on the road that leads to the temple of the muse.

Since Miss Farrar took occasion to remember her dear native land in foreign cities, and in the intoxication of garish triumphs was nevertheless benevolently disposed, Miss Lina Cavalieri, Miss Alice Nielsen and others have said their say, and are probably not surprised to find their remarks published in newspapers.

Miss Cavalieri told the story of her early life. No doubt she did not tell it in realistic detail. She left to her sisters of the stage the agreeable task of supplying the deficiencies or of inventing plausible fillings-in, after the manner of the man that forged the Belgrade manuscript of Petronius.

Miss Cavalieri's literary style may be described as florid, Asiatic. "Those who would climb 'ambition's diamond ridge' to its heights must climb with the courage that bears as well as the courage that dares in their hearts, if sometimes with weary feet, and must ever be ready for any amount of hard work and self-sacrifice." This will bear a second reading. Perhaps the translator into English is not thoroughly acquainted with the niceties of Italian.

Miss Lina does not forget her years as a cafe-concert singer. She speaks freely of her life in music halls. "My experiences and reminiscences of places I have been to and people I have met would fill a bulky volume." She says she has appeared in the principal music halls of all the great cities of Europe, "and in many places in America." Does she mean by America, South America? Or was she in the United States before she sang at the Metropolitan? I doubt it.

On the whole, Miss Cavalieri speaks modestly about herself. She admits she has been successful, even in America, "where also the musical public received me with most flattering appreciation." There is not a word of complaint against the critics of New York journals, who did not appreciate her. Unlike Miss Mary Garden, she does not threaten a voluptuous vengeance against Mr. W. J. Henderson, the most hardened offender, her dearest foe. Nor does Miss Cavalieri examine into the musical taste of Metropolitan Opera House audiences. She likes to learn new parts like those of Manon, Fedora, Tosca, 'full of dramatic situations and sounding all the depths of human feeling and tragedy."

Miss Cavalieri is a singularly beautiful woman. Who writes her confidential communications to the newspapers?

Miss Nielsen says little about herself. She might exclaim with Byron: "Description is my forte." Her account of operatic performances in Paris published in The Herald last Sunday is interesting. She prefers the Rigoletto of Mr. Maurel to that of Mr. Renaud. Here there might be room for a Plutarchian comparison. And see how neatly Miss Nielsen sticks her hatpin into Mme. Melba. She first characterizes her as "golden voiced." "Last night Melba showed the public that she still possesses some of those qualities which have made her famous to the world." "Some of those qualities"; "still possesses." You would think that Mme. Melba had passed her 60th year. And, pray, what guide, philosopher and friend writes Miss Nielsen's articles for her?

Miss Clara Clemens has given concerts in London with Miss Marie Nichols, a violinist of Boston. The Daily Telegraph, by the way, praised Miss Nichols, and described her as a "well equipped violinist who can boast a sense of style," a player of "refreshing vitality." Other journals commended her highly. The day before the concert the Pall Mall Gazette gave Miss Clemens a column, probably because she is the daughter of Mark Twain. Miss Clemens spoke modestly about her own accomplishments. "I try to sing the songs I really like." She has "a great affection" for London. "You feel there is time for something here; you never feel there is time to breathe in New York."

She did not express interest in the woman suffrage movement in England. "I should not care about the vote myself. If it would help those who are demanding it—and I suppose there are some cases in which it would—there may be something to be said in its favor, but taking the usual run of women I don't see what they have to gain by it. And besides, about the method of women who tie themselves to door knockers and attract attention in ways like that, there is something so very unpicturesque; I think it rather repels one."

A simple, blameless "chat." And the Pall Mall Gazette made a column out of it. Another journalistic triumph!

The 51st annual Worcester music festival will be held in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, Sept. 28-Oct. 2. There will be public rehearsals, and the five concerts will be on Wednesday evening, Sept. 30, and the afternoons and evenings of Thursday and Friday. Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah" (Mme. Louise Homer, Daniel Beddoe2 and Emilio De Gogorza) will be performed on the evening of Sept. 30, and Elgar's "Caractacus" (Mme. Jeanne Jomelli and George Hamlin) will be performed on Thursday evening, Oct. 1. A Beethoven programme has been prepared for Friday ("Artists' night"). Miss Augusta Cottlow, pianist, and Miss May Mukle, 'cellist, have been engaged. Mr. Arthur Mees will conduct the choral works and Mr. Franz Kneisel will conduct the orchestral pieces. Sixty members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra have been engaged. Elgar's cantata will be sung for the first time in Worcester. It is unknown in Boston.

Mr. Ernest Sharpe of this city has given several recitals in London. At one of them he sang songs by American composers. Mr. MacDowell's name was not on the programme. The songs that were sung were not liked as a rule by the critic. The Daily Telegraph said: "A great deal of the music was decidedly of an immature order, and not a little of it exceedingly dull and dry." The London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald, possibly remembering that blood is thicker than water, was still more severe.

"The average concert goer will not mind very much if he never hears any more songs by these gifted American composers. Not one sung by Mr. Sharpe displayed any commanding talent, and several were of a most mediocre description, lacking both invention and interesting workmanship. The strange feature of the songs was their old-fashionedness. Richard Strauss, Hugo Wolf and even Robert Franz, Schumann and Schubert might never have been born for all the influence they appear to have had on American composition.

"It would be impossible to give a recital of British modern songs without the programme containing many works which would show the influence of Strauss or Wolf. This would not necessarily be a virtue, for a simpler style of composition might be more artistic and effective than anything these moderns have written; but the character of these American composers' music is more akin to banality than to the clear expression of a clear idea, which is often the essence of simplicity. It is not unfair to write in this general way of the songs Mr. Ernest Sharpe sang this afternoon, for one and all suffered from the same uninspired baldness, and to each was common that curious sentimental naivete which runs through all American songs, and is even to be detected in American plays."

The Referee, however, spoke well of songs by Mr. Chadwick.

Are the English songs written in these days much better? The majority that cross the Atlantic are either commonplace or pretentious and vague. Some might have been written by the composer of "Some Day"; some are palpable imitations of Tosti; some are sentimental after the manner of Sir Arthur Sullivan at his worst; and when the composers would be ultra-modern, they labor painfully.

The majority of the modern German songs are written with more skill, with more technical confidence, but if a singer of taste finds one out of every 25 to add to her repertory she is fortunate.

The French follow either Gounod and Massenet or are imitators of Debussy. What is natural in Debussy is affectation in them.

Meanwhile, the remarkable songs of Mr. Loeffler are practically ignored by our singers. He thus shares the fate of the Gabriel Faure of the later songs and of Henri Duparc. There are few singers who have the courage to break with the commonplace; there are few singers who are willing to run the risk of perplexing an audience; there are alas few singers who are able to interpret the best of modern songs. Let the composer turn his back on the conventional and they are lost.

Miss Adela Verne, whose real name is Wurm, is an English pianist, who played last season on the Pacific coast. She is said by sound judges to have marked ability. She will give concerts in the United States next season and her press agent is already at work, an ingenious and passionate person. The Herald has received a circular from him that is a masterpiece in its way. Here is a proof of the assertion:

"Listen, ladies, and be astonished! Miss Verne is not a believer in feminine frills and foibles, at least not for the concert stage! She thinks not about the gown she shall wear at a recital. She is not consumed with desire to arouse the admiration or envy of the fair members of her audience by the magnificence of her toilette. She does not weary them with waiting 15 minutes beyond the advertised hour of her performance by lingering before a mirror to see that every flounce hangs properly and that every curl of her hair (for she has curly hair—very beautiful curly hair) is arranged with artistic grace. No, Miss Verne thinks only of her art and goes upon the assumption that those present at her recitals are there to hear and enjoy music and not to see one of the latest creations of Worth or Paquin. It displeases her when an artist appears on the platform so gowned that suppressed "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of admiration are audible throughout the house. To her this creates an atmosphere harmful to the sole purpose for which the assembly ostensibly has gathered. Do not conclude from this, however, that she is negligent in appearance. Much to the contrary."

Miss Verne has not only pleasingly curled hair. She wears a simple white frock, "which displays the unaffectedness and singleness of purpose of the wearer."

She is nevertheless human. "I love clothes," she says in her simple, artless way, "beautiful ones and lots of them, but such should not be worn upon serious occasions." But what are clothes for? as Mr. Emerson asked concerning pie. Should not a young woman don her Sunday best when she appears to conquer? "Certainly no occasion could be more serious," says Miss Verne, "than when one is trying to reveal the soul thoughts of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart and Chopin, serious to the interpreter and serious to those who listen. The player's identity should merge into that of the music, else what is music for, and what is art?"

Ah, what is art, and what is truth? These are serious questions, not to be debated flippantly by men in soft shirts on a veranda, but solemnly and with the sustaining aid of frock coats and high collars. It is enough for the present to know that Miss Verne is an interpreter of "soul thoughts" and a merger of her identity. She should be a welcome visitor in Boston whether she appear on the stage in a neat calico gown or in a sheath dress.

There has been more than one sweet singer of Michigan. Miss Retta M. Sorenson, "a talented vocalist of Saginaw," attempted to board an "interurban" car at Carrollton and was dragged several hundred feet. She now sues for $10,000 and declares that her injuries ruined her voice.

Miss Elsa Ruegger, the Swiss 'cellist, who has played in Boston at Symphony concerts, has been engaged as 'cellist of the Detroit String Quartet and will make Detroit her home.

Mr. Alexander Z. Birnbaum may be remembered by some in Boston. He was a violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra for a season and excited considerable attention by an extraordinary head of hair. After he left this city he conducted with success in European towns, and with sensational gestures, if the reports in foreign music weeklies were true. His latest engagement was in Lausanne, but he will conduct, beginning next September, at the Comic Opera House, Berlin.

Leone Sinigaglia's latest composition is an overture, "Le Baruffe Chiozotte" (after a comedy by Goldoni). It has already been played with success at Milan and Utrecht.

Ernest Schelling's "Fantastic Suite" for piano and orchestra, which was performed here last season at a Symphony concert, met with great success, with the composer as pianist, at the 44th Tonkuenstler-Fest at Munich. Furthermore, publishers competed for the privilege of adding the work to their lists.

Miss Lina Cavalieri was heard in Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" at Covent Garden with moderate rapture. That her profile should have been likened to a Roman cameo was inevitable. The Pall Mall Gazette said of her: she "scored a distinct success as an actress, while her sympathetic voice was agreeable if her actual singing did not strike one as being of a highly finished order."

July 20 1908

Men and Things.

The Herald is again indebted to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, for notes collected laboriously by him for his colossal work. These notes will find a place in the two volumes (elephant folio) devoted to domesticity, harassing and otherwise.

* * *

Mrs. Clara Lingo has obtained a divorce from her husband Hartley, who is 83 years old and a rich farmer near Post Oak, Mo. Mr. Lingo met Clara, who was then Mrs. Roberts, a widow, grass, not sod, at his daughter's wedding not long ago, and he loved her as soon as he saw her. After marriage she found out that his house tricks were not amusing. "When he put on a pair of socks," she said to Judge Powell, "he would never take them off." The socks were probably the sort advertised as sanitary and indestructible. Furthermore, Mr. Lingo preferred to drink soup out of a bowl rather than to use a spoon. This in itself is not a reasonable ground for divorce. Some of "our best people" drink clear soups from small and decorative bowls or large cups. Thick soup should be eaten with a spoon and a beard-protector. Mr. Lingo hurried through his meals in order to chew tobacco. "In fact he ate only to enjoy his tobacco the better." Here is a case for Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Lingo chewed hastily in order that he might afterward chew deliberately, in a ruminative manner. Did he use fine cut or plug? There is a difference. The latter is the more heroic. Statesmen, great leaders, deep thinkers, prefer plug. And was Mr. Lingo a self-consumer? Or did he imitate the practice of the nobles at the court of the Great Khan Kublai who carried about a small vessel to receive the spray of betel juice? Or was there a box of sawdust on the floor? Or the still more hideous thing of brass or nickle?

* * *

Mr. Maxwell, a play actor, now 71, obtained a divorce against his young wife at Detroit. Jane deserted him. She objected to his taking naps in the daytime. He gave a plausible excuse for the habit: that as an actor he worked nights and had to sleep some in the day; but he made the fatal mistake of telling her that his first wife never objected to these naps in the course of thirty happy years. He told her this and the next day took a nap. While he was asleep she packed up the furniture and left the house. Mr. Maxwell is a long and heavy sleeper.

* * *

Mr. William E. Crane of Greenfield, Ind., is 82 years old. Mrs. Crane, seeking a divorce, says she is his 15th wife, but he insists that she is only his seventh. She alleges cruel and inhuman treatment. It seems that he gives the family cow some kind of powder for the purpose of making the milk unfit for use. She does not say whether the powder is Dover, Seidlitz or Dalmatian. At any rate it has killed her love for him, for he also threw this powder about her bedroom so that she could not sleep. Mr. Crane says that his life has been one of trouble. He has not killed himself, because suicide, the open door of Epictetus, seems to him the unpardonable sin.

* * *

Several reasons are given by Mr. Sylvester Brown of Asbury Park, N. J., for not wishing to live longer with his once adored Ida. "She loves to hear the phonograph play beside her bed when I want to sleep." Ida invited her father, mother, sister and brother to make their home with her, and as a result Mr. Brown was "crowded." She employed a cook who, against his remonstrances, kept the kitchen stove so hot that it finally set fire to the house. There were other statements to show that Mr. Brown's home life was not restful.

* * *

A brunette with "liquid brown eyes," Mrs. Nora Chalfant of St. Louis, Mo., wishes a divorce from her husband, "who doesn't care." It seems that for some inexplicable reason he wouldn't kiss her when she wanted him to. His miserable excuse was that kissing is silly. "Once when I laughed at a joke in a magazine, he slapped me." Mr. Chalfant might have deplored his wife's lack of judgment; he might with truth have said that the joke was musty or stupid; but he should not have slapped her; he should have given her then and there a joke of a first class brand, to educate her, to make her worthy of him. The price of a street car ride seemed an extravagance to Mr. Chalfant, who resisted his wife's entreaties for an airing; but he would play pinochle away from home till a late hour at $10 a game. Nora should have read "A Doll's House."

* * *

Mr. Michael O'Leary of Kansas City objected to his wife wearing a Merry Widow hat. "If ye want a flower garden go out to the parks and look at the display, but don't deck yerself in a hat that makes ye look like my daughter." She ordered one and it was delivered. She tried it on. She is now in the hospital with a broken thigh and a badly bruised body. But stay: this may be an advertisement for a coming show.

Mr O'Leary should have known that a woman will have her way. In May, 1674, Cary Stewkeley wrote to her brother, Sir Ralph Verney, deploring the giddiness of her step-daughter, Ursula, who went to the Salisbury races in the absence of her father. "I wish he had stayed at home, bot your sex will follow your enclynations, which is not for women's conveniencys. After 8 months pleasure his daughter Ursula came home unsatisfied, and now hath bin at all the Salisbury rasis, dancing like wild with Mr. Clarks, whom Jack can give you a carlcter of. And Mr. Clark's brother said shee had never bin in bed since shee went away till 4 in the morning, and danced some nights till 7 in the morning. All this has sophytlently vexed me."

LIKE MEDICINE.

Mr. William H. Taft is reported as saying: "I will play golf every day, just as I would take medicine." Let us not be too fussy about the use of "will" and "shall," especially as this verbal confusion is often in the mind of the reporter rather than in the mouth of the reported. It is possible that Mr. Taft thus firmly expressed an intention, and did not deal merely with futurity. The all-important question is: "Why should he play as though he were to take pill, powder or draught?"

Unless there be gusto in exercise, whether this exercise be amusing or devoid of entertainment, the result will be of doubtful benefit to the health. The perfunctory participation in a sport or exercise chills rather than quickens vitality. What advantage is there in walking if a man is pulling out his watch every ten minutes to see if his hour is not nearly at an end? The mind must be intent on game or exercise. It is needless to add that no one will be proficient on the links, on the ball field, on the ice or even be a good pedestrian if he does not then enjoy himself without consideration of the possible benefit that may thus accrue.

Here is this game of golf that some reserve, like the reading of Trollope's novels or the playing of backgammon, bezique or solitaire, for their old age. Would Mr. Rockefeller gain incalculable benefit from it, would the game keep him alert and lusty, impervious to attacks on his theory of business, were he to say constantly to himself: "I hate this, but I suppose it will do me good"? Mr. Rockefeller leaves the links like a giant refreshed with wine. His pleasure has been in the game, in the desire to win, or to make at least a respectable score.

The physician says: "You need exercise. You should walk in the open air two hours a day." The patient would willingly take any draught, however nauseous. He would diet, live on a particular kind of bread, eschew potatoes, salmon, beef, coffee, griddle cakes, abandon the use of alcohol, and even give up tobacco. When he hears that he must walk for two hours it is as though the joy of life were taken away forever. If he lives in a suburb he sullenly foots it to his office. If his home is in the city he explores the park system, visits the wharves that he has not seen since he was a boy or wanders in mean and suspicious streets. He plods his way without interest in persons, buildings, signs. He loathes the whole business. He is taking his medicine.

This comparison of sport to medicine should not be made by a man who is necessarily a public character, one for whom children are named. Mr. Taft undoubtedly needs exercise, and much of it. He does not fell trees; he is not an oarsman; his sawing wood is only a figure of speech. He has chosen golf for his recreation. He should exult in the game, fearless of competitors and carriers of cameras. To say before addressing the ball, "This is like taking medicine," is unworthy of him. Let us hope that he was not correctly quoted.

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Men and Things.

When the negro minstrel was asked by Mr. Johnson, the stately interlocutor, what he was doing, Mr. Bones would often answer that he had a light and easy job; that he was clerking it in a bird store. The thoughtless laughed. We all laughed easier in those days, and there is a time when to be thoughtless is to be wise. No one stopped to ask whether work in a bird store is necessarily easy.

Mr. George R. Sims met a man a fortnight ago who complained that he had little to do. Questioned, he said his work was making raspberry seeds for jam. Mr. Sims, in spite of his long experience with criminals on and off the stage, was staggered. "What do you make them with?" he asked. "Out of wood" was an answer that whetted curiosity. Mr. Sims naturally thought the man was "not all there," or that he was guying him. He met a manufacturer of special tools and machinery, and pumped him. The manufacturer smiled compassionately on the incredulity of the playwright, poet, journalist and proprietor of a hair tonic. "Your man's trade is probably slack owing to the invention of new machinery. Within this last twelve months two patents at least have been taken out for making raspberry seeds for the jam trade." The manufacturer and Mr. Sims were talking in a restaurant. Does any man say "within this last twelve months" when he chats at ease in the presence of food and drink?

* * *

Are raspberry seeds for jam manufactured in this country? Are mountains stripped to furnish the raw material? What is the effect of these seeds on the human clockwork? What are the wages of a skilled seed maker?

* * *

Let us go back to the manufacturer's alleged speech. Should a novelist in writing dialogue attempt to give a literal reproduction of colloquialisms and solecisms? If any conversation of "educated persons" were to be taken down literally and without favor, the talkers would be surprised and indignant. "I never said that. I could never have made such a stupid mistake." So when a man who has achieved distinction in politics—or literature—talks to a reporter, he is generally horrified at the published report. He writes, sometimes he telegraphs, a hot denial. In the great majority of cases he said what he was reported as saying, but his denial carries weight in the mind of the public, and the reporter and the newspaper are "gross misrepresenters." There have been several marked instances of this injustice. Perhaps the most remarkable was that of James Russell Lowell and Julian Hawthorne.

* * *

If the men and women in a novel invariably say "does not" and never "doesn't," they will soon seem wooden prigs, worthy of association with the judges and other heavy fathers in Cooper's tales. If they never confound "shall" and "will," they are indeed suspicious characters.

* * *

Le Guide Musical of Paris states that a new opera house will be erected in Boston and that "a rich citizen will pay all the expenses of the building, which will cost $3,500,000." Thus are we flattered!

* * *

Dr. Wiley said recently—he is always saying things—that there would be fewer divorces if there were generally better bread. He argues that had bread brings on dyspepsia, dyspepsia irritability, and irritability, cruel words and violent deeds; a phrase that reminds one of the old gag: "Colds lead to catarrh, catarrh to consumption, and consumption—to the GRAVE." ("Consumption" should be screamed. The last three words should have a ghostly effect. They should be spoken in sub-cellar tones, with a moan on "grave" like the expiring gurgle of a bathtub.)

No doubt there is truth in Dr. Wiley's statement. In many the stomach is the organ of true and abiding love. We read some days ago the sad story of Mr. Charles F. Deckman, a western carpenter. When he married his Kittie in 1904 he was strong and able bodied. There was no better farmer in the land. He sawed with pleasing precision and drove nails with astounding accuracy.

The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane whistles its wild ascending lisp.

Today he is practically an invalid. And why? He points at Kittie. "She almost daily has cooked meals so that the food is either raw or burnt."

There is the recent case of Mr. William Campbell of New York, who slew his wife Caroline with a bread knife—not because he could not cut the bread, but he complained of the corned beef and cabbage, which he said they had every night. There are persons who do not appreciate a boiled dinner. They speak of it as corned beef and garbage.

* * *

Harper's Weekly says: "The day of rum is over. The name is already a Prohibitionist expletive; soon it will have become nothing but a memory." Truly a parochial statement! How narrow the alcoholic horizon of the writer! Rum is for all time. The Lawrences may pass away, but rum remains. Its natural force will not be abated—except by the judicious addition of milk or water; its fragrance is eternal. Any barkeeper in Boston will bear present and joyful testimony.

July 22 . 1908

Men and Things.

No sooner did we discuss the manufacture of wooden raspberry seeds for English jam than we read of the prosperity of Viscountess Molesworth, who "has done so well in trade as a manufacturer of jam that she is going to enlarge her plant next winter and add sauce and chutney to her products." The motto of the viscountess is evidently not "Jam satis." Will her sauce be compounded from her own recipe? Will it rival the famous one prepared from a recipe of a nobleman of England? Chutney! Ah, chutney! An excellent excuse for eating Welsh rabbit, if one were needed; but chutney should come, piping hot from India if the illusion is to work its spell.

* * *

The viscountess or her husband must have been passionately addicted to jam, for in her early married years she put up "as much as a ton in a season." No doubt there was a palatial jamhouse on the estate. "The eagerness of friends to get some of the jam prompted her to go into the business for profit as well as reputation." So Lady Molesworth is like the familiar figure in the New England village, the dear old lady who, as a favor, will sell cake, preserves, jam which she has in stock primarily for her own pleasure.

We can see self-expatriated Americans now living in England hovering about these aristocratic jam pots. Young Mr. Astor, who will give up his birthright of American citizenship to go into Parliament, dips heavily into the raspberry, fearless of wooden seeds. Mr. Henry James smears a slice cut from a tin loaf and then interrupts his apology for the simplicity of his early novels. Mr. James, we are inclined to believe, would prefer strawberry; plum jam, thick and messy, is not to be despised.

* * *

Mr. Maurice Vaucaire thinks highly of the American girl. "She has trained herself to acquire the qualities of housekeeper, philosopher, artist and athlete, and as a young woman she will arm herself against the dangers of love. Thus if she loves a young man, she will submit him to terrible tests."

Sometimes the American husband misunderstands these tests, though he admits that they are terrible. Thus Mr. John C. Julien of Hutchinson, Kan., is suing for a divorce because his wife is too athletic. On one occasion she "dared him to come out and fight." On another occasion she jumped on him and beat him with her fists.

* * *

We invite the attention of Mr. Vaucaire to Ada Hull of Jackson, Mich., an admirable example of an American girl, philosopher, artist and athlete. Miss Hull chose vaudeville as the medium of expressing her emotions. She fell in love with Mr. Charles Gotfredson, a freight handler. Wishing to lead him to a higher plane of activity, she patiently put him through a course of training to qualify him as a partner in a German sentimental and comic turn. When she thought he was ready, they tried the act on her mother, who promptly disapproved, and even Ada said his performance "was the worst ever." The artist in her rose above the philosopher. She ceased to love him, and now asks for a divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. From this it will be seen that she has a sense of humor.

* * *

About a month ago The Herald discussed the derivation of the word "rum," and quoted the opinion of Mr. C. W. Ernst: that the word was first applied in Boston to the strong waters of the West Indies; that a Bostonian first called this species of firewater, a rum drink, i. e., a powerful drink. The Herald also gave the ordinary dictionary derivation: "Short for rumbullion."

We now quote from the Pall Mall Gazette of July 9 the following entertaining paragraph: "Mr. Aspinwall, secretary of the West Indian committee, giving evidence before the whiskey commission yesterday, said that in the old days, before it received its present designation, rum was called 'kill devil.' About the middle of the 17th century it was first called 'rumhullion,' an old Devonshire term for uproar or rumpus. An old book said: 'The chief fuddling they make in the island (Jamaica) is rumbullion, alias kill devil, and this is made of sugar canes distilled—a hot, hellish and terrible liquor.' The witness dissented from the latter view." It is a pity that Mr. Ernst was not called to the witness stand.

* * *

The parade of the silk-hatted at the Franco-British exposition turned out to be a dismal failure, as The Herald noted at the time. Thousands with straw hats or hats of felt looked on, comfortable and derisive. The hatters gained nothing by the display of stovepipes worn by employes. But the occasion reminded a London journalist of Lord Milner's first reception at Pretoria, when officials and legislators were expected to wear frock coats and plugs. There was only one shop in the town where silk hats were sold, and there were only four hats for sale. The hatter saw his opportunity. He offered to let the hats out on hire at the rate of 10 shillings for 10 minutes. "His shop was close at hand. Four gentlemen could present themselves before his excellency; after 10 minutes they must silently steal away and hand over their hired finery to another pantin quartet. It was done, and the hatter still repeats dreamily, as he recalls the moment of his life: 'It would not have been fair to have sold them. Not fair to my customers, not fair to myself.'"

July 23 1908

DOUBTFUL BONES.

Several skeletons have been found in sand pits at Newport near Wilmington, Del. It is the duty of the coroner to bury them again, but he is in a dilemma: the bones may be those of slaves who died a century ago, or they may be those of more or less estimable and free white persons. The believers in the negro bones are indignant at the thought of a burial in the cemetery of the whites, and they that are sure the skeletons are those of white persons cry out against burial in the cemetery for negroes.

It is unfortunate that the bones of whites and negroes are confusingly alike. Some may thus be tempted to believe that their souls may also be judged alike in the last great day. If a mistake were made by the coroner, would those long buried bitterly resent it and show unmistakable signs of disapproval? The advocates of cremation may well cite this loc instance in their burning zeal. S Thomas Browne, considering th theories in favor of the funeral pyr mentioned those who, "pretendir no natural grounds, politicly d clined the malice of enemies up their buried bodies." But here malice both before and after buri

REALITY AND VISION.

A woman in New Britain, Ct., was recently declared dead by her physician. At the end of an hour she came to life, much to her regret, for, as she said, she had been in a beautiful country which was illuminated by a light unlike that of sun, moon, or any ray due to the ingenuity of man. In this country she saw calm, restful persons. She talked with some and was "intensely delighted" with the conversation.

There are many who have had like strange experiences in trances not due to sickness; who, as Paul, were caught up to the third heaven and heard, either in the body or out of the body, unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter Are the visions of John on the isle of Patmos to be classed with those of the saints in desert places? Were the supernatural things seen and heard by Swedenborg only a madman's dreams?

The journal of John Wesley contains accounts of strange visions recorded with implicit belief. A girl about 11 years old, who had never had any considerable sickness, was thought to die suddenly. When she came to life in an hour or two she told of sights in heaven and hell; of doomed ones drinking flames from cups of fire, playing with cards of fire, for they were then tormented by the sins in which they once delighted. She saw the Lord on his throne beholding earth and heaven with one look. She saw the pleasant garden full of fruits, no sky, no sun, but clear light everywhere. Another girl, 15 years old, talked with Wesley when she was with her Saviour. "In heaven or on earth?" asked Wesley. "I cannot tell; but I was in glory." And in this state she wept over those that were to be condemned, for she saw many on the awful brink. Wesley narrates these and other "strange occurrences" in detail, without a word of doubt; yet in this same journal he more than once is bitter in his characterization of Swedenborg, a "brain-sick man," first of all because that seer quenches the unquenchable fire and has a "low and grovelling" idea of heaven. The unprejudiced reader can only wonder how Wesley's zeal could so bewray his judgment.

It must be admitted that visions of another world have been seen by persons who were neither hysterical, epileptics, nor insane; who were at the time apparently dead to this world. The late "Warrenton," one of the coolest, keenest observers, a pre-eminently rational man, heard the dead talk and saw celestial visions the year before he died. As he said to the writer: "There is only a hedge between us here and those beyond." Is it possible that the life we call daily and rational is only mirage; that the true life, or the anticipation of it, is only in dreams and visions?

Toward the middle of the sixteenth century Raoul Spifame, Seigneur Des Granges, thought that he was Henry II., to whom he bore a striking resemblance. In his life he was reckoned mad. The King humored him, maintained him at last in one of his pleasure houses and allowed him to publish royal edicts which are still in existence. Raoul believed that his prison was only a dream, that his existence was only in dreams. As the sun went down, he would say: "We slept poorly this night. What troublesome dreams!" Perhaps he was not mad. Perhaps he was the true King.

Men and Things.

Any newspaper that might be called a teatable miscellany publishes gleefully tables of "interesting statistics." These tables are still inserted in plate matter sold to country newspapers. The reader is told how far the railroad tracks of the United States, if they were all joined together in a straight line, would go toward the planet Mars; how many pins can be put in a bushel basket; how many glasses of beer the largest Egyptian pyramid could hold, if it were all hollow; the number of sausage links manufactured yearly in Germany is stated accurately in English miles, etc., etc.

* * *

Mr. Falconer Madan in his book about the Oxford University Press gives some details concerning the Oxford English dictionary, edited by Dr. Murray. These details are described as "curious and engaging." Here is an example: the 28,273 columns of type that have already been set, "if piled end on end, would reach nearly 60 times as high as St. Paul's Cathedral, 70 times the height of the clock tower at Westminster, and 53 times the height of the Great Pyramid." Here is another: "The reading matter contained in the Oxford Dictionary would prove 8123 feet higher than Mont Blanc and only 5147 feet lower than Mt. Everest." "The purchaser of the dictionary receives for one penny one yard, one foot and eight inches odd of solid printed matter, 2½ inches wide, on excellent paper. It is estimated that there are 34,351,680 words in the dictionary to date."

To all this the appropriate answer is "Gee whiz!"

* * *

A new part of this dictionary including the words from "Reserve" to "Ribaldously" has just been published. The section as a whole is not so entertaining to the general reader as are many that precede it. The native English element is necessarily not extensive, and the great majority of the Latin or Romance words are compounds of "Re—."

Does an old meaning of "respectability," the meaning "importance," still hold good in New England? In 1817 Dwight wrote in his Travels: "The District of Maine is fitted to derive its respectability especially from fishing and commerce." It is a pleasure to find among the quotations illustrative of the general meaning of the word, one from Mr. G. B. Shaw's comedy, "You Never Can Tell." This shows a catholic taste.

The genteel person calls his house a residence and the real estate broker sympathizes with him in his choice of words; but "residence" is properly used to denote the abode of some person of rank or distinction, or a house of a superior kind, a mansion. The houses of our untitled aristocracy, the suddenly rich, great captains of industry are therefore residences.

Richard Grant White was much disturbed by persons that did not go to bed, but "retired." "Retire" was first used in this sense with the word "rest" or "bed." Thus Dryden: "Let him * * * to rest retire." The term was then used elliptically, and Fielding wrote indifferently: "She had taken leave of me to retire to rest" and "they retired all in the most perfect good humor." Dr. Holmes evidently agreed with White, for in "Elsie Venner" he wrote: "At an hour when most of the Rockland people had 'retired'; or in vulgar language, 'gone to bed.'"

* * *

The editor of this section does not countenance the derivation of restaurant from "res" and "taurus," a bully thing. It would appear that the first use of "restaurant" in French as an establishment where refreshments or meals may be obtained was in Paris in 1765. The first use in the English language was apparently in Cooper's "Prairie" (1827): "At the most renowned of the Parisian restaurans (sic)." The second quotation given in this dictionary is also from an American book, N. P. Willis's "Pencillings" (1835). The first quotation from an English book is from Sala's "Twice Round the Clock" (1859): "At these restaurants they give you things with French names." The intransitive verb, "to restaurate," is allowed, but it is a vile word. Burke spoke of restaurateurs, but he italicized it as French, while Thackeray used the word (in "Pendennis") as English. Tyndall wrote "restauration" as synonymous with "restaurant" and "restaurateur" was as early as 1804, also a synonym of restaurant.

"Ribaldously" is a good word. It is a pity that it is obsolete. "To scorn, to mock, and ribaldously to rail."

Under "Rialto" there is no allusion to the play-actors' use of this word to denote a specific stretch of Broadway, New York.

The origin of "rhino," money, is "unknown." Yet the term is an old one. In one of Shadwell's plays (1688) a character exclaims: "the ready, the rhino: thou shalt be rhinocerical, my lad."

"Rheumatiz" appears as vulgar and in dialect.

"Responsibility," the ability to answer in payment or means of paying contracts, is purely American; so is "respond" in the sense of giving satisfaction in damages.

As there is a class of horses called "resurrectionists"—they recover early form or become lively when they were supposed to be "all in"—so touchers up of old clothes are known to some as "revivers." "Reviver" as a stimulating drink is noted, but we miss the picturesque compound "corpse reviver"; perhaps it is to be found under "corpse."

This pleasant quotation from Whitlock's "Zootomia" (1654) is given under "rib," a person's wife: "I am confident a practising rib shall kill more than the jawbone of an ass; and a quacking Delilah than a valiant Samson."

July 24 1908

IN THE KITCHEN.

The restaurant waiters in Paris are again meditating a strike. This in itself is not important or unexpected news. These waiters are always either striking or about to strike. They are like the revolutionists in a republic of Central America. The cause of the strike in Paris may be a matter of detail in tips, a matter of wages, a matter of facial decoration, as to whether the waiter should wear a mustache or whiskers or be as hairless as Julius Caesar—it matters not; the strike is on, or soon to be declared, or just over.

This time, however, the projected strike has a distressing circumstance. A speaker at one of the meetings exclaimed with a ghastly smile of anticipated triumph: "Let us adopt new methods! Let us disclose the secrets of the restaurant kitchen! Let us tell the public on what fearful conditions its food is cooked, even in the best restaurants! Let us reveal how sauces are made even in first-class establishments! That will bring our employers to their knees!"

Possibly this fire-brand of a waiter has read the "Bab Ballads," in one of which an exasperated person threatens to tell what vol-au-vent is made of. There is not so much terror in disclosures concerning sauces as in the thought of what the meat or fish must be to demand the disguising sauce. The more piquant the sauce, the staler the fish. The threat to betray the "fearful conditions" of Parisian kitchens is more to the purpose.

No neat housekeeper willingly engages a cook that is near sighted or that takes snuff. Only an extraordinarily brave woman dares to pay an unexpected visit to her kitchen when a meal is preparing. We do not refer now to kitchens in tropical climes. There is the old story of the Scottish sugar planter of Mauritius who soon after arrival thought it his duty to investigate the kitchen. He came back sad and silent, and at once took a stiff dose of whiskey straight. "His spirits did not revive, a sober melancholy settled upon him, he withdrew himself from the society of his fellowmen, took to reading Dr. McGawke's sermons and eventually died young."

The wise housekeeper, even in northern latitudes, does not inquire too curiously into the preparation of a meal. She should have tolerance and faith. Only an exceedingly foolish person would wish to examine a restaurant or hotel kitchen. The mere sight of food in bulk would take away the appetite. Let it be granted that great care is exercised; that there is a resolute attempt at cleanliness; it may yet be said that a squeamish person would seldom eat with pleasure a meal cooked in his own house, if he had seen all the details of preparation. A man once said that he was sure of only one thing That came to him at table scrupulously clean: A fresh boiled egg. The poor wretch did not know that egg shells are porous.

Men and Things.

We are informed that the legs of the King of Italy are those of a 12-year-old child, from which we infer that they are not sculptural, but Italy is more fortunate than Spain, whose queens, according to long-established tradition at court, have no legs at all. The royal Italian legs are long enough to reach to the ground, and they would thus satisfy Lincoln if he were now alive, for when there was a dispute between him and Mr. Seward concerning the artistic merits of a statue, Lincoln made a memorable criticism, to which we now allude.

* * *

When this Italian King is seated he is said to make a remarkably fine appearance, but a monarch cannot always be sitting—not even on the country's cashbox. The Emperor Vespasian, who was given to jesting—and his humor was often of a low kind, as eavesdropping, keyhole-peeping Suetonius takes pains to tell us—painfully and fatally sick, cried out "An Emperor ought to die standing upright," and he died as he was endeavoring to rise.

The man with the short legs and handsome body has an advantage over the tall man when the two are seated. Years ago there was a picture illustrative of this observation in the professedly funny section of Harper's Monthly. The audience in a theatre kept shouting to a tall man near the stage: "Down in front!" The man was portrayed as saying: "Ladies and gentlemen: To show you that I was sitting down, I will now rise."

* * *

The name of Mrs. Pendergrast of New York city should be added to the list of women praised by Thomas Heywood. Her name might justly be put under the head of courtesy and also that of bravery. Aroused at 1:30 A. M. by a burglar on the fire escape, she did not scream in an unpleasant manner, nor did she faint. She said to him in conversational tones, and with only reasonable rhetorical emphasis: "I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are a burglar, and I want you to wait there until I can call police headquarters." Surely, no gentleman would have refused this request.

* * *

Mr. Henry S. Cooper, who died recently in New Haven, Ct., was known as "All Night Cooper," from the fact that he slept all day and was about town at night. James Albery, the playwright, wrote his own epitaph shortly before he died, and two of the lines were:

> He walked beneath the moon;
> He slept beneath the sun.

The playwright was given to crushing of cups and hearing the chimes. It was not sleeping by day that brought the premature end. Mr. Cooper lived to within one year of the time allotted to mortals by Moses in the prayer attributed to him. The abnormal distribution of daily routine seemed to agree with the New Haven-ite, whose example might be followed profitably by all of us in hot weather. The people of Aden were wise. When the heat was oppressive they opened the markets and bazaars only at night.

* * *

Why do young Germans in this country, or young German-Americans, resent bitterly the nickname "Dutchman"? It was so 40 years ago, when we went to the public schools, district, intermediate, grammar, in a western village of this commonwealth, where there were few Irish, French, Germans and no Italians, Swedes, Portuguese. "Frenchy" did not mind chaff, neither did "Mike," but if a boy were called "Hi, Dutchy," he was at once wild with rage. A few days ago a negro lad called Paul

Rossman of Mamaroneck, N. Y., a Dutchman, and the result was a row, at the end of which bullets were lodged in a human target.

* * *

Undertakers met socially some days ago in Boston and enjoyed themselves hugely. The annual convention of English undertakers was held not long ago at London. According to the Pall Mall Gazette they then adopted a code of ethics which is calculated to make them more popular, if the word may be allowed in connection with this trade. "All advertisements tending to loudness are to be discouraged; under which head will, no doubt, be included such appeals as 'Why live and pay income tax, when you can be buried for —— —?'" Touting and soliciting for funeral orders is also to be considered bad form, presumably either before or after the client is in need of Mr. Mould's services. And, finally, funeral exhibitions are to be held in future not oftener than once in three years. It is not absolutely certain that this decision will be universally popular. There are plenty of people who, if they cannot have a morgue, at least welcome any sort of show that is more or less in that lugubrious direction."

* * *

Our old friend the jettatore, the man with the evil eye—out West they call it "bad eye"—has turned up again. This time he is a Russian count "well known in St. Petersburg society." He was betrothed to a girl of queenly figure, ravishing beauty and brilliant mind, but she could not stand the baleful glare of her lover's eye, so she killed herself, and he is now in a monastery. It should here be said that a man with a glass eye may easily acquire the reputation of being a jettatore. The stare is intense; it may throw a sensitive person into a highly nervous state, until the wearer, with a smile, take it out and present it to her as a souvenir; but it is not lethal.

July 25

AN ORIENTAL ANSWER.

Some time ago Pierre Loti wrote a novel in which he attempted to show that the more intelligent oriental women are discontented with life in the harem and would fain escape from the gilded cages. It is an open secret that his heroines were drawn from living beings; that they longed for the activity of the ultra-modern French women who wish to be surgeons, judges, cab drivers and lawmakers.

An eastern woman who has lived and written in the "more civilized" west, Mme. Myriam Harry, has contributed an article to the Matin of Paris in which she insists that woman will soon become tired of her attempts to outstrip man; woman will soon realize that her wished-for freedom is spurious and a delusion, that the only freedom is relief from the worries of daily routine, from the fret and care of modern social life, and this freedom is found only in a domestic and retired "milieu," in the seclusion that the cabin, i. e., the harem, grants. Mme. Harry does not specify the attractions of harem life. She does not say, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote from Constantinople, that the Turkish women are freer than any in the world, and are "the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure, exempt from cares, their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing or the agreeable amusement of spending money and inventing new fashions," but, through the lips of an eastern princess, Mme. Harry describes the perfect peace of the harem, its tranquillity of soul, its perfect modesty. The attitude of the western man is incomprehensible to her. He allows his wife, whom he is supposed to love and cherish, to go in the streets unveiled. "Does a man cast away a precious object, an object he prizes, allowing it to be in the street?"

A contemporary of Lady Mary, knowing her reputa ion, might have asked her why she included bathing in the list of things to be desired. How could a woman be free who was a slave to water, soaps, towels and perfumes? This question might be put to Mme. Harry: "You have won fame by your novels. If you had passed your life in a harem, would you now be illustrious?" She might answer that her present fame is only the reward of long and slavish work; that she has known no freedom; that her eyes now see clearly for the first time. She might also say: "Let us not argue by making merely personal appeals."

Thus Mme. Harry sides with Lady Mary and Sir Richard Burton. Was it her intention as an oriental to reply to Loti, or, vexed by the undue clamor of Parisian women for a liberty that might lead to license, did she wish to oppose a sharp contrast? The Parisian woman might say: "Better a life that is checkered, but never dull." To which Mme. Harry would answer with a smile: "True freedom is found only in rest, in peace of mind, in fulfilling the simple duties of womanhood. Do not judge harem life by scenes in comic opera. Eastern wives and husbands are often devoted to each other, nor does the eastern husband look to the admiration of other men for confirmation of his own taste and judgment."

Men and Things.

Mr. Seymour Guthorn of New York city took a pair of trousers to the shop of one Joseph Wiener, a tailor, and asked that they be shortened an inch. Mr. Wiener, after learning that they were Seymour trousers, designed to go with a Seymour coat, said that half an inch was enough. Mr. Guthorn insisted that he knew exactly what he wanted. The argument proceeded until, as Mr. Wiener told the judge, Mr. Guthorn struck him in an authoritative manner on the nose.

It is possible to sympathize with both tailor and customer (or "client," to use the pretty language of the more genteel shops). It is a rare pleasure to find a tailor who has fixed ideas about his art and does not look on it merely as an empirical pursuit. On the other hand we salute Mr. Guthorn as a strong man among wabblers and those of weak hams. The average citizen lends an anxious ear to the tailor's edict concerning a suit. He feebly says: "I want it right; of course you know better than I whether the coat is correct." Thus is he like clay in the hands of the potter. His body is finally suited to the clothes.

* * *

We read in the latest number of Mercure de France an account of a play, "The Three Masks," by Charles Mere, which was produced at the Theatre Mevisto, Paris, and as we have seen no mention of it in American or English journals, we do not hesitate to describe the uncommon plot. A Corsican peasant is in love with a neighboring maid, who will soon give birth to a child. This peasant Atonio would gladly marry her, but his father looks down on the girl and her family and compels him to leave home as a soldier. Antonio is on the eve of departure. He has promised his sweetheart that he will see her before he goes, and although he is warned by an old servant, who fears the vengeance of the girl's three brothers, he keeps his appointment.

It is on the night of a festival, the traditional festival of the Maskers. Singing and sounds of mirth are heard in the distance. A gun is fired. The old servant has a presentment. No, nothing can have happened to Antonio. And now maskers enter and ask to pay respects to Antonio's father, the master of the house. There are four of them; a sort of head devil, Harlequin, Scapin and a Pierrot, who is apparently tired with feasting; he seems half asleep and is supported by two of the maskers. The master welcomes them. There is much drinking. Three of the maskers play ingenious tricks and mock in a most diverting manner Pierrot, who is now surely fast asleep in a chair. At last the master is ready to go to bed and the three maskers withdraw. The girl enters. "Where is Antonio?" He is to leave her and she has not seen him. She asks the old servant. But there is Pierrot still sleeping and with his mask. They try to awaken him that he may hurry after his companions. Pierrot sleeps the more soundly. They pull off the mask. Antonio sits there, livid, dead.

* * *

In the same issue of Mercure de France (July 1) there is an interesting article on Christian Science by Charlotte Chabrier-Rieder. One or two of the statements may seem extravagant to American readers. "The day that she made the little city of Concordia (sic) her dwelling place, the population became a million." "Richly dressed, literally armored with jewels and precious stones, she lives in a magnificent house, which her admirers are constantly embellishing, too happy if for sole recompense they see their idol passing in a carriage drawn by thoroughbred trotters."

* * *

As this day seems favorable to quotation, we call attention to a letter addressed from the Gold Coast not long ago to the Oxford University Press:

"Having heard your recommendation from a certain friend of mine that you are a general or magnanimously Medical publications. Hence in desire or Craving your indulgence in order to forward me your Special Medical Manuals which Consist of the Assorted Medicene. Such as, a Medecine for Education. Please the main object which induces me to draw your extraordinary attention is this, that I have a son by named—being a third Standard, the age is 23 years now; But he is too much heavy mind with stupid as I could not compare him to anyone in our Gold Coast here. Being as am a gentleman by every one's known, should I not endeavor to find a good medicine for my son to become a fine or purest schorlar, the properties of mine will be in vain or In other respects the son will be in vanity. So long as this promulgated names has had in our G. C. here I think there will be no hesitation and dispatch as above stated, early as quick as possible, so as to enable me to forward you my Indent very Shortly. But scholars are plenty in negro land and there is a least distinction of knowing better. These are being required as follows, viz. (1) Memory Training—(2) Pomades Oils. (3) Charms and any Pills kind of such medicine had at your site. No fail and oblige. Wishing you Continued success

I am Yours Affectionately.

N. B. Please if any medecine for Eye's sore or dim eye Kindly send me the price together with."

July 26 1908

PREJUDICE IMPAIRS MUSIC DICTIONARY

Grove's Fourth Volume, Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland, Lacks Proportion.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The fourth volume of the new edition of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," edited by Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, was published recently by the Macmillan Company. The volume contains articles from "Quadrille" to "Szymanowska," inclusive. There are 25 full-page portraits.

A review of this volume appeared in the New Music Review of New York for August. The reviewer says: "The same faults may be found with it by those who are disposed to fault-finding—its emphasis on all things and men English, musicians, composers, historical events. The perspective is English, and it would be unreasonable to expect it to be otherwise in a book made by Englishmen chiefly for English and English-speaking readers. There will also be found, no doubt, a number of minor errors and certain points in which the material has not been so closely kept up to date as it could be wished. To be otherwise the book would necessarily be a product of almost superhuman intelligence. It must be recognized to be, as it stands, however, the best musical dictionary that has ever been compiled—the fullest in scope, the most authoritative, on the whole, and surely the most interesting."

This is high praise. Unfortunately, it is not justified.

There are a great many errors in statements of fact in the four volumes that have been published.

There are many unaccountable omissions, some of which may reasonably be attributed to the prejudices and the bigotry of the editor, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland.

There is throughout the four volumes a fine sense of disproportion.

As a whole the Dictionary is not so authoritative as the "Musik-Lexikon" by Dr. Hugo Riemann, a far less pretentious and a much less expensive work. As far as the biographical articles are concerned, Grove's Dictionary, with the exception of a few lives, as that of Schubert by the late Sir George Grove, is not so generally interesting as the Biographical Dictionary of Musicians by Fetis, with the supplement by Pougin.

The excuse that the "perspective is English" is lame and impotent. Fetis wrote his dictionary in French. No doubt he and his publisher thought that the majority of the purchasers would be Frenchmen and Belgians. Riemann's dictionary is written in German. In neither instance is there evidence of a parochial or chauvinistic spirit. The title of this English book is "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians"; it is not "Grove's Dictionary of English Music, English Orthodox Musicians, with Articles Concerning the Music and Musicians of Other Countries."

The title of this dictionary should now be somewhat as follows: "Fuller Maitland's Dictionary of Music (as it seems good to Him) and Musicians Approved or Countenanced by Him."

It is true that no elaborate dictionary of music and musicians will be free from errors. It is to be expected that there will be some mistakes in dates and in other statements of fact. Typographical errors, especially in dates, will be overlooked by the most careful contributor, editor and proof reader. It is often difficult to state accurately dates of births and deaths that occurred within the last half century. Contemporaneous newspapers or journals of music will confuse the investigator by contradictions or mislead him by positive and erroneous statements.

There is no excuse however for the blunder in the article on Charles Reade by E. Heron-Allen, published in this fourth volume. The great novelist, ingenious playwright and entertaining disputant is here introduced because he was interested for years in fiddles. Mr. Heron-Allen says: "He (Reade) devoted much time to the study of violin construction, and—as his sons put it—acquired 'as keen a scent for the habitat of a rare violin, as the truffle dog for fungus beneath the roots of the trees.'"

Pray what was the name of Charles Reade's wife? When did he marry her? What names were given to the sons in baptism? John and Henry, or Peter and Eugene? Mr. Heron-Allen was for a time acquainted with the stage and stage-women. Did he never hear of Mrs. Seymour, the accomplished play-actress and faithful friend of Reade? The intimacy of play-actress and playwright was known to all, yet it was without scandal. Enemies of Reade—and he had a wholesome delight in making enemies—said that he did not marry her because he would then be obliged to give up his college fellowship. Others insisted that Mrs. Seymour was unwilling to marry Reade lest she should thereby lose his friendship.

Reade may have had sons, but they were and are as nameless as Walt Whitman's mysterious children, to whom Mr. Bliss Perry alludes with a pleasure that seems ghoulish to Messrs. Horace Traubel and Isaac Hull Platt. Reade had nephews, and they wrote about him.

Let us look at a few omissions in this volume of Grove's Dicsionary.

In the article "Quintet" there is mention of quintets by Brahms, Dvorak and Dohnanyi, but there is no allusion to Cesar Franck's quintet for piano and strings, the noblest work of this species in the literature of music. It is not to be expected that Mr. Corder, the writer of the article, would praise Franck's quintet, but he might at least mention it. Possibly he did not know it.

"Raif." Oskar Raif, a celebrated piano teacher, wrote a piano concerto which has been published and performed. No mention is made of Raif as a composer.

"Requiem." Stanford's, Henschel's, Sgambati's are named among modern requiem masses. The requiems by Bruneau, Gabriel Faure and Dvorak are ignored. Verdi's is described as "a masterpiece in its way." Here I recognize the contemptuous voice of the editor. Verdi's "Stabat Mater" is not mentioned in the list of settings of music to the poem, but we are assured that Mr. Ernest Walker's, "still in MS.," is "important."

Grove's Dictionary knows nothing about a French composer named Ravel except to mention him in a list of song writers, but there is a column about William Rea, who as organist to the corporation of Newcastle-on-Tyne and also of three churches in succession, "worked hard to diffuse a taste for good music, though he met with less encouragement than his labors and enthusiasm deserved." We are also told that William Rea—do not confound this distinguished man with Samuel Roay—gave weekly organ and piano recitals. It's a wonder that his programmes are not printed in full.

Less than a column is given to Max Reger, but a list of his works at the time the article was sent in is added.

There is no sketch of Mr. Rowbotham, whose history of music and account of the troubadours certainly entitle him to recognition in a work of this character. It is a pleasure to note under "Roze" that Marie Roze was married to Henry Mapleson. When Mapleson came to the United States as the husband of Laura Schirmer he took pains to deny his first marriage, although on a former visit he had proudly introduced the charming Marie as his lawful wife.

There is no sketch of Mr. Runciman, one of the most brilliant of modern writers concerning music. This I can understand. Mr. Fuller Maitland has no love for his former colleague Mr. Runciman, nor had he for the late Vernon Blackburn. Both Mr. Runciman and Mr. Blackburn took delight in dwelling on Mr. Fuller Maitland's peculiarities as critic and as editor of certain musical works. Mr. Fuller Maitland, after all,

is [illegible]. He [illegible] more than once as [illegible] of this dictionary.

There is no reference in the article "Saint Huberty" to Edmond de Goncourt's brilliant biography of this remarkable singer.

The list of Saint-Saens' literary works is incomplete. No one would gain an idea of the versatility of Saint-Saens from reading the article.

There is no mention of the death of Rosine Stoltz. "No more was heard of her," says the writer, "excepting the fact of her successive marriages to a baron and two foreign princes." "No more"—excepting that on one fine day she up and died.

When Sir George Grove's famous life of Schubert, which is still the best life of that composer, was published in the first edition of the Dictionary an exhaustive catalogue of Schubert's compositions was added to it. This catalogue, for some inexplicable reason, is now omitted. The revision by Mr. W. H. Hadow, the author of two or three solemn and orthodox volumes about music, will not console the reader for the loss of the catalogue.

Mr. Heron-Allen, the intrepid discoverer of Charles Reade's sons, and also the author of books on palmistry and fiddles adds to Mr. Corder's article on Quartet. Mr. Corder is bold enough to say that the opening of Mozart's Sixth Quartet, dedicated to Haydn, "will always sound harsh from the false relations in the second and fourth bars." Oh, will it? Oh, does it? Mr. Corder has sensitive ears. No wonder that while he mentions string quartets by Bargiel, Rheinberger and other persons who wrote music by rule of thumb he knows not the existence of quartets by Debussy, Franck, Borodin, Tschaikowsky, Gabriel Faure, d'Indy. No mention need apply. A singularly inadequate article! Mr. Corder even ignores his own fellow-countryman, Cyril Scott.

Gustave Chouquet's article on Rossini, excellent as it is in biographical detail, hardly does justice to the great genius of the composer.

Mr. Fuller Maitland has allotted 5½ columns to Richard Strauss. Thirty-three columns are given to Spontini, whose life is written by the late and laborious Spitta. Mr. Fuller Maitland may say in defence of this specimen of woful disproportion: "Yes, but I wrote the article on Richard Strauss myself." If this article were not signed, the authorship would be suspected. How grudging the editor is in his praise of Strauss' indisputable talent! How lovingly he administers the rod of chastisement! He finds the humor of "Till Eulenspiegel" "rather grewsome," though on the whole "real." "At this point the composer seems to have fully realized the fact that his eccentricities of style were a great attraction to the public, and to have considered it his duty to startle his hearers with some new piece of independence (not to say impertinence) with each successive production." Strauss has given successive blows to "the old ideals of beauty, grace and fitness." "About the middle of the 'Domestic Symphony' there is a section that is sonorous and more melodious than the rest, and, as many people find it pleasant to listen to, no more need be said." He admits that there is "plenty of passion" in "Salome," and "there is no doubt that on the average hearer it produces a sense of nausea." What strong stomachs thousands of hearers in Germany, France and Italy must have! By the way, has Mr. Fuller Maitland ever been present at a performance of "Salome"? We learn from him (page 503) that in 1895 Mr. Arthur Somervell, by his "Forsaken Mermaid," "took a position among the most accomplished composers of the day." He also writes enthusiastically about Miss Ethel Smyth for a colmun and a half.

Not only does Mr. Fuller Maitland insinuate that Strauss in "Salome" was inclined to be pornographic; he writes: "As his forthcoming opera, 'Elektra,' has been stated, on good authority, to contain points that will offend, or at least surprise, the most hardened admirers of 'Salome,' there is no injustice in mentioning this as the primary object of the compositions." Prophecy in the guise of criticism may be allowed in newspaper articles; it has no place in an "authoritative" encyclopedia. This article on Strauss is enough to prove Mr. Fuller Maitland's eminent unfitness as editor of Grove's Dictionary and as a contributor to it. As the Daily Telegraph of London well remarks, this article shows "a lamentable lack of balanced judgment."

The long article on "Song" is by Mrs. Edmond Wodehouse. Justice is done to certain modern Frenchmen, as Franck (who, though a Belgian by birth, is reckoned among Frenchmen), Gabriel Faure, Debussy and others, though it is unfair to lump together Chausson, De Breville and Duparc with the mediocre Hillemacher brothers and Vidal. Alvarez is not mentioned in the list of modern Spanish song writers, nor is Brogi's name to be found among modern Italian composers. Mrs. Wodehouse includes "Smareglio," a misprint no doubt for "Smareglia," who by the way is not thought worthy of an article in this volume though Riemann's "Lexikon" contains a sketch of him. The Christian name of Delius (page 609) is Frederick, not "Fritz." The article on songs of the United States is unsatisfactory. The old error that America "owed her first awakening to music" to Puritan settlers is jauntily repeated. Mrs. Wodehouse is evidently unacquainted with Mr. Sonneck's books, for she does not mention them in her "Bibliography." Songs by Mr. Walter Damrosch and Mrs. Beach are classed together as "refined and well written." Among other well known American composers of songs are "Apthorp, Spalding and E. Finck." Perhaps Mrs. Wodehouse has volumes of songs by these distinguished American composers on her piano. She praises highly the songs of Hugo Wolf, but finds that Strauss and Reger have "realized the aesthetic value of complexity and ugliness," yet she admits that every resource in musical art is at their command. Mrs. Wodehouse has nothing to say under "France" or "The United States" about the wondrous songs of Charles Martin Loeffler.

Mr. Krehbiel wrote the short article on Sousa. He might have given the titles of Sousa's most famous marches and also the titles of his operettas, with dates of first performance.

Dr. Parry's article on the Symphony is as ponderous as the one on the sonata. He ignores Franck's symphony, the two by Vincent d'Indy, and those by Borodin.

Mr. Fuller Maitland's article on a most important subject, "Symphonic Poems," contains 27 lines. Even in this short space he contrives to be flippantly, contemptuously prejudiced. Judge the truth of this statement from this one quotation: "At present it would seem that the absence of any recognizable design in the composition is considered essential to success."

There is much that is valuable in this volume, as in the preceding three. The defects are many and most serious. To quote the Daily Telegraph again: "It is a thousand pities that in a book which for the greatest benefit should be entirely free from partiality there should be exhibited so great an amount of that undesirable attribute and of reactionary bias." I quote from the Daily Telegraph because it is published in London, where "the perspective is English," as the New Music Review puts it.

This edition of Grove's Dictionary should have a sub-title: "Compiled for the Pleasure of Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, English Choir Masters and Doctors of Music, and the British Matron."

MONOCHROMATIC DINNERS.

Articles with reference to the dinners of the coming winter are published every summer in newspapers. Suggestions are made in the endeavor to break the established uniformity, to group congenial guests, to change the established and hideous routine of dishes from grape fruit or raw oysters to coffee. Not long ago an elaborate supper was given in New York in honor of a young woman. The meal might as well have been called a dinner, but this is immaterial. A "red supper" was provided; that is to say, all the dishes served were of a red color, from tomato soup to strawberry shortcake, raspberry ice and watermelon. The practice of having a monochromatic scheme for a dinner is now recommended to "society folk in exclusive summer resorts." "Exclusive"—how this word is now overworked!

The idea of a red supper was ingenious, but the idea of a monochromatic scheme for a dinner was not new or original with the giver. The bored hero of Huysmans' "A Rebours" bethought himself of a dinner at which only dark and sombre dishes and beverages were served. He was gloomy at the time; his thoughts were of the charnel-house, and he wished his guests to dine with him in sympathetic mood. We forget the character and the order of the dishes, nor do we remember whether a skeleton was passed about the table as the mummy reminded dining Egyptians that they, too, were mortal. The description can easily be found and the book is well worth reading and rereading. Any one can as easily draw up a bill of fare for his own black dinner, and thus amuse himself and take pleasure in his ingenuity.

We suggest at random a few dishes: Caviare, black bean soup (there should be a little rum in it, and the best black bean soup takes three days in the making), fried liver and sausages, mushrooms on toast, venison (condemned by Robert Burton and other ancients as a dark and melancholy meat), plum pudding, chocolate ice cream, Hamburg grapes. For drinks there should be porter, Greek wine, coffee. Strike out the venison, Hamburg grapes and Greek wine, and this meal will be within reach of the economically disposed, of the toiling masses, of the complaining millions of men. It may be said in objection that the dinner we have named would be indigestible. Of course it would be; a black dinner should lie heavily on the stomach and set the liver a-groaning. But how appropriate it would be to many occasions; how it would suit the character of many hosts and guests who cannot put aside formality. The more flippant may contrive a yellow scheme, beginning with pumpkin soup and ending with pumpkin pie and yellow chartreuse, or they may fall back on the red scheme, which admits probably the greatest variety. For a solemn winter feast—and winter is the season of seasons for dining in state—black is the only wear. The men should wear no discordant shirt studs and sleeve buttons; nearly every woman looks well in black. There would then be complete harmony in costume, dishes and conversation. An engraving of Rembrandt Peale's "Court of Death" should be the most conspicuous picture in the dining room. "The Death Bed of Daniel Webster" is too gay.

July 27 1908

AT HONOLULU.

After the parade of the American sailors at Honolulu, "200 girls appeared, their arms laden with leis or garlands of flowers with which they decorated the men, placing them about their shoulders and around their heads. This attention pleased the bluejackets mightily and the girls were most enthusiastically cheered." Surely if ever a sailor has been tempted to desert his battleship on this cruise, it was at Honolulu, where the climate lulls to delightful inaction, where maidens long famous for their beauty show friendliness and courtesy in an exquisitely delicate manner. It would seem, then, that civilization with all its horrors of useful inventions and practical appliances for "comfort," "education" and "fine behavior" has not wholly broken the charm of life among the Sandwich Islanders.

Reading the description of this reception, we are reminded of the romantic days on the islands of the Pacific. With Herman Melville we leave the whaler to live in the Typee valley, to take part in the feast of calabashes and watch the dances of the Marquesan girls. The enchanting Fayaway and her companions anoint themselves with aka and wear their gala costume: the necklace of flowers, the woven garland on the head, the short tunic of spotless white tappa. We voyage with Capt. Cook and landing on Tahiti hear the haunting song droned after sunset:

> Te oowa ne te maiama,
> Te oowa te beenarro.

The old men tell us that the trees of Tahiti are those that clothe the slopes of the mountains of the moon. And when the vessel enters a harbor of the Society Islands young women of perfect beauty swim about the ship and laugh as the waves would fain embrace them. The world went very well then. Nor did Capt. Cook look forward to a shabby death, the result of a petty theft of a pair of tongs and a chisel.

Yet it was perhaps better for Cook to die on a far-off isle than to drag out feeble years at Gateshead, remembering adventurous days, longing for bread-fruit—and the pepper of New Zealand that intoxicates. Mr. Edmond Pilon has written a charming sketch, "Mistress Cook ou les Heures d'Attente," in which he describes the wife of the sailor, waiting his return, welcoming him, disheartened when he told with gusto the story o[illegible] One day when he was a[illegible] [illegible]tallion Vice [illegible] Andr[illegible] walked together in the little garden. "My dear," she said, "I have planted tobacco for you." His eyes glistened: "Tobacco here is not so good as the tobacco over there." And he said this not knowing that he cut her to the quick. What sailor garlanded at Honolulu will hereafter be wholly content in the American town that he has called his home?

Men and Things.

Our old friend, the Wild Man, who now emerges from the forests of Maine to frighten children on their way to school, and now groans dismally in a hillside cave in Connecticut, has been for years without a mate. We learn with a peculiar pleasure that a wild woman has been captured in the thickets of Gregg county, Tex. Clad only in a short woollen garment, she carries a bag of nuts, herbs and roots. The wild folk in the United States, if the descriptions published in the newspapers are trustworthy, follow the dietetic rules of modern and extreme thinkers. This possibly accounts for their wildness.

* * *

The Herald has received the following letter:

Boston, July 24, 1908.

Men and Things—I am one of those unfortunate beings characterized by "our best people" as tradesmen. I am peculiarly unfortunate in that I am obliged to stick to my shop throughout the summer, with the exception of a week or a fortnight, and am easy prey to the summer bore. For a month I have been visited daily at my place of business by a man who works only forty weeks in the year. He enters with the madding formula: "I know this is your slack season, so I thought I'd drop in for a friendly call." He is rarely sober; he is generally half-shot; he is sometimes overcome. As my desk is near the street door, he finds easily a chair. There he sits. It matters not whether he has a wise numb, or whether he chatters, maunders on. There is little variety in his mode of expression, and his subjects for conversation are few. I say conversation, though my own reticence that would chill a self-respecting man reduces talk to a monologue.

Mr. Bolivar—let us assume that his name is Bolivar, Henry P. Bolivar—comes into the shop at precisely 12:30, a man of regular habits. We have therefore utilized the inevitability of Bolivar in a practical way, as becomes a locality sacred to thrift and to the task of making every string draw. It is with us not vulgarly "half past twelve" or "a quarter to one," but rather "nearly Bolivar," "quarter past Bolivar" and so on. This intellectual feat is of a kind with the utilization of sewage or the conversion of old shirts into grape sugar.

But how shall I get rid of Bolivar? Yesterday I sneaked out at noon and did not return till 2 P. M. He came in on time and expressed his surprise that I should neglect business.

LEONIDAS L. SMITH.

You might invite sealed proposals for delivery from Bolivar, or don false whiskers and tell him that Mr. Smith has sailed for Dalmatia to lay in the winter's stock. This information would puzzle him.

* * *

We read in a newspaper that shoes should be fitted only in the afternoon, when human feet are spread to their utmost capacity. Never buy ready-made shoes, never be measured for a last in the morning, otherwise you will be like the unfortunate who figures in the fragment preserved in the negro minstrel anthology:

> "The rain was falling hard.
> The old man stood in the street.
> His aged eyes were full of tears,
> His shoes were full of feet."

Does any man wear shoes today that may be put on without regard to the left or right foot? Dr. Johnson in a note to Shakespeare's "King John" remarked: "He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot." Were Johnson's boots thus amiable? We remember nothing in Boswell's "Life" about them.

* * *

The caddie on links is frequently a nuisance. Sometimes he is in the way of the ball and you recompense him for the loss of an eye; sometimes you are forced to suspect him of selling the balls that he cannot find; often you are sure that he guys your playing in the presence of his vulgar companions. Now, the

...e means primarily, we have ...formed, an errand boy. His use-...ness shou d not be restricted to links. On an extremely hot day, a muggy, sticky day, he might follow you within ...ailing distance bearing a supply of fresh collars and cuffs. Does your collar as you walk wilt to a thing of pulpy horror? Signal him. Then go into a doorway and mako tho change. If you have the mineral water habit, he might shadow you with a basket of bottles. There are a dozen ways in which he might be a help in timo of trouble.

* * *

Dr. William Windsor, "vitosophist," phrenologist and physician, has been lecturing in Spokane. From accounts given in the Statesman Review we should infer that he is a remarkable man. According to his theory, every human being has the characteristics of some fruit. Thus a "leading citizen" or a member of "an exclusive club" may be a lemon, and to say that this or that woman is a peach is not mere idle slang; there is profound meaning in the comparison. Dr. Windsor says he has a sister with all the "proclivities of a pineapple," and that his friends, without any idea of flattering him, swear that he himself is a strawberry. Strawberry blonde? "If you kiss a person with any pronounced characteristic," says this deep thinker, "you will be able to distinguish the fruit by the taste, and this is borne out by the shape of the person's head." There are men whose heads run to a peak. We should like to hear from the eminent vitosophist on this subject. He is not a man of only one theory. On Wednesday he lectures on "How to Become Rich." On Thursdays on "Health." "By the head he will tell what precautions in the way of bodily care should be taken." He makes no charge for his lectures, which shows that he is moved solely by a spirit of philanthropy. Could he not be persuaded to give a Lowell course here next winter?

* * *

Mr. John D. Rockefeller's clergyman says that he will preach to him right from the shoulder, as he would preach to any man. This is the kind of preaching Mr. Rockefeller likes. John Wesley entered in his journal, March 23, 1743: "I met a gentleman in the street, cursing and swearing in so dreadful a manner that I could not but stop him. He soon grew calmer, told me he must treat me with a glass of wine; and that he would come and hear me; only he was afraid I should say something against fighting of cocks."

Jun 28 1908

DENTISTS IN COUNCIL.

Mr. Mataich Kithita of Japan passed recently in Boston the state board of registry in dentistry, and said to a reporter that his ambition was to be, after further study, dentist to his Emperor and a benefactor to his own people. He glories in his profession. May he adorn it! He could not probably be made to understand why many, even in these enlightened days, look down on the profession, and those in it, that are useful to the community.

There have been famous American dentists in foreign courts. Dr. Evans of Paris, who, undoubtedly, saved the life of the Empress Eugenie after Sedan was known by reputation to all. Twenty-five years ago American society in Berlin was led by two dentists, two rival houses; for the American minister at that time was a plain man who did not care for display, and had little social charm. One of these dentists was high in favor for many years at court, and was treated by Bismarck and others with the respect that they showed any distinguished man in an art or profession. An American dentist in Dresden at that time was welcome at the courts of that city and of Vienna. Richard Wagner was his warm friend, and the young Siegfried was often cared for in this dentist's home, not as a patient, but as a guest. The dentist of Humbert, King of Italy, and his beautiful wife, was an American, and he was highly esteemed by his royal and aristocratic patients.

In this country the dentist and the corn doctor were for years looked on as useful men when they were proficient, necessary to comfort and health, but men whose calling set them apart and made them inferior to merchants and manufacturers. "Dentist," as a term of reproach, was like unto the French word for grocer. Yet the "epicier" was after all human; he was often prosperous; he again and again proved that he was brave and patriotic; nor was he always crassly ignorant or a Philistine in matters of art and literature.

The prejudice that is still found against dentists in this country, unreasonable, foolish as it now seems, was not in the beginning wholly causeless. Dentistry was not classed as a science or an art; the methods for saving teeth were primitive and often ineffective; the dentist was known chiefly as an extractor by main strength, or as a maker of false teeth that did not always fit. The men that adopted this calling were often without general education; their manners were rough or artificial; they had no opportunity or desire for self-improvement. They accepted their lot and endeavored to make as much money as they could for their consolation.

It is far different today. The profession is recognized by other professions. In almost every town of any size there are dentists of general education and of special skill. The standard of proficiency and behavior is high and jealously maintained, and this standard is admired and envied throughout the world.

Men and Things.

When a school teacher in Pennsylvania sued the principal for assault and battery because he kissed her at recess against her will (see The Herald June 24), the lawyer for the defendant argued that it was no crime to kiss her, and asked the jury confidentially "What are school teachers for?" We learn from the Topeka Daily Capital that another sort of teacher is required for school district No. 21, located west of North Topeka. Mr. Harper, a member of the school board, called on his colleague, Mr. William Van Orsdol, "well known in educational circles over the country," and told him that he was not satisfied with the teachers of the past five or six years, for they had not been able to control the pupils. "What we want this year is a schoolmarm well past middle age who has been disappointed in love not less than three times; and when she corrects a pupil, that pupil will be compelled to lean up against the wall when he recites. No teacher who rules by love and kindness need apply for the position."

Mr. Harper does not seem to know that a "schoolmarm" who has been disappointed in love not less than three times is not a bit discouraged. Hope springs eternal in that teacher's breast! "Middle age" has nothing to do with it.

* * *

High standards of art are still maintained in the West. A theatrical company played for several days under a tent at Palisade, Col. The manager did not advertise in the newspapers or give any patronage to local merchants. "Editor Clint Martin wrote a scathing article touching on this phase of the matter." The comedians, angererd, bombarded the office of the Palisade Weekly Tribune with rocks, so that window panes were smashed and "some of the equipment" was damaged. The office was thereafter guarded by men with rifles. The townsfolk became so indignant with the players because they did not submit gracefully to judicious and scholarly criticism that the company left Palisade to play at Rifle—an inauspicious name for a queer show.

* * *

The Denver Times publishes important news received from its correspondent at Lincoln, Neb. A wind storm revealed the fact that a young woman had worked in cord thread on her stockings at the ankle portraits of Washington, Taft and Bryan. "A woman friend made inquiry of the blushing damsel and learned that many girls in Lincoln are guilty of the same delightful fad." "Blushing" is only a rhetorical flourish. There was no occasion for the young woman to blush. But why both Taft and Bryan? And of what size are the portraits?

* * *

Art is respected also at Nanticoke, Pa. A "lady dancer" appeared in an entertainment. The discovery was soon made that she was a man with tights stuffed with straw. "Indignant at the deception, the crowd swarmed on the stage, stripped the man to the skin and set fire to tho curves and the costume." The tent ropes were cut and there was an indiscriminate whacking of heads. When Miss Isadora Duncan and Miss Maud Allan dance there cannot possibly be any deception.

* * *

An old case has come up again. Mrs. Rosa Pidzza of Monongahela, Pa., took a $20 bill from her husband's pocket and kept it. He swore out a warrant for her arrest. The county commissioners now refuse to pay the price of a transcript sent to court from the town of the high constable. They say that according to law a woman cannot steal from her husband. Why cannot there be uniform and final legislation on this point, so that the old jests and anecdotes may disappear forever?

* * *

One of the new clauses of the English children's bill inserted in committee is as follows: "Sentence of death shall not be pronounced on or recorded against a child (under 14) or young person (between 14 and 16), but in lieu thereof the court shall sentence the child or young person to be detained during his majesty's pleasure." Two boys, one 8 years old, the other 9, were tried at Liverpool for murder in 1891. They drowned a playmate for his clothes, and were acquitted on the ground of infancy. There is a strange case reported in Foster's "Crown Cases." A boy of 10 years was convicted in 1748 for the murder of a 5-year-old girl and was sentenced to death by Lord Chief Justice Willes, who respited execution to get the opinion of the other judges. He hoped to get his own judgment reversed, but the other judges, weighing the atrocity of the crime, could not upset the conviction. Reprieves on one pretext or another were sent in; at last the chief justice determined to leave the boy to his fate, but again execution was respited by warrant from one of the secretaries of state. Nine years after the conviction the boy was pardoned "upon condition of his entering immediately into the sea service."

* * *

Mr. K. J. Nackad, a Syrian living in Atlanta, Ga., has true courage: he pulled his mother-in-law's back hair "until her neck was red." He had done everything for her. He had smuggled her into the United States through Mexico because she could not enter New York on account of her sore eyes; he had put up with her abuse and nagging; he even forgave her when she went to New York and came back, although he had provided her with a ticket to Syria; at last he lost patience. Pulling a mother-in-law's hair in Atlanta is reckoned to be an amusement worth $5.75. But the recorder sympathized with the Syrian, even when he fined him.

July 29, 1908

"UNCLE SAM."

Mr. Albert Matthews is known in Boston as an antiquarian with a purpose. The subjects of his researches are of general interest and the published results of his investigations are entertaining and of permanent value. His intelligence and patience in investigation are equalled by the discrimination shown in the acceptance and rejection of testimony. He does not start with a predetermined theory and then twist facts or ignore them to support it. Examining into the use of the words "servant" and "help" in early New England days, or into the origin of "Yankee" and "Brother Jonathan," collecting material concerning the origin of the text and tune of "Yankee Doodle," he is concerned only with the truth.

Mr. Matthews' inquiry into the origin of "Uncle Sam," as a nickname for the United States government is now reprinted in pamphlet form from the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society. The explanation given in the books of reference is as follows: After the war of 1812 was declared against England, Elbert Anderson of New York, a contractor, purchased a large quantity of provisions at Troy, N. Y., where the inspectors were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter was invariably known as "Uncle Sam." The casks of beef, pork, etc., were marked "E. A.—U. S." A workman who did the marking was asked what the letters meant. The letters "U. S." for United States were then almost wholly new to the workmen, and the marker said in joke, he did not know, unless the letters stood for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam.

The testimony in support of this origin would seem plausible to an ordinary investigator, but Mr. Matthews is not convinced. He proves that the nickname Uncle Sam did not make its appearance until the war was half over; that there is no trace of the story until 1842; that when the obituary notices of Samuel Wilson were published in the Troy newspapers (1854), not one of them connected the dead man with Uncle Sam; that the statement "the letters U. S. for United States were then almost entirely new" is absolutely false; that early evidence strongly points to another conclusion; "the apparent fact that the nickname was at first used somewhat derisively does not tend to confirm the popular yarn."

Other explanations are as follows: That the term was used in a verse of "Yankee Doodle," possibly written beforc 1824, though the statement that it was printed thirty-five years before that date is not proved; that the sobriquet was "merely a jocular extension of the letters U. S." The Troy Post in 1813 said "the letters U. S. on the government waggons, etc., are supposed to have given rise to it" (the sobriquet), and in the same year a communication from Burlington, Vt., was published in the Columbian Centinel: "The pretence is that Uncle Sam, the now popular explication of the U. S., does not pay well." This one thing is certain: the nickname originated in the course of the war of 1812.

Not the least entertaining pages of Mr. Matthews' pamphlet are those in which he discusses nicknames given to politicians in the course of American history. He comes to the conclusion that if political warfare is now less abusive than it was a century ago, it is distinctly less picturesque. "Is it possible that in the matter of nicknames, we Americans have lost our inventive capacity?" Mr. Bryan is known both seriously and ironically as "The Peerless One." Mr. Taft is as yet only popularly known as "Billy." The peculiarly appropriate nicknames for the two candidates are yet to be found. Perhaps a money prize might spur invention.

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letters:

Boston, July 28, 1908.

Men and Things:

I have observed from time to time your interest in the behavior of wild men, whether they were cave dwellers and scantily clad or irreproachable in swallow tail coat at dinner or reception. I have also observed that the strange proceedings of wives, widows and spinsters who might be reckoned among wild fowl have also attracted your philosophic and sociological attention. I am therefore the more surprised that you have not commented on the story of Leppo, a wild man from Borneo, who, crazed by lightning at McDonald, Pa., tore a negro with his teeth, after he had just eaten heartily his luncheon of rattlesnakes. The said Leppo ran about wildly in the tent until he was felled with a fenco stake and chained.

R. B. A.

* * *

We read the story, sir, but we do not believe in snap-shot, would-be-contemporaneous comment and Mr. Leppo's unadvertised performance was only three days ago. The statement that he came from Borneo made for deliberation. The books say that there is a fine crop of wild men yearly on the island, and they are exported with tobacco, sugar cane, cotton, rice, sago, heeswax, camphor, gold, dia-

monds and coal. Yet we recall the fact that the most celebrated of these wild men of Borneo was born in Massachusetts and died in the commonwealth not long ago. Nor is it easy to determine whether Mr. Leppo was really wild before the lightning struck him. That he ate a luncheon of rattlesnakes is not convincing testimony, and something in our heart tells us that a press agent sat down at meat with him that day.

* * *

Lynn, July 27, 1908.

Men and Things:

I was much interested in reading this morning your account of Dr. William Windsor, vitosophist, phrenologist and physician. "If you kiss a person with any pronounced characteristic you will be able to distinguish the fruit by the taste, and this is borne out by the shape of the person's head." This is the opinion of Dr. Windsor. What would the vitosophist say concerning the egg-shaped heads of natives of Malekula in the New Hebrides? Does the fact that these conical heads are produced by binding them in infancy affect Dr. Windsor's proposition? I have read that the shape is produced by winding sinnet cord spirally about the heads of young babies and tightening the coils from time to time. A piece of plaited mat put under the cord affords an excellent purchase.

Yours for truth,

J. L. B.

* * *

We regret to say that we cannot answer this question. We are now trying to obtain Dr. Windsor's address.

* * *

We like to think of Mr. W. J. Bryan serenaded in his railway car by a male quartet just before he was going to bed, just after he had relieved the political tension of the day by removing his boots and cravat. Stay, let us not do the Peerless One an injustice that would prejudice him in the socialistic districts of the West. Mr. Bryan wears a tie, not a cravat. What did the quarter sing? "Silver Threads Among the Gold." Mr. George Fred Williams, as some know, has a pleasing tenor voice and he is never so happy as when he sings to a sympathetic audience, the air of Robert in Meyerbeer's opera: "Gold is only a Chimera." Perhaps Mr. Bryan's serenaders made no economic allusion. Perhaps they sang conventional serenades, as "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Wake, Lady, Wake," or "Stars of the Summer Night." Perhaps they lulled the statesman to sleep with the song about mother's little old red shawl (close harmony).

But why did words fail Mr. Bryan at Newton so? "He was only partly dressed, but putting his head out of the window of his stateroom he said, 'Good morning, gentlemen,' and expressed regret that he did not know a speech was to be made." "Partly dressed" generally means that a man has his trousers on. Possibly in this instance Mr. Bryan had begun to dress above the waist. Queequeg the harpooner, Herman Melville's bedfellow in the New Bedford Inn, began dressing by donning his beaver hat. He then put on his boots, going under the bed for this purpose. Surely Mr. Bryan could have spoken with decorum out of a car window. It is not necessary for him to prepare a speech. His words are constantly on tap.

* * *

New York is plagued by mosquitoes and now Queens borough is visited by fleas. Boston is not free from mosquitoes. The late Dr. Russel Sturgis was of the opinion that there would be much malaria in the Back Bay from mosquitoes making their way from the country banks of the river Charles. Mosquitoes can be killed in their swampy or stagnant bed. This is fortunate, for there are not enough trees in Boston for the inhabitants to apply the Indiana remedy against malaria: to bore a hole in a tree, put in a lock of the victim's hair and then drive in a peg. But what can be done about fleas? The insect is not to be despised. Fair women tormented by fleas have been the subject of charming pictures and have inspired poets to sonnets and canzonets. Voltaire at Ferney, chattering to make Luc his monkey, envious, could speak respectfully of the plagues and say that the good Lord created men and women only for the nourishment of fleas. All this does not console us. How is the flea to be exterminated? When Satan teased St. Domingo by assuming the shape of a flea and skipping on his book, the saint fixed him as a mark where he left off and used him thus throughout the volume. But what is one flea among many?

July 5 1908

RIVAL ORATORY.

Sir Charles Wyndham says that Americans are always talking. "They imbibe fluency with their mother's milk. I do not consider, however, that there is anything like the same proportion of really good public speakers in America as in England." Sir Charles does not base his opinion solely on the after dinner speeches of Americans visiting in England. He has been a welcome guest in the theatres of the United States, he has sat at many dinners and suppers in this country, and in the course of the civil war he served on the Union side.

This opinion of the graceful actor was called forth by a newspaper controversy in England on the subject of British and American oratory. Even conservative Englishmen have in times past wondered at the fluency, the oratorical skill, the sanity adorned with wit displayed by Americans speaking in public and on formal or social occasions in England. The speeches of our representatives, Lowell, Bayard, Choate and others, were a source of delight. There was another class of American speakers, however, the speakers mocked by Thackeray in one of his contributions to Punch, and caricatured by Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit." And this sort of speaker is not yet extinct. But even in his case the test of an orator is no longer the ability to introduce "eagle" and "bugle" in one and the same sentence. There were some of the old guard at the Denver convention. There were several at Chicago. There are many in Congress.

Sir Charles is right in saying that Americans imbibe fluency with mother's milk. He might have said that they have the gift of gab. The old story of the sheriff in Ohio asking the murderer if he had anything to say before the rope was adjusted is not extravagant. "If he hasn't," said a local orator, pushing his way to the gallows, "if our ill-starred fellow citizen does not feel inclined to make a speech, and is in no hurry, I should like to avail myself of the present occasion to make some remarks on the necessity of a new protective tariff." Nor is the eulogy on the late Col. Yell of Yellville, purported to have been delivered before a western Legislature, merely wild burlesque.

Years ago the American was unconsciously trained to speak. He was obliged to recite at the school and at the academy. There was the debating society, the lyceum in the village. At town meeting he contended with shrewd men who were often as eloquent as they were logical, and in some instances demagogic. He did not read so many newspapers and magazines as now. His books were few and of the best. The language of the Bible was as his own familiar speech. The debates in the national and state capitols were often memorable. The country lawyer had studied Erkskine, Curran, Brougham as well as Blackstone and Kent.

There is fluency today, but without the quality. With the decay of ideals and true sentiment has come impatience toward what is dubbed oratory. Rufus Choate would now seem to be curiously old-fashioned in summing up, and even Webster might not impress the twelve men in a box. The statesman generally reads his master speech, which has been sent in advance to the newspaper offices. There is fear of ridicule if there be any burst of honest sentiment or righteous indignation; fear lest there be the reproach of an Asiatic style, Corinthian diction, hifalutin.

It is not easy for those who have not heard the best English speakers to understand Sir Charles Wyndham's preference for the oratorical manner of the English. The impression here is that they generally hem and haw and lose the logical connection of sentences. But, of course, this is as far from the truth as is the English notion that all American orators flash their cuffs, "guess" and "calculate" and talk through their noses. Some of them, we are aware, talk through their hats, but there are foreigners with the same failing. But taste in oratory, like taste in jokes, seems to be largely affected by climate.

Men and Things.

The Rev. Thomas A. Armor of Clifton Heights, Pa., thinks that if a man must drink he should buy his whiskey at home. (Every night in your own bar-room, with "wifie" as the barkeeper.) But let us give Mr. Armor a chance. "Let the drinker buy his whiskey by the quart or his beer by the case. Each time he wants a drink of either, let him pay his wife the regular price and profit per drink. In this way the profits that are made by the saloon keeper could be utilized in buying clothing and the necessities of life for the household," among them beer and whiskey. One trouble with this scheme would be that women might easily be tempted to encourage a light jag, or at least a ruby flush, to swell the household purse. The dispenser of joy might say to herself: "When five more bottles are gone I can buy that hat."

* * *

A Parisian journalist smiles at the Americans who go to Paris in quest of the French modes. They find, he says, hats of Italian straw, tailor-made suits of British cloth, jabots of Irish lace, Swedish gloves, belts of Russian leather, American boots, Spanish perfumes, Japanese parasols, precious stones from the Rhine, etc. This may be, but the Parisian women show the world how all these things may best be worn.

* * *

Dr. Macnamara admitted jauntily some time ago in London that he whistles a tune when he goes to his daily work at the admiralty. He also admitted that many people think whistling an objectionable practice. He said that it seemed far more objectionable to him "to sit and gorge on turtle soup, duck and salmon mayonnaise while a band is cooped up in a corner to play selections.

For his persistence in whistling and for his brazen defence of the practice, Dr. Macnamara has been taken to task by Mr. Frederick Boyle, who appeals to the wisdom of anthropologists, ethnologists, sociologists. He does not quote the old and musty proverbs; he does not lug in the line of Dryden; but he does allude to the story of Boswell, how he and Dr. Johnson were dining with the Duke of Argyle, who asked a gentleman to fetch something from another room. He brought the wrong article, and the duke sent him back. Boswell said: "He could not refuse, but to avoid any appearance of servility he whistled as he went out of the room." Dr. Johnson thought it was a nice trait of character; the man showed his independence by whistling. Mr. Boyle now replies that this is the only motive for whistling: "You very often see a young barbarian in this country survey his fellow passengers and then fall to whistling deliberately."

Mr. Boyle surveys carefully the world from China to Peru for evidence against this nuisance of breath. Savages think whistling hateful to the gods, "like the Tongan islanders in Mariner's day, or the Australians still." The followers of the Prophet hate whistling. "Arabs hold that a whistler's mouth cannot be purified under 40 days of penance—many think that a demon has entered it to corrupt the faithful." The Chinese are sure that the whistler contaminates the hearer, and in India, as no right-minded person could be guilty of whistling, there is no name for the abomination.

* * *

There is a distressing controversy in Sumneytown, Pa. Friends of the Rev. Charles F. Dapp, who is now in Germany, thought to surprise him on his return by putting a bath-tub in the parsonage. They are known as the progressives. They argue that the bath is a civilizing influence, and every clergyman is entitled to a set tub. The conservatives, "notwithstanding many of their own party are so situated financially that they must bathe in the creek, concede that the pastor is entitled to more consideration. They would give it (the tub) to him right now, but for the hard times and the fact that many members are out of work."

It appears from an article in a Pennsburg newspaper that a "handsome sum of money" was given to Mr. Dapp when he took charge of the Lutheran churches of Sumneytown and Keelor. It was said that he was poor. Conservatives subscribed without a murmur, though many were themselves in need of money. The former pastor, the late lamented Mr. Fox, served the congregations with honor and distinction for 35 years, but he had no tub. Indeed, he was obliged to repair the parsonage at his own expense. "Do the 'howlers' of the congregations raise such a fuss when a 'family' is in need? To their sorrow, no."

* * *

Mr. Dapp and the progressives should remember that a set tub is not indispensable to cleanliness or to godliness. Few of our grandfathers knew the luxury. Even today you will seldom find one in old-fashioned French country houses. As a writer remarked recently in the Saturday Review: "The Frenchman washes himself in compartments under the impression that the water which cleanses one part of his body has fulfilled its duty and must not be used for another. It is a long and tedious process. Indeed, a Frenchman once told me he could not finish his toilet under an hour and a half, but in the long run he is as clean as, if not cleaner, that we are."

And why should it be necessary for the preacher sans tub to seek the creek? What's the matter with the wash-tub in the kitchen? Or why can he not stand on thick wrapping paper and use a sponge adroitly? Modern thinkers say we bathe too much; that we rub off an essential oil, and they point to the health of the Esquimaux. Do the progressives insist on something in porcelain, with swan handles for the faucets?

July 31, 1908

LONG BETROTHALS.

Judge Feldman of South Bend, Ind., said recently on the bench: "A woman should never marry a man until she has known him at least two years. This foolish plan of taking up with a man that has been known only a few days or weeks and marrying him is what causes half of our divorces. After the man tires of the girl or spends her money he deserts her."

This opinion was called forth by a special and peculiar case; it will seem to many sound and of general application. It might be said, however, that divorces often result from too long acquaintance. We do not refer to the constant transfers and promotions among musical comedy people. Marriage seems to this light-hearted folk a quadrille, all hands 'round, and a pleasing change of partners. They do not take life seriously, and to take them seriously is folly. Nor do we refer to certain grades of "society people" who change partners in matrimony as lightly as in bridge whist.

Some one—was it Jean Paul?—said: "To be betrothed early and to marry late is to hear the lark sing in the morning sky and to eat it roasted at the evening meal." Suppose that a man serve seven years as Jacob for Rachel and again seven years, will he at the end know thoroughly the woman he is to marry? Will she know him? As long as men and women are betrothed they are on their good behavior; they are on dress parade. Neither one has the freedom that comes from certainty of ownership; or, if you please, of partnership. When there is certainty carelessness too often follows. Even in the happiest marriages there must be constant tact on each side, there must be mutual

concessions. Nor should it be overlooked that the happiest husband or wife is necessarily in some respects a solitary being. There can never be a complete bleud of individualities, whether the betrothal was for two years or for two months.

There have been men who, longing after an ideal marriage, have, with a fine though unconscious egoism, attempted to educate young girls that as wives they might be worthy of them. There was Mr. Thomas Day, the author of "Sanford and Merton," a more amusing book by virtue of its incredible priggishness than Burnand's parody of it. Day took two young girls, an orphan and a foundling, and educated them with the utmost care. Lucretia did not satisfy his ideas. She, fortunate woman, married a linen draper and received from Day her promised dowry of £500. He had hopes of Sabrina Sidney, but she, too, could not qualify. When he dropped melting sealing wax on her arms, she could not refrain from jumping, and she screamed whenever he shot a pistol at her garments. He told her things in confidence, and she retailed them to the servants. The final straw was when she persisted in wearing thin sleeves for ornament, although the thermometer advised thick ones. He knew those girls for years, but he found spousal happiness with a Miss Milnes with whom his acquaintance had been short. A year after his marriage he died from his passion to educate: a young horse, not responsive to his method of training him, kicked him. If Mr. Day had married Sabrina offhand, if he had said, like the youth in "Great Expectations," "Hello! Here's a church; Let's get married!" his marriage might have been one long sweet song. Held by her affection, he would have been charmed even by her timidity and sensitiveness. Least of all would he have disfigured the fond, embracing arms by the application of hot sealing wax.

Men and Things.

Good Dr. Coley's remedy of mixed toxins makes erysipelas cast out cancer. This reminds us of our old and esteemed friend, the village physician, who tried to throw every new patient into fits, for he was no slouch on fits—he asserted this in still more vulgar language, unfit for ears polite.

* * *

We are told that in a large family, rubbers, rubber overshoes, gums, galoshes, or whatever you are pleased to call them, are continually being mixed up, and there should be some means of identification, so father will not walk to the office in Aunt Jane's boot protectors. Initials in ink are said to be easily erased. Tape loops are recommended by some; the use of a trunk stencil is urged by others. It seems to us that a simpler plan would be for each member of the family to have his or her own place for rubbers on the rubber plant, which serves in the houses of "our best people" as a hall-tree.

* * *

Dr. Wiley of Washington, D. C., as is well known, is continually putting articles of food that have long been considered harmless on the list of things dangerous to health. Opinions may differ as to the soundness of his judgment and the dignity of his methods. He recommends extreme moderation in summer: food should be chiefly cooked fruits and vegetables, and alcohol should not be put down the throat;

> A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
> And water from the spring.

Now, rude persons make mock of him; they point derisive thumbs and give him the ha, ha! And why? Because some one saw him in a restaurant eating imperial crabs, beefsteak and trimmings, a "special salad," and drinking "some mugs" of musty ale. What of it? Because a man recommends a sober diet to others, he is not bound to follow it himself. What agrees with him may be injurious to others. We would have had him drink Pilsener beer on a hot day instead of musty ale, for the beer is lighter and its prickle is refreshing, but as long as Dr. Wiley prefers musty ale and "some mugs" of it, let the eminent physician sweat; our collar is unwilted. His advice is none the less valuable because he does not follow it. What was the old Latin saw? "I see and approve the better things; I follow the worse."

* * *

The life of Dr. Wiley is not one of unmixed pleasure. Whenever he eats and drinks, except in the privacy of his home, he is conscious of the fact that he is watched. In this Washington restaurant a member of the Rubberneck family was near his table. It is as though the famous Pinkertonian eye that never sleeps was on him. No doubt Mr. Rubberneck on this particular occasion had in his pocket Dr. Wiley's list of food permitted and forbidden, and then and there made painstaking comparison. In such a life there is no freedom.

* * *

We once were at a dinner in a private house where Mr. Fletcher, the distinguished masticator, was present. During the dreadful half-hour that elapses at formal dinners from the appointed time to the irritating arrival of the last fashionably belated guest, some of the women, poor, fluttering things, whispered about that they hoped they should not sit next Mr. Fletcher, for he would surely watch them and they could not enjoy the dinner. When the dinner was served, they watched him. Perhaps they thought he would play strange tricks with the soup, and chew fish in a highly original and engrossing manner. Mr. Fletcher was unconscious of the rude interest; he ate and drank apparently as other men and with the gusto of one to whom cookery is a fine art. He talked freely and delightfully, as is his wont. He did not gobble his food, so that he choked, so that his veins swelled. Nor did he count fifty or look at his watch while a mouthful was preparing for its descent. No doubt Mr. Fletcher at a railway restaurant can eat as fast as any other passenger.

* * *

"Since the death of his wife all applicants for the position of Mrs. John Sphilling of Sharpsburg, Pa., have decreed that the mustache must go because of the attention he lavished upon the facial adornment." A picture of the mustache should have illustrated the text. On general principles it may be said that Mr. Spilling will be wise if he determines to remain a widower. If he now gives way in the matter of a mustache, what may not happen to him hereafter? He may be obliged to smoke on the veranda even in the coldest weather. His night beer may be limited or shut off altogether. He may be trained to do errands, to visit department stores for his wife, to become a beast of burden, a pack mule. If the mustache is a fine one, it deserves constant vigilance. If it is sparse or wispy, is should receive the utmost attention. If he wore none at all, no woman might look on him kindly.

* * *

A contributor to the Referee (London) remarks: "Laws which incidentally curtail taxpayers' holidays are not necessarily bad laws, but they become so when they deprive thrifty meritorious A of his holiday in order to win political support from impecunious, unnecessary and unthrifty B. I know of seven middle class families who dispense with their annual outings this year in order to satisfy tax collectors, and yet we are told that Mr. Lloyd George is about to make holiday in Germany to study old age pensions after Mr. Asquith has committed the country to their adoption without providing the money to pay for them."

August 1 1908

STREET CRIES.

Police Commissioner Bingham is endeavoring to give New York the reputation of a quiet city, so that it may be likened to Sybaris, where no sound of trade or employment was allowed; but in Sybaris there were no electric cars. Perhaps the commissioner remembers the care taken in Solomon's temple: "There was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building"; but there was no elevated railway in Jerusalem. The commissioner's purpose is perhaps praiseworthy, and yet we cannot help sympathizing with the hucksters and the "ole clo'" men who must now call attention in pantomime.

"Ole clo'!" It is a time-honored cry. It has come down through the centuries. It is associated with persecution and the ghetto. It has hitherto survived all attempts to silence it. George William Curtis put it into the mouth of Ahasuerus, whom he met in strange company on the memorable cruise with the Flying Dutchman. The cry gave the title to a singularly tragic pantomime which has thrilled audiences in Paris and London. No wonder that a committee of old clo' men, Messrs. Jaffe, Reuben Rosenbloom, Boras Shapiro and Isaac Diamond, was appointed to call on Commissioner Bingham in remonstrance.

The hucksters may well be equally wounded and indignant. The street cries of venders of meat and fruits and vegetables, flowers and milk, of menders of windows and buyers of rags and bottles, have excited the curiosity of antiquarians, the attention of sociologists, the admiration of musicians. Volumes devoted to the origin, the folk history, the variations, of these cries have been published in the largest cities of Europe. Georges Kastner wrote a symphonic cantata founded on cries of Paris, and after him Charpentier employed Parisian street cries as typical themes in his opera "Louise," that drama of Montmartre. Some of these street cries, whether they be in London or Paris, in an Italian city or in New York, have a wild or melancholy beauty; nearly all are characteristic and interesting. And now must they be hushed as far as New York is concerned?

Must the "barker" go? Whether he invite the passer-by to auction or raree show, whether he sounds the praise of salve, hone, cement, puzzle, he is a constant source of joy and wonder. Perhaps, in order to sell a nostrum, he repeats his conversation with an unhappy father mourning the wretched condition of his only daughter. Perhaps he dwells on the merits of the books to be sold under the hammer. Perhaps he recommends with a fascinating, whistling lisp a pen:

> Search the world over,
> Wherever you please,
> You'll never find
> Such pens as these.

It matters not. He is as entertaining as any Tabarin who in old days drew a gaping crowd on the Pont Neuf. He has fancy, wit, humor. He knows the credulity of man. He plays at will upon that responsive instrument, the mob. He is a survivor of the great race of orators. And must he, too, be silenced forever? Will New York be drab, except in Wall street and on roof gardens? Will it be as quiet, save for surface and elevated cars, as the streets of Boston after 9 P. M.?

Men and Things.

We were highly interested reading the Hurley Leader of July 17. (The Leader is published at Hurley, Cimarron county, Oklahoma.) We were interested not only in the masterly editorial articles, but in the local items and in the correspondence. No wonder that the editor published with pride this paragraph:

"J. H. Sheth of Byron, Okla., desires a copy of the Leader. All right, old boy, you've got it. Better let us send you one every week. She's a 'humdinger' for sure."

* * *

Some of the local items throw a pleasant light on life in the golden, remote, wild West:

"The friends of H. F. Seafers were surprised to learn that his proposed immigration to Esbon, Kansas, was a failure. He landed in Ferris, Illinois. But it's all right, he is home with pa."

"Attorney Dave Gregory is building a new house nearer town on an elevation in the northwest corner of his claim. Dave is a hustler and will be rich some day—perhaps."

"Clifford Buskirk, C. P. Macy and H. F. Wannamaker, better known in Amistad, New Mexico, and vicinity as 'Red River George', 'Texas Jack' and 'Arizona Pete' respectively, arrived in Hurley yesterday afternoon on their way to Hutchinson, Kansas. They are having a high time, judging them by their appearance and the looks of their outfit. They are certainly a jolly bunch of 'live wires.'"

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Life in Bakke is not so lively, according to the correspondent of the Hurley Leader:

"Quite a number have left this locality looking for work and hence items are scarce."

"J. W. Music and family have gone to Elk City. West says the picking here is too short for him."

"Perry Wilcox has taken his cattle to the Metcalf pasture on the river."

* * *

The leader on the editorial page is an indignant outburst against expensive funerals.

"It is not uncommon to see from 20 to 40 carriages following a hearse to the cemetery, at a cost of at least $5 each. It may be that the chief breadwinner of the flock has been removed. If this is the case, a costly funeral is very likely to make them more keenly feel the loss of their relative."

Yet Hurley and the outlying region seem to be reasonably healthy:

"Dr. Moessner and J. J. Burrows went to Willowbar yesterday. The doctor has two patients in that neighborhood."

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A witness in a court at Victoria used the word "boshter" and counsel inquired its meaning. Sir John Madden, chief justice, and on the bench, answered promptly: "It is a Persian word meaning something magnificent." Was Sir John guying the learned counsel? And what does "boshter" mean?

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Inasmuch as the writer of anonymous letters still lives, the anonymuncule, as Charles Reade called him, Mr. Frank Richardson has written a much needed work: "The Complete Anonymous Letter Writer." The student is taught to avoid strictly these things:

Writing in own handwriting and writing on own stamped note paper. (These instructions are elementary and of course only for the beginner).

Signing one's own name, initials, pet name, or giving by way of signature one's profession, if followed only by a limited number of persons—e. g. A Well Wishing Archbishop. (This applies solely to litterateurs who are absent-minded.)

Do not send your anonymous letter by registered post.

Get out of the way of writing your anonymous letters in the first person. Example: "'To G. P. Preston. Sir: Your son Stephen is paying too much attention to my daughter Lucy.' Although you have properly omitted your signature, 'G. H. Pendergrast (Mus. Bac),' which would have differentiated you from all other G. H. Pendergrasts who are not musical, it is quite clear from the text that you have a daughter Lucy." Mr. Preston would summon Stephen and ask him how many Lucies he knew. Detection would quickly follow.

If you are writing a large number of anonymous letters to a big man, do not deliver them in person or at regular times, unless you are a size larger than the big man. The artist who writes anonymously never delivers his work in person.

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Mr. Richardson thinks that some anonymous writers mar their productions by threats to murder. "If for purposes of your own, you think it advisable to murder an individual, it seems indiscreet to write and tell him all about it. You merely put him on his guard. Your scheme is really outside literature altogether.

"This somewhat one-sided strain of correspondence has generally been conducted in a form intentionally suggestive of the handwriting of the hopelessly illiterate. The object of the best authors has been to reproduce the penmanship of an alcoholic kitchen maid." Mr. Richardson thinks poorly of the typewriter in this branch of literature: "What fellow with his heart in its right place produces his love or his anonymous letters on a machine? The coming man will seek his models in the palace rather than in the kitchen." He will be as safe copying the handwriting of a bishop as though he should reproduce the writing of a butler. ("He must of course select a bishop who doesn't write like a butler.")

Here is a form that is convincing and neat, one that should break up almost any happy home:

"Your (here insert wife, son, solicitor, etc., as the case may be) has (specify precisely what said wife, son, solicitor has been doing), as I truthfully know and wouldn't tell nobody but you nohow. A WELL WISHER."

Other signatures that may be used are: "One Who Knows" or "Mother of Eight."

[illegible] '08

NOTE ON THE DECAY OF BURLESQUE ART

Commentary on a Lament Over a Vanished Form of Stage Amusement.

BY PHILIP HALE.

A London theatregoer, signing his article "An Old Pittite," mourned in a recent number of the Pall Mall Gazette a "vanished art form." He remembered the burlesques that amused his youth, nor would he be comforted by the thought of present musical comedies. He remembered Kate Vaughan dancing with a lace handkerchief in her hand and talking in her mincing way; Constance Gilchrist and Phyllis Broughton moved gracefully before him; Nellie Farren wore a suit of purple velvet as Francis Osbaldistone or was rakish as Faust; Edward Terry sent him into "gelasmic raptures," as Rob Roy, with his catch phrase, "Ye hae nat yet sibdued Rab Ray!" or as the King of Spain, in "Little Don Caesar de Bazan" in a light linen suit, a tiny straw hat and the magic word, "I am such a dog!"

The "Old Pittite" remembered a scene in "The Forty Thieves," in which Terry as Ali Baba and Miss Farren as Ganem were outside the robbers' cave, trying to recall the password. Ali Baba repeating "one absurd, of course, and ineffectual phrase until he pretended to lose his voice and finally sank a shapeless heap to the floor."

The curse of the English burlesque was the employment of execrable puns laboriously contrived for delivery by the comedians. "Old Pittite" quoted a latter-day comedian, who said these puns were "rot," that "the fastidious public now attending musical comedy would not stand them." "Old Pittite" is not to be persuaded. In his article he actually transcribed some of the verbal twists that made him and hundreds with him laugh.

Thus Mr. Terry, hearing negroes in the street, cried out:

Deuce take the row! Was ever such a [illegible]y
These Ethiopians neath the oplan windy!

This is in one of H. J. Byron's pieces Pan Cursed Narcissus as follows:

Your wit at shall shrink and shrivel every sheaf,
Your [illegible] swell the cattle-ogue of grief.
Descend, ye hailstones—bumpers, thumpers, [illegible]zzers.
[illegible] cuts you like a knife, don't it Narcissors!

And in Byron's burlesque of "Don Giovanni" the hero and Leporello walked in Leicester square:

[illegible]—I ought to know it.
[illegible]—On the spot you see
On [illegible] the Globe of Mr. Wyld, M. P.—
[illegible] s the Alhambra Palace within range.
[illegible]—I see your story is both Wyld [illegible] Strange.
By [illegible] stood Linwood's Gallery?
Leporello—Just so.
[illegible] the baths and wash-houses, you know—
[illegible] in a neighborhood which once was low.
[illegible] r vice, and everything atrosshus—
The whole place once was wicious, now it's washus.

"Old Pittite" admitted uneasily that these puns might look a little bald in [illegible]. His uneasiness led him to italicize them so that the readers of the Pall Mall Gazette could see and enjoy.

I too, have been in Arcadia. It was my good fortune to see Miss Vaughan with enameled face dance and simper and speak in her pretty mincing way; Miss Gilchrist, light and graceful on her feet, Miss Farren and the equally [illegible] Mr. Terry, all in their London stage [illegible]. I remember, also, the burlesques in this country, some produced before Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes moved Richard Grant White to dithyrambic eulogy. I do not remember John Brougham's "Pocahontas," but the delightful burlesques of operas performed at Bryant's minstrels in the Fourteenth Street Theatre in New York are still fresh in the memory. That of "Lucrezia Borgia" was especially amusing. There were later the burlesques of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" in which George L. Fox was irresistibly funny—it seemed so then, and Edwin Booth himself smiled at Fox burlesquing the famous impersonation of Denmark's prince. In "Macbeth" a cord of wood from Birnam was delivered at the castle door. In "Hamlet," Fox entered on the platform of Elsinore with a pair of huge fur gloves and thrashed his body with his arms as he remarked on the extreme cold. Horatio answered, "It is a nipping and an eager air."

All these burlesques were loaded with atrocious puns, it mattered not whether the authors were English or American. Think for a moment of the ghastly lines in "Kenilworth" which Lydia Thompson and her merry men were obliged to speak. Think of the awful puns in "Evangeline!" Would an American audience endure them now? Would it find Fox amusing? Would it laugh seeing and hearing the long-drawn-out Nelse Seymour in "Lucrezia Borgia"? On the [illegible] the audiences of the 60s, the 70s, and the early 80s have found any pleasure in "The Belle of Mayfair" or "The Red Mill"?

Mr. Terry explained some time ago the decline of burlesque by saying that there is no one now to write a good burlesque, and the art of delivering puns has passed away. How should a pun be delivered? Shyly, coyly, with an arm upraised to shield the face from eggs, cabbages and brickbats; or with the brazen assurance of a Coney Island "barker"? That there is no one capable in these days of writing burlesque is an absurd statement. As "Old Pittite" mentioned Mr. Barrie's burlesque of "Hedda Gabler" as delightful. Nothing could be better than the burlesque pirates headed by the inimitable Capt. Hook in "Peter Pan." There were excellent burlesques at Weber & Field's. The idea that a burlesque must necessarily be stuffed with puns is an unaccountable tradition that has been exploded. There is not a pun in Mr. Barrie's "Hedda Gabler."

Burlesque still exists on the American stage, but it is only a grotesque parody of a scene or two from a play, or an imitation of some comedian, singer or dancer. It is not easy to think of an audience in Boston crowding a theatre to see a burlesque that would fill the whole evening. In the years when burlesque flourished, when a long play was parodied in detail, the audience was familiar with every line of the original. Audiences roared over Fox as Hamlet or Macbeth, but audiences also filled theatres to overflowing for a week at a time when tragedians played in those dramas. The appreciation of the burlesque was the keener. Would any theatre venture in these days to announce a season of Shakespearean tragedies, and where are the men and women who could ever read acceptably the lines? It is not paradoxical to say that burlesque flourishes when the standard of the theatre is highest. Aristophanes would have been impossible without Euripides, and when he did not parody that tragic writer, there was constantly the thought before him and the Athenian audience of Aeschylus and Sophocles.

The New York Sun made some surprising statements last Sunday. Speaking of a "Pagliacci" composed by Alfred Kaiser, according to his own account, before Leoncavallo's won a prize, the Sun said concerning Leoncavallo's text book: "Whatever Leoncavallo may have remembered, the French courts decided that he had taken the plot of his libretto from Catulle Mendes' 'La Femme de Tabarin' and he pays royalties to that author on all performances of his work in France."

As a matter of fact, when there was talk about producing "Pagliacci" in Paris, Mendes remonstrated and accused Leoncavallo of plagiarism. Both French and Italian writers then pointed out that the story was much older than either "La Femme de Tabarin" or "Pagliacci"; that, for instance, it had served a Spanish playwright. On this Spanish drama, the play "Yorick's Love" was based, and this play antedated the drama of Mendes and, of course, the opera of Leoncavallo.

The Sun also said: "Claude Debussy is to make another musical setting of the story of 'Tristan and Isolde.' Another French composer, Vincent d'Indy, has already done the same thing in 'Fervaal.'" The Herald stated long ago that the Tristan of Debussy is not at all the Tristan of the Arthurian legend. The story of d'Indy's "Fervaal" is as far removed from that of "Tristan and Isolde" as the plot of "Carmen" is from that of "Fidelio." There is absolutely nothing in common.

Mrs. Grace M. Ward of Pittsburg is enthusiastic over Miss Ella Caspars. "I went to the convent one day, and when I heard her, a lump came into my throat." Mrs. Ward said further about Miss Ella: "She is a fine girl too, and she has the singer's mouth." Policeman's heel, housemaid's knee, and now there is singer's mouth. It is a distressing disease, especially when the mouth is used for talking to the public and not for singing.

Mme Katharine Goodson received a present of a bust of Julius Caesar when she gave a concert in London last June. With the bust there was a card: "This bust of a great man is sent to a great woman as a token of fervent admiration from an enthusiastic lover of her perfect art." Caesar's Ghost!

Miss Geraldine Farrar does not believe that a woman should study license rather than self-control in order to develop herself in art, and enforces her argument by pointing to "the number of wrecks who have followed that advice now to be seen everywhere in Europe." Miss Farrar is young and there is time for her to learn many things, among them charity in consideration of her colleagues.

An American tenor now singing in Europe is advertised in this country as the pupil of a certain teacher. "When Weingartner heard him sing, his first question was: 'Who was your teacher?'" This reminds me of the criticism of a tenor published years ago in a London journal: "We wonder who taught Signor ——, and why?"

Mr. Joe Radi was playing a guitar in a lumber camp at Ashtola, when Mrs. Joseph Spino ordered him to stop. Intoxicated with his own music, he kept on playing, and she stabbed him. Mr. Radi then struck her with the guitar, and Mr. Spino, who apparently is not fond of music, shot and killed Mr. Filipo Cordi, who sided with the guitarist. The cornet, as is well known, incites the most peaceful to bloody deeds, but the guitar has not been reckoned among dangerous instruments.

Mr. Burato Valentino took an ivy leaf in London, folded down one side, put the folded portions between his teeth "and the next moment the strains of 'Ah, fors e lui' floated through the room as though from a clarinet in C." The Referee remarks: "The theory that Adam played on an ivy leaf completes what may be termed the elemental trinity of art, for all the world knows that dress started with a figleaf and the drama with a strawberry mark."

Miss Isadora Duncan at the Duke of York's Theatre in London danced for two hours by the clock. "I am glad to report," wrote a London critic, "that this feat of endurance—on both sides of the curtain—ended happily for all concerned." Miss Duncan in certain dances was announced as expressing the joy of living. "She manifested this delight by her twinkling (bare) feet and her lively gestures rather than by her face, which did not appear to share in this joyousness. In point of fact, the fair Isadora must really get another smile—one that does not look as though it had been spirit-gummed on by Clarkson."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn wishes her novel "Three Weeks" to be turned into an opera. She would like to have Puccini write the music. "Strauss is to perverse and Debussy is too 'art nouveau.'" "The Lady and the Tiger Skin" might serve as a title.

Mr. Charles Farwell Edson of Los Angeles, Cal., is described as "the apostle of American music for Americans." This is a cruel stab under the fifth rib of Mr. Arthur Farwell. Mr. Edson is cocksure that the music of the future will be music of America. Listen to this fine burst: "The musical strains of all nations fused in the great crucible of Americanism will weld with the plaintive melodies of Indian legendary chants, and the soft Creole folksongs of the South, into a magnificent music that will be as new and as great as the country itself, and as strikingly individual."

The latest invention, according to a French newspaper, is a musical bed. It is warranted to cure the most confirmed victim of insomnia, and to "produce sleep on stormy or hot nights" far more effectually than any narcotic. "The subject," we read, "takes his rest, and with his foot releases a spring which sets a musical box in motion. The apparatus begins to grind out sweet lullabies and melodies, and in a short time the patient is in the arms of sleep." The inventors of this novelty will experience no difficulty in supplying those who purchase it with music of the soporific kind. There should be quite a run, in fact, on the works of many composers whose pieces are never performed in the ordinary way.—Daily Telegraph (London).

Mr. Richard J. Jose has been delighting the Californians. The San Francisco Call asks defiantly: "Who said Jose was a Caruso or that he was a great artist? He belongs to the race of minstrels who sing straight to the heart; whose songs are stories and whose stories become songs. It is a pity to fling phrases about 'phrasing' and platitudes about 'production' in the face of his quite unique and different methods. If you like the pure soprano of a boy's voice to which is added the vigor of a man and a man's experience, then you will like Jose and his songs. When he scales those heights"—"What heights?" asked the unsuspecting prophet—"and strikes your heart with the sentiment of the poetry he sings, I for one am glad emotion is not to be analyzed nor dissected." Mr. Jose won this passionate tribute by singing "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Xaver Scharkenka's fourth piano concerto has been published.

The Signale regrets that Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" has not yet been performed in Berlin. The play itself has been performed there sumptuously mounted and with marked popular success, for Maeterlinck has a large following in Berlin. Dr. Muck said before he left Boston that it was his intention to produce Debussy's opera in the Athens of the Spree. He saw the superb performance in New York and was deeply impressed by it and by the opera itself.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will begin an extensive European concert tour in October.

Humperdinck's opera "The King's Chinlren" will be performed for the first time at the Metropolitan Opera House, and it is said that Miss Farrar will take the part of the royal maiden. Some of Humperdinck's music to the drama of the same name has been played in Boston at Symphony concerts, and it then seemed poor stuff.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann, who will sing next season at the Metropolitan Opera House, as Norma, Donna Anna and in other parts, will be 60 years old the 24th of next November.

Strauss' "Electra," which will be produced at Dresden in February, 1909, will take about the same time as "Salome" in performance. Electra will be a soprano and Orestes a baritone.

Louis Van Waefelghem, the distinguished Belgian player of the viola d'amore, died recently in Paris, at the age of 68.

About Nov. 19 musical performances will be given in Vienna to celebrate the 80th anniversary of the death of Schubert. They will last a week. The mass in C major will be performed at St. Stephen's Church and scenes from his operas will be performed in the theatres. There will be an excursion to Hoeldrich's mill where Schubert wrote his famous cycle of songs about the mill, the fair girl, the lover and the brook.

Automobiles are forbidden this year in the Bayreuth street that leads to the Festival Playhouse, forbidden not only during the performances, but during rehearsals.

Puccini's "Manon" and Mascagni's "Iris" will be performed at the Scala during the centenary celebration of the Milan Conservatory. The two composers were pupils at this school. There are already protests against the choice. "On an occasion which comes only once in a hundred years, why are the two whh have been the most fortunate, whose works have been performed the most frequently in the course of the last 20 years, chosen from the several hundred who have been graduated with diplomas since the establishment of the school?"

The violinist Zakarewitch announced a recital in London. His poster portrayed him between Tschaikowsky and Wienjowski, with Beethoven in the background, and below was this legend in large type: "Proclaimed by Tschaikowsky [illegible] of Wieniawski." This comment was made: "Tschaikowsky must have been deaf if he ever said this."

The new opera house, Colon, which has been dedicated at Buenos Ayres, holds 3500

The Russian tenor Aitchinsky, who sang for a time at the Manhattan, and in concert in Boston, has made his first appearance at the Opera, Paris, as Raoul. The power and brilliance of his voice were praised, but he was urged not to abuse in future his gifts.

Miss Geraldine Farrar will sing next season five months in the United States, two months in Paris and two in Berlin. It is said that in Paris she will impersonate Tosca, Mimi and Mme. Butterfly.

Reynaldo Hahn gave a concert of his own songs in London. He was described as affected in his behavior before the public and he more than once urged the ladies to sit nearer the piano so that they might be at his feet.

Emil Gerhaeuser, a tenor who did not make his mark in the United States, is now stage manager of the Stuttgart Opera House. He sang in Boston at a concert performance of "Parsifal" led by Mr. Lang in Symphony Hall.

"Quo Vadis," an opera founded on Sienkiewicz's romance, libretto by Henri Cain, music by Jean Nougis, will be produced at Nice. An elaborate symphonic poem illustrative of the novel has already been composed and performed.

THE FIERCE LIGHT.

Mr. Gervais, a deputy of the Seine, has written an article in which he complains of the disrespect shown toward the President of the republic by caricaturists and comic writers. In every "revue" a low comedian is made up to look like President Fallieres and he recites verses about the ruler at the Elysee. In the circus an imitator appears in the ring and the false excellency has a lively interchange of wit as a wine merchant with a man almost overcome by wine of Loupillon. Mr. Gervais argues that this lack of respect is of international importance. "The prestige of France is damaged when the prestige of its President is lowered."

Mr. Gervais is struck by the respect shown the King of England by his subjects. In the music halls of London a portrait of Edward is exhibited. The band plays "God Save the King" and the audience is respectful, enthusiastic. The French deputy forgets that for years the English have caricatured their rulers freely, often brutally. It is not necessary to go back to the time of Gillray, whose caricatures of George III. seemed inspired by personal, relentless hostility. Punch published more than one cutting pictorial attack on Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. The present King as Prince of Wales was lampooned bitterly by Matt Morgan in the Tomahawk, and Morgan's portrayal of the Prince as Hamlet saying to the ghost of George IV.: "Go on; I'll follow thee" was regarded by thousands of sober, patriotic Englishmen as a righteous tract.

Caricaturists in the United States have dealt freely with Presidents. When Lincoln was assassinated Punch apologized in memorable verse and with Tenniel's cartoon for its previous mockery of the Railsplitter; but Lincoln was often portrayed in most undignified fashion, as Buchanan had been before him, by Stephens in Vanity Fair, that admirable satirical weekly published in New York and killed at last by the Civil War. Nast's attacks on Andrew Johnson in Harper's Weekly were unsparing. Matt Morgan, imported to rival Nast, represented Grant as a drunkard and an ignoramus. Hayes was not spared by Keppler in Puck; neither was Garfield. Cleveland was recklessly caricatured in Judge. Mr. Roosevelt has been the delight of caricaturists of high and low degree. There have been efforts to check pictorial attacks on state officers, as in New York, where the bill was laughed to its death, and in Pennsylvania, where only a few days ago "cartoonists" of a Philadelphia newspaper were brought

into court. The common sense of the American people is against such restriction.

But why does not Mr. Gervais also complain of the treatment of foreign rulers by Parisian artists as a matter of international importance? Has he already forgotten the indescribably vulgar caricatures of Queen Victoria, Edward VII. and the Emperor of Germany that provoked Parisian mirth? Why should Mr. Fallieres be spared? A ruler that is not caricatured may well ask himself whether after all he is a man of distinction, whether he has any influence whatever, either for the benefit or the injury of the nation.

The English-speaking nations differ from the French in one respect at least: while they are amused by caricatures in black and white, or even in crude colors, of their rulers and leading men, they resent, usually, any grotesque impersonation of the same men by comedians on the stage. The English are perhaps more punctilious in this respect than the Americans. It will be remembered that there was a great outcry when two or three actors were made up in one of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's bitter comedies to resemble Robert Lowe and others then in authority, and the burlesque feature with a dance was removed. In America there was serious opposition against a respectful attempt to make Lincoln the hero in a play. Whenever a public man is caricatured by an impersonator on the American stage, there are lively expressions of dissent, so much so that managers of vaudeville dislike and often forbid any pictorial appeal to party prejudice. There was one American, however, who figured more than once in burlesque, and the sharper the caricature, the louder the applause. We refer to Gen. Butler, who served the purposes of more than one burlesque writer as Cleon served Aristophanes.

Aug 3. 190

A MONUMENT TO POE.

It is said that there is some objection in Richmond, Va., to honoring with a monument the memory of Edgar Allan Poe, whose centenary will be celebrated next year. The objection is based, "not on Poe's profligacy, which has been greatly exaggerated, but upon his rank ingratitude to his friends and benefactors." The new York Times, commenting on this statement published in the Richmond News-Leader, justly says that Poe's character was not nearly so black as it has been painted, and that it is high time to stop talking about Poe's private life and personal peculiarities.

Poe was unfortunate in his life, but he has been still more unfortunate since his death. His biographers have done him grievous wrong; on the one side by unmixed eulogy, on the other by a "regard for the truth," which is unsympathetic when it is not malignant. The latest biography, a little volume, is patronizing and flippant. The story that Poe was a habitual drunkard is absurd on the face of it. The amount of literary work he did and its character would be sufficient disproval. Poe was one of many who could not take a little strong drink, or even a glass of wine, without losing control of his mind. Alcohol in the slightest quantity was poison to him. In this respect he is to be pitied rather than condemned. His relations with women were singularly pure; his devotion to his wife was tragic. No doubt he was loose in money matters, but it should be remembered that for the greater part of his life he was poor, at times wretchedly poor, although his industry was great and his willingness to work pathetic.

It is hardly necessary to speak of him as a writer. As a master of subtle, imaginative and haunting verse, he is easily the first among Americans. As poet and as inimitable narrator of the short story, he has been for years an influence here and in European countries, and he still has his disciples. At a time when criticism in this country was merely honey-daubing or conventional log-rolling, Poe was a brilliant, discriminative and occasionally prophetic critic. All in all, he has not his equal in the literary history of America, and foreigners may well wonder that the name of Poe is still so recklessly vilified in the land that should be proud of him.

Grant that he was weak, loose in money matters, ungrateful, although these charges have been grossly exaggerated, should he therefore be denied a monument in Richmond, where he lived for years? Are statues in this country raised to honor only the flawless? Even in our own city, there are statues of statesmen and literary men who were not always temperate, punctilious in the payment of debts, conspicuous for gratitude. And here in Boston, where Poe was born, there might well be some public tribute to his unique genius.

Men and Things.

Ruskin once distinguished Shakespeare from Dante by saying that the English playwright dwelt on last causes instead of first causes, and also dwelt on the infinitude of result dependent seemingly on little things. Othello mislaid his handkerchief. Edmund's runner was a moment too late at the prison. Salisbury was not at the tower, and Arthur lay dead on the stones. Little things brought death to Romeo and his Juliet. What Ruskin said of Shakespeare might be said of Thomas Hardy, whose tragedies are the more ironical by reason of the trifles light as air that bring the end.

We were reminded of this by reading an account of a tragi-comedy at Barstow, near San Bernardino, Cal. When Miss Fannie Fisher, a table girl in a hotel, went down to begin her routine work, a white corset string dangled from the fastening of her dress. The head waitress, Miss Gwendolyn De Corsey, evidently of aristocratic birth, arrogant in her position, jested at the expense of Miss Fisher in the presence of guests who were already eating morning blooming cereals. Miss Fisher blushed and went away to correct the wanton, witching string. She returned, and Miss Gwendolyn, who, like King Darius, is fond of her little joke—appetens sui joci—continued in raillery until Miss Fisher, confused, poured a bowl of hot milk into "a stranger's lap." Had it been a friend's lap, she would have no doubt laughed the accident away. As it was, she lost patience. To quote the correspondent, who wrote from San Bernardino, Miss Fisher "grabbed a hamburger steak which she pasted against Miss De Corsey's cheek, and as that lady turned the other side of her face it was smeared with an egg omelette hot from the range." (The glorious climate of California allows, yea, encourages, men to eat "hamburger steak" for breakfast in spite of warnings, and shrieks from modern writers on dietetics.)

Miss Gwendolyn De Corsey forgot the well bred composure that was her birthright, and laid Miss Fisher low by bashing her with a cut-glass water bottle. Miss Fisher came to at last and did Amazonian work with a bottle of catchup, whereupon other waitresses lent friendly hands, and dishes hurtled through the dining room. The air was full of moving things. Faces were battered and the walls and floor were smeared with blood. Nothing is said about the behavior of the guests, but eaters of "hamburger steak" between 6 and 7 A. M. should not be easily disturbed. And all this came from a misplaced corset string.

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Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to us from Clamport that dodging an automobile on the state road to Hyannis he picked up a diary. "I might call this journal 'The Confessions of a Sensitive Plant.' I copy two paragraphs that may interest your readers. The first is by no means original, but the familiar idea is well illustrated by examples.

"Ferguson sent postage stamps to replace a few that I had used in mailing some newspapers to him at his request. Why did he send them? I might have bought a seidl of Pilsner without incurring immediate reciprocity; why, then, should he be so scrupulous about the stamps? It is funny the things one can 'shout on' and the things one cannot. Why am I not at liberty, in a burst of good feeling, to head a party into a hat store and wildly order the hatter to set them up—or, more properly, on? Why not be permitted to lead variously needy friends into a druggist's and say, 'Well, boys, what shall it be?' and be cheered and uplifted when they sanely respond: 'A toothbrush in mine!' 'Me for a cake of hygienic soap!' or 'If you will excuse me, I'll have a pill; I'm not feeling over new this morning!'"

"How easy it is to conceive a world in which the nut factory is the refuge of the few sensible people in a world of dippiness, from which the inmates venture upon necessary business outside with dire misgivings, lest the delusions of money getting and social success that are rife in the unconfined world may work them evil? Am I not mad, indeed, to jeopardize my health and unfit myself for the pursuit of happiness by steadfast application to a thing so absolutely not worth doing at all as this business of mine?"

* * *

Mr. Johnson also writes: "I should like to ask any man of scientific learning for a clear description of a machine exhibited recently in England. I quote the description given in the catalogue. It sounds all right when I read it aloud, but I do not fully understand it. 'No. 47. Exhibited by Prof. G. von Sniggersdorf. The 'Polyphloisbalisanskittiograph.' For tracing and analyzing hypermetropic or isoperimetrical vibrations of more than one phase. By adjusting the disintegrator in harmonic relation to the vascular function of the spherulitic index a vector equation is obtained which gives the torsional flux in terms of the differential logarithm."

* * *

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, July 30, 1908.

Men and Things—One of the enthusiastic physicians who objected to the Pythian encampment on Franklin Field based his objection on the deluge of spittle, sputum and lungs that would later dry and be wafted about. He estimated the gross weight at several tons. With, say, 7000 campers this would require something over one-half pound each—heroic figures, surely.

Has Mr. Johnson any notes on this topic?

How many spits to a ton?

Would a "cottonwool" thirsty expectoration have the same specific gravity as one produced by a fair bite of Battleaxe or fine cut?

SILAS WINTERBOTTOM.

Aug 4. 1908

Men and Things.

Mr. Henry Niemeyer, sick at heart because his petition for a license to run a drinking place was rejected by the St. Louis county court, bashed Judge Wiethaupt of the said court on the point of the jaw. And how did the majesty of the law reply? Did it strike back? Did it give Mr. Niemeyer a mouse, a kidney masher, a corker on the solar plexus? Or did he draw a gun"? Judge Wiethaupt said to his friends, while he caressed affectionately the affronted jaw: "If it had been a personal matter I would have cleaned up the floor with him, but as I am a member of the county court, and it was a matter growing out of the court's legal action, I consider it an insult to the position I hold and therefore one which the public must deal with through the law." It is seldom in these days that a man distinguishes himself from the office he holds. Judge Wiethaupt should have been named for the vice-presidency. By the way, who are the men nominated for that office? Just before the conventions there were all names proposed, but familiar ones.

* * *

A young woman in Cleveland complained against Miss Kate Chambers and her brother because they had broken her eyeglasses and scratched her face. Fiery Miss Kate exclaimed in court: "I broke her glasses and I scratched her face; furthermore, I'm liable to do it again." And why? Because the eyeglassed young woman was in love and gave boisterous exhibitions of her affection on the stoop. "And she was forever kissing him," said Miss Chambers: "You could hear the kisses for almost a block. It's not pleasant to be kept awake by two moonstruck people on a front porch when you have to get up at 6 o'clock in the morning." Judge Croke decided that porch kissing was disorderly conduct. And yet Cleveland boasts that it is the city of homes!

* * *

This boast seems the more ironical when we read of the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Snyder, 10,106 Quebec avenue, in the same city. Mrs. Snyder has been receiving presents from her mother. For some inexplicable reason Mr. Snyder objected. He tore up three silk dresses, put five hats in the furnace and destroyed a "miscellaneous lot of jawelry." At last "a costly mahogany piano" arrived from mother. Mr. Snyder forgot the old adage, and he looked the piano in the teeth. He armed himself with a hatchet and went to work at daybreak. Soon the ivory keys were scattered all over the parlor; the wires lay on the lawn. The pieces of the highly polished case were added to the pile of kindling wood. And what is a home, even in Cleveland, O., without a piano?

* * *

Church discipline is sternly maintained in Kansas City. We learn from the Journal of that town that 16 of the brethren, the Rev. S. W. Bacote president, sat in the trial of Mrs. Sarah Williams of the Second Baptist Church (colored). Mr. Williams entered suddenly and asked: "What yo' all doin' to ma wife?" Mrs. Williams sobbed out from the witness stand: "Jess, they're goin' to put me out of the church." Chorus of deacons: "Get outa here, Jess Williams." Mr. Williams brandished his cane and shouted: "Damfido; Ah'm goin' to stay here an' see what yo' ail's doin' to ma wife." The Rev. Mr. Bacote started for his parishioner, who hit him with his cane on the head. Each of the brethren picked up a chair and threw it at somebody or something. Mrs. Sarah Williams was shot out of the door. She rolled majestically to the bottom of the steps. Mr. Williams, loyal to the last, was fired out with such force that he did not join his wife, but cleared the steps and her prostrate body. One of the brethren joined them; colleagues had mistaken him for Mr. Williams. "The Williams family, it seems, have been at the head of a disturbing element in the church for some time." Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Bacote is nursing his sadly bruised head, and the deacons are drawing up a paper to make the ejection of the Williams family permanent.

* * *

The loyalty of Mr. Williams to his wife would not appeal to Mr. Frank Liska of 8709 Escanaba avenue, Chicago. Mrs. Liska told Judge Torrison in court that her husband had not spoken to her for three months. The judge does not believe in the efficacy of brooding silence or of omphalic contemplation. Maeterlinck's essay does not appeal to him. "You can't let this silence business go on any longer. Speak to your wife every day—no snarling, understand. Talk on any old subject, and if you can't think of anything else to say, tell her a funny story." A threat of a stiff fine was added. There's nothing more aggravating than forced conversation. The order to tell a wife a funny story might well be appealed from as a cruel, inhuman punishment. Suppose she has no sense of humor and insists on an explanation of the joke! Thus did the judge with good intent put into a husband's hands a tool for strife.

* * *

"Love me, love my dog." Mr. Hodgman of California, described as "a writer and editor of various weeklies and periodicals," was sued by his wife Susannah for a divorce, which she obtained, chiefly on the ground that he paid more attention to his dog than to her. She charged Mr. Hodgman with eccentricity. "If there were visitors at the home in the evening he would barely speak to them, and then hurry to his room and lock the door." There are husbands, many of them, who would call this conduct rational. Mr. Hodgman for weeks at a time refused to eat at home. Here again he, perhaps, had good and sufficient reason. The judge granted the divorce on account of the undue affection shown the dog. This leads us to believe that Susannah was comely and Mr. Hodgman without excuse.

* * *

Dr. Barlow, a dentist of Jersey City, sued Mr. Richter to recover $66, due for

treating the teeth of Mr. R[illegible]'s daughter, $64 for gold filling and $2 for extracting a tooth. The father insisted that he should have been consulted concerning the filling, and his lawyer advanced the proposition that a gold filling is a luxury, not a necessity. Judge Er[illegible] in took the same view and gave judgment for $2. Here was a subject for the dentists in convention.

Aug 5. 1908

Men and Things.

We are inclined to think that the wild man captured in Central Park, New York, by a policeman was an amateur, ambitious to be an understudy. We are positive that he is not our old friend THE WILD MAN. Indifferent reporters recognized this fact. Mark their cautious statement: "What to all appearances was a wild man was captured," etc.

First of all the famous wild man who has been seen in Maine, Connecticut and Indiana has never been captured. His wildness laughs at net and lasso. His preternatural cunning protects him from traps even when they are disguised as a "blind tiger." Therefore he could not be arraigned in a police court, put in a psychopathic ward at Bellevue, nor would be answer personal questions.

The fact that this amateur was barefooted and dirty-faced or that he was eating grass when discovered is nothing. In these days of strange remedies and stranger diets, any one of our most respectable citizens may be taken by the ignorant for a wild man. That the amateur in Central Park "jumped up like a startled jackrabbit" is a mere rhetorical flourish.

* * *

The mocker may call our attention to the "Wild Man from Uganda," who jumped down and took off his wig and iron ankiets when an "Emporium of Nature's Greatest Freak Formations" was closed at Atlantic City because the proprietor and the mayor entertained contrary views concerning the wisdom of exhibiting marvels of nature on Sunday. We know there are such rank imposters, but complimentary imitation does not dim the glory of the great original. It may here be said that wild men from any designated place, Uganda, Borneo, Machias or Central Park, are suspicious characters. The one and truly great Wild Man is a wanderer and mysterious. No one knows his origin. No one knows this day his cave, tree, swamp; no one can name unerringly his habitat.

* * *

Mr. Taft joined the Shovelmen's Union. Mr. Bryan is now a union printer. It is Mr. Taft's move.

* * *

The late Beverly Tilden, described as "the friend of royalty," was indeed an agreeable man who had seen both men and cities, and also some women. His conversation was pleasant; he had a wealth of anecdote, and an intimate knowledge of theatrical and operatic life. But is it not too much to say that he was "a great musical and operatic critic"? Mr. Tilden would be the first to protest against this too friendly characterization.

* * *

We are now told the story of the "pretty Parisian actress" who allows her friends to see her bathe in lemonade. She sits in a Directory bathing dress. Her hair and the tub are decorated with yellow ribbons. Slices of lemon peel float on the surface and to each guest a glass of lemonade is handed. This recalls the old story of the playactress and the champagne bath.

* * *

The editor of the Tailor and Cutter (London) declares that American-made clothes are not so objectionable as they were, yet he finds a "regrettable display of raised seams where no seams are necessary, and of strange turned-back cuffs, with aggressive buttons in the wrong places." He refers to the buttons put at the ends of coat sleeves we are with him. These buttons have only one use: to hold the sleeve linings of overcoats. He may thus appeal to some tailors and repairers of clothes.

* * *

The "Peeping Tom" in Rochester, N. H., is evidently an impostor. The red bearded man wearing a long thin beard" part of the story is plausible, but the true "Peeping Tom" of New England has never been seen "creeping on his hands and knees beneath the windows." The genuine Tom climbs trees near dwelling houses; he shins up first story blinds, veranda posts, or lowers himself from the roof. He is not given to cellar investigation.

* * *

May not the Peeping Tom of Coventry have been a misunderstood and much abused person? His purpose was after all a compliment to the Lady Godiva. Might she not have been secretly disappointed if no one had dared to look? Tennyson made disagreeable remarks about poor Tom, but we really know little about the curious man. He lost an eye; did he have a compensating memory, or just before the offending eye was shrivelled, did he exclaim: "O, pshaw! Is that all?" No measurements of the Lady Godiva have been preserved.

* * *

A man in Winchendon, 80 years old, is said to have put down daily a quart of whiskey for several years. Some of the neighbors think him insane and believe that he should have a guardian. They say he is under the impression that his mission in life is to kill flies, and that he stalks about the house armed with a patent fly flap. Possibly the old gentleman sees flies where there are none, but there are surely some flies in his house and he is not insane because he wishes to destroy them. The modern fly flap is a pleasing toy, and the exercise of walking and wielding the flap is mild, well adapted to old age. Success in the sport demands a clear eye, alertness, judgment of distance. Now an insane man may be a skilful destroyer of flies, but a passion for the exercise does not necessarily reveal insanity.

Aug 6 1908.

LONELY BACHELORS.

Bachelor clubs have been formed, and some still flourish, for the purpose of defending each member against the wiles of designing woman who, according to the theory of Mr. G. B. Shaw, and he is not alone in the belief, is a relentless pursuer of the unattached male. There are defections, there are droppings by the wayside. The deserter makes amends by giving a supper to those more faithful to their oath.

In Hurley, Oklahoma, a club more deserving of recognition and support, one that must commend itself to Mr. Roosevelt, has been founded, the Cimarron County Bachelors' Club. The purpose of the members is stated by the Hurley Leader: it is "to thin out the ranks of the old bachelors by the injection of sand into their craws and forcing them to fall into line with the benedicts through correspondence secured by the club with the opposite sex who are matrimonially inclined." The Leader adds in its own inimitably breezy manner: "Time has left its imprint in the shape of goose feet on the faces of a few of the members, but they are a live, deserving bunch, and there is not one drone among them."

Oklahoma has its constitution. This fact was stated in italics at the Denver convention. Oklahoma now needs wives. The charter members of the club at Hurley are apparently desirable persons, worthy of any thoughtful maiden's inspection and choice. Any woman who wishes to correspond with a member of the club should first write to its secretary for information. He will send to her a list of names of bonafide members. She makes her selection. The secretary will then give the age, occupation, disposition, in fact a minute description of the one chosen. "In this way the lady can know something about the man before she writes to him." She, on the other hand, is required to furnish the secretary with good references, "such as town or city officials, ministers of the gospel, bank presidents or cashiers" (not now in jail, of course), "postmasters, editors of newspapers, or people whose responsibility can be ascertained." Candidates for membership in the club are solicited; "any single man in Cimarron county, white, and of good character, is eligible." The professional philanthropist will regret to find this extension of the color line into a new state that screams out its joy in freedom.

Thus are the candidates for matrimony apparently safeguarded on either side. Yet the bill introduced recently in the Georgia Legislature shows us that poor, weak, fluttering man may be easily deceived by the fiendish cunning of dressmaker and woman's own abhorrent devices. Lured on by beauty that is only specious, he may find out when it is too late that his doll is stuffed with sawdust. It should be the first duty of the Cimarron County Bachelors' Club to introduce a bill of a nature similar to that brought by the Georgian anthropologist, sociologist and statesman. Let there be no delay. The Leader cries out: "Now 'jar loose,' girls, and go at 'em." At this moment pursuers may be on their way to Hurley.

Men and Things.

A quartet of "well known" young men in Columbus, Ind., started to sing a "Gypsy Love Song" in the street, but two policemen appeared and ordered them to stop. After the policemen had walked away the quartet began "Sweet and Low," but the policemen reappeared and used their clubs. The Indianapolis News comments on this incident by saying that the police of Columbus "seem to lack what is known as a musical ear." We cannot agree to this proposition. On the contrary, we commend the taste, vigilance and prompt action of these policemen. Charles Lamb loved the sweet security of the streets. What security is there for the wayfarer when male quartets are let loose? At funerals they may serve—to thicken the gloom. They may be endured also at "banquets," late at night or "with the coffee and cigars," to quote a conventional euphemism, when every one is telling a story or howling from sheer enjoyment of alcohol. In the street they should be promptly arrested if they sing in open harmony and clubbed if they venture in harmony that is close. It matters not whether the selecion be "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" or "My Mother's Little Old Red Shawl." The patrolmen of Columbus, Ind., should be promoted. The citizens might well give each one a medal. For there is certainly bravery in approaching a male quartet when it is in action.

* * *

In Philadelphia the majority in a church objects to the organ as a godless instrument in the service. In Wales there is a Calvinistic protest against the clergyman's pipe. Yet good and famous clergymen have delighted in the weed. Richard Fletcher, Bishop of London, "smothered his cares by immoderate use of tobacco," and died with a pipe between his lips—not in a bed, we hasten to add, but in his easy chair. Fr. Kemble, executed for complicity in the Titus Oates plot, went smoking a pipe to his death. An English antiquarian tells us that to this day in certain parts of his country "the last puff taken at a sitting is known as a Kemble pipe." Bishop Burnet smoked when he wrote, and many of our readers probably remember the fuss made over Mr. Spurgeon's declaration in public: "I intend to smoke a good cigar to the glory of God before I go to bed tonight."

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette, reviewing George Auriol's "Soixante a l'heure," discusses the essential difference between the French and English idea of a joke. "The Frenchman is from his infancy taught to say (and write) things with as much point and as neatly as possible, and hence he takes as much artistic pleasure in a well-turned phrase as he does—to do him justice—in anything else that ministers to his sense of beauty. The average Englishman, on the other hand, has no sense of beauty at all, as is proved, if proof were needed, by our public monuments and statues; but, as some compensation, he has been gifted by nature with a certain waggishness which leads him to grasp the humorous side of even the most untoward circumstances."

An instance of this "waggishness" is given: "Thus during the hottest Derby within the memory of the present generation, no remark was more frequently to be heard in train or 'bus than that a snowstorm might be expected presently." Ha, ha! Likewise Haw, haw! These Englishmen are, indeed, mad wags.

* * *

Villagers seated at ease in the store are popularly supposed to vie with each other in tales of "the meanest man." Some of these meanest are familiar characters to us all: The man that runs off with the little schoolgirl's dinner pail; the widower asking that the funeral ice be saved—the gallery is crowded with striking portraits. There should be room for one more. Patrick Murphy, the master of a canal boat moored at a pier in the East river, New York, hearing a man cry for help, uncoiled a rope, put it over the side and saved the man from drowning. The saved fell unconscious, and Mr. Murphy went in search of a policeman. When he returned with one the man had disappeared. He had taken with him the life-line.

* * *

Mr. Tom Hesslewood, whose face as King Charles II., displayed on hoardings, was familiar to Americans in London a few months ago, is a Jacobite who longs for the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. (There are passionate young Bostonians who sympathize with him in this.) His rooms are described as a Stuart shrine. They were visited one day by a dealer in antiques, who identified a portrait of Charles II. as Shakespeare, and said: "He did some good work in his time, too." The dealer took up a remarkable crucifix of fifteenth century Italian work and said: "That's no good." Mr. Hesslewood, not convinced, answered: "Indeed?" "No," replied the dealer, "it's sacred," and he added confidentially: "You take it from me, sir, there is no money in sacreds."

* * *

A Chinaman, asked to identify a policeman in a Toronto court, said: "How me knowee? All policemans have same face." There are Americans who insist that all the Chinese they meet have the same face. We have heard the same thing said about negroes, as though the line of the once popular song, "All Coons Look Alike to Me," were to be taken literally. These international observations should be of interest to the sociologist.

Aug 7. 1908

Men and Things.

We are told by a thoughtful observer of life and manners, who is equally at home in the salon and the saloon, that the chief element of that pleasing beverage, the rickey, named after the late and lamented Col. Rickey, was invariably whiskey, when the drink was compounded or ordered by the inventor. This is undoubtedly true, else why the discriminative remark across the bar; "A gin rickey for me"? The differentiation shows that a rickey is not necessarily of gin. It may here be said that the bane, when several rickeys are consumed in the course of improving conversation, lies in the limes, not in the "cool, refreshing gin," to quote the memorable line of Eccles.

* * *

There are some who argue that the true mint julep should always be made with whiskey. In the course of a tour of investigation in Virginia, the mother of statesmen and the nurse of juleps, we found admirable exhibits that were not of whiskey. There used to be a little vine-covered cottage in Norfolk, near the station of the railway that goes to Petersburg. A most enticing julep was compounded there, so that many guests purposing to journey, remained in Norfolk, saying "What's the use?" The concocter was in the habit of inquiring in seductive tones: "French brandy, isn't it, gentlemen?" We found in Petersburg and Richmond juleps similarly compounded. Nevertheless in the old story the negro alluding to the death of his master, described the arrival of a stranger who taught "massa to put grass in his whiskey." Let us not be prejudiced in this grave matter. Let us inquire in a spirit of love and as earnest seekers after truth.

* * *

Mr. Roosevelt's vocabulary of praise is broadening. In his latest utterances there is an absence of "delighted" and "bully" as expletives. When he had watched the famous stallion Bar Sinster—not the "Abdallah at panic prices" dear to our boyhood—go through his paces for 15 minutes, Mr. Roosevelt burst out with: "My, isn't he a peach!" At the same time he was "delighted."

but he used the word in a phrase—"I am delighted to see such a first-class horse in America." We have been led to believe that Mr. Roosevelt in Africa will ride on elephants and camels, otherwise Bar Sinister would be just the horse for him, though not so picturesque in photographs for the magazines.

* * *

When the country house of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills at Newport, R. I., was struck by lightning, a plumber "was thrown violently against the wood pile in the laundry." It will at once be seen that this country house is after all not the real thing. The wood should be in the woodshed, and there should be a pile in the yard. We doubt whether Mr. and Mrs. Mills have a smoke-house, which every genuine country house should have for hams. Ten to one the barn is without a true yard, with the good old bracing smell, the best of tonics.

* * *

The nine-foot sheet bill, passed by the Legislature of Oklahoma, has been declared legal and constitutional by the attorney-general and approved by the Governor. The clause that vexes the hotel men is as follows: "The sheet must be as long as the bed and two feet longer." We now learn that one of the warmest advocates of the bill was Representative George Whitehurst of Sayre. "Whether he sleeps at home or abroad, no seven-foot sheet would at the same time cover his pedal extremities and keep the flies off his face." Fun has been poked at the bill. Mr. Frank Hall on one occasion was forced to remain over night in a western Oklahoma hotel. Going to bed, he found only one sheet, and, claiming that he slept between sheets at home, he asked for another, yet only by means of a tip did he obtain the extra sheet. Early the next morning the landlord awakened him by shouting: "You'll have to get up; I need that extra sheet to set the breakfast table." An old story that is now especially pertinent. Travellers throughout this country will not join in the merriment. Too many have suffered from short sheets. The government of Oklahoma has been characterized as paternal. We prefer the word maternal, for the government insists on tucking up its guests.

* * *

Lieut. Joel A. Smith, "head of the literary and artistic bureau" of Chief of Police Shippy of Chicago, believes that certain lines in "Macbeth" are not fit for school children to speak and that they must be softened or cut out. Thus, "Out, damned spot!" may be changed to "Out, deuced spot!" The Denver News, commenting disrespectfully on the censorship in Chicago, suggests the following version of a familiar speech:

Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And pish, rush to him that first cries "Hold, enough!"

* * *

Again there is sad news from Cleveland, "the city of homes." Mr. Joseph Smok said in a police court that he found it necessary to beat his wife at least three times a week because she ate too much ice cream. The thought that he beat her to restore circulation was dispelled by Mrs. Smok, who said to the judge: "It is not ice cream I want, but something to eat." Mr. Smok persisted in saying she spent his money on ice cream; that he didn't care what the law said, "I would rather go to jail for 90 years than live with her." The judge answered: "I cannot accommodate you, but I will do the best I can. Sentence, $200, costs, and six months in the workhouse," from which it will be seen that the judge is a bit of a humorist.

Aug 8, 1908

GREGARIOUS HUMORISTS.

The sixth annual convention of the American Press Humorists will be held at Denver this month. "The men who furnish the newspaper laughs, from the paragraph to the poem, the fellows who hunt the bright side of everything and make it brighter—are coming to Denver." Some sociologists may say, reading this announcement, that the recent convention in Denver set a comic standard that will not be reached by professional humorists banded together for gregarious mirth.

Let us not be misunderstood. The wit and humor contained in the newspapers of any day throughout this land would make the fortune of a comic weekly. Emerson said that Punch published one good joke a month, or was it once a week?—it was in the earlier years of Punch—and Artemus Ward, writing for Vanity Fair, said that he thought it improved a comic paper to publish a joke occasionally. But take up a newspaper in any American city, large or small, wherever you may be, and you will find some witty saying, some grotesque paragraph, some humorous comparison or retort. These jests are taken by the writers as all in the day's work. They are written as a rule with a grave face, and in too many instances Care looks over the shoulder.

When humorists are brought together socially for the express purpose of "having a good time," the result is too often disappointment. We have never had the pleasure of attending a dinner of undertakers in convention, but the more fortunate have assured us that the undertakers were as Mirth's crew. A physician in Boston once said to a friend visiting him, "I shall give a little dinner tonight and I have invited six men who are said to be the most brilliant talkers in the city." The physician himself admitted the next day that the dinner was a stupid funereal affair. The cook, a famous one, surpassed herself; the champagne was neither too dry nor too sweet and there was plenty of it; but each guest was strangely quiet, and the conversation was commonplace. Were the guests suspicious one of another? Did false modesty serve as a wet blanket?

A humorist needs the encouragement of the prosaic. There is nothing like the presence of a respectable bore to whet wit and fire fancy. Furthermore the most daring and voluble in print are often shy and silent in the company of even their colleagues. A man will reveal himself, his weaknesses, his foibles to the great public, as a modest woman will be intensely passionate in song on the stage. This same man will be awkwardly reserved at a dinner, as the singer will be primly on guard in the drawing-room.

Think not, then, that this convention of newspaper funny men will necessarily be a continuous exhibition of verbal fireworks. The least known may be anxious to coruscate; they may tell stories—"Stop me, if you've heard it"; they may recite comic verses, "I happen to have them with me"; but the old stagers will be rather quiet. They may talk of former colleagues who once amused the country; they may talk of salaries, past and present, and thus they may be ironical or humorous; they certainly will not enter the lists in jesting.

Men and Things.

This is a strange story that comes from Chicago, an unusually strange story, though Chicago is a city of wonders. A man advertised for a loan of $500. He said in the advertisement that the money would save him from committing suicide. He mentioned a time limit.

It seems that he had intended to tell his employers about the "loss" of their money, but he waited too long. Did he lose it in the street as a messenger? Or is loss in this instance a euphemism for theft or embezzlement?

His advertisement brought him $250. He waited for answers with his wife and the oldest of eight children in the "office" of a minister. The advertiser was on the verge of nervous prostration. When he received the favorable answer he exclaimed: "Tomorrow I shall be able to walk into the office and look my employers in the face."

Because he had lost or stolen $500, he purposed to kill himself, to leave his wife and eight children to suffer after he had put himself out of the way. He advertised for a loan to keep him alive and received half of the needed sum of money. How can he look his employers in the face? With $250 he should only look at their profiles. He can repay half, but the employers will have no confidence in him. And how about the payment of the loan? A still more melodramatic flavor to the story is given by the detail about the anxious waiting in the minister's "office." All in all, a most singular tale as it is reported.

* * *

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to us: "The people on the Cape whom I have talked with are not much interested in the practicability of flying machines, nor do they see in the mind's eye aerial and foreign warships hovering over cranberry bogs and bent on destructive rain. Capt. Eldridge said to me only yesterday: 'I think it is always safer for a man, however smart he may be, to have at least one foot on the ground.'"

* * *

The Herald spoke last Sunday of the decay of burlesque and of changes in the taste of theatregoers. "H. M. S. Pinafore" was revived last month at the Savoy Theatre, London, and London journals received recently comment on the piece and the performance in a way that should arouse the satirical indignation of Mr. Gilbert, who is still a testy person.

Thus the critic of a weekly, the Referee, thinks that the "absurdities" of "Pinafore" may seem "just a little overdone here and there to a generation which is so much more exacting in some particulars (and so much less in others) than the playgoers of 30 years ago." The critic himself admits that if "Pinafore" were now produced for the first time, he should be inclined to say that the librettist strained a point when he resolved the intrigue by making Capt. Corcoran take the place of Ralph Rackstraw. He argues the point gravely, with delicious solemnity: "For this solution of the difficulty does not alter their social position in relation to one another, and, what is more, the romantic interest of the able seaman's love for his commanding officer's daughter is diminished (when you come to think of it) by the fact that Josephine's lover turns out to be exactly the same age as her father." How this out-Gilberts Gilbert! The Referee also objects to the asides in which the characters express their intentions, a convention that now has fallen into disrepute.

* * *

Another evidence of the change in taste is the fact that some gags were introduced in the dialogue. "In the days of old, when all was prim and proper Capt. Corcoran surely would never have dreamed of allowing himself to remark that the first lord of the admiralty and he are 'still on speaking terms.'" The Referee objects to this gag, especially because it thinks that private differences in the services are unfitting matter for public comment.

* * *

There was a time when Mr. Gilbert would have foamed at the mouth if a comedian had endeavored to brighten the original dialogue. Yet we hear of no protest from him, and when "The Mikado" was performed last season gagging was permitted.

Yet Mr. Gilbert is still a man of force, for when a thief not long ago grabbed at his watch chain in the street late one night, the thief got nothing for his trouble except a severe blow on the face. And then Mr. Gilbert wrote a vigorous letter of complaint to the Times, protesting against the lack of proper police precaution, and the possibility of "this kind of outrage" within 50 yards of the chief metropolitan police station.

* * *

A witness on the stand and chewing gum in a Chicago court said: "Uh—huh," meaning to say "Yes." The judge exclaimed: "If you will pay more attention to me and less to your gum-chewing, it would be more mannerly and decent." The Ohio State Journal commenting on this incident remarks: "Whether the gum chewing so interfered with the vocal accoutrements as to make a plain 'Yes' difficult, or 'Uh-huh' itself was conducive to the habit of gum-chewing is a matter that the court did not descant upon." This is certain, the judge would not accept "Uh-huh" for "Yes." What would be his ruling concerning "Yep" or "Sure"?

Aug. 9, 1908

VARYING WHISKERAGE.

The Emperor William, like the gallant captain in a "Bab ballad," is a man of constant surprises. For some time he has been silent, though it was impossible to think of him as inactive. This silence was ominous. Did it confirm the gloomy views of certain English statesmen concerning the near approach of a European war? Or was the Emperor meditating a ukase to put an end to extreme modern theories of literature and art?

We are now informed that the Emperor has "a new style of wearing his mustache"; that in civilian dress he vainly tried to pass a sentry. "You must let me enter. Don't you know me, I am the Emperor." The sentry at last recognized his master, presented arms, and let him enter the battery. The sequel was, of course, inevitable, and the incident will pass into imperial anecdotage. "The Emperor reported the occurrence to the officer of the guard at the fort, praising the soldier and recommending his promotion." The story will live, as similar tales of Napoleon and of Frederick the Great have been handed down for the entertainment and the instruction of the young.

It seems that the Emperor now wears his mustache straight, not pointing upward, defiantly skyward. He is thus outwardly another man. The human being changes his skin, it is said, every seven years. Why should not a man vary his arrangement of facial hair to suit occasions, to promote conversation at home and at the club, and in some instances to preserve the affection of his wife? If a man with a rakish mustache or with too carefully nursed whiskers is appointed to a position of trust and grave responsibility he should at once start a full beard or shave close, according to the shape of his head. There was a time when a beard was thought indispensable to the success of a young physician. The fear of microbes has led many doctors to be all shaven and shorn. Take the case of a man who has made his way in a community by the outward appearance of sobriety, earnestness and sound judgment. Now, like Mr. Edison, he purposes to enjoy himself. Off goes the beard, and with it the necessity of constant vigilance in grave behavior.

A butler once gave warning. When he was pressed to give the reason, after a most satisfactory service for twenty years, he said to the master of the house: "To tell you the truth, sir, I am tired of seeing your face and the faces of your family." A thoughtful husband might well ponder the philosophy of this speech. Is his wife never sick of seeing the same old whiskers? If he has shaved for years, would not a fierce mustache, financial mutton chops or sentimental piccadillies give to her a new man? A variation at least once in three months would fasten her attention, maintain interest, excite curiosity. Her George would never then be suspected in her heart of being prosaic, humdrum.

BERLIOZ, CRITIC AND JOURNALIST

As Revealed in the Recent Biography of Him by Adolphe Boschot.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The Herald, reviewing a few weeks ago the second volume of Mr. Adolphe Boschot's life of Hector Berlioz, said that it would discuss at a more convenient season Berlioz, the feuilletonist, the critic. There is nothing just now of more pressing musical interest. Let us, therefore, neglecting summer topics, as "How Prima Donnas Spend Their Sundays," consider Berlioz, the critic, as revealed by this second volume, "Un Romantique Sous Louis Philippe."

Many readers are acquainted with the

umes of essays by Berlioz. Some ay have read a volume of selections om his weekly feuilletons. A more innate view of this great critic and comser of extraordinary genius is now ven to those who have the patience to ad through the interminable pages of r Boschot.

Berlioz was a born journalist. He s, indeed, more than this, for his lemoirs," romantic as they are, exavagant as they often are, and also rely imaginative, show a strongly arked, individual literary force and uncommon brilliance in expreson of thought. To have won, as rlioz, the writer, did, the critical adration of William E. Henley, was no an triumph.

Berlioz began as a contributor to a highly respectable musical jourl edited by Fetis. He also wrote, on after his return from Rome, for urope litteraire," which had an aim its own—to reveal contemporaneous ought, purposes, endeavors in art d literature; to be a review of innational art. Among his colleagues e Dumas the elder, Hugo, Karr, elet, Nodier, Soulie, Vigny, Sue. ter his marriage to Harriett Smith, in order to earn his living and be recognized in concert halls and tres as a man of importance, he ne the music critic of the "Renor," a journal of the Legitimists. "Renovateur" paid little to its ributors. Berlioz began by writn amiable article on a ballet and dancer Taglioni. Already his eyes re the Opera for the production a work by him, so it is not surpristo find him complimenting the ger, the orchestra, the scene er and the costumer.

t his next article contained probly the most valuable and illuminariticism of Chopin's playing that ome down to us. "To be able to prlate him (Chopin) wholly, I k it is necessary to hear him you are near him, in the parlor than in the theatre, and withthought of any preconceived idea. n, player and composer, is e there is no point of resembetween him and any other an of my acquaintance. * * * ly any one besides Chopin himfortunately, can play this music give it the character of something x te, unforeseen, which is one s chief charms. His performance n d with a thousand nuances of m nt He holds the secrets of nuances, which cannot be pointt There are incredible details s mazurkas, and he has found how ke them doubly interesting by them with the utmost degree t ness, with a superlative softs The hammers just graze the gs, so that the hearer is tempted w near to the instrument and a n his ear, as though he were at a of sylphs and will o' the s."

and the finest appreciation of the self were written in 1832 when 's pieces were to the great maf composers and pianists a ne block. The greater wonder is B rlioz so quickly understood the t genius of Chopin. Saintee said that Rousseau needed time l sp c to be eloquent. Berlioz to be l e l to composition required a great ject He also needed time and space a army of performers.

have said that the "Renovateur" little. Berlioz contributed a llelon a week, and he received 150 or 200 francs a month. He pared his copy with gusto. The der saw at once that Berlioz was sed when he sat down to write. gave good measure. His articles k beyond the space allotted at the m of the page. He wrote as frees wrote his letters and he was frank and confidential. He talked t with the spirit of a meridional, f nd the happy term, the memole phrase. He spoke about music n'y as a musician, but as an st in both words and music, as a unter of the foyer, an entertainwitty man of the boulevards. Inale with the keenest and most inntal writers, he held his head ly in their presence, and they red in his company. Yet he did not e carelessly, at random. He erased, r ned, added, cut out, was careful t his adjectives, sought out comos and epithets, heightened or ered what was originally a complace. He made a fair copy of undecipherable pages, and the

positor welcomed his clear manup that showed neither haste nor atten e. His articles were readfor all, truly Parisian, "tres e France." And as Mr. Boschot "Reading them, you heard Bertalking on the front steps of Tor's restaurant or between the rows chairs in the boulevard de Gand."

rlioz in those days knew nothing t Bach, whom he called an old wig, ssli; nothing about Handel; he sed Spontini's "Vestale" as one of loftiest productions of musical us; of Mozart's music he knew only n Glovanni" (disfigured in the verof Castil-Blaze), the "Requiem" and ish-mash made from "The Magic e" for the Parisian stage; he was acquainted with the music of dn but he knew the tragedies of k, operas by Salieri, Spontini, Ler, and at the age of 25 years he had struck by Beethoven's music as by ning In the "Renovateur" Berlioz t for "grand art," and to him nd art" meant the music of hoven, Gluck, Weber, Spontini and—loz.

shouted his adoration of Beethowh was then not in fashion at

The subjects of Louis Philippe ighted in the roulades and the bass um of Italian opera, the vaudeville couplets at the Opera Comique, the "tutus" worn by the dancing girls at the Opera, the ball concert promenade of Musard. "The Greeks," as Berlioz wrote, "deified Homer. As long as Beethoven has no temple here, we deserve the name of barbarians." Nevertheless, some of Berlioz's remarks in 1834 about chamber music by Beethoven awaken the suspicion that at the time he really was littlo acquainted with it.

Berlioz preached the religion of Beethoven, and his sermons, his appeals, were effective because he spoke tho language of his period. He was read. His articles gave pleasure. Magazines copied them. The bite, the tang of his style arrested the attention. His sayings were remembered. Whenever he spoke of Gluck he wrote as the pure musician; but on other occasions he would indulge in personal reminiscences and also in malicious personal attacks on men then living. Cherubini was always "the illustrious old man"; never did Berlioz lose the opportunity of jesting at the expense of the Institute and of the competition for the Prix de Rome, although he, as a winner of this prize, had been treated with singular indulgence in the matter of his pension when he had in no way fulfilled the conditions imposed by law.

As journalist, even in 1834 Berlioz had what his master Leseur had attributed to him, "un talent de genie." Not disturbed by his own ignorance, always sure of himself, not at all uneasy in matters of erudition, passionately fond of the picturesque, the intensely dramatic, the grand, the beautiful, with an ardor that was volcanic, he was close to the Parisian public, and he was the most far-sighted, stimulating and useful of all the music critics of that epoch.

He became still more influential as critic of the Journal des Debats, the powerful journal of the still more powerful Berlin family. He began to write for this newspaper in January, 1835. For each feuilleton he received f.100, a payment that was then unusually liberal. His great ambition at that time was to see an opera by him produced. His position was now more formidable. He himself described it as "armed." From association with journalists he had come to the belief that the true force of the critic was in amiability, the evident desire to be kindly disposed, and, above all, silence. The critic—that is the critic-composer—should be serviceable; he should welcome the compositions of others; he should attach friends to him by favors granted; he should never fail to announce the concerts of other artists, "especially those of singers or orchestral players who would give their services to him gratuitously." There were times when it was better to be silent. But in order to be considered formidable it was a good thing occasionally to "slate" a dead composer, or one high in honor, a gouty fossil, an intimate enemy. Could Berlioz as a creative musician have been free, untrammelled? He knew everybody; he had need of everybody. If he wounded any one would he not wound himself?

He was fortunate at first in his work for the Journal des Debats. His first reviews were of Conservatory concerts and he was obliged to speak only of the great dead. These early articles have amused writers of today by reason of the romantic metaphors. Thus, wishing to describe the impression made by certain music of Beethoven, Berlioz likened the hearer to a man spending a dark winter's night in a gothic castle and listening to the narration of an old legend charged with grisly horror. "The wind soughs without; only a pale light is shed by the fire on the hearth; the listener's heart beats with a secret terror," etc., etc. These metaphors now seem old-fashioned, absurd. But each period has its own metaphors, and when an image is no longer in fashion it is only bric-a-brac and it does not fit in the expression of later emotion. "Berlioz made these images live at the time, his emotion was so intense." And as Mr. Boschot well remarks, "with fine malice, metaphors used in describing music must be vague, and the best are those that are incomprehensible without appearing to be so." Abstract words that are momentarily in fashion should also be used. "For example, since Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, the word 'will' has become a magic word. Since 1830 the word 'poem' is not less so. If any one should say to us the symphony in C minor is 'The Poem of the Will,' we should find the saying admirable. It says nothing and yet it seems to say everything."

As the months went by Berlioz began to complain, vexed beyond endurance by all sorts of concerts. "Never," he wrote one day, "has the task of unfortunate critics been more fatiguing, rude, difficult, discouraging, detestable, foolish, useless. There is a rain of album pieces, an avalanche of romances, a torrent of airs with variations, a cataclysm of fantasies, a waterspout of concertos, cavatinas, dramatic scenes, comic duets, soporific adagios, diabolical invocations, classic sonatas, romantic rondos, fantastical, frenetic, fanatical."

At times he would throw prudence to the winds. Witness his pleasant little article concerning one Batta: "Alexandre Batta, the violoncellist, invariably inspires passion in women of 30 years. He tells to them (on his instrument) the 'Ave Maria,' and each one adding mentally 'Gratia plena,' supposes that the celebrated song of Schubert is only an excuse for a mysterious declaration addressed to her. He sings 'Une fievre bruiante,' and all the Marguerites bend their blonde heads toward the melancholy minstrel. When the 'Romanesca' comes, this dance tune of the 16th century, they take pains to grow pale to sigh, to raise toward heaven their tearful eyes; then pretty things are said about St. Cecilia, the middle ages, the cathedrals, love, faith, hope the piece is redemanded with a faint voice, and the virtuoso, awaking the next morning, receives this mystic declaration couched in various forms: 'I understood you.' They say that at Batta's last Tuesday the intelligence of the women of 30 years was most remarkable."

Or when his friend Mme. Viardot was obliged to sing Nicolo's air, "No, I do not wish to sing," Berlioz exclaimed, "A wretched, foolish, miserable song! How clever it is indeed to say in song that you do not wish to sing, and to run scales up and down whenever the word 'roulades' occurs! What silly littlo melodies! The style is that of a commercial traveller! Mme. Viardot was immensely applauded."

Sometimes he was malicious in his wit, as in the case of a double bass player: "Mr. Hindle is a little man who plays exceedingly well a huge instrumen . He has applied his intelligence and spent his time for many years in taming a double bass and he has now succeeded in making it sing like a canary bird."

Note his dismissal of Thalberg when that pianist was the rage: "First concert. Thalberg enters, great applause; he leaves the stage, immense applause. He meets the box office man: 'How much?' '12,000 francs.' 'Splendid!' He goes out smoking his cigar like any ordinary being."

Wearied, harassed at home by the now fat but still amorous and insanely jealous Harriett, anxious to win fame at the Opera, writing feuilletons for four periodicals, he cried out, bitterly, in one of his Sunday articles:

"O, the foolish trade of a feuilletonist!

"'Why do you follow it, then?' people may well ask.

"That's a fine question! Why do you, sir, who are a banker, spend three-fourths of your day over figures when you have a horse or two superb horses who paw the stall floor, when you could drive to the Bois to enjoy the last rays of an autumnal sun? Why do you, sir, a physician, etc.

"I'll tell you why I write feuilletons: I am a man of letters."

In another article I shall speak of the inevitable pitfalls in the path of Berlioz, the critic-composer; how he avoided them; how he fell into them; how he was, by reason of the fact that he was a composer, more than once obliged to be silent when he should have spoken out, to be indirect or vague when he should have used blunt words; how, forgetting the old adage in the Apocrypha, he kept the company of a singer and was taken with her attempts, so that writing about her and her colleagues he was unfair to the latter and to himself. This may easily lead to the discussion of the question whether a critic is not necessarily handicapped if he be possessed with the mania of composing.

Aug 10 1908

A TRANSLATOR.

Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley did a great service to the reading public of this country by translating into English the novels of Balzac. Before these translations appeared Balzac was known in the United States only by those who were well versed in French, and even they were not always sure of the author's meaning, for the style of Balzac is often crabbed, involved, obscure. Even Mr. George Moore, who passed years in France and writes with ease both prose and verse in French, confessed publicly that there were passages in the novels not clear to him, for the original expression did not lucidly convey the thought. French critics have made the same complaint.

It is true that two or three of Balzac's novels were translated into English and published at New York just before, or early in the years of, the civil war, but the circulation was limited and it was not a time for the discussion of literary questions, nor was there encouragement for the completion of the task. Balzac, then, before Miss Wormeley's translations, was known to the public at large vaguely. It understood by hearsay that Balzac was a distinguished novelist. Some accepted the slurring line in Browning's "Spanish Cloister," and some were acquainted with an imported English translation of "Contes Drolatiques," with Dore's illustrations.

Miss Wormeley translated the works, or selections from the works, of other French authors, but her Balzac will be her monument. She was handicapped in a way. When she undertook the labor she was obliged by the original publishers in Boston to soften certain expressions and to leave out paragraphs or even, in some instances, pages. This squeamishness now seems incredible. The reader has only to compare the famous speech of Mme. Marneffe dying in "La Cousine Bette," the speech that excited the admiration of W. E. Henley, who translated it into modern slang, with Miss Wormeley's version, which is necessarily tame and meaningless. Mme. Marneffe's speech summed up her reckless and abominable character.

One of the shorter novels of Balzac was not translated by Miss Wormeley. The reason of this is obvious. Although the treament of the subject is reserved, one might say chaste, the subject itself is one only for the alienist. This story is not included in the edition of Balzac edited by Prof. Saintsbury and published in London.

On the whole, Miss Wormeley's translation has a literary flavor that is often missed in the more recent one. Thoroughly in sympathy with Balzac's character and artistic purpose, she did not apologize for the baseness of many of its men and women. She knew that life has a seamy side, and her intimate knowledge of memoirs and historical documents had taught her that Balzac's imagined world was no better or worse than the world as it existed and as it exists. She translated with gusto but not with the headlong enthusiasm of a partisan. She was conscious of Balzac's prejudices, grossness, artistic errors, inordinate love of detail, but she also realized that he was one of the few great observers of life and manners, a man whose view was almost as clear and universal as that of Goethe or even Shakespeare.

She was never weary in private of talking about Balzac, his life, his work. The men and women in the novels were as near and familiar to her as those who dwelt in the valley of Jackson beneath her mountain home. Nothing irritated her more than the familiar but foolish charge against Balzac that he never portrayed a good woman. By nature, by reflection, and possibly by her spiritual association with women of the court and the famous Faubourg, she was herself a "grande dame" whom Balzac would have painted lovingly. Yet in her daily life she was gracious and sympathetic. She had pity on the weaknesses, the foibles, the sufferings of her fellow-beings figuring with her in the great romance of daily life.

Men and Things.

Mr. John A. Nicholls of Boston is reported as saying at the Lincoln Temperance Chautauqua at Austin: "If I wanted to drink, I would get good and soused, and then cut it out for a month. It is not nearly so bad to roll in the gutter as it is to take a nip every now and then." The sensitive may object to the word "soused" and prefer "pickled" or "canned"; the professional scoffer may say to the alternative itself, "It depends on the condition of the gutter"; but those are minor matters. Mr. Nicholls, in his proposition, sides with Avicenna, the learned Arabian leech, who gave it as his opinion that it was good for a man to bo drunk once a month. For this drunkenness, he claimed, provoked sweat, removed the superfluities, and in other ways benefited tho human constitution. A dangerous doctrine! Friends of temperance will find this theory of Avicenna gravely inquired into by Sir Thomas Browne in his "Vulgar Errors."

* * *

Mr. Richard Harding Davis has purchased a "big badge" to wear as a deputy sheriff. We cannot imagine him wearing a small one. He purposes to police his estate of 320 acres. His

kennel master was held up recently and the robbers took from him a basket of dog biscuits.

These pleasing details come from the novelist's own lips. Preserved and handed down, they will serve as documents to prove the flourishing condition of literature in the United States of 1908. Estates of 320 acres! A kennel master robbed of dog biscuits, not a few in a coat pocket, but a whole basketful! Literary genius dwells no longer in a garret! It knows no Grub street, no flickering candle stuck in a bottle!

* * *

Mr. Davis, however, has entertained many of his fellow countrymen, by his short stories and otherwise, and no one should begrudge him his land, beeves, kennel master, dog biscuit and big badge of authority. He has been quiet of late and no longer can be called a "bounder" in the temple of the muses. He is a very different Mr. Davis from the young man of 1894 who then moved Richard Hovey to write some lines that are not included in the published works of the poet. Mr. Hovey when he was in Boston used to carry these verses and others of like character about with him, and read them aloud with indescribable gusto.

"Good morning, Mr. Davis." "Harding Davis, if you please."
"Oh! pardon! Mr. Harding Hyphen Davis, if you please.
I only called to say how much I like your journalese.
A little more familiar and a little less at ease
With the rules of English grammar than would suit a Bostonese,
'Tis yet a fitting instrument to render thoughts like these—
The thoughts of Mr. Davis." "Harding Davis, if you please."

These lines were published in the Chap-Book of Aug. 15, 1894, but anonymously.

* * *

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to The Herald: "Have you read a book by A. de Vere Stackpoole? I am anxious to see it. If your literary editor has a copy, would he not mail it to me—at his expense? I should be glad to review the novel for The Herald, and would send a carefully prepared half-column for——" (Mr. Johnson names a preposterous price.) "I wish to read the book, not because a Mr. Tonson says it is the book of the season—I am not acquainted with Mr. Tonson, which may be a misprint for Jonson—but because 'a literary woman' for whom an anonymous writer has great respect, paid a tribute 'which could not perhaps be surpassed in all the history of criticism.'

"Here is the tribute: 'I was combing my hair one night before going to bed, when my eye lit on "—— —— ——." I picked it up and commenced to read it. About an hour and a half later I laid the book down—I was still seated before my dressing table; I had not even paused to put down the comb.'

"This is indeed an admirable working model. I am prepared to furnish any publisher with a dozen of the same quality. Here is a sample: 'I picked up "The White of an Egg" by Maud Lucy Thudicum half an hour before going to bed. I found myself brushing my teeth and still holding the fascinating novel in my left hand. I took the book to bed with me, and when I had finished the last chapter, the tooth brush was still in my mouth.'"

* * *

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, Aug. 5, 1908.

Men and Things: Your contributor, Mr. Johnson, asked last Monday for an explanation of the machine No. 47 exhibited by Prof. G. von Sniggersdorf at a meeting of the Royal Society in London. The description of the "Polyphloisballsanskitflograph" was as follows: "For tracing and analysing hypermetropic or hoperimetrical vibrations of more than one phase. By adjusting the disintegrator in harmonic relation to the vasular function of the spherulitic index a vector equation is obtained which gives the torsional flux in terms of the differential logarithm."

I read recently in a London journal a partial explanation in the inventor's own words: "You ask me vich ze disintegrator it is. It is he. I pull her so, and the lever sets work dat train of wheels, mit ze am dat engage in ze second train. (How you say—'engage?' No, 'book.') Ze one train go fast, ze ozer slow. I call zem ze 'eggspress' and ze 'petite vitesse.' Well, zare, you 'as a gompound harmonic motion of two dialyzers, vich ven it com into gontact mit ze index makes em duplicate rotation of ze primordial spring. Do you not now gomprehend? I pull ze lever so, and then——."

GEORGE DAMSON.

* * *

To G. H. P. The statement in Men and Things of August 3, "Othello mislaid his handkerchief," was not ours, but Ruskin's. You will find the sentence, "Othello mislays his handkerchief, and there remains nothing for him but death," in "Modern Painters" (Part V., chap. XX., in a footnote). We were aware at the time that an Egyptian gave the handkerchief to Othello's mother, who in turn gave it to her son; that Desdemona received it from him; that she dropped it; that Emilia picked it up and Iago snatched it from her. But quoting from a man, we quote as he wrote, not as he should have written.

Aug 11, 1908

"HUMAN DUMMIES."

Manufacturers of a new street car fender naturally wish to sell their goods and they would fain make practical experiments to prove the efficacy of the invention. They wish something better than a dummy such as is used often on the stage in the representation of a fearful fall or a steamboat explosion. They are willing to pay $2 a day to any man who will let the new car device butt him. Surprise has been expressed that men should be found for such passive yet unpleasant employment.

When Genevieve Ward, as the adventuress in "Forget Me Not," used to exclaim passionately, "The world owes me a living!" the playhouse was rocked by the applause that followed the declaration. Nor was the appeal only to the gallery. It was as though each one in the audience thought, "I did not ask to come into this world. The world owes me, also, a living." This proposition is beautiful only theoretically. As a matter of fact, the world owes no one a living, and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest is a reasonable answer to the burst of sentiment which in nine cases out of ten is based on laziness.

However we may endeavor to ignore it, the ugly fact remains that many who are willing, eager to work, cannot obtain any employment. There are still more who bravely engage in work that seems repulsive, not for human beings. No sensitive person dwells on the life of men in a sugar refinery or in a stokehole. In some cases the unfortunates are sustained by a feeling akin to the despair of the predestinated; in other cases they insist on living and find their life worth living; they prefer suffering to annihilation; something definite to a mysterious possibility. Incredible as it may seem to the sensitive, there are men who are content, no matter how hard, disagreeable, dangerous the work may be. They toil cheerfully, and do their duty in strict obedience to the catechism.

Volumes descriptive of dangerous occupations have been published, but we do not know of any encyclopaedia of strange and grotesque means of obtaining food, shelter, and clothes. Begging is an exceedingly old profession, and they that follow it have in all ages taken pride in it. Not long ago we read of a trade union in the south of France formed by beggars for the suppression of unqualified practice. The association has statutes and bylaws. Only French subjects with genuine malformations or sores are admitted to membership. According to the Journal des Debats, two one-legged men have been sent out by the union on a mission to deliver addresses wherever they go, warning the public against impostors.

There are plays produced at little theatres in Paris, plays with:

> Much of madness, and more of sin,
> And horror the soul of the plot.

It is said that these theatres retain a physician to look after fainting women during the matinee. A woman engaged herself to faint at the proper time for a nightly fee of five francs a faint. (The audiences at night are made up chiefly of men). She sat unmoved through two horrors, but when a farce was performed as an intermezzo, she swooned at the third joke.

The "human dummies" may prove the usefulness of the fender, or they may share the fate of more than one inventor of a fire-escape. In either instance they will have served the public. And are there no "human dummies" in more conventional occupations? Are they not sometimes to be found even in the learned professions, in legislative bodies, in high official chairs?

Men and Things.

Mr. Cyril Davenport in his "The oBok, Its History and Development," mentions volumes bound in human skin. He tells of a friend of Camille Flammarion, a woman, whose shoulders were peculiarly beautiful. When she died she bequeathed her skin to the astronomer, and he used some of it for a binding of one of his own books. Mr. Davenport says there are other examples in private ownership, but he says nothing about the curious fancy of a collector mentioned by the De Goncourt brothers in their journal. He speaks of a volume in the Carnavalet Library of Paris, a copy of the constitution of 1793, bound in the skin of one of the revolutionaries who was killed at the time. "Human skin, undyed, looks like thick calf."

* * *

Mr. Davenport might, by way of digression, have alluded to the fantastic wall coverings in the sitting room of the gallant Gen. Archinard, whose theories of colonization were unfolded by Mr. Octave Mirabeau in "Les Vingt-et-un Jours d'un Neurasthenique." The walls were covered with leather, a strange leather of peculiarly fine grain and greenish black in color. The general swelled with pride when he told his visitor that the decoration was of negro skin. "Employed in this manner," said the glorious warrior, "negroes will no longer be inert matter, and our colonies will at least serve some purpose. Rich idea? Just feel of the leather. Handsome, solid, indestructible, impervious. A true mine for a budget!"

The general said in answer to questions that it took 109 negroes, the population of a hamlet, to cover the walls of his room. But all of it is not utilized. There are finer skins, especially those of women, more supple skins, which might be employed in artistic leather dressing, luxurious articles, portemonnaies, valises, even for gloves, mourning gloves."

The brave old general, it seemed, knew only one way to civilize a people—to kill them. "Whatever manner of ruling a conquered folk be adopted, protection, annexation, what-you-will, there is always trouble: the rascals are never willing to be tranquil. Massacring them in bulk, I suppress all final difficulties." "Kill and tan" was the motto. "On the one hand, suppression of revolt, on the other, the creation of an astonishing industry." To the great grief of the general, the French government was too "sentimental" and his theory of colonization was not put into effect.

* * *

Mr. W. J. Henderson of the New York Sun, who is now contributing letters from England, was much shocked by the dancing of Miss Maud Allan as Salome. In fact, the performance to him was a succession of shocks, but in the faithful discharge of his duty to his employer and the public Mr. Henderson sat out the show and recorded at length and in detail that might be characterized as loving his impressions. We are inclined to believe that any reader of this article will be bitterly disappointed in the dance itself. If this be so, perhaps Mr. Henderson unconsciously will have been of benefit to the accomplishment of a task that was evidently painful to him.

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We are informed that the "watermelon orange cravat" is the thing. If the shirts, trousers, shoes and socks are white "this single streak of color is not painful standing alone." Bath-house John of Chicago must now be the dictator in dress for men. "Fastidious dressers consider the kerchief which peeps from the breast pocket the last word of taste." But the "kerchief" should only peep; it should be coy. We remember in the old plain days the young swell sitting for the photographer saw to it that the handkerchief was pulled to a proper length, so that proof of possession was patent. This peeping is a nuisance. "Black socks are not being worn with white shoes this summer." Yet black is the most useful color for camping purposes or for walks on village sidewalks and in the country roads. "Some of the most fastidious dressers are wearing ribbed silk socks and ties, both embroidered with the same pattern." They are, indeed, "tasty," "dressy," "classy" persons. One or two in a summer resort would decorate the landscape.

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At the same time, strive as they will, how inferior these "fastidious dressers" are to the French swells of the 16th century. There were Frenchmen of such refined taste that they could not endure the odor of linen that had passed through the laundry. They wore a shirt only once and then threw it away.

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Furthermore, no garment now described is equal to the waistcoat designs for last spring, for they looked like a mixture of dog biscuits, breakfast food and flax seed. While "the rag that made Broadway put on blinkers" was a cutaway coat, so cut away that it might have been properly named a "gash," of a pumpkin pie color, and starting to retreat just after it passed the top rib. The wearer was said to look like a "four-alarm fire."

Aug 12 1908

INSULTED KILTS.

The affection of the Highlander for his kilt, the ancient costume, is known to all. He glories in it whatever the occasion may be. It is said that when in the South African war there was talk of putting the Highland regiments into Khaki trousers, because the tartan kilts were conspicuous targets for the enemy, the soldiers came near revolting, and a compromise was made; Khaki aprons were provided to cover the tartans. The Irish wearers of kilts are equally sensitive. Nor is any Highlander, whatever his station in life may be, ever conscious of the fact that in his national costume he may present through the meagre gifts of unkindly Nature, a grotesque spectacle. The Marquis of Farintosh thought he was irresistible thus arrayed in the dance. Witness his portrait by Richard Doyle in Thackeray's "Newcomes."

It appears, however, that the kilt is not welcome in the House of Lords, a Conservative body, which was indescribably shocked when an irreverant American in the gallery cried out: "Will the gent in the chair please oblige with a comic song?" Mr Richard Hazleton, the member for North Galway in the House of Commons, introduced recently a young friend dressed in a kilt to the Strangers' Gallery of the Lords. Sir Henry Stephenson, Black Rod, immediately sent a messenger to inform them that the kilt was not "proper to wear" in that assembly. Mr. Hazleton, incensed, wrote a letter to the admiral, Sir Henry, in which he asked irritating questions and actually had the audacity to make fun of the formalities and Sir Henry himself. This was after Mr. Hazleton had written a courteous letter to which no reply was vouchsafed.

The admiral was asked why he objected to kilts.

You don't even wear trousers yourself, and as for the rest of your costume, it is hardly a model of conventional austerity, is it? Even if you are opposed to the Celtic revival, why be so rude about it? Of course you are an admiral, and I see from the papers that there is an epidemic of rudeness amongst admirals. I thought, however, that they kept it for one another. Can't you be satisfied with reducing the livery of Parliament to the level of a fancy dress ball, without trying to reduce its courtesies to the level of the Channel Fleet? If you must be a dress reformer, and object to kilts, why not begin with the King, who, as you ought to know, wears kilts on his Highland holidays.

Truly an audacious letter, one calculated to shake the foundations of an English institution. Black Rod has, as yet, not replied to it. Perhaps he is meditating how best to send the bold varlet to the Tower. The pillory is no longer in use, nor are wretches now flogged in public from Aldgate to Newgate and then from Newgate to Tyburn.

And is it not possible that the

House of Lords may yet perish by a revolution brought on through such an apparently trifling affair, trifling, perhaps ridiculous, to the world at large, but of vital importance to a proud and hardy race? England nearly lost India by compelling native soldiers to bite cartridges prepared with cow's grease. The kilt may yet be raised as the standard of revolt.

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letter.

WELLESLEY HILLS, Aug. 8, 1908.

Men and Things:

This is the season for the "funny" men of the newspaper profession to get to their work about the sea serpent. I wonder if these press comedians ever read Prof. Richard Proctor's article on "The Reality of the Sea Serpent" in the Forum of April, 1887. It might be well for your valuable paper to publish the substance of that article. Then the funny man would see that there is a hundred times better evidence for the existence of a creature resembling the descriptions of the sea serpent than there is for any cure of cancer or locomotor ataxia by Christian Science or for the alleged fact that Houdini ever got out of a carefully locked trunk or escaped from the cell of the Charlestown prison. Sometimes the funny man reminds one of the old lady in London who prayed for the conversion of her son when he described the wonders of deep sea diving, but gave unquestioned credence to his statement that in the Red Sea their dredging iron brought up the head of an Egyptian chariot! J.

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We regret to see that our correspondent is skeptical concerning the extraordinary deeds of Mr. Houdini. Hundreds saw that Mr. Houdini escaped from a carefully locked trunk. They "seen him do it." They have every reason to believe that the trunk was a real one—no deception, gentlemen, you can look for yourselves"—and that it was locked. They have every reason to believe that he broke from his cell in jail—was it from Charlestown prison? Was it not from Charles street jail? (The months go quickly; the air is full of moving things, among them Houdini; there is a constant war and even important events are confused or forgotten.) They have every reason to believe in this jail breaking, for other persons, less gifted by nature and art, have done the same thing. We wish that our correspondent would sit down and talk with Mr. Houdini, who would be delighted to tell him all about Robert Houdin, also about the discovery of Robert Heller's grave.

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Gives no proof, or shadow of proof—nothing but vague uncertain hearsays. 'Two sailors,' he says, 'made oath of seeing part of the latter, seven or eight yards of his back; but I did not talk with them myself, so I can lay little stress on their evidence.' They might be weak men; they might be frightened, yea, they were by their own confession; or, they might be men of no conscience: on any of which suppositions their testimony is nothing worth." Yet Wesley himself told as surprising yarns, stories of apparitions, trances, visions of heaven and hell, and believed them all.

* * *

Give us the old orthodox sea serpent, with the head about the size of a barrel, with hair on his neck like the mane of a horse; the sea serpent that makes a hissing noise as he moves through the water at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and may no cottagers along the North Shore persuade the town authorities to put a muffler on him. He is a welcome sight, whether he be sporting off Nahant or far out at sea carefully avoiding the casino-lined coast. The fact that "funny" men have jested good-humoredly about him is a strong proof of his existence. There is no need of a Proctor eloquent in the Forum to convert them.

Some weeks ago we asked Mr. Herkimer Johnson, whose mind is severely scientific, if he had ever seen a sea serpent. He answered, "Only one." More fortunate than the great majority, he nevertheless was loath to dwell on the subject, though he did describe the serpent's head as "about the size of a barrel." There were evidently unpleasant associations connected with this marine sight, and we respected the feelings of the distinguished sociologist, who makes no pretence to ophidian lore.

* * *

Pater, in an article on Coleridge, alludes to the strange sights seen by mariners of keen vision far from land for many days. There were whalers that saw the great white squid, described by Herman Melville as the most wondrous phenomenon of the secret seas: "A vast pulpy mass, furlongs in length and breadth, of a glancing cream color, lay floating on the water, innumerable long arms radiating from its centre and curling and twisting like a nest of anacondas, as if blindly to clutch at any hapless object within reach. No perceptible face or front did it have; no conceivable token of either sensation or instinct; but undulated there on the billows, an unearthly, formless, chance-like apparition of life." Few whaleships ever beheld and returned to their ports to tell of it. And what is the sea serpent in comparison? A mere water snake, a gudgeon.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

Aug 13 1908

Men and Things.

The Queen of England frowns, they say, on the directoire gown, and will not permit it to be worn at court. It is not stated whether her objection is based on the conviction that the said gown is necessarily immodest or on an aesthetical prejudice. To some the sight of court ladies under the reign of Victoria was a shameless spectacle, yet that good Queen insisted on low-necked gowns, and only in rare instances was permission given to wear dresses high in the neck. If we are not mistaken Antoinette Sterling, the singer, had conscientious scruples against the conventional and enjoined exposure, and was allowed her own way when she was commanded to sing before Her Majesty Victoria.

* * *

The history of costumes shows that modesty and immodesty in dress are chiefly matters of chronology, geography and climate. In Detroit, however, there are fixed principles. We are informed by a head-line in the Detroit Free Press that Mr. A. H. Griffith of that city "again displays his delightful liberality of mind"; in a word, he is "for the directoire gown now and forever," and not "agin" it. "Thus spake"—not Zarathustra—but "Detroit's connoisseur of art and beauty, Director A. H. Griffith of the Detroit Museum of Art, the man whose word on all matters is valued as golden coin by every alert citizen of Detroit."

Mr. Griffith, we are also told, does not mince words. "He uses forceful, resounding, straightforward Anglo-Saxon." According to him, "this hubbub and tomfoolery" should have been raised long ago about straight front corsets. "They're an execrable abomination, concocted by some slabsided, rotund female of grotesque proportions that couldn't look decent in anything." "To the ashheap with them," says Mr. Griffith in his reasoning, forceful, sturdy Anglo-Saxon way. He is no Pater anxious about the phrase, no condescending Matthew Arnold.

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Mr. Griffith considers this "soft, clinging, long-lined garment very beautiful" when it is worn by the right woman. The "right woman" must be a "pretty, slender, sylph-like" thing. In Mr. Griffith's eyes the unfitness or fitness of the gown depends on the weight of the wearer.

* * *

Leading women of Detroit, "artists, literary women, physicians and leaders in all feminine endeavor," are more liberal even than Mr. Griffith, for they have nothing to say about fatness or leanness.

Thus Dr. Sarah Gertrude Banks says that if the men were clean-minded there would be less of "this silly and nauseating twaddle" about the "immodesty" of the dress.

Mrs. F. C. Osborn, president of the department of philanthropy and reform of the Twentieth Century Club, seated on a peak of farthest vision and highest thought, is oracular: "As to the right of any men saying what women shall or shall not wear, it seems to me that one part of a community can only coerce the other when the good of the whole is at stake."

Miss Alice Viola Guysi indulges in the "Tu quoque"; "Look at the varying fashions in trousers, which jump from extremes of tightness to negligee looseness. Both might be decried on the ground of not being exactly modest, but you never hear women bothering about it." Trousers not modest! What would the dear creatures have us wear?

Mrs. Banks, whom we have already quoted, a clear thinker, whose words are as swords and battleaxes, says: "We never have spasms when we see a lot of Highlanders marching in bare legs and kilts. Why? Because our mental outlook is clean."

* * *

These women are also opposed to the famous Glenn bill introduced in the Georgia Legislature. Mrs. Osborn declares it to be the product of "one of the many legislators in this country who want to cavort in the limelight and are determined to emerge from obscurity at any cost."

* * *

There is only one discordant voice, the voice of Mrs. Andrus, president of the Detroit W. C. T. U.: "We don't want peek-a-boo waists, we don't want uncovered ankles nor elbow sleeves on fat matrons who ought to have better taste. Above all we don't want that acme of immodesty and vulgarity, the sheath skirt."

* * *

Most sensible remarks on this wildly discussed gown were made recently by the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. Referring to the gowns worn at Auteuil, the correspondent said: "The ballroom dress on the racecourse is not appropriate," nor is the cleft part of it pretty or elegant in the open air; but the chief objection is this: the directoire costume has been born again, 100 years too late. The world of the directoire was far different from that of today. The woman of 1908 is not physically fitted for the costume. "More mellowed times, times of slower locomotion—though I am not suggesting that the directoire period had not its feverish moments—gave woman another figure and another face—a directoire face, which she has now lost. Today she has a tailor-made face. Imagine the absurdity of wearing a tailor-made dress from 10 to 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and thence onward until 6:30 a directoire gown. The movement of limbs, the very ideas of the woman, must change when she skips from one century to another in her dress."

The woman of 1908 does not saunter in palace gardens, exchanging persiflage and badinage with courtiers. She prefers motoring, teas, receptions, bridge-whist. "And the modern god, the motor car. Imagine whirling through the air on the back of a 60 horsepower in a dress that was designed for the leisure age."

This Paris correspondent does not wish to touch on the moral aspects of the gown: "It is always delicate to argue what is or is not decent in clothing, and so much depends on the character and mien of the person clothed."

Aug 14 1908

Men and Things.

Obsession delights in variety. The foolish song heard years ago runs in the head of the eminently respectable and is an intruder at a funeral ceremony. The fixed idea warps the judgment of the shrewd business man. An unmeaning gag used without possible relevance will spring from the lips of the serious and awaken suspicion of "a loose slat," a "bat in the belfry." We know a man who whenever he sees a famous building or monument, whether he faces the Sphinx, looks at St. Paul's, the Kremlin, a leaning tower of Pisa or Bologna, or at Napoleon's tomb, exclaims: "Constructed solidly of Rock Island granite and furnished throughout with Honduras mahogany." Nor could he tell where or when he first heard the phrase and why it thus impressed him.

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A man in Connecticut punctured an abscess of the tooth with the point of a penknife. Blood poisoning developed and he died after three weeks of intense suffering. We read too frequently of self-conducted surgery. Brown never visits the corn doctor. He knows how to "treat the feet." For some years he has used with success the old family white-handled razor. A morning comes when he cuts himself. "Blood poisoning set in." Exit Brown. Jones pricks a blister with a pin. Exit Jones. Robinson performs a slight operation with a jack-knife on his hand. Exit Robinson. The danger of domestic surgery is known to all in this age of microbes and of fear inspired by them. Yet there are Browns, Jones and Robinsons in battalions.

* * *

It's an entertaining story that comes from the West, how a comely young woman was put into a trance, buried for a week in a coffin far under ground, then dug up and awakened to live, unharmed and in really better condition than before. An eastern yogi or fakir made passes over her and mumbled mysterious words. But were the ears and nostrils of the young woman securely plugged? We expect this sort of thing in the far east. When the experiment is tried in the United States the fakir as a rule cries out with Secundra Dass over the body of the Master of Ballantrae: "Good way in India, no good here."

* * *

Much has been said of late concerning the desirability of regular periods of separation of man and wife, and some, as the late George Gissing, have advocated separate establishments for wives and husbands if the marriages are to be happy. Continuous familiarity, the stepping on the heels of each other, the constant sight of each other—these are thought to be wreckers of happiness. We were reading the travels of Marco Polo yesterday, and we came across a description of two islands near the island of Socotra. They were about 30 miles from each other. One was inhabited by men without the company of women; the other by women without men. The inhabitants of both were of the same race and were baptized Christians. "The men visit the island of females and remain with them for three successive months, namely, March, April and May, each man occupying a separate habitation along with his wife. They then return to the island of males, where they continue all the rest of the year, without the society of any female. The wives retain their sons with them until they are of the age of 12 years, when they are sent to join their fathers. The daughters they keep at home until they become marriageable, and then they bestow them upon some of the men of the other island. * * * The men provide for the subsistence of their wives by sowing the grain, but the latter prepare the soil and gather in the harvest." Here is the Gissinglan theory anticipated by several hundred years. Mr. G. B. Shaw might build a comedy on the idea, which in this instance worked out beneficial results.

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Dr. Saleeby, commenting on Mr. Shaw's latest comedy, or, if you prefer, dramatic pamphlet, asserts that marriage means the moralization of the male sex. One of Mr. George Meredith's characters says "woman is the last thing that man will civilize." Dr. Saleeby takes the other side: "Woman invented the home and the family and all that has sprung therefrom. Her naturally monogamous tendency is gradually taming the brute with brains who has been given her for a mate. (The Garden of Eden story puts the cart before the horse.) Already a by no means negligible proportion of men is thus capable of civilization, domestication—perhaps, one might add, humanization; and he is most a man and least a brute in whom is possible, through woman's agency, the transmutation of nearly all the elemental sex-energy into those myriad activities which are displayed by civilized man; whilst in lower races, though the children may be just as 'sharp' and bright as ours, the emergence of this energy reduces the man to a mere male."

* * *

An interesting and unusual case under the Compensation act was decided recently in England. There were mad wags in a biscuit factory on the Thames, and one day they thought it would be an irresistible joke on a fellow-workman to fasten him to a crane hook and hoist him 50 feet in the air. The victim did not enter heartily into the joke; he fell to the ground and was thereby crippled for life. He brought an action for relief against the employer. The court held that a torturous act of fellow-workmen which had no relation to the employment and did not arise out of the employment could not be made the basis

of a claim for compensation. The court of appeals concurred in this view. The view is just and reasonable. The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting, says: "It seems to be a case in which trade unions, workmen's clubs and kindred bodies should find the money as a kind of penance for the stupidity of some members of their own class."

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letter:

BOSTON, Aug. 10, 1908.

Men and Things:

"The Chatterer," who alternates and juxtaposes your own lucubrations, comments on the novelty of giving a personal name to an automobile, and cites Clyde Fitch as the originator of the pretty custom. Fitch calls his machine "Lizzie," or "Lulu," or some such tender and girly appellation.

But motor nomenclature is by no means a novelty. A friend of mine, an ardent motorist, christened his cars with names more virile, indicative of some innate trait or characteristic of his pet car.

Thus one car famed for its prowess on all kinds of roads rejoiced in the name of H I T S, rather obscure in meaning until you learn that the letters in the name stand for "H—l in the Sand." Another car answered readily to the name of "Spunk."

I am anxious to get the opinion of that eminent philosopher, Herkimer Johnson, on the question: Is not "H—l in the Sand," in full, or abbreviated to H I T S, or "Spunk" just as euphonious and more descriptive and virile than the "Lizzie" or "Lulu" of Fitch? Yours for the light, M. OTOR KARR.

* * *

We saw Mr. Johnson yesterday as he was passing through Boston to study the operations of the police in the suburbs and in the neighboring towns. He was much interested in your communication, Mr. Karr, and said that he would send some notes that bear on the subject. For several years he has been endeavoring to ascertain the name of the poet that writes the mottoes for lozenges and also the names of the men that name steamships. Mr. Johnson told us that once, visiting a model insane asylum, he was shown a luxuriously appointed room, provided with all sorts of maps, charts and reference books. A man of a fine and intellectual countenance, though haggard and evidently distraught, was rushing about as though pursued by a gadfly. He would ram his head against a thoughtfully padded wall; now and then he would mutter unintelligibly or scream in tones that chilled the blood of the hearer. Suddenly he darted to a desk and jotted down a note. The physician said: "That is my most interesting patient. He receives a salary of $25,000 a year. He is the man that gives names to parlor cars."

* * *

Mr. Henry B. Chardon, the distinguished dramatist, called on us yesterday, and in the course of conversation said that he often received singular letters from persons who thought that they had a divine call to write for the stage. He showed one that had been forwarded to him:

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Aug. 7, 1908.

Mr H. B. Chardon:

Dear Sir—I am a young dramatist, having written two five act tragedies, a Comedy-drama of Manners and a Problem Play, and my friends tell me I have wonderful talent. None of the plays have been produced outside of South Bend. Mother thinks that I have the divine spark of genius. I am not certain whether I have or not, but I have noticed one peculiarity about my writing, and that is that I cannot write when there are any pictures in the room. Is this a sign of genius? Can you write when there is a picture in the room? MARY ELLEN DILWORTHY.

* * *

Mr. Chardon favored us with a copy of his answer.

Dear Miss Dilworthy:

When writing, Mary, I am not annoyed by a picture in the room, but I am when there is a sheriff. I do think a writer is affected by what is in the room; Jake Levi, the well-known melodramatist, cannot write a strong scene without a piece of Limburger cheese before him, and A. Nipper, the prolific comedy playwright, cannot do a thing unless he has a pair of shears, a complete file of comic papers and a full set of Lacy's Standard Plays. Your peculiarity may be also a sign of genius, for Shakespeare could not do any work with Bacon in the room.

H. B. CHARDON.

* * *

The Bishop of London has discovered the secret of Russian popular uneasiness, revolutionary societies and movements, and incidentally he recommends the cure. It was at a ceremony of prize giving that he furnished the explanation: "The real secret of the unrest amongst the young men and girls in Russia is that they have no public school games." Nor are there, as a matter of fact, public schools, as we understand them, throughout the land. Let that pass. Would the mass of Russians grow up contented if in their youth they should play yard sheep, duck, hockey on the ice, later baseball, cricket, golf, lawn tennis? Would basket ball, tennis and golf prevent sad-eyed, stern-faced young Russian women from carrying about bombs under their skirts and popping with revolvers at governors of provinces and police authorities? 'Tis a pleasing thought. We once heard Mr. Amos Bronson Alcott give a sure cure for poverty. In Cosmian Hall, Florence, of this commonwealth, he said in all seriousness that there would be no poverty, there would be no social discontent if every man owned the works of Plato and applied the teachings to daily life.

* * *

The Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the bishop's speech, asked why a taste for outdoor games might not be similarly efficacious with "those English young women who secrete white flags and padlock chains" in their petticoats "or similar sartorial recesses." "Why not send the Suffragettes to Lord's instead of Holloway's? Racquets for rackets' sounds a neat and businesslike policy."

* * *

In many of the Russian novels the young men are mighty hunters and trappers before the Lord, but it is true that they are not given to sports as are the Americans and the English. The youngsters in German schools do not play as do American boys, neither do the French, although there has been an effort of late to interest them in games that require strength and skill. International games, with or without distressing verbal contests, may be of influence throughout the European continent, but we doubt if Russian youths would grow up satisfied with political conditions as they now exist and will probably exist for some years to come simply because these youths are taught proficiency in games.

PITFALLS BEFORE HECTOR BERLIOZ

Berlioz wrote feuilletons for the Journal des Debats, which, as I said last Sunday, was controlled by the Bertins, a powerful family under Louis Philippe. When he became the music critic of that journal, in 1835, he was anxious and feverish over his own future operatic triumph in Paris. He wrote: "My affairs at the Opera are in the hands of the Bertins." Bertin the elder, painted by Ingres, still had charge of the journal, and Armand the second, his son, was following in his footsteps. Bertin de Veaux, a peer, formerly an ambassador, made and destroyed ministries. His son was an officer in the service of the Duke of Orleans. Edouard Bertin was inspector at the Beaux Arts. Armand Bertin had something to do with the Conservatory and the Royal Theatres. Relations and close friends of the Bertin family, as the De Wailly's, were in influential positions, and Berlioz thoughtfully asked Leon de Wailly, a man of letters, to furnish him a libretto.

Berlioz was a composer of singular genius; his wife, Harriett Smithson, though she was now fat and given to strong drink, would fain be again before the playhouse public; the woman Marie Recio, who became his second wife, was a poor but ambitious singer; Berlioz wished to be appointed conductor at the Opera; he wished to succeed Cherubini in the Institut; thus as a critic he was handicapped.

This same Bertin family, which was a powerful aid, put a stumbling block in his path; for it occurred to Louis Angelique Bertin, musician, poet, painter, to compose an opera, "Esmeralda," founded on Victor Hugo's romance, and this work was produced at the Opera soon after Berlioz became the music critic of the Journal des Debats. No doubt there was thought of this coming performance when Berlioz was appointed. Fetis, the pedagogue, had served her valiantly in 1831, when her "Fausto" had been produced. Now there would be need of an active musician, one experienced in Parisian music life. She, deformed, almost incapable of moving about, could not look after the rehearsals, prepare newspaper notices in advance, keep the public interested in the production.

What deeper pitfall for a conscientious critic, whose income was then largely dependent on his contributions to the press, who had fixed and exalted opinions concerning "high art." Suppose today honest Mr. Jones—Eugene Jones—is the music critic of the Daily Bugle. Mr. Jones by his articles has won the respect of musicians and he interests the general public. One fine day the owner or the publisher of the Bugle informs him that his daughter will sing at a concert for charity or that a group of songs by his sister will be sung in the course of Mr. Bimbinger's recital. "My dear sir, I should esteem it a personal favor if you would go and write exactly what you think. You understand, she makes no loud pretensions, but her teachers speak of her talent in flattering terms, and I know how highly she would value your good opinion." Now what is Jones to do after the concert? The singer's tones were sour and thin; she sang with assurance and without art; or the songs of the sister-composer were childish and dull. Put yourself in the place of Mr. Jones. What would you do, O Mr. Rhadamanthus? Would you not be tempted to take to the woods? Would you write a graceful article about the cultivation of music by amateurs, with a few vague complimentary words concerning the singer or composer? The publisher and his family would hardly be satisfied. Either resign your position or lay praise on with a trowel. Fortunate, thrice lucky is our friend Jones when the singer really charms by the expressiveness of her art, when the composer having had something to say, said it effectively. Mr. Jones keeps his position and has a clear conscience. Nevertheless he will, even in this instance, be reproached and taunted by the envious and malicious.

What did Berlioz do? There were contradictory opinions concerning the worth of Miss Bertin's opera. Until the beginning of 1837 Berlioz reviewed for the Journal des Debats only concerts. Operatic performances were criticised by Jules Janin, and he wrote about "Esmeralda" in a strain of "inevitable lyricism." "The entire press," said Janin, "has unanimously proclaimed the incontestable merit of this work."

What were the facts? Perhaps politics entered into the question, but contemporary journals inform us that Miss Bertin's "Esmeralda" was hissed the first night, a most unusual occurrence at the opera house. The pit cried out: "A bas les Bertins! A bas le Journal des Debats!" The friends of the Bertins made a counter-demonstration, and in the second act they succeeded in gaining a repetition of the "Air of the Bells," but Alexandre Dumas the elder, who had been accused by the Journal des Debats of plagiarism, stood up and shouted with all the strength of his mulatto lungs": "That's by Berlioz! That's by Berlioz!" The newspapers spoke of the opera according to their disposition toward the Bertins and the Journal. There was rowing at the following performances. At one of them the singers lost their heads and the curtain was lowered.

Berlioz was obliged to write a review for the Gazette Musicale. As Mr. Adolphe Boschot says, silence was impossible, and a short and courteous article would have been offensive. Berlioz wrote four columns, and he praised adroitly. First of all, he lauded Victor Hugo; then the scene painter who had made Notre Dame a living figure in the drama; he praised the singers and the chorus; he criticised Miss Bertin, but amiably, lightly, in a caressing manner, with the cordiality of a comrade; nor did he forget compliments; he spoke of the indisputable beauties of the first order, the originality, expression, noble and severe style. He did not hesitate to say that the "Air of the Bells," sung by Quasimodo, was a little masterpiece. He praised the modulations, the enchainment of phrases, the rhythm, the gradation of effects, the astonishing art, the picturesqueness, etc., etc. He owed this to himself. He had been accused of writing the air. His praise, mingled with judicious and amiable censure, pleased the Bertins and was more acceptable to the public than was Janin's unalloyed and rhapsodical eulogy. No wonder the Bertins were the more eager to aid him in the production of his "Benvenuto Cellini." The failure of "Esmeralda" swept the opera out of his way. He had one less opera to reckon with before his first was produced—to fail.

To aid himself and the production, Berlioz too often praised stage works that in private he described as platitudes and turpitudes. Operas of more importance and worth were also praised again and again. He appreciated Meyerbeer's influence and authority. He was unwilling at that time to provoke the malicious irony of Rossini, "the hippopotamus in trousers." "Benvenuto Cellini" failed, but Berlioz had other plans in his head. He wished to be conductor at the Opera. He began to attack Habeneck, first as conductor of the Conservatory concerts. Here is an example of his methods, an example taken from the Gazette Musicale: "The winds and the public are changing. Two or three years ago the concert given by the celebrated conductor of the Societe des Concerts would have filled the hall of the Conservatory; at the concert last Sunday the hearers could easily be counted. * * * But it was fine weather; it was warm, the fountains were playing at Versailles; there were horse races." Auber succeeded Cherubini as director of the Conservatory, and Habeneck continued to rule at the head of the Opera orchestra, so that the sum of f.8000 and "a musical dictatorship" passed beyond the strained eyes of Berlioz.

Nor was he more successful when, in 1842, he attempted to sit in the chair left vacant at the Institut by the death of Cherubini. The chief competitors were Adam, Berlioz, Onslow. Berlioz, who had disliked Cherubini, who had called him all manner of names to show his contempt for the old man's pedantry, wrote a biographical sketch for the Journal des Debats. It was almost a discourse of reception at the Academy, says Mr. Boschot. He eulogized him nobly. He then showed a clearness of vision, an intelligence of that which was relative, a suppleness of thought in the necessarily hasty and difficult task of judging a contemporary whose views were diametrically opposed to his, and thus Berlioz proved himself to be a born critic. The obituary article of Adolphe Adam was far different; "in it vibrated the emotion of a candidate."

And when Cherubini's "Deux Journees" was performed in memory of him, Berlioz praised from overture to finale. Surely he deserved the chair; but Onslow, a sexagenarian, rich, independent, half-deaf, a maker of inconspicuous operas and chamber music of smug, orthodox pattern, living in the country and vexing no one by wildness of theory or glory of accomplishment, was elected by 19 votes to 17 for Adam. The name of Berlioz was not even presented by the musicians of the Institut.

In 1834, to gain an engagement for his wife Harriett, and also to secure a hearing of his music, Berlioz besieged the Theatre Nautique. At an end of his patience he at last attacked this theatre: "Many spectators (far too many for the good of the theatre) expected to see an extraordinary spectacle in which water would be utilized in floods. All the nautical business in this new theatre was confined to a basin covering the greater part of the stage on which light boats could move. In the prologue * * * a young fisherman in a straw hat and red ribbons comes to be rocked gently on the waves, admiring the freshness of the foliage painted by Ciceri and the silvery reflection of the star which sheds its rays each night on the pit. A swarm of dancers, of all ages, of all dimensions (I was about to say of all sexes), from the child of 4 to the mother of 40, inclusive," etc.

Harriett was engaged. Two months afterward she was delivered of a son. She appeared at the Theatre Nautique three months afterward in "The Last Hour of a Condemned," a strange pantomime. A noble colonel, a "ci-devant," watched in a cell his sleeping wife and child. By his pantomime (despair, prostration) he attempted to inform the audience that he was condemned to death. "But why were they going to shoot him?" Never mind, answers Mr. Boschot. The colonel hesitated about stabbing his child, then he cut a long lock of his wife's hair, and with eyes raised toward heaven, put it next his heart. The fatal moment came, and soldiers led him away. Then Harriett had the stage to herself. It was hoped that by her sobs, looks and tragic attitudes she would draw tears from the spectators. She fell as a dead body falls when the sound of musketry was heard behind the scenes.

The piece failed dismally, and even Jules Janin, friend of Berlioz, and admirer of the play actress of former years, could not veil her failure by woven rhetoric. "An afflicting spectacle," he cried. "They have cut out Mme. Smithson's tongue and forbidden her to speak the verses of Shakespeare * * * Formerly when she came on, the sad Ophelia. When she wrung her hands, you heard her! What a pathetic accent! Now reduced to be the ornament of a vulgar pantomime she appears exaggerated and cold." Worst of all, the theatre was soon closed, and Harriett did not receive a sou.

Nor was Berlioz more fortunate as a critic booming Marie Recio, born Martin, the singer with whom he became infatuated, the tall brunette with thin silhouette, face of warm pallor, thick black hair, eyes that were black and would have been hard if drooping lashes had not given specious languor, lips that were full and scarlet, the daughter of a Spanish woman. Marie as a singer had little voice and little talent; but she was a "tausse maigre," 27 years old and ardent, and to Berlioz wretched at home, she seemed desirable.

Through his influence as a critic he obtained a modest engagement for her at the Opera, where she sang small parts. When she sang there for the first time he covered her defeat. In the Journal des Debats he excused her: She was afraid of the pit; he praised the compass and the purity of her voice, the quality of it, seductive by its freshness, and he urged that she be allowed to appear in a part that would call for a page's costume, which would especially become her.

In the first of these articles I have told how Berlioz in his zeal for Marie offended Mme. Stoltz by a gratuitous insult, likening her to a sack of nuts

[illegible] on a foot to [illegible] Mme. Stoltz, who managed the director of the opera house, took her revenge.

No wonder that he began to bore every one connected with the opera house. For the sake of Marie and in the hope of becoming conductor of the orchestra, he haunted the foyer and the stage. Whenever she sang the music of the inconsiderable parts allotted to her, and for them she was unfitted, there was Berlioz, in the wings, grumbling, sour, irritable. She, a newcomer, hurt by the malicious arrows of her colleagues, poured out her complaints to him and persuaded him to make war on singers, orchestra, conductor, administration, and especially the all-powerful Rosine Stoltz. And so he would write: "At the Opera we are having splendid evenings. Before the ballet whole acts"—these two last words were italicized—"of 'Le Serment,' 'Le Philtre' or some other opera of as high an order or as little known, presented with a musical luxuriousness which borders on extravagance. In these grand occasions there is a rare collection of talents of a new kind, and the amateur musicians who are in the theatre are so electrified by hearing these vocal marvels that they are incapable of restraining their spasmodic emotions and are forced to laugh until they cry."

On the other hand, the opera house found its avengers. La France musicale said: "In the double position of critic and composer, Mr. Berlioz pesters the administration. It is not necessary, even when a man thinks he belongs to the school of Beethoven and Mozart, to use the influence of a journal to impose himself on the public and on operatic managers."

Berlioz himself complained, now humorously, now bitterly, of his newspaper work, as was shown in The Herald last Sunday; nevertheless, he wrote with the same gusto, though in company. At the beginning of a series of conservatory concerts he exclaimed: "It is a tiresome and ungrateful task to review yearly the same concerts with practically the same programmes, performed always with the same perfection by the same players. There comes at last a lack of eulogistic expressions, and I ought to avow myself conquered, voiceless, breathless." Yet in this very review of the boredom of a reviewer he was entertaining, gay, in the mode; after the manner of Jules Janin he introduced a quotation from Horace; incidentally he likened the editor of the Gazette musicale to a [illegible].

Or he was bitter: "Rue Bergere, 2, in a little dirty, damp hall, in which three only chandeliers make darkness visible, pale women raise their eyes to heaven in carefully studied attitudes, men all red struggle against sleep or beat the time falsely with the head and smile when the distracted orchestra utters its shrieks of despair."

Raging, he exclaimed: "Upon my soul, the oysters that open themselves at noon on the beach understand and feel as much the sun!" The members of the Conservatory concert audience, about 800, the picked hearers that prided themselves on their musical taste, were oysters in the eyes of Berlioz. In this little audience only a few were confirmed "Berliozistes" and passionate over his music.

The articles to aid grand art and his own music, to procure engagements for Harriett and Marie, to serve as a safety valve for his own ebullient nature—these were written before Berlioz stole from his own house, like a thief in the night, to make his first concert tour in Germany. After his return there were many other years of bondage, for the life of a reviewer of concerts and operas was to him a slavery, and one of the apposite moments in his tumultuous life was when he abandoned the task forever.

M. Boschot, in the second volume of his life of the great Romantic ("Un romantique sous Louis Philippe"—1831-42) has given many and curious details, so that we no longer see only the Berlioz of the famous memoirs and letters. We are at last brought close to the composer, lover, critic. In The Herald of last Sunday I spoke of the brilliant side of Berlioz, the journalist and critic. Today we see how he avoided some pitfalls and fell into others; how he at times used his power for his own private ends, to gain a rating or a position, to please a wife or to appease a mistress.

Berlioz was, after all, a mortal, and being a critic he did not cease to be a man. No music critic today writes with the authority, the brilliance, the gusto of Hector Berlioz, and yet there are the same pitfalls; there stands Harriett with the name of the entreating family; did Marie Recio die at last without living successors, sumptuous blondes and lithe brunettes, singing women, pianists, violinists, all anxious to be advanced in their career. And what of us, observing the apathy of an audience when noble music is played before us, is not prompted, after the manner of Berlioz, to bitterness and abuse?

In another article, the final one in the little series, consider whether Berlioz was inevitably handicapped by the fact that he was a composer, necessarily on intimate terms with musicians of all sorts and conditions. There will be no need of dwelling longer on the career of Berlioz. We may, indeed, drop his name and discuss certain features, disagreeable, intolerable, enviable of the critic's life.

MR. EDISON'S DELUSION.

Mr. Thomas Edison hugs the pleasant delusion that he will now retire from active scientific invention, that he will merely loaf with science, amuse himself with it, coquette with it. He has indeed earned the holiday of remaining years, but will he enjoy it. Too many have forgotten the art of holiday-making. How many after twenty years in business or in a profession can say honestly that they enjoy a vacation of a fortnight? There is for a day or two the pleasure of novelty, delight in the unusual; but after that they are at a loss what to do. The newspaper reminds them that others are at work. They find reading a task. Unless some sport, as golf or tennis, is to them a hobby, the hours seem interminable. One of the great benefits of motoring is that it gives the impression to those whirled through space that they are doing something.

When a man has reached the age of Mr. Edison and goes out of business, practises no longer at the bar, visits no more patients, leaves the pulpit or the stage, he says: "Now I shall have time for myself." There are books he has long wished to read, lands that he would fain see, or he welcomes the mere inaction. Yet in the great majority of instances, the one looking forward reasonably to mental and physical rest from daily routine fails quickly. His mind is not so acute; his body shrinks, or puts on superfluous and uncomfortable flesh; sometimes his head is diminished curiously, as though it had been put in a press, or had been treated as the skull of an enemy by the strange southern barbarous tribe. He has money, he can gratify his whims and caprices, but he misses something, and he soon envies those who in turn complain bitterly of noses held to the grindstone. He at last knows the full meaning of Tennyson's "Ulysses," and puts it far above the Arthurian idyls. Why was he, too, not content to die in harness? Why did he allow himself to rust, to class himself with the superfluous, the superannuated? Sometimes he goes back to work. Sometimes he finds, to his amazement and sorrow, that the world has gone by him, that at the best he will be only a straggler behind the great procession with its bugles and its banners.

Racine, glorious in the playhouse, practically left the world at the height of his power, twenty-two years before he died. Sainte-Beuve argued from the silence and the mental disposition during this retreat that Racine was more of a poet than a playwright, that he should be ranked among lyric geniuses, elegiac and pious singers. Had he been a dramatic genius his quiet would have been intolerable, impossible. "The innate faculties which a man has greatly exercised and then stopped suddenly in the midst of his career, after the first instants given to relaxation and rest, awaken and begin to long for the kind of activity which is peculiar to them." Will Mr. Edison only loaf with science and invite his soul? It is impossible to think of him loafing. After the formal announcement, no one should be surprised to hear at any time of another invention, or at least an improvement on an invention, that will benefit mankind.

Aug. 7. 1908

ANTONIO PASTOR.

When it was announced last week that Mr. Antonio Pastor was sick unto death the newspapers of New York vied with each other in reminiscence, sympathy, affection. Even the Evening Post, though it printed the word turns with quotation marks, published an appreciative and kindly article and showed enviable acquaintance with Tony Pastor's career and an equally enviable recollection of the old songs that Tony used to sing. Furthermore, it inquired into the reasons for Mr. Pastor's great popularity, and found them good. The old New Yorker was often to be seen at the little theatre. "The boys of '61, as many of them as live and are still keen for pleasure; old boys who used to run with the machine, merchants, artisans, all are components of the Pastor audiences. Wrack of life works swiftly here in the metropolis, and the man who has seen his best days of youth and vigor, bewildered, perhaps, by the turmoil of affairs and the well-travelled grooves of change, has always found in 'Pastor's place' sanctuary where the old order has been sacredly cherished as the best order, where time changes not, nor custom stales."

Tony Pastor's fame, however, is by no means parochial. In the course of his life he has invited the audiences of many cities to join in the chorus. We are sorry for the man who never heard him sing, who never shouted at his earnest request: "Down in a Coal Mine." Tony had other songs—"Sarah's Young Man," "The Girl All Dressed in Blue"—The Evening Post hums,

> Walking on the balcony,
> Smoking a cig-aw,
> Fl'ahting with the pretty gels
> Heedless of ma-maw;

but "Down in a Coal Mine" was the great song that will be associated inseparably with his memory. Even now he stands before us, in evening dress, with the brilliant plug hat, which he twirled nonchalantly or jammed on the back of his head. It is doubtful whether the music critic and the singing teacher approved his tone-emission; he was not subtle in his art; but his enunciation was clear and compelling, and his diction was direct—the song made its irresistible way, like unto a cannon ball. His attitude toward an audience was that of a friend and adviser, without suspicion of patronage or fawning.

His life as an entertainer was checkered. A boy wonder in temperance revivals and at Barnum's, singer and tambourine player in circus concerts, clown and tumbler, bareback rider and ringmaster, Bones in a minstrel show, arousing enthusiasm by singing patriotic songs during the civil war, he opened the first variety theatre in this country at Paterson, N. J., and in 1865 announced in New York vaudeville "fit for women to attend." His show was always scrupulously clean and decent. It was also for years of the best quality. Think of the men and women who began their stage life with him: Harrigan and Hart, Nat Goodwin, the Kernells, Lillian Russell, May and Flo Irwin—the list is a long one; Gus Williams, Francis Wilson, Denman Thompson, Evans and "Old Hoss" Hoey, Jennie Yeamans, Pat Rooney, Weber and Fields, these and others were brought widely into notice at his theatre, and he imported lights of London music halls—Vesta Tilley, Jenny Hill, Bessie Belwood and others.

He has been loved for his good nature and for a generosity that has never been for self-advertisement. His theatre was for years an institution of New York, and he himself one of the city's most noteworthy characters. His conservatism in a town of lightning changes has been respected and admired. His top boots, worn from habit and without affectation, have been pointed out with pride to visiting strangers. Smug and respectable citizens have felt honored by his bow of recognition. A long and honorable career! For he has given to thousands innocent and refreshing amusement and lived a busy, clean and helpful life.

Men and Things.

In novels the child-wife of the haughty nobleman runs away with the opera tenor, though of late years the baritone has riaen in the romantic world. Even the cynical Halevy, who surely had no illualons about atage life, represents Virginie, the flower of the wonderful Cardinal family, Virginie, who as a girl at the Opera became an Italian marchioness, as eloping with a stupid tenor and saved from woridy ruin only by the admirable Mme. Cardinal, in the memorable acene at the railway station. The student of sociology, carnest or superficial, may well ruh his eyes when he reads of an eloping wife of a tenor. This does not seem natural; it does not seem right.

* * *

Mr. Caruso is not so gallant as waa his countryman, Mr. Mascagni, a few days ago at Leghorn, where he was conducting one of his operas. It will be remembered that discontented persons in the audience threw fruit and vegetables of an inferior quality, unmarketable, at the singers and aiso at the gifted composer. The soprano was the popular target and the discontented pasted her repeatedly with oranges, lemons, onions. Mr. Mascagni at last stopped the performance and cried out: "I will not remain in a theatre where onions and garlic can be thrown at a lady upon the stage without protest." (No doubt this speech sounded more forcible, more chivalric in Italian.)

Mr. Caruso might at least have shown signs of an inward agony to the reporter. He owes a certain display of emotion to his art. But he stood up and said: "Life with her was impossible; I told her so several weeks ago. I expect my wife to be a woman who can sympathize with me—a woman of ability, understanding, appreciation. A month ago I told her how she had fallen below the expectations I had formed of her. The woman did not come up to my standard and I have no regrets." Is it surprising that Mrs. Caruso made up her mind to leave the eminent tenor? Few women of ordinary intelligence and any sense of humor can stand the strain of burning incense hourly under the nostrils of their egotistic husbands.

* * *

Mrs. Grace Metzler of Baltimore, Md., is only 19 years old, but when her husband, who is much the larger of the two, asked her for more than 20 cents for spending money, out of his week's wages, she bit his arm and swept the floor with him. When Mrs. Sarah Miller, a neighbor, hurried to bring first aid to Mr. Metzler, Grace threw a teapot at her. In court Mrs. Miller described Mrs. Metzler to the judge as "little, but awful loud." Mr. Metzler nodded, but said nothing. Thus he rose in gallantry above Mr. Caruso.

* * *

The Herald has received from Mr. Joshua Garrett of New York an alarming circular calling for an immediate "federation of the world." We have room today for only the eighth reason for the establishment of this federation. "Darwin sleeps in Westminster Abbey. He springs the appalling question: Will half-human, Ape-like Man survive his ignorance? Must he be Enlightened with a Club and educated with an axe—the deadly logic of Events and force of Results? We are helpless to affect the Truth, i. e., destiny, fate; but we can take that vital step—profound! that will give us saving relation to the Truth. Under the shadow of Darwin man (?) is the victim of all the radical fatal defects of the mortal state. Under those deadly involved conditions man's helpless state in dealing with fate may be inferred by those able to see that the evidence of the senses are nil; to fathom the differential-elements—in—paradox—involved-Truth. This is surely clear—to all.

We regret to add, though Mr. Garrett announces that he is "Joshua, the Prince of Succor," and that the "steam engine-ship feature of his dual mission" is to force the world to take him seriously—he refers the reader to Isaiah xlii., 4, 9, 5, and 64, 2—he makes a confession which at once ranks him with many social and political deep thinkers and martyrs: "Postage and printers' bills have kept me in poverty." We infer from print on the envelope that Mr. Garrett wishes to give the world "a great object lesson in common sense marine engineering science: i. e., steam power applied to ocean commerce—that will make the world over." He therefore needs capital. Will not Mr. Carnegie do something for him?

* * *

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to The Herald: "On my way from the Cape to

the bandit region of Massachusetts, I was obliged to listen to men talking in the seat ahead of me. One had been out to a friend's farm. 'It was only a stag party and Browzer did the cooking himself.' 'Well, how does he cook?' 'With a can opener.' What a world of meaning in those four words'".

* * *

"The Heavenly Hand," by A. Egmont Hake and David Christie Murray does not seem to us a novel for warm weather and the hammock. Here is a passage that might excite discussion: "The guiding star! The prophet poet! The child! The woman! Lo! the mocking barren season—that wilderness of smiling malcontents—sterile as a Sahara, had brought her that—the prophet-poet and the baffling memory of the unreal and yet the real. The Past! The Present! The To Come!" This recalls the more eloquent pages of novels by Miss Augusta J Evans: "Beulah," "Macaria," and, above all, "St. Elmo."

Aug 18 1908

MR. LEROUX'S TRIBUTE.

Fifty or sixty years ago a number of little volumes were published, both at Paris and London, entitled "Physiologies." Various types of men and women were discussed, humorously, satirically, sometimes cynically. The snob, the dancing girl, the comedian, the medical student, the orchestral musician and others were treated, and there were illustrations as humorous or cynical as the text. Leech drew some of these pictures for the English books, and Gavarni employed his rare talent in a like manner for Parisian publishers.

If such a series were to be published today, the "Physiology of the Chorus Girl" might fitly lead. Perhaps the "Psychology of the Chorus Girl" might be preferred by some as a title, for chorus girls are also psychic in this strange, whirring period, and we find Charlotte Walker, the playactress, obtaining a divorce from her husband on the ground of "psychic cruelty," which, being interpreted, probably means that he "did not understand her." We insist, however, that "physiology" is still the correct term. Physiology treats of the vital phenomena manifested by animals and plants. If a chorus girl have no vital phenomena, she disappears quickly from the stage and is no more seen in public. In England she has no hope of entering by marriage into the sacred circle of the nobility. In America she will never be the bride of a "multimillionaire."

We are now informed that in Germany more than 6000 chorus girls and men—for there are chorus men, though they seldom disturb the landscape—are clamoring for more pay and less exacting requirements. The women are of three classes: 1. The "statists" or show girls, who are sculptural, do not sing, and receive about $17.50 a month. 2. Pretty women who can sing "after a fashion," and receive $25 a month. 3. Plain women who can sing; they are put in a back row and are paid the salary given to "statists." In Berlin chorus girls are paid in some instances only $8.75 or $10 a month, and as they are obliged to rehearse they have no time for other employments. Furthermore, the majority of these women are obliged to dress well off as on the stage. Therefore there are rumors of strikes; there is yearning for engagements in New York, where a pagoda tree is supposed to stand in every flat ready to be shaken.

Contrast with this the enviable condition of the chorus girl in the United States. We say enviable, because Mr. Hugues Leroux, a close observer and deep thinker, was impressed in this country by "the high social position of the chorus girl." Mr. Leroux says: "The chorus girls always marry. They have beauty, health and grace, but above all they have a smile which a man so rarely sees on the disdainful lips of an American lady," a remark that, as Artemus Ward would say, is "a sirkastic and witherin' thrust at them blotid peple who live in gilded saloons."

Indeed, the chorus girls marry; they are always marrying some one or still another. No wonder that Mr. Leroux eulogizes Miss Lillian Russell as "the chorus girl of chorus girls"; "she inspires them with envy because she can make a tour of the world, winning plaudits of admiration by the side of her fifth husband."

Whether the Berlin chorus girl would better herself in New York is doubtful. She is constructed on heavier lines; she is not so light on her feet. But this is certain: Mr. Leroux is the man to write "The Physiology of the Chorus Girl." We know of no other who would write with such gusto, except possibly Mr. Ben Teal, the stage manager. Our valued contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, would, we are sure, gladly allow either one to consult his notes collected for a discussion of the chorus girl in his colossal work, "Man as a Social and Political Beast."

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letter of contemporaneous, human, we may justly say, awful interest:

PLYMOUTH, Aug. 9, 1908.

Men and Things: Noticing the article in The Herald of today more than ever impresses me with the thoughtlessness of mankind.

While the world is jubilant over the prospect, over the early demonstration of successful air navigation, there are better reasons for world-wide weeping.

Civilization could not withstand successful aerial travel by man!

Children, women, men, families, towns, cities and nations would be as much at the mercy of kidnappers, bandits, robbers, murderers, pirates and other enemies of social order as a quail or flock of quails or a helpless rabbit is at the mercy of the sailing hawk or darting eagle.

Absolute nonsense to think of policing against such a consummation. Not even could it be done in cities, to say nothing of all the rural and watery world.

The flying pirate at sea and the winged man-dragon on land would work his destruction practically undisturbed. A hundred or a thousand policemen to every criminal with wings would be utterly inadequate the uneasy world over. Even police forces would be helpless for their own private protection. Flying devils could swoop down on humanity day and especially at night without warning or resistance. A single criminal or crank of the air could destroy a dozen cities like Boston in the darkness of one stormy night with fire, explosives or suffocating gas; indeed, could create the storm during which to do it. And so could he destroy rural districts likewise by fire, if not indeed by artificial storms that explosives in the air could make.

Possibly successful aerial navigation might stop international wars, because of the universal, common destruction that would inure, but all nations in friendly combination couldn't police the world against man, the devil, as a flying dragon. Only God Almighty in established laws of nature, in preventing successful air travel by man, can save him from destruction at his own hands!

And if destructive man ever needed a God to save him from himself it is right now. Yours truly,

DR. J. W. GREENE.
(Of Chillicothe, Mo.)

* * *

In connection with this prophetic vision and apocalyptic warning, it may here be stated that Count Zeppelin, with a non-commissioned officer and seven troopers, was the first to enter French territory when the war of 1870 broke out, and the first to come in contact with the French as enemies.

* * *

Some time ago The Herald published in this column a discussion concerning the number of oysters that should be eaten as a first course of a stately dinner. Some one found recently the bill of fare of a dinner prepared for Balzac's solitary enjoyment. The bill included eight dozen oysters and twelve cutlets. He ate the fish—Sole a la Normande after, and not before, the piece de resistance. We believe in this he followed the example of the great cook Vatel.

* * *

One of the most entertaining descriptions of the real old-fashioned French dinner, the "grand diner" of the ancient school, was written by Mr. W. F. Apthorp of this city. This description, a tour de force to prove that the regularly planned French dinner was in the sonata form, was published originally in a programme book of the Boston Symphony orchestra and reprinted in Mr. Apthorp's "By the Way," two little volumes published here ten years ago.

* * *

The Mercure de France continues to publish its list of breaks and bulls that appear in the journals or in the speeches of men of authority. Here are a few:

"An inventor has made experiments in public at New York with a gun whose detonations will make no noise." Le Rappel.

"A criminal mother. Child devoured by pigs. Suicide of the accomplice." Headlines in La Liberte.

"In 1901 le Prytanee sent 99 pupils to Saint Cyr; 29 were admitted; 9 entered in the school for petty officers; 64 went back to civil life." Senator Delpech.

"They had seven children, four boys, of whom Camille was the oldest, and the other two, Dubuquoy and Seinery, became soldiers, and three girls, one of whom became a nun and the other was still living in 1837." Jules Claretie in his "Camille Desmoulins."

"After singing the air from 'Orpheus' without expression or color, the jury authorized her to sing a second piece." Etoile Belge.

"It is an avalanche that mounts, that is still mounting. The laws of gravity are as fatal in politics as in natural sciences." Senator Gotteron.

* * *

What can a Republican or a Democratic candidate do against Mr. W. D. Wattles, now running for Congress in Indiana? His daughter, Miss Alice, 19 years old and "a Socialist to the core," accompanied by her mother and two brothers, will stump the district. Miss Alice is "an elocutionist and a good speaker." Mr. Wattles is the editor and publisher of Constructive Science. No wonder that, with the aid of Miss Alice and other members of his interesting family, he will make a "whirlwind campaign."

Aug 19 1908

OLD-FASHIONED LIBRARIANS.

Tributes have been paid to the industry, the knowledge and the memory of the late Ainsworth R. Spofford, who was for many years librarian of Congress. Stories have been related of his ability to retain details. Thus he once told Gen. Lew Wallace that a book the latter should see was in the Harvard Library, and he gave him the title, library number, shelf number and position — "sixth from the south end." Similar stories have been told about literary men and lawyers famous for their intimacy with reported cases. The tales of Mr. Spofford's feats seem the more surprising in these days, when librarians are chosen as sound and keen business men rather than as lovers and knowers of books.

Mr. Spofford as a business man was a failure. He had charge of the pay roll and the accounts of the fees received for copyrights. When the treasury department called for an accounting there was a discrepancy of $22,000, which he at once made good. He was honorable, but careless. He had put checks and money orders into drawers and then forgotten their existence in the thought of the books he valued and loved. In his eyes the books in a library constituted the library. The building might be handsome or ugly; there might be mural decorations or only a few portraits, originals or copies, of great men; these and other matters which now concern many were to him of minor importance. The old Congressional Library was overcrowded; books were on chairs, tables, the floor, but Mr. Spofford could find at once any book that he or a visitor wished. Of how many leading librarians, aided by a card catalogue, can this now be said with truth? But perhaps it is unnecessary for them to know these details.

There was a time when a college president was chosen for his learning or his piety. He had edited Greek tragedies or Roman histories; he had won attention by his discussion of German philosophy; he was as a shield against the darts of the infidel, and his counter-thrusts were formidable. This species of college president is passing. He is almost extinct. His successor may be a man of broad and illuminating culture, but it is said that he must, first of all, be practical, a shrewd business man, a persuasive beggar for money. In like manner, the librarian today must be ably administrative. If he be intimately acquainted with Aldines, Baskervilles, Elzevirs; if he be a Dibdin or a Peignot; if he be a judge of manuscripts, and an encyclopaedia of first or rare editions, so much the better, as long as his literary sentiment does not interfere with his practical, commercial ability. Administrative capacity is the one great essential. Therefore, the men that are acquainted with books, men that are of use to the scholar and the general reader, are often found in subordinate positions, and their rare abilities do not command high prices in this so-called age of enlightenment.

Men and Things.

The Herald has received a singular letter from a young man in Kansas City, Mo., who wishes to be a play-actor. With it came an appeal to the public. He asks for the publication of this appeal, which is a long one; he asks the favor inasmuch as he needs money to pay for his dramatic education. Young as he is, he recognizes the fact that "publicity of a man's powers or qualities will always find a place where they can be used to the best advantage both for himself and his fellow-men."

* * *

The young man says that he may be "somewhat of a dreamy disposition." He is not dreamy as the poet and other inventors, the mystic and the consumer of drugs. Sentences in his letter prove this:

"You will notice by the name William McCullough, a not at all unfamiliar name, one that can be easily pronounced, and the name has been borne by one of our greatest actors, and I hope to see the same duplicated; and the success of this may depend largely upon your publishing this article—in giving it the publicity it merits. There will be a time, I can easily prophesy, that you will be glad to receive a letter from William McCullough, but nevertheless it will be equally as gladly given, for, remembering the great favor you once rendered, it will never be forgotten. * * * My ambition to be an actor is not an ephemeral one, for I have done quite a bit of amateur dramatic work and have always done creditable work in all the performances, usually taking the star part. That is the only part he can adjust himself to, and he is willing to fight for it. He believes he ought to have it and is just going to get it."

No, William is not even "somewhat dreamy." His letter and the enclosed article remind us of a song dear to our boyhood:

O hasn't she got the nerve, the nerve,
O hasn't she got the nerve!

* * *

And yet why should not young William advertise his histrionic ability and call for help? If young men and women are bound to act, is it not a good thing to educate them? Here is a young man that has already taken star parts, yet he is anxious to be trained. This is a hopeful sign. As William says: "An actor may be born, but he has to be cultivated like a flower and have the proper care, and this is what is necessary in this case. * * * Every man is a veritable diamond mine within himself, if he will only utilize his powers God has bestowed."

* * *

Nor is William faint hearted in his daily life. "The boy spoken of herein has plodded his way through high school by rising early on wintry, blustry (William prefers the variant blustry) mornings and carried a paper route five miles long." Any youth that can "carry a paper route" five miles long on a spring or summer day with two hands deserves the respect of even professional athletes. Perhaps we misunderstand William, perhaps he carried only newspapers. "Many a time has he plodded on in the morning at 3 o'clock A. M., long before the milkman starts to make his rounds, throwing his papers, with 18 inches of snow on the ground." Unfor-

uritely William does not say how he throws his papers. If he were more explicit there would be pleasant tasks for the young after supper now that the days are shorter and there is a restless hour before bedtime. If William throws newspapers a distance of 12 feet at 3 A. M. when the snow is 18 inches deep, how far can he throw them at 5 A. M. when the snow is only six inches deep? There are endless variations of this problem.

* * *

As William says in another paragraph, "The way to navigate is to navigate." Although his impartial use of "I" and "he" is confusing, we infer that "he" in the following sentence refers to William: "He can deliver the goods and snatch the crown of laurel if only given the right deal. * * * What this boy needs is some strong backing — some money—and is going to get it. * * * The amount of nerve energy and effort put forth by me will be returned to him a hundred fold, and the same feeling of results will be obtained for you." Again a fascinating study of the use of the personal pronouns, a study that may be recommended to any bright-eyed lad or maiden.

* * *

William's article for publication is embellished by quotations. We are unable to name the poet of these lines:

Look out for opportunity, and when it comes, rush in;
Don't wait for fear you may not have the strength to win:
There may be others who could do the task with greater speed and skill
Than you can do it, but never mind, go at it with a will;
The world gives all the credit to the man who butts in first.

These lines may be by sturdy George N. True or by that strangely neglected, but singularly gifted, poet, Dr. J. W. Shuckers.

William attributes the maxim, "He who is diligent in his work shall stand before kings," to Benjamin Franklin. Perhaps B. F. said this; "Poor Richard's Almanac" is not now within reach. If B. F. did say it, he lifted with both hands. In "Proverbs," a quaint old book, is a verse (Chap. xxii, 29) that reads: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Aug 20 1908

A VANISHED BRILLIANCE.

It is said that while the gamblers and the sporting men who mourn diminished gains at Saratoga are utterly opposed to the renomination of Gov. Hughes, the merchants and old citizens of the town look forward to a revival of legitimate business if gambling and betting are put to an end. These citizens do not like to have Saratoga described as the Monte Carlo of America. They would fain have other summer sojourners than sporting men and women "playing horses" or tempting fortune with a system that will surely break the bank. It is argued that if the gambling and the betting be put down the old hotel life will be revived in all its glory; that there will again be an interest that is almost pathetic in the medicinal springs, in the sanatoriums, in the bows and arrows and canoes made by amiable Indians for boys and girls. The reputable citizens there approve Gov. Hughes and would reverence in his re-election.

When Saratoga and Newport were at the height of their fame as watering places, hotel life was in fashion. The hotels themselves were wonders of the country. The dining rooms, the broad verandas, the concerts and the balls excited the admiration of foreigners. Americans were in the habit of looking forward to a fortnight or a month at the hotel they particularly favored. The men met others of their in a profession or business, and interchanged ideas. The women dressed extravagantly for dinner, for walking on the veranda, for the ball. There were faithful visits to a selected spring, and each spring had its champions. Famous men and women were practically on exhibition. They that have not seen the summer life in the old days can form some idea of it by reading papers by George William Curtis, or better yet, Charles Astor Bristed's "Upper Ten Thousand," from which they will learn that at the American watering place in the early fifties, the swells put on dress coats, or at least black coats, for the 3 o'clock dinner.

When Saratoga and Newport were celebrated for their hotels and for the distinguished men and women that frequented them, there were few summer cottages, and there were hardly any out-door games in which men and women joined. There was bowling, and women with shapely arms and neat ankles would take part in it. There was no lawn tennis, no golf. In spite of the splurge at the hotels, the daily life of those in comfortable circumstances and those who were then counted as rich was simpler than it is today. The restless men and women of 1908 would add: "It was also duller."

Today even the family in moderate circumstances wishes its own summer cottage. It longs for privacy. It is not given to every one to own a cottage, and there are women who wish to escape for a time from housekeeping, therefore hotels are well patronized even when in some instances they are not well kept; but the hotel is now obliged to have links, a tennis court, boats, canoes. The old fashion of summer hotel life with its pomp and ceremony is extinct in this country. It cannot be revived in its brilliance, for there is now another generation, with far different tastes and views in the matter of recreation and amusement.

Men and Things.

Dr. Sir James Crichton Browne is at it again, nor has he yet learned the value of sweetness and light in lecturing or discussing. He detects "the old taint of faddism" in the present movement in favor of ambidexterity. When he says that it is by the right hand man gains a victory he errs grievously. Many pugilists have won by their good left. Dr. Sir James declares that ambidexterity is common only among idiots. It is common among circus athletes and among many tribes close to nature.

* * *

What a pity that Charles Reade is not alive to counter on Dr. Sir James' positive chin with his manly left! Dr. Sir James apparently pays no attention to Reade's little book, "The Coming Man," written to encourage parents in training children to use the left and the right hand indiscriminately. The book is good reading, and when was Charles Reade ever dull?

* * *

Is Reade much read today? There is talk occasionally about his "Cloister and the Hearth" as one of the greatest historical novels, but there are some who would not give up "Peg Woffington" or "Christie Johnstone" for a wilderness of "Cloisters and Hearths." Pick up any one of Reade's novels, with the possible exception of "White Lies," which was practically an adaptation from the French, and you will find exciting incidents, crisp and often witty dialogue, dramatic situations and superb descriptions. Australia is to thousands the country in which George Fielding toiled for his Susan and Jacky Speared Crawley. It is impossible for them to think of an English prison without the crank, the strait-jacket, Josephs hanging and Robinson in the dark cell. The English madhouse will be for years in the minds of these readers patterned after those that housed young Hardie. These views are, of course, now unjust in the great majority of instances, but Reade's descriptions will not out of the memory.

* * *

Reade's zeal to correct shocking abuses injured his art. The great novelist cannot afford to be a reformer. It is not surprising, then, that "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," and "Griffith Gaunt" are put above the novels in which he fought against abuses. Yet think of the descriptions in these dramatic pamphlets: The sea fight and the fire in "Hard Cash," the blowing up of the factory and the flood in "Put Yourself in His Place." No one but Charles Reade could have written the description of the going down of the ship in "Foul Play."

* * *

The pother made over "Griffith Gaunt" and "A Terrible Temptation" when they were first published in serial form in Boston now seems singularly foolish, incredible. No wonder Reade invented the stinging characterization "prurient prude." Reade was at times plain-spoken; Hotspur's gentleman would have called him coarse; but he was never styly licentious, never deliberately, laboriously or hysterically erotic. His books, in comparison with English novels that came later, novels written by daughters of English clergymen and nieces of classic poets and apostles of culture, might be put in a Sunday school library with "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" and "Tim the Scissors Grinder."

* * *

Books have their fate. Who knows but that a dozen years from now Reade will be "discovered" by some future Howells or Lang? Early editions will then command a high price, and there will be eulogistic prefaces for new ones. Is "The Coming Man" out of print? It was published by Harper & Brothers in pocket form. If there is need of a new edition, Dr. Sir James Crichton Browne's objections to ambidexterity might well be put in the form of an appendix.

* * *

John Gregorie was a devout man and a painful preacher, who died about the middle of the seventeenth century. He had visions of the air full of moving things; nor was he afraid of the aerial pirates, robbers, assassins, poisoners, destroyers of crops and cities that haunt the mind of our friend and contributor, Dr. J. W. Greene of Chillicothe, Mo. Gregorie wrote: "The air itself is not so unlike to water but that (as some undertake) it may be demonstrated to be navigable, and that a ship may sail upon the convexity thereof by the same reason that it is carried upon the ocean."

* * *

A tablet has been put in a hall of the London Central criminal court to commemorate the courage and endurance of a jury who refused to convict William Penn and William Mead, tried in 1670, "for preaching to an unlawful assembly." The tablet states that the jury was locked up without food for two nights.

"Without food." In this commonwealth juries in murder cases are still locked up to protect them from bribery and corruption and to hasten the verdict. It is a barbarous practice that might well be abandoned. But these juries are fed, too heartily sometimes, in view of the lack of exercise, for the clear working of the brain and determination of that which is right. The English apparently wished to make court proceedings as unpleasant for the jury as for the accused. There is a case on record in which a jury that had been out too long to suit the temper of the judge was searched for food. Figs were found in the pockets of some; pippins in the pockets of others, "for which the next day the matter was moved to the court and the jurors were examined upon it on oath. And two of them did confess they had eaten figs. Three others said they had pippins, but did not eat them. Those who had eaten were each fined five pounds." It was decided afterward that the penalty was invalid, because the fined had eaten at their own expense.

* * *

Not many years ago Miss Isadora Duncan danced on a Newport lawn and was looked on as a freak. Now managers sit at her feet and vie with each other in persuading her to move them, for their benefit, for the pleasure of the public, and incidentally for the sake of art.

Aug 21 1908

Men and Things.

A man was complaining yesterday that in the seaside village where he has a summer cottage he can get no fish fit to eat. "The best we have comes from Boston. I suppose the fishermen send their catch to the city." The true answer is that bluefish, mackerel and some other fish have been driven off the coast waters in which they formerly rioted, by the greed of men. The bait has been destroyed and the fish do not come in. We know villages where ten years ago fresh bluefish were common and cheap. In these villages today bluefish are rare, and then not always as Caesar's wife should have been.

* * *

Plutarch's garrulous men, in one of his delightful "symposiacs," discuss the question whether the sea or land affords better food. They were at Galepsus, where the baths were; there were famous dining rooms and a great variety of delicious fish. There were also generous and pressing hosts. "When Calistratus, the Soph, lived here, 'twas a hard matter to dine at any place besides his house; for he was so extremely courteous and obliging that no man whom he invited to dinner could have the face to say him nay; one of his best humors was to pick up all the pleasant fellows he could meet with and put them in the same room." The argument of several guests was that when a man invited another to a "sumptuous collation" he usually said: "Today we'll dine upon the shore." "Not by reason of the waves and stones in that place (for who upon the seacoast would be content to feed upon a pulse or a caper?) but because their table is furnished with plenty of fresh fish."

And this significant remark follows: "Add to this that sea food is dearer than any other."

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One of Calistratus' table companions named salt as the chief sea food and eulogized it for its qualities. "Things moderately salt by reason of their agreement with the mouth of the ventricle make all sorts of wine mild and palatable and water itself of a pleasing taste." He preferred salt to the onion eaten by Homer's kings and mighty warriors before stout drinking. These arguments, some of them mere assertions, were relieved by stories, for there were then men, as now, who leak anecdotes. One Polycrates seems to have been that objectionable creature, a raconteur. Listen to this story and be more tolerant toward Mr. Auger and other bores at the Porphyry:

"So Antigonus the king surprising Antagoras the poet in the habit of a cook broiling congers in his tent, said to him: 'Does thou think that Homer was dressing congers when he writ Agamemnon's famous exploits?' And he as smartly replied: 'Do you think that Agamemnon did so many famous exploits whilst he was inquiring who drest congers in the camp?'" Undoubtedly this recollection of touch-and-go encounter of wits made the guests laugh.

* * *

Thus have we wandered from the starting point; it is not easy now to obtain good fish in the city or in the shore village. The prices are high, as are all prices of food. We heard a man declaiming passionately against the extortion of asking ten cents for a head of lettuce. For that same head he would have been asked fifteen cents in the village of simple living. It would have been sold there as "Boston lettuce." Native lettuce was then selling for eight cents; it was for the most part headless, and

The leaves they were crisped and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere.

And this was not "in the lonesome October," but in July and August.

* * *

Plutarch's "Symposiacs" should be more generally read. There were delightful and improving conversations at the banquets of those ancients. "What is the reason that a bucket of water drawn out of a well, if it stand all night in the air, that is, in the well, is more cold in the morning than the rest of the water?" "Why in autumn men have better stomachs than in other seasons of the year?" "Why do those that are stark drunk seem not so much debauched as those who are but half foxed?" "Whether there can be new diseases, and how caused?" There were no Sunday newspapers in those days.

* * *

De Goncourt still recorded in his journal after brother Jules died things that were said at the little dining club in the French restaurant at the table where Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Turgenef and others sat. Was the talk any better than at feasts where Plutarch kept his ears open and possibly took notes? In Sir Spencer Walpole's volume of essays there is an article on the Dining Societies of London. He mentions the Society of the Dilettanti, which, formed in 1734, met at the Thatched House Tavern. Horace Walpole wrote of it: "The nominal qualification is having been in Italy and the real one being drunk." The rule was altered until it limited admission to those who could prove that they had been in Italy or some other classic ground out of the King's dominions "and at their own request." It is said that the custom of blackballing arose at these meetings. "It was not

[illegible] to walk round the table after such potations as were usual at the society's dinners, so the test was established of dropping a ballot ball into a box after the members had made a tour of the table in procession, and as many of the voters went under the table, this discrimination was pretty often fatal to the candidate's hopes." This sentence is not clear. Why the walk around the table?

Augzz. 1908

"EXCLUSIVE."

Certain newspapers have each an index prohibitorum, a list of words and phrases that are not to be used in its columns. "Fire" is preferred to "devouring element," "firemen" to "fire laddies"; "to enthuse" and "to burglarize" are frowned on. The list is a long one in some offices. No one would now dare to say of a man falling from a roof, as did Zola's Coupeau: "He fell with a dull, sickening thud." The phrase in itself is admirably descriptive, perfect in every way. "Thud" satisfies the eye, ear, mind of the reader. The thud is dull; it sickens the unfortunate looker-on and the sensitive reader. But the phrase was used so frequently that it became a bore, a "scie," to use the term of the volatile French, and it was at last sternly forbidden as a noxious flourish of rhetoric.

There is a word that is hard worked at present in newspapers of high and low degree: the word "exclusive." The death of Mr. Percy Harold Fortescue, prominent in business and social affairs of a great city, is announced. We are informed that he moved in "exclusive society circles" and belonged to "exclusive clubs." The names of the clubs are given. One of them has a membership of 4000 and over. Miss Arabella Maud Graves dies at her home in Hockanum Ferry. We are told that she was "very musical," that she was "prominent in club work" and that she moved in the "exclusive society" of the village. The reader living in the great city smiles at the obituary notice of the village maiden, but accepts the notice of Mr. Fortescue's death and the review of his life without a murmur of surprise or protest. Yet it is merely a question of degree. Miss Graves, a comely maiden, who played neatly on the pianoforte and had read a paper on "Pippa Passes" before the Literary Club, of which she was secretary, was, in the sight of the inhabitants of the air as "exclusive" a person as Mr. Fortescue. There is no club, whether it be in Boston or Osterville, New York or Putney, Vt., that does not rejoice in the fact that there are outsiders who, for some reason or other, are not deemed eligible for membership. It matters not whether the club be male or female.

Inasmuch as there is, after all, confusion concerning those who have a worldly right to consider themselves as included in clubs or societies that call themselves "exclusive," the common use of the word "exclusive" is an abuse; it is snobbish and ridiculous. As a matter of fact, Mr. Fortescue might not have been considered a shining light in Hockanum Ferry, and Miss Graves might have passed unnoticed in Boston, in spite of her musical and literary feats in her native village.

Men and Things.

The Herald spoke recently of the practice among the people of Yunnan in remote China, at least seven centuries ago of docking the tails of horses. These horses were of a large size, and they were taken to India for sale when they were young. "It is the practice," wrote Marco Polo, "to deprive them of one joint of the tail in order to prevent them from lashing it from side to side and to occasion its remaining pendent; as the whisking it about, in riding, appears to them a vile habit." Since we alluded to this a new edition of "Nimrod's" book, "The Condition of Hunters: Their Choice and Management," has been published, with the veterinary portions brought up to date by Mr. F. T. Barton. "Nimrod," whose name was C. J. Apperley, contributed the papers that compose the volume to the Sporting Magazine (1822-1828.) He spoke of the practice of docking as so general that "it would almost appear a waste of words to bestow a line upon the subject." And he added: "Human nature must blush at some of her errors." But this brutal, cruel, senseless practice is now as prevalent in England as it was in 1831, when "Nimrod's" papers were first collected and printed in book form. It is prevalent in the United States, in spite of all the efforts to do away with it.

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"Nimrod" instituted many reforms in stable management. It had been the practice to turn hunters out to grass at the close of every season. He urged summering them in loose boxes and allowing them to run on old pasture when the nights were warm. He also worked reforms in veterinary practice. Reading this book, or Mayhew on the horse, we can form some idea of the cruelties practised on horses in the name of medical science. Blisters and the firing iron were remedies for all sorts of ailments. A horse was fired on the back to cure it of kicking. It was then the custom to give every horse three doses of aloes in succession "to rid him of humors." Horses were then stinted in water, which was withheld altogether on mornings of the hunt. There was a superstition in England—perhaps it was introduced by the Danes—that on St. Stephen's day (Dec. 26) horses should be well galloped, and then be "copiously let blood" so that they would not be sick in the course of the following year. Barnaby Googe translated as follows from Naogeorgus:

For this being done upon this day, they say
doth do them good,
And keepes them from all maladies and sicknesse through the yeare.
As if that Steven any time tooke charge of horses heare.

Whoever pities the horses treated by doctors in the first half of the nineteenth century might well at the same time pity the contemporaneous men, women and children in the hands of physicians. If the horses were obliged to take three doses of aloes for their general health, although they were apparently well, so there was a general spring dosing for the human beings. The belief in the necessity of this dosing has not yet died out in New England. There are children who are compelled in the spring to swallow sulphur and molasses, although to the eye they are in rude health. The grown people in certain country districts also take spring medicine. When we were young we were spared the sulphur and molasses, at least in its naked and terrible form, but huge bottles of "Elixer Pro" were yearly bought and emptied. Of what was the vile stuff composed? We recollect vaguely the suspicion of myrrh and aloes.

* * *

Judge Gemmill of Chicago expressed his opinion about a cat and dog home early this month: "The money expended in curing a lot of sick cats and mangy dogs might be better used in establishing a home for neglected children who live in the crowded loop district." The scene was more dramatic than you would infer from reading the opinion. Let the reporter be heard: "With something of a frown gathering on his face and a slight gesture that could be construed as one of impatience, Municipal Judge Gemmill said," etc.

It appears that people living near the cat and dog home were so unreasonable as to complain of being kept awake nights by howling, barking, whining, catermauling. The members of the society were, of course, indignant at the judge's remark, and Mrs. D. Harry Hammer, an auspicious name for a remonstrant, knocked the judge. "His criticism was entirely gratuitous."

We have known women, interested actively in the welfare of crippled and homeless dogs and cats, go, in carriages behind horses docked fashionably as to their tails, to meetings of the protective and nursing society.

* * *

The Herald spoke editorially a week or ten days ago of Black Rod's objection to an Irish kilt in the strangers' gallery of the House of Lords. We are now able to describe the offending costume: A saffron-colored kilt, characterized by the friend of the wearer as "quite inconspicuous and plain down the front," a saffron shawl, a silver-gilt waist belt and silver buttons bearing an Irish motto.

* * *

Here is a decision of vital interest to thousands. Mrs. John Dooley of Danville, Pa., had her husband arrested for breaking up the household furniture. He told Justice Dalton that as his wife was thrifty he had given her the greater part of his earnings. He found out that $800 was in the bank in his wife's name; that she was about to leave him to live with his cousin in Reading, and had thoughtfully determined to take with her the money and the household goods. When she asked money to buy packing boxes for the furniture, Mr. Dooley bought a hatchet and went to work. Justice Dalton held that a man has a right to smash his own furniture.

Aug 28

BERLIOZ AS CRITIC OF MUSIC DISCUSSED

Inquiry into Equipments Required by Those Who Write Opinions on Subject.

Studying Berlioz, the music critic, as revealed to the world by Mr. Boschot in his extraordinary volumes, we have seen the composer criticising at times with a view to his own interests; criticising the compositions or performances of others to produce his own works, or to gain for himself certain positions; bitter against singers, alternately amiable and disagreeable toward managers, in the hope of maintaining Marie Recio, the "fausse maigre," born Martin, in a subordinate position at the Opera. Thus did Berlioz show himself human; that is, weak. Yet as a critic he wielded a mighty influence for good.

His courage, which approached recklessness, was proverbial. His honesty, even when he praised Meyerbeer, poor Miss Bertin's opera, and Miss Recio's figure, face, and voice, was not questioned by those who knew him. He was not the only one who found admirable pages in "The Huguenots," which still remains a work that may well command respect and admiration for certain pages; he was discriminative in his eulogy of "Esmerelda," for he pointed out faults and recommended improvements. He was infatuated with Marie and he married her after the death of his first wife, whose last years were years of bodily fatness, drunkenness and maniacal jealousy. Read carefully his comments on Marie's singing, and you will not find extravagant commendation. The worst that may be said about his treatment of her as a singer is that he probably paid her more attention than he would have done had he not been personally interested in her. That he obtained a position for her is not injurious to his reputation as a critic.

It seems to me that Mr. Boschot in his desire to write the one authoritative life of Berlioz, and to bring him as a man clearly before the readers of today, has dwelt almost amorously on matters of insignificant detail. Let Mr. Boschot, who, it should be remembered, is a warm admirer of Berlioz, the genius, do his worst. Berlioz still remains the most vivid, the most brilliant of music critics, and for many years in the face of apathy and discouragement he fought valiantly, desperately for the best music and for general appreciation of this music.

That he included his own music among the best showed his perspicacity. Today he must be fairly ranked among the few great ones of the 19th century who expressed their emotions and thier views of life and art in music. The best of his compositions are still among the world's choicest treasures. The most modern orchestration is derived from him. His influence is felt wherever man clothes his musical thought in orchestral dress.

The career of Berlioz as a critic may serve as a text for the discussion of musical criticism in general. There are questions that are often asked: Should not a critic be a thoroughly trained musician, a composer or the master of an instrument or of the voice? Should he be a partisan? Should not his first aim be to educate the public? Should he be young or old? Should he be intimate with musicians or should he keep aloof from them?

Berlioz was an extraordinary man, a genius, a creator as well as a translator into music, but in the narrow meaning of the word he was not an accomplished musician. His early training amounted to nothing. At the Conservatory he shocked his teachers by his contempt for counterpoint and his heterodoxy. No doubt graduates from the conservatory in Boston are better grounded in harmony. He played as an amateur on the guitar. He was not a violinist or a pianist. He could not have supported himself by playing any orchestral instrument. He was not a "natural singer" nor did he study the art of singing.

In his criticisms, therefore, there is as a rule a lack of technical analysis, but the display of the higher qualities that made him great as a composer, musical instinct, sense of color, abhorrence of platitudes, sympathy with that which was nobly antique or passionately romantic, towering imagination, also distinguished him as a critic from others who were concerned only with the letter of the law.

Baudelaire stoutly insisted that a critic worthy the name must be a partisan; that his own theories and beliefs must shape his articles in which he comments on the works of others. Berlioz was certainly a partisan in that he joined the romanticists. His romanticism was elastic. It included the tragedies of Gluck and the symphonies of Beethoven, the operas of Spontini and those of Weber. He was a partisan in this: he was not interested in music that did not appeal to him even though the structure of that music was flawless.

Father Tournemine remarked shrewdly that a man admires in an author only those qualities which have the germ or the root in himself. Sainte Beuve, quoting this saying, added that there is a relative degree to which a mind raises itself: this mind cannot go higher, and having attained this degree it judges as best it can.

Berlioz was not unique as a critic because he was a composer, but in spite of his creative faculty. Whenever he judged solely as a composer he said strange things, as other composers before and after him. Read Weber's articles on Beethoven's symphonies—how inferior in judgment and in sympathy to those written by E. T. A. Hoffmann, who, as a composer, is known only to the antiquarian. There are Spohr's singular views of Beethoven's music. Beethoven himself expressed singular opinions concerning his contemporaries.

If Schumann saw the genius of Chopin, he also saw true swans in certain German geese. How often he praised to the skies composers whose very names are now unfamiliar! How bourgeois, how narrow was Mendelssohn in his estimates! And did not Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Grieg express themselves at times to the wonder, if not the consternation, of their admirers? Has not Debussy spoken as a madman beating a drum?

A teacher is not qualified for general criticism because he is a teacher. If he be a teacher of the piano, he is interested first of all in matters of mechanism, in the "method" of the pianist that appears before him for judgment. He has his own ideas. Woe to the virtuoso who succeeds in spite of them! In like manner the singing teacher is concerned with the tonal emission, the manner of breathing, points of mechanism, rather than with the interpretation of the poet's sentiment which the composer emphasized or put as a precious stone in a fit setting.

The critic as teacher may write well about the mechanical merits of a performance, but it will be hard for him to judge without prejudice, to take a broad view, to sympathize with the performer's esthetic purpose, unless the critic and the criticised be avowedly of the same school.

The critic should surely have a knowledge of the capabilities of instruments and of the human voice; he should have been drilled in the elements of theory, the grammar of composition. He should know intimately the history of music. It will not harm him to play the piano or the violin, to have written his contrapuntal exercises, to be a member of an orchestra, to lead a choral society. He should have a practical knowledge of music and of the diffulties necessarily encountered by singers and instrumental players.

If a composition be crudely constructed, or shabbily orchestrated, he should be able to tell the reason why. If the performance me poor, he should know why it is poor. But it is not necessary for him to be a composer or a virtuoso. A critic may not be able to sing delightfully, and he may yet judge intelligently the total impression made by the singer on the stage.

Neither he nor the public is interested first of all and chiefly in matters of mechanical detail. A critic may not be able to trill; his inability does not preclude him from saying honestly that Miss Gazaba's trill was like a coffee mill. It is not necessary for him to explain to the public why this comparison was inevitable. A critic may not be able to play the much-abused polonaise of Chopin, but he has a right to say that Mr. Hammerkuis butchered it and man-handled the piano, or that Mme. Solferina turned the polonaise into a jam pot of sentiment.

There are two distinct faculties—the creative and the critical. In many concerts the symphonic poem or the cantata is merely an excuse for a brilliant article. This article need not shine at the expense of the unfortunate composer. His work should serve as a text and the sermon should be of benefit to him as to others.

How often you hear the composer saying of a critic: "I should like to see him write as good a piece." And so, when there was the outcry against slavery in the South, the retort was: "Would you be willing to have your sister marry a negro?" The one answer is as pertinent as the other.

If the critic has neither theoretical nor practical knowledge of music, he

becomes a phrase monger, and, although his articles may be graceful and redolent with a literary flavor so that they please the ladies, those acquainted with music will pass them by. It happens more than once that a ready-witted man, with the gift of fluency, with a good memory so that he retains what he has read, with a natural taste for the beautiful, with a keen sense of an audience's appreciation or rejection, may sit in the critic's chair and write plausible articles.

Sooner or later he is found out. He is revealed as a man writing pleasantly about music as he would about a trip to the Yellowstone, the jute crop, or the latest quick-seller. And so we have the melancholy spectacle of Mr. Arthur Symons, who writes intelligently and as a poet about literature, contributing colored nonsense as a musical critic to the Saturday Review.

It has been said that the young critic is buoyant, enthusiastic, optimistic; that the critic of many years is bored and unemotional. Youth, as Liszt said, is the time for virtuosity; it is hardly the time for judgment based on experience, comparison, meditation. George Farcy described the young man as enthusiastic in his ideas, stern in his judgments, passionate in his opinions, both bold and timid in action; he reasons in place of observing; he is an intractable logician; the right not only dominates, it crushes the fact. "Later he learns that there is a reason for every doctrine, that there is an explanation, if not an excuse, for every action."

If the young man has studied seriously, he is still under the influence of his teachers. If they were of the old school, he has little sympathy with modern tendencies. If they were ultra-modern, then the old masters have only a historical interest, and only the radicals make for musical righteousness.

Reared musically in Germany, he honestly believes that music is made in Germany; in our own country, only after approved German patterns. The young man is intolerant. Sometimes he believes he has a mission. The public is to be educated by his articles, it is to be conducted personally to the temple of the art.

A singer should sing only songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Brahms; or, if the critic be of the other wing, songs by Loeffler, Gabriel, Faure, Strauss, Wolf, Debussy. The pianist should also be a partisan.

Ah, who of us has not passed through these yeasty years? We were all sincere in our views and opinions—and this was the most pathetic feature of our work. We all took ourselves seriously, too seriously perhaps. Changes in popular taste are constant and inevitable. Some of us thought, possibly, that we were instrumental in bringing about these changes, which would have come, however, had we served as blameless clerks in the shops of apothecaries.

"Like Plato's sage, it is only at 50 that the critic rises to the true height of his literary priesthood, or, to put it less pompously, of his social function. By then only can he hope for insight into all the modes of being, and for mastery of all possible shades of appreciation." This was the opinion of Amiel, who was critical to the verge of self-torture.

The critic by the time he reaches 50 should have educated himself. The opera he hailed 20 years ago as a fixed and shining star turned out to be the comet of a season. The virtuoso who was enthroned by him as a chaste and noble interpreter fell into mannerisms and set traps for applause. The composer who suddenly appeared to lead triumphantly in new paths fell quickly by the wayside. A critic should keep scrap books of his articles. Looking over columns written with his heart's blood a dozen or even half a dozen years ago, he learns humility. Were those his thoughts? Had he the audacity to express them so positively, so violently?

As the years pass, the critic, if he listens and meditates, has a less contracted horizon, a broader sweep of vision. He realizes the fact that there were imaginative composers before Debussy; that Debussy in "Pelleas and Melisande" may have said his last word—in music, but not the last word. The critic is now ready to accept both Mr. Paderewski and Mr. de Pachmann, when each is in the vein. He enjoys both Mme. Melba and Miss Garden. In hearing orchestral music he is neither Russian nor French, German nor Italian. He hears with keen pleasure Beethoven's "Coriolanus" overture or Loeffler's "Pagan Poem"; Cesar Franck's symphony or Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis."

Yet he is not dazzled by the brilliance of a name, ancient or modern; he is conscious of the fact that the wildly romantic music of today may be tamely classic to ears in 1926; he will still inveigh against the pretentiously ignorant, the climbers, the poseurs, the money-grabbers and the charlatans in the art he is dear to him. He writes his articles with the same gusto, not in the hope to persuade the public to accept his views, much less to turn composers and performers from the error of their ways, but for his own satisfaction, to fulfil his duty to his employer, to give the public the best he has within him, to be faithful to himself.

The critic of 50 years has heard many famous singers and players; he has seen changes in public taste; he has observed the acceptance of music that was at first rejected with scorn, the enthusiasm for this music and at last the lack of interest in it and the quiet dismissal. A man that has heard Rubinstein and Buelow has a surer standard of judgment than he that began his piano recital life six years ago. The man that heard Brignoli, Campanini, Lucca, Faure, Patti, Lilli Lehmann, may be pardoned for not losing his head in rapture over more modern singers so that he rushes into print with mad superlatives of praise. There has always been much to admire and much to condemn.

Mario Rocio disturbed for a time the critical vision of Berlioz. Should the critic carefully abstain from familiar intercourse with composers, singers, players? The Herald has more than once discussed this question. If the critic wishes to be outspoken it is certainly better for him not to go beyond an amiable bowing acquaintance. It is not pleasant to tell the public that in your opinion a friend has failed. In the desire to be scrupulously honest the young critic, wishing to show his impartiality, exercises the malice of a friend and treats the work or performance with a greater severity than is necessary. It should never be forgotten that, strive as he may, a critic, praising, seldom responds fully to the expectation of a friend, especially when the friend asks for a wholly unbiased judgment.

AN OLYMPIC LESSON.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby of London has written entertainingly and instructively for the Pall Mall Gazette about the recent Olympic games with special reference to the Marathon race. He does not discuss the question whether Mr. Dorando really won or would have won if he had not been assisted by injudicious officials, nor does he inquire into the justice of Homer putting boxing and wrestling before running, though this subject exercised the ingenuity of Plutarch. Dr. Saleeby is interested chiefly in the question of regimen. He alludes to Prof. Angelo Mosso's book on "Fatigue," which has been translated into English, and says that the physiology of fatigue is really the whole question.

That no one becomes fatigued for lack of material wherewith to live he regards as fully established. "We become fatigued in consequence of nervous (not muscular) intoxication by the waste products of muscular work. (I speak, of course, of fatigue due to physical exertion.)" The nerve cells of the brain and spinal cords, "and perhaps in some measure the nerve ends in the muscles" are poisoned. A man running disposes of carbonic acid. The lungs dispose also of water as vapor. The skin yields liquid water which contains waste products. Dr. Saleeby commends the Americans who ran the race on water. He believes that the sweat of a fatigued person would cause fatigue if it were injected into another, as the blood of a tired dog injected into a fresh one will at once produce symptoms of fatigue in it. The runner in a long, hard race must filter away these products to promote the action of the skin.

It was stated before the race that some one was going to use bananas. This led Dr. Saleeby to marvel at the fashion in which "English defiance of science obtains among athletes just as among cabinet ministers, or that sort of persons." It takes from three to five hours before any proteid can enter the blood. To put down food during a Marathon race is silly. It is not probable that the process of digestion would get started during such a strain on the system as this race. Not only is blood imperatively needed in the muscles and central nervous system, but anxiety or fatigue checks, prohibits the digestive process. And here Dr. Saleeby is sarcastic at the expense of his defeated countrymen: "I fancy that the use of the stomach pump on our good Britishers who arrived as the spectators began to make for home, would show that their various gastric contents were entirely unaltered by any digestive process. Of course, if we are to apply no more science to athletics than we do to anything else, we had better stick to umpiring and keeping the course. The age of empiricism, however valiant, is past."

Dr. Saleeby is a good Englishman, but he is, first of all, a scientist. His tribute to American training and regimen is all the more valuable, and it may be put against the comment of other writers who were disagreeable, patriotically, but without knowledge.

Aug 24, 1908

Men and Things.

One of the several young women who have recently impersonated Salome in her too celebrated dance is said by the passionate press agent to correspond "exactly in physical measurements and requirements to the original as described in the New Testament."

Pray where did the press agent find this description, an anticipation of the Bertillon system, in the New Testament? Matthew says: "The daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod." Mark records that "the daughter of the said Herodias came in and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him." Not one of the four evangelists calls the damsel by her own name. We know no more of the quality of her beauty from the New Testament than we do of the Queen of Sheba's peculiar brilliance from the Old, nor does the Bible inform us that the latter's name was Balkis. There is a fine reticence in each instance that whets curiosity. We have a right to infer that Salome was comely, that she was not illfavored and lean fleshed, but it is not at all unlikely that if she were to dance her too celebrated dance today, many would be disappointed.

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This reminds us that Miss Odette Valery in London appeared in "her dance creations Salome and Cleopatra." The advertisement said of her Cleopatra, "the latter concluding with the death of the Egyptian queen from the sting of an asp, the artiste employing for this purpose a genuine snake." Was it "the pretty worm of Nilus that kills and pains not?" Cleopatra had visions of her lot: "the quick comedians extemporally will stage us * * * and I shall see some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness." Alas, for the daughter of Herodias! She danced only in obedience to her mother. She asked for the head of John only because Herodias instructed her to name the ghastly reward. We like to think of Salome as a shy, girlish, fluttering thing. Flaubert saw her with clear vision. Painters, a few poets, composers and dancing women have done her grievous, irreparable wrong.

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The Herald described in this column a few nights ago the attitude of Detroit, Mich., toward the the Directoire gown. It may be remembered that Mr. A. H. Griffith of the Detroit Museum of Art and prominent women of the city, "artists, literary women, physicians and leaders in all feminine endeavor," look kindly on the costume. Mr. Griffith, "whose word on all matters is valued," according to the Free Press, "as golden coin by every alert citizen of Detroit," was almost noisy in his approval.

We are now the more surprised at the complaint of Mrs. Adolphe Caille of Detroit against a newspaper of that city. (We are again indebted to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, though he modestly prefers to be known as an earnest student of sociology, who has sent to us notes of inestimable value.) The newspaper made the statement that Mrs. Caille had purchased for $2400 a Directoire gown. Caille, by the way, is French for quail and we naturally think of Mrs. Caille as plump and pleasing. Mrs. Caille at once published an "indignant denial." "I am having a gown made—that you can call Directoire if you like, but it isn't slit up the sides, and I have purchased no stockings to go with it. It is modesty itself. * * * When they begin to describe me as parading the streets in a screeching costume I think it's time to draw the line. I'm a church member, and my new gown, which is black, will be suitable for church, which it would scarcely be were it slit up the side." It seems that Mrs. Caille's brother-in-law Arthur, a bachelor, who is in the theatrical business, bought a Directoire costume for a dramatic purpose. Hence the sad mistake.

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The Directoire gown in Ohio has tragic significance. Mr. John Sullivan of Loveland has for some time been annoyed by the conduct of his wife. She did not have supper ready for him when he returned from work. She "fried" his steak only on one side. His coffee was always cold. She never made his bed, but she insisted that he should get up with the birds. Annoyed, he bore all this, but when she made a sheath dress out of gowns he had bought her and then pranced in the street, his great heart would endure no more and he filed a suit for divorce.

* * *

Let us look a moment toward England for relief, not at the stately, but the humble homes of England. A woman appeared before Mr. Plowden in London a fortnight ago and complained that a man had given her a black eye. "I am a lone woman," she said; "if I had a husband to give it to me I wouldn't mind—I'd put up with it; but I don't like other men to give it to me." The Pall Mall Gazette remarked editorially: "There is a thick stratum of society wherein a black eye ranks very much as a kiss does higher up. Administered by a lawful owner, it is a legitimate mark of conjugal attention; but from an outsider it becomes an assault." The London journal failed, however, to commend the true wifely spirit shown by this spinster. Here is a humble woman only waiting to rival the applauded Griselda.

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We commend to our readers "From Rime to Reason; or, The Great San Francisco Earthquake Rhythmically, Orchestically (sic) and Logically Considered," by Clarence Miller Jones of Columbus, O. Mr. Jones believes that all artistic representation should strictly conform to the classical unities of time, place and action. The artistry of an earthquake answers the requirements of the most fastidious.

LOS ANGELES.

Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, the editor of the Los Angeles Times, is much exercised over the correct pronunciation of the town that he lives in. He has published a list of twenty-two incorrect pronunciations of the name, from "Loss Ange-loss" to "Loce An-gel-ess." In his desire for accuracy Gen. Otis wrote to the American secretary of legation at Madrid, Mr. Buckless, who answered that he had consulted Spaniards of high degree and education. These grave Castilians said there was only one way, and Mr. Buckless gives the nearest English equivalent as "Loce Ahng-hay-less." Mr. Buckless says: "Even this does not fully represent it. A strong stress is placed on the first syllables of 'Angeles,' and the last two syllables are as rapidly pronounced as are the two final syllables in our word 'velocity.'" Gen. Otis is not wholly satisfied even with Castilian authority. He makes a slight modification. "This pronunciation goes, as far as the Los Angeles Times is concerned, as "Loce-Ahng-Hayl-es."

Will the old resident and the tenderfoot adopt this pronunciation? We doubt it. Suppose that an editor in Prairie du Chien, Des Moines, Terre Haute, should write to Mr. Anatole France or to the Academy for "a correct notion of the French phonetic sounds"; suppose that the transliteration into English were plain to the eye; would any citizen of the town, unless he were French or of French extraction, study the pronunciation till he were nice in the nuance? Would he not answer: "The way we have pronounced the name of our town for years is good enough for me"? Is not "Chien" "Sheen"? Would it not be an affectation to pronounce "Chien" otherwise?

Thirty or forty years ago many dwelling in Holyoke spoke of their town as "Hully-yoke" or "Hull-yoke." The brakemen on the Connecticut River railroad did much to establish these pronunciations.

There are old residents of Osterville on Cape Cod who cling to the pronunciation "Oysterville," and in this they are right, for the district in Barnstable was once named Oyster Bay, then Oysterville. Some genteel person dropped the "y," and the present name is meaningless. The people of Boston are not unanimous in pronunciation, and the word Tremont is accented now on the first, now on the second syllable. Some still regret the change of the name Bothnia to St. Cecilia street, for there were street car conductors who shouted "Bothinia," with accent on the second "i"; others preferred to accent the first "i" in the word of their invention. Nevertheless, the passenger recognized the street and got out of the car if he had business there. A man may not be able to twist his tongue to "Loee-Ahng-Hayl-es," yet be able to make himself understood at a railway station if he wishes to go there.

Aug 25 1908

Men and Things.

Dr. Hirschfield, a deep thinker and a ready reckoner, has been figuring out the amount of alcoholic drink consumed in Berlin and by each Berliner. By a series of masterly computations he arrives at the conclusion that the Berliner spends a seventh part of his income in intoxicating drink — beer, brandy and wine. There is an old saying that a man should not spend over one-fourth of his income in rent. The Berliner to some will appear thrifty if not niggardly in the matter of drink. It is said that the average annual consumption a head of the population in the Athens on the Spree is 236¼ liters at a cost of 100 marks, or about $25. The average income of the Berliner (including women and children) is about 683 marks.

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If we are accurately informed, the people of Munich spend more proportionately in beer. Students in that city 25 years ago found beer a necessity, not a luxury or amusement. It was a foodstuff. The meat served in pensions and restaurants was stringy and coarse, and the huge radish was the most conspicuous among vegetables. Beer was food. It was drunk soon after the morning coffee and bread; before the noon meal; freely in the afternoon, and after supper till bedtime. It was also drunk at meals and, in fact, whenever there was opportunity. The government looked after the purity of the beer, the price and the amount that each mug should hold — a wisely paternal government. There was a government college of brewing with professors learned in the art, saturated with knowledge of malt from the time the Egyptians brewed, so skilled that they could tell the best beer even when they were blindfolded and allowed the use of only the left hand.

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Some of the New York newspapers are trying the Hains case to their own satisfaction, though out of court. Both the district attorney and the leading lawyer for the defence have had too much to say about what they will do, what they will prove, etc., etc.

The wife of Mr. E. H. Disney of Knoxville ran off with a man who was probably psychic, ran off to Baltimore. And either by mistake, or led by a fine sense of humor, took her husband's trunk with her. Mr. Disney, learning of his wife's flight, at once wrote to the mayor of Baltimore. "I want you to look around and find my trunk. You will know my clothes, as they have my name inside. Hold them for me." Mr. Disney's calmness of spirit and prompt decision cannot be commended too highly. He did not wish to make a scandal or a noise; he wanted his trunk. The journal in which we read the news of this philosophical determination stated that the trunk contained three dress suits. What, pray, does Mr. Disney do with three, unless he is possibly a waiter and buys in quantity. He may even have a pair of suspenders for each suit.

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Mr Herkimer Johnson writes: "I heard this afternoon a young boy of the village complaining to his mother because he had only 'taters and sour floured gravy' for his dinner. Can any of our readers inform me as to the precise nature of 'sour floured gravy'? The chapter, or possibly chapters, on gravy will fill a good many pages in the sixth volume of my little work which you are so kind as to call a magnum opus. The motto of the chapter is Dickens' remark about young Mr. Smallweed: 'In the matter of gravy he was adamant.'"

Will not some reader give Mr. Johnson the information? He is ever ready to open the vast storehouse of his own learning to any inquiring soul. Letters should be addressed to him in care of The Herald, and they will be promptly forwarded. For some reason unknown to us Mr. Johnson does not wish his present address to be public property.

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Mr. George R. Sims, playwright, novelist, poet, journalist, traveller, "Dagonet," proprietor of a hair restorer, is, like all men of true parts, interested in slang. From time to time in the Referee he writes entertainingly about new or forgotten "footpads and loafers of speech." Recently he had something to say about the argot of the Parisian Apaches, who "have more of the glamor of melodrama about them than our hooligans; their argot, or secret language, is also more picturesque." Among the Apaches, death is "la carline," and assassination is "refroidissement"; the hands are "les prennantes" and the feet "les courriers." They have a pleasant expression, "bringing blood to the mill." "I" is either "mon orgue" or "mon gniasse"; you is "vos pommes" or "vos poires"; he is "sa poire" or "sa pomme" or "son orgue." "It's the same thing" is "C'est Kif Kif."

Death prevented W. E. Henley from writing the preface to "Slang and Its Analogues," and it is indeed a pity, for his little essay on slang published in the Pall Mall Magazine shows what we have lost. This essay, by the way, should have been included in the edition of Henley's collected works now publishing. There are other and more lamentable omissions to which we may refer hereafter.

Aug 26, 1908

"DAD."

"Pop" wrote recently to the New York Times protesting against the practice indulged in by "growing sons" of calling their father "dad" or "guv" or "pop." "If the father, who may have kept his nose to the grindstone for many years to afford the son much leisure and a liberal education, be alluded to, it is in words that imply little of affection or even of common respect. The lives of many long-suffering fathers are made unhappy, their ability as providers lessened and aspirations for righteous living deadened by the discouragement of thankless children."

Here we have, to use Mr. Stockton's phrase, "the fearful spectacle of a parent at bay." But does not this parent take himself too seriously? Does he not prescribe to himself preposterously? Is "dad" necessarily a term of disrespect? An orthodox dictionary assures us that the word is used only by children or rusties. The definition is timid and conventional.

Dad for father occurs in several northern languages. "It is remarkable," said Todd, "that in all parts of the world the word father, as first taught to children, is compounded of 'a' and 't' or the kindred letter 'd' differently placed." The ancient Britons, both children and adults, called their father dad. The word was also used as a term of respect for the aged; also for one that excelled in anything, but chiefly in a bad sense. It's a good, sound, old word. We find it more than once in Shakespeare:

"I was never so bethumpt with words
Since first I called my brother's father dad."

Anne Elizabeth Baker, in her curious and entertaining "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words and Phrases," says: "The names of parents, as distinguished in the three different classes of society, are shown in the following rude lines, which also give the various names used for the same kind of food, in the progressive stages of society:

"'Dad, mam, and porridge;
Father, mother, and broth;
Pa, ma, and soup.'"

So "pa" is more genteel than "father"! Delightful Miss Baker!

Grant that "dad" was as a rule a child's name for father; where is the disrespect in the use of it by any son, however old he may be? We have often heard the word used when the relations between father and son were unusually tender, when the two were close companions, when there was complete understanding and the strongest love. There was a time in New England when a son addressed his father in writing: "Respected Sir." The father was then of the Roman order. There was little thought of any possible intimacy. The son stood in awe of the sire. Hence too often domestic tragedies. When you hear a lad speak today of his father as "the old man" you may reasonably infer that there is no sweet companionship. If a boy mentions his "dad" there is a world of affection in the word. There is a touch of hardness, a suspicion of fear in the term "Governor." "Pop" is a cheap term, if it be not vile. Even the son in "My Awful Dad" admired the father who worked him temporary injury by his mad pranks. Oliver Wendell Holmes described in a few humorously pathetic words his meeting with his son wounded in a battle of the civil war and lying in a hospital. The son looked at the father, who had journeyed to see him. "Boy!" "Dad!"

'THE MERRY WIDOW'

AT THE ALHAMBRA—"The Merry Widow," a Viennese operetta in three acts, presented by the following cast:

Popoff, Marsovian ambassador.....Oscar Figman
Natalie, his wife.....Virginia Foltz
Prince Danilo, embassy attache.....Donald Brian
Sonia, a young widow.....Ruby Dale
Camille de Jolidon.....Paul Bleyden
Marquis Cascada.....Walter C. Wilson
Raoul de St. Brioche.....D. C. Lee
Khadja.....Harry Hyde
Malitza, his wife.....Nellie Minto
Nova Kovich, of the embassy..F. J. McCarthy
Olga, his wife.....Aurora Platt
Nish, messenger of the embassy.....John Thomas
Mme. Nish.....Londla Hillhard
An Englishman.....Ray Shaw
Little Willie.....Wright Symons
Head Walter.....John O'Hanlon
Orchestra leader at Maxim's..Coloman Veres
Fifi.....Lillian Lawson
Zo-Zo.....Charlotte Allen
Lo-Lo.....Lula Bishop
Do-Do.....Lulu Everett
Jou-Jou.....Cora Flower
Frou-Frou.....Vivian Montgomery
Clo-Clo.....Mildred Stokes
Margot.....Grace Emmons
Zu-Zu.....Florence Bizzell
Sapho.....Marjorie Fairbanks

Men and Things.

When the news of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's weak physical condition was published, there were many who, if questioned, would have sworn that "Ik Marvel" was dead and others would have spelled "Ik" with an "c." Even a usually well informed newspaper spoke of Mr. Mitchell as the author of "well known short stories." Are "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" read today by the young or the old? Let us not inquire too curiously into the tastes of the middle-aged. Let us follow humbly the example of the great Saint-Beuve, who, discussing the life of Ampere, refused to disclose confidential letters written by the sage in his middle years. "The modesty of the mature man has a certain inviolable quality, and it is work above all that marks the middle of life. In the account of a life as in life itself, emotional sentiments, the morning breeze, reappear appropriately only toward night."

* * *

The young dreamed with "Ik Marvel" and they, too, looked forward to a not impossible her. The books are now pleasant reading to the sentimentalist, to the man that would fain sit with his pipe by the open fire and live in memory rather than in the present. We doubt whether the young of this period would have patience with "Ik" and his dream fancies, any more than they would relish George William Curtis' "Prue and I." We heard only the other day a sensible man characterize "Prue and I" as "silly." He is a man of great activity. It is easy to see why he does not care for Prue and Titbottom and the rich but unsatisfied merchant; why the voyage on the Flying Dutchman would be to him a bore. Yet the time will come to him, as it has to so many, when he will be willing to ripen for the grave by reading lazily reposeful essays.

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The Herald referred a few days ago to the old hotel life at Saratoga as portrayed by Curtis, Bristed and others. There is a chapter about Saratoga in Custis' "Lotus Eating," a summer book in which the Hudson, Catskill, Niagara, Lake George, Nahant and Newport are also discussed. This book, too, we fear would be caviare to the general. "Prue and I" and "Lotus Eating" might be classed with the early books of "Ik Marvel" by reason of the gentle sentiment common to them. Curtis was not then deliberately trying to write like Thackeray. He was still the Howadji on the Nile or in Syria. The books were like his portrait—was it not published in the old Putnam's Magazine?—the portrait of a refined face with poetical side whiskers. Who would have thought, looking at it, that this man would afterwards have fought intrepidly bosses in politics and shown a courage that was no less than heroic?

* * *

When "Ik Marvel" flourished, the nation was more sentimental than it is today. Charles Reade once characterized the American people as the most sensitive and also the most generous in the world. When he said this he might also have added truthfully the word sentimental. Dickens failed to see this side of our character. He, too, was a sentimentalist, but, visiting the United States, he was in search of copy, and that which was grotesque, ridiculous, naturally appealed to his prodigious sense of humor. That we were then sentimental was shown by the outcry against "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," an outcry that came from the sense of abused hospitality as much as from wounded national pride.

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We are informed that young Marshall Field has shown great talent for oratory at Eton, so much so that his mother intends to have him go to Harvard and "prepare for the political arena." This oratorical talent may serve young Mr. Field at Harvard; it may lead to his being chosen to represent his college in a debating match with Yale; but how will it fit him for "the political arena" unless the present rules governing the sports in this arena be changed? Orators are invited in some cities to deliver Fourth of July orations; they occasionally pop up at national conventions, propose favorite sons and then are heard of no more, unless they accept engagements with western Lyceum bureaus. The day of oratorical display is over. States can be saved, or lost, without it.

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The Assyrian ballet "Sardanapalus" will be revived at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, Sept. 1. We have already commented on the archaeological interest of the Emperor in this production. When Hertel, known to many by his "Flick and Flock" galop, wrote the music to "Sardanapalus" over 40 years ago, he thought simply of dance tunes. Now a Prof. Schlar has "recreated" the dances "so as to bring them more into harmony with Arabian and Oriental ideas." Are not Arabian ideas oriental? And why Arabian? The dances are "fully imbued with Assyrian coloring" and the scenery and costumes are to be historically correct. No doubt the ballet "girls" will also have an archaeological interest. The first dancer was admired when we were in Berlin in 1882, and even then she was not a mere beginner, a sprightly spring chicken of the stage, easily torn under the wing.

Aug 27 1908

"A CLUBMAN."

In the obituary notices published in the newspapers stress is often laid on the fact that the dead citizen was in life a "prominent clubman." The list of the clubs to which he belonged is paraded, and the ingenuous reader would not be surprised to find the names carved later in bold letters on the tombstone. It matters not whether the club be for purely social, or athletic, or literary and artistic, or political purposes. A club is a club, whether it be the Michael J. Muldoon Association, the Hand Ball, the High Ball, the Jeunesse Doree, or the Porphyry. The fact that the late Brown or Robinson belonged to this or that

club evidently impresses certain reporters and readers.

Yet how vague an idea of "clubmen" is entertained by many! To some the word "clubman" is synonymous with "man of the world" and the various definitions are both amusing and pathetic. Not long ago we heard a woman of no mean mental attainments describe a man as "very gay, in fact dissipated, a regular club man." This view is unfortunately shared by many women, who imagine a club as a secret place where men may give themselves to games of chance, drinking of wine and strong waters, loose conversation and vain babble. To correct this wild opinion, a club in Boston some years ago established the custom of having "ladies' nights." Wives of the members went to three or four, and then found the club intolerably dull. They made no further objection to the men club meeting together. They were no longer consumed with curiosity.

A club has been defined as a weapon with which to kill time. It has also been described as an ideal hotel where prices are lower and where there is privacy. The latter description is often inaccurate. One man joins a club because it may be useful to him socially or politically; another joins on account of the baths, restaurant and billiard tables; another on account of the talk about art and literature he expects to hear; still another finds a club useful as a place to entertain business friends whom he does not like to invite to his house. Some find the venture profitable and pleasurable; others are disappointed. As much depends on the member as upon the club itself. The gregariously disposed in the village make the country store their club, and it answers their purpose. The subjects of conversation at the storekeeper's and at the Jeunesse Doree are practically the same. There are cheese and crackers and cigars to be had at the store, and if a man is inclined to be a dipsomaniac there are, in Maine at any rate, bottles of ginger and "extracts," which do as much harm as first-class whiskey and often work a quicker injury.

There have been histories of clubs, from the "Secret History of London Clubs" (1709) by the occasionally amusing blackguard Ned Ward, down to the present time. There were clubs centuries before Ward's period. The Cave Adullam was in fact a clubhouse with a membership of about 400. David was the president; for when he departed from the house of Adchish and went to the cave, "Every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him." Gloomy as this club may have seemed to an outsider, it became a power in the land, for the members used the club privileges properly. Today the new member wastes much time at his club; the member of standing enjoys himself discreetly; the old member drops in to read a magazine, or to find, perchance, some one with whom to interchange memories of dead cronies.

There might be an excellent manual for the use of clubs, which should be put into the hands of a member when he pays his initiation fee. This manual should be composed of Mr. Brown's letters to his nephew about clubs, and they were written by Thackeray. Unfortunately, these letters have not been published in separate form. Bound up with the chapters by Thackeray on club snobs, and with the author's own illustrations, these papers would be an admirable vade mecum. Some, reading, would at once resign their membership.

Men and Things.

Many will be glad to hear of the hold-up in Yellowstone Park, and even those robbed probably do not now regret the past thrill. There have been minor hold-ups countenanced by law for some time; thus, at a much frequented inn a highball was sold for 35 cents; but highwaymen have been rare. Tourists have missed the traditional romance of wild western life. Indeed, for sport of this kind westerners now visit the Wild East, an unparalleled show with continuous performances. This hold-up in the Park near the Upper Basin reminds one of old times, Bret Harte's heroes, and the glorious days of the English highway when the knights of the road used horses instead of automobiles.

* * *

Furthermore, the highwayman in the Yellowstone Park wore a black mask. This was as it should have been. We are all tired of the highwayman in a dress suit and with collars and cuffs sewed irrevocably to his shirt. The ideal stripper of superfluities wears a mask, or vizard. Our friend in the Yellowstone wore a coat and waistcoat of mixed blue and gray goods and blue overalls. Just the costume for the scenery and the situation! It would not be appropriate perhaps for operations on the road from Lincoln to Concord or from Jamaica Plain to Boston; for the overalls might then seem out of place to antiquarians and the aesthetic. We hope the reliever of excrescences, as watches and wallets, wore a slouch hat.

* * *

It is also a pleasure to know that the highwayman is about 55 years old and weighed "in the vicinity of 140 pounds." Perhaps he was confidential in his conversation; perhaps there was a shrewd guesser among the passengers. It matters little how the information was gained; we are concerned only with the facts. The highwayman is now in the prime of his life. Experience has chastened youthful exuberance. He is calm and philosophic in his methods. His weight leads us to conclude that he is in excellent physical condition. A fat highwayman would be grotesque, possibly sinister, as Count Fosco in Wilkie Collins' novel. We like to think of the operator in Yellowstone as spare, lithe, muscular but not muscle bound, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, temperate, cool, given to meditation on the unequal distribution of property. Our distinguished friend, the Historical Painter, is already on his way in the insane hope of sketching this survival of the fittest.

* * *

Some have alluded to this highwayman as a bandit and thus played loosely with words. The bandit has a far different costume, as we know from comic opera. He wears a tall hat wound with red and white ribbons; his neck is open; there are rings in his ears; his waistcoat has buttons of woven silver thread; he wears breeches of blue velvet and his stockings are held up by leather bands; he sports at least two silk handkerchiefs. (There is an entertaining description of a Calabrian bandit in a little story, "Cherubino et Celestini," by Dumas the elder; the first story in "Souvenirs d'Antony"; and by the way, all the stories in this volume are capital.) The bandit has an unpleasant habit of taking his captive to a mountain cave and when friends are slow in sending in the ransom money, he slices an ear or the nose and sends the reminder to the city. In the ordinary dictionary bandit and brigand are defined as highwayman, but the three are not wholly the same, though bandit and brigand may claim brothership.

* * *

They are chasing this highwayman of the Yellowstone; perhaps as we write they have caught or killed him, for news sometimes modifies or annuls grave editorial comment. We are not told how he treated the ladies in and on the stages; whether, as Duval before him, he insisted on dancing a minuet with one of them; whether he said, in low, melancholy tones, "Permit me" as he took deftly a stickpin or a watch; whether he kissed hands and sighed. Perhaps one of the women, some lone lorn school teacher, looked on him kindly and "wished that heaven had made her such a man." Perhaps she prayed that he might baffle the pursuers.

* * *

Swiney in his "History of the Baptists" tells us that when a coach on the way from Buckinghamshire was robbed by highwaymen, the passengers brought an action against the county and recovered damages to the amount of their loss. Is such an action possible today in one of these United States? We are far from treatises, digests, and volumes of reports.

Aug 28 1908

Men and Things.

We are sorry to hear that "a shower of costly gems was lost" at a ball given recently in Newport, R. I. We infer that diamond pendants and tiaras, brooches and rings came down like hail and then mysteriously disappeared. There may have been a diamond sunburst or two, for, mark you, there was a shower, not a steady rain.

It is always distressing when these losses occur at the festivities of "our best people." Three or four seasons ago a Russian woman of distinction was describing a "literary reception" which she had attended at a house in Madison avenue, New York. "It was a delightful affair. All the celebrated literary men and women were there, Mr. Gilder and Mr. Underwood Johnson, Mr. Davis and Mr. Garland—everybody was there. There was only one out. My husband lost in the crush a valuable fur overcoat."

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The Army and Navy Journal published early this month a letter from Samuel W. Very dated Newton Center, in which Mr. Very gave the correct spelling of the name of a prominent officer of the Russian navy as Rozhestvensky. The name should be divided Ro-zhest-ven-sky and accented on the second syllable. Mr. Very also gave a list prepared by Lieutenant-Commander Frank Marble, U. S. N., of 37 spellings of the Russian name. All except two were taken from newspaper articles. The 22d is indeed a corker, "Roshdiestvenskie."

Mr. Very says that the spelling Rozhdestvensky or "Rozhestvensky" is a correct form of the Russian adjective derived from the noun "rozhdestvo," meaning birth or nativity, and in a more restricted sense, Christmas, but the proper name is spelled without the "d."

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The New York Evening Post publishes a list, taken from Mr. Leroux's book on America, of American women who have married members of the European nobility. The list of dancing girls, operetta singers and chorus girls that have married members of the English nobility and American "multi-millionaires" is much more thrilling and fully as great an incentive to the young.

* * *

Le Guide Musical tells the following story. An orchestral conductor was needed in a Swiss town, and among the competitors two leaders, whom we will name X and Z, were especially considered. The local journals said of Mr. X in effect that his conducting was sober, accurate and highly appreciated. "He directed everything without notes. The accompaniment of the concerto left nothing to be desired. Mr. X was discreet in the use of gestures, but he conducted with authority and put strongly in relief the most characteristic passages of the works that he interpreted."

The journals said of Mr. Z: "Mr. Z served us in 'The Mastersingers,' not a dance of apprentices, but a minuet of hippopotamuses. The fifth symphony of Beethoven for the first time seemed to us a bore, for the interpretation was cold and mechanical. In the accompaniment of d'Indy's 'Symphony on a Mountain Air' the orchestra drowned the piano."

And who was chosen? Mr. Z by a unanimous vote. This shows the power of musical criticism.

* * *

We alluded a few days ago to "Mexican Earthquakes," by Mr. Clarence Miller Jones of Columbus, O., as an excellent book for vacation reading. Here is a sentence in a letter from the gifted author to the secretary of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, that will give a good idea of Mr. Jones' style:

"I have about come to the conclusion that the earthquakes of Mexico are not usually caused by any simultaneous volcanic disturbances nor by any subterranean commotions, but that they are due to the exceedingly gradual settling and occasional sudden dislocations of those superjacent broadly and deeply imbedded (strato-cumulo) lithospheric masses (said to be of volcanic [that is, antediluvial] origin) which compose the vast (seismic) area of the Mexican plateau, and which with hardly definable ramifications are parts of cosmic streams that (in accordance with the laws of gravitation and of circulation) are forever sluggishly forcing their respective ways (that is, flowing or drifting) in a manner somewhat analogous to that of the peculiar (uniformatarian—catastrophic) progress of glaciers (though with a much less velocity and with abruptions whereof the immediate markings are not nearly so discernible, however more terrible may be the shock [— of 'el terremoto'] and however more destructive the [after] effects of the frequently contingent Furies) in various directions across the commodious declivities of the succession of widely extended basins and through the Cordilleran defiles which intervene between the higher mountainous elevations of the country and its sea-level margins."

This reckless use of parentheses and brackets reminds us of the problems in elimination which struck terror to the soul of strugglers with algebra in the happy days when we were young.

* * *

Mr. Reginald Pelham Bolton of New York says that mirrors in elevators are a curse. "They hinder speed, and speed is what tenants demand, no matter if the hat be on straight, crooked, or not at all." Before the Brooklyn bridge was built, advocates of the theory that man is vainer than woman insisted that a greater proportion of men than women sat in "saloons" of ferryboats where they could see themselves in the looking glasses. As you walk by shop windows, note how many men observe the reflection of their whiskers and stop to adjust more favorably the cravat.

Aug 29 1908

OLD AND NEW LIGHTS.

The Association of American Law Schools at a meeting held in connection with the American Bar Association adopted resolutions limiting the membership in the association to such schools as grant diplomas only on the completion of a full three years' course of study. The announcement led some, who are not necessarily chronic praisers of times gone by, to recall the preparation of the old-fashioned lawyer for admission to the bar.

It was often said by brilliant advocates in the city, "Look out for the country lawyer. He may be slow in his method of conducting a case, but he knows human nature; the jury understands him and he understands how to appeal to each juryman; and it is surprising how much law he knows." The country lawyer did know thoroughly the principles of law as he knew the characters of the twelve men in the box. He was almost always poor: he worked on the farm; his schooling was often finished at the academy that stood on a hill not far from the meeting house; he taught school and went into the office of the leading lawyer of the district, who was a shrewd, experienced old file. To the young student this lawyer was a guide, philosopher, friend. He took a personal interest in his disciples. They read Blackstone and Kent, sometimes Chitty, by themselves, but the old lawyer directed the reading, discussed problems with them, examined them, and saw to it that they also had practical knowledge and not according to the educational theory of Mr. Squeers. The students copied legal documents with the pen, but they were not mere drudges. What they learned, they remembered. There were few distractions, and they were able to concentrate their attention on their books. They learned both principles and applications. They lived in a legal atmosphere. They spent nights as well as days in the office.

We have changed all that. The student now in certain schools is at once presented with a case that has been determined by a high court, and he learns principles from the application of them. The old-fashioned lawyer was a general practitioner, a man "teres atque rotundus" in his profession. He would try a horse case, defend a man charged with arson or murder, appear in a dispute over a contract or real estate, argue a case on appeal

Today the student looks forward to special practice. Admitted to the bar, he is often a business man, a promoter, with a theoretical training, but if a case demands discussion of a fine legal point, he at once employs counsel. The old-fashioned jury lawyer with his flights of oratory has well-nigh disappeared; so has the old-fashioned criminal lawyer with his traditional cross-examination, a well of wisdom for the saving of the accused. We have seen only recently that judges in high places are treated with little respect by those who have sworn to uphold the majesty of the law. Is this all a change for the better? The age is one of transition, and fortunately it is not given to man to know the future.

Men and Things.

Some time ago a young man named Thaw killed Stanford White, an architect and collector. Thaw was tried twice. Said to be mentally irresponsible at the time of the murder, he was confined in a prison for the insane, but he is now in a jail that better suits his tastes. His comments on life and manners are quickly reported, and whenever he is taken to a city as a witness, or for any other purpose, a full account of his doings is published. The public is now informed that the young man named Thaw approves Mr. Richard L. Hand's decision in the Jerome case, although two of Mr. Hand's opinions are "regrettable." Thus the referee's statement about persons betting on games "will surely shock the best part of the community." Mr. Thaw himself has hardly recovered from the shock, for he says he has many friends who play billiards and do not bet on the game.

The young man named Thaw is one of the most conspicuous features of the Great Wild East Show, a continuous performance every 24 hours. No intelligent and visiting foreigner, no westerner sojourning in New York should fail to go up the river to see him.

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Mr. Richard L. Hand of Elizabethtown, N. Y., is of a distinguished legal family. His father, Judge Augustus C. Hand, was a counsellor of the old school, a man of profound learning and most dignified bearing. Richard's brothers were Samuel Hand of Albany and Clifford A. Hand of New York, who are both dead. Samuel Hand had a lucrative and honorable practice before the court of appeals, and before that court he was without a superior. He was for a short time a judge of the high court. He was a man of fine literary taste and, although he was naturally reserved, he could be a delightful conversationalist. Clifford A. Hand, an excellent lawyer and a genial companion, was highly respected and warmly liked. The family was stoutly Democratic in politics, Democrats of the old school.

* * *

There are various and entertaining schemes for new theatres in New York, theatres to encourage young American dramatists—there are old ones that also need encouragement; to assist young actors and actresses, to train dramatic critics. We hear that there is to be a theatre into which the general public will not be admitted, where the audience will be composed of managers, playactors and playactresses, and professional critics, with the "highbrows" in advantageous seats.

An ingenious Frenchman, one Baudelaire, who once wrote "I have cultivated my hysteria with joy and terror," also had ideas about the theatre. He recorded his opinions in his private journal. "The thing I have always found the most beautiful in the playhouse, when I was a child and now, is the chandelier, a beautiful object—it is so luminous, crystalline, complicated, circular, symmetrical. And yet I do not deny absolutely the worth of dramatic literature. I wish, however, that the comedians were mounted on very high clogs; that they wore masks more expressive than the human face and spoke through speaking trumpets; that the parts of women were played by men. Nevertheless the chandelier has always seemed to me the chief actor, seen either through the big or the little end of an opera glass."

This reminds one of Mr. Anatole France's expressed desire that plays, especially emotional dramas, should be performed by marionettes.

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Baudelaire purposed to write several plays and the hero was not to be the chandelier. He sketched "The End of Don Juan." Don Juan was to be melancholy, bored. Leporello was to be a cold and reasonable person, "intelligent in a way, after the manner of Benjamin Franklin." "He is type of the future bourgeoisie which will soon replace the expiring nobility." One of the characters was to be the son of Don Juan, vicious and amiable, trained carefully by his father in the way he should go. He was to be introduced at the age of 17, and Baudelaire intended the part to be taken by a woman. The statue was to be a fantastical colossus, grotesque, violent, "after the manner of the English."

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Baudelaire also sketched a play, "The Marquis of the First Hussars," based as some say, and others deny, on a drama by de Molenes. Another play was "The Drunkard." The hero, a sawyer, kills his wife, a model of gentleness and patience, by throwing her into the water, and he sings to the Siren a pretty song:

Sing, Siren, sing,
Fanfru-cancru-lon-la-lahira.
Sing, Siren, sing,
You have reasons to sing.
For the sea is yours to drink,
Fanfru-cancru-lon-la-lahira,
For the sea is yours to drink,
My dear is yours to eat.

The murderer goes to a seaport and hopes to escape as a sailor. He drinks madly, and he is obsessed by the idea that he is at last free. No one will ever know about the murder. He keeps on drinking and begins to express his idea in words to himself. Frightened, he drinks the more to deaden himself; he runs about until his behavior excites suspicion. He is arrested. "Then volubly, with gusto, with an extraordinary emphasis and in extreme detail, he tells the story of his crime, quickly, very quickly, as though he feared he had not time to finish his story. Then he falls in a faint. Policemen put him in a fiacre."

This play was to be merely the development of a vice. "Observe," said Baudelaire, "that theatre audiences are not familiar with the subtle psychology of crime, and it is difficult to make them comprehend an atrocity without a pretext." There are other characters: a sister of the sawyer who is fond of ribbons, cheap jewelry, dance houses, a giddy-pated, perverse creature; also a rich young man, who loves the drunkard's wife, but respects her and stealthily contributes to the support of the household.

Baudelaire invented titles for five other plays to be written, as "The Youth of Caesar," "The Foolish Virgins."

Aug 30 1908

LATEST NEWS FROM OPERATIC WORLD

There is operatic news of more or less importance, also of no importance. Mr. Dippel of the Metropolitan Opera House has engaged Ida Hiedler to sing next season. This is the report, but can it be true? The singer has been 21 years in active service at the Berlin Opera House. In Germany active is synonymous with violent, when there is talk of the vocal operations of dramatic sopranos. A Bostonian heard Ida Hiedler in Berlin last season, just before she retired from the Opera House, and described her to me as a woman whose upper tones are all gone, whose remaining tones are hard or shrill, whose sense of true intonation is imperfect.

Miss Gertrude Rennyson, who studied in Boston and sang here as a member of Mr. Savage's grand opera company, has resigned her position as lyric soprano at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, "on the ground that the singers intrigue too much against an American to make success possible." Can it be that Mr. Weingartner was not wholly pleased with her? Miss Rennyson had a pure and sympathetic voice when she began, but in her anxiety to act and without proper elemental training in dramatic action she soon fell into intolerable mannerisms in attitude and gesture; nor was her singing as free and frank as when she began.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann still threatens to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House. It looks as though she were anxious to be known as "The Grand Old Woman of Opera." She wishes to appear this coming season with her pupil, Miss Geraldine Farrar, not that she is in need of advertisement, for Mme. Lehmann refuses to give lessons unless the candidates have musical voices and indisputable talent.

The important fact that Miss Maggie Taitt now spells her name Teyte is duly reported. Miss Maggie is the young woman that took the part of Melisande in Debussy's opera with success recently at the Opera Comique, Paris. So it seems that Miss Garden is not the only one. Maeterlinck swore before the production of the opera that only his wife, Georgette Leblanc, could be the real Melisande, and lo, here is Miss Taitt, or Teyte.

Maeterlinck's confidence in his wife's abilities as a dramatic singer is pathetic. She sang both in opera and in concert long before he married her, but she was then conspicuous by reason of an intensity that was frequently extravagant, and at times she was dangerously near absurdity. She used to give song recitals of an "intimate nature," and she would sing this song lying down, that one as she was lolling in a chair. A talented, but not a restful person!

Maeterlinck, as her husband, hoped that Debussy's opera would fail; he rowed with the manager of the Opera Comique and Dukas, the composer of "Ariane and Blue Beard," because Georgette was not engaged to impersonate the heroine.

Now that an opera founded on his "Monna Vanna," with music by Henri Fevrier, is to be produced at the Paris opera, Maeterlinck invokes the thunderbolt, for Georgette in his eyes is the only possible Monna Vanna. (I believe she has played the part in the drama itself.) The managers of the opera have given the part to Miss Lucienne Breval, whom we all had the good fortune to see in Boston, a sculptural woman that reminded one of Eustacia Vye and a tropical sunset.

It is a pity that her voice is cracked, nevertheless she is a mistress of diction. Macterlinck, the most peaceful of men, is actually bellicose when there is talk of any one but Georgette impersonating his heroines. He may yet, like Michael Cassio, be "damned in a fair wife" (for surely the reading of the line is "wife," not "wise").

Mr. Rudolph Ganz is writing music to an opera, "Monna Vanna," and Mr. Busoni has completed an opera with a libretto based on a tale of Poe—"The Choice of a Sweetheart," to translate the French title into English.

Some say that pianists are too ambitious; that they should be satisfied with playing in public. Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, Weber, were all professional pianists. Brahms never wrote an opera, though if he had ventured the Brahmsites would of course call it the greatest in the world, one wholly free from sensuousness and sensationalism, but he was a professional pianist before he composed important works; a solemn pianist, and when I heard him in the early eighties his fingers were all thumbs, his touch was that of a pile driver, and he smeared his runs.

Chopin was always a pianist, and Schumann tried to be one. Bach, the old man Johann Sebastian, is said to have been a pretty fellow for those days on both the organ and the clavichord. Cesar Franck was a remarkable pianist, and gave concerts as an infant phenomenon long before he composed his masterpieces. He was also an organist for years, but famous as an improviser rather than a virtuoso. Saint-Saens has always been a distinguished pianist and organist. There was Liszt—but why go on naming names? Why should not a pianist compose operas or symphonies if the spirit move him?

The report that Mr. Converse's "Pipe of Desire" has been accepted by the managers of the Metropolitan Opera House and will be produced there this coming season with singers in English, is of more importance than the announcement of the plan of the same managers "to foster operatic art and culture by means of a national league of opera clubs." It is only fair that an opera by an American, if it be thought worthy of production, should be produced.

I confess I am skeptical about the encouragement of "operatic art" by a league of opera clubs. There is a singing society in Hockanum Ferry or Putney. This society is drilled say in "Faust" or "Aida"; this being interpreted means that the society learns the choruses of an opera. When the time comes for a performance the Metropolitan Opera House Company will be only too happy to supply singers for the solo parts, singers who can be spared at the time, singers to whom the Metropolitan Opera House Company has promised a certain number of engagements. An opera in concert form is not unlike cold veal. Let us hope that this cant about the "educational value" of opera will not spread. The moment operatic performances become "educational," opera will be a huge, pretentious bore.

Let us have plenty of opera by all means, and good opera. Let us welcome the visiting Manhattan Opera House Company and the visiting Metropolitan Opera House Company. Thrice welcome be the performances of the Boston Opera Company in its own home! But let us admit from the start that opera was, is, and always will be an entertainment, gorgeous if you please, intensely dramatic, idyllic, or a comedy with music, but an entertainment, not the highest and purest form of music, and above all not "educational." Nor would a league of opera clubs throughout the country, however wisely they might be conducted, necessarily "further musical development."

Meanwhile Mr. Mascagni declaims against "modern music" and says it will not last. "Salome," he thinks, is both bizarre and ingenuous; ingenuous on account of the frankness of the reminiscences. He finds the music that accompanies the decapitation of John lamentably poor, almost laughable.

"The music of 'Pelleas and Melisande' makes one think of the accompanists of cinematographic scenes who play modestly, timidly their little airs while the most extraordinary episodes are represented. The audience looks at the show and does not hear the music. Whither shall we go if the manner of Mr. Debussy triumphs over the other methods that have greater respect for the fundamental principles of music? To the melologue or to the madrigalesque style? Fortunately the history of art teaches us that epochs of artistic renaissance succeed epochs of decadence. The public, having applauded audacities, always returns to pure, sane national art."

Alas Mascagni! Chopin, Berlioz, Schumann, Wagner were each in turn dubbed decadents, or the equivalent of that word so loosely and ignorantly used, was bestowed on each of them by the sticklers for "pure, sane" art.

We all know Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana," the village masher who throws Santuzza down on the stage with extreme violence and in some instances with evident effort. Mr. William F. Apthorp writes to me from Switzerland: "'Turiddu' is a Sicilian familiar form of Salvatore. The process of corruption is: Salvatore, Sabbaturi, Turi, and finally the diminutive Turiddu. Not much worse than 'Peg' for Margaret." Mr. Apthorp will not return to Boston this year. His decision will afflict his friends and many that delighted in his brilliant reviews of theatrical and musical performances.

Mr. Willy Hess, with the members of his string quartet is at at Sorrento, Me., where he is rehearsing for the coming season. Mr. Alwin Schroeder, the 'cellist of the quartet, will play in Boston at an early concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Saleeby was greatly moved by the spectacle of Miss Isadora Duncan dancing alone and with her children pupils at the Duke of York's Theatre. The show was the "most beautiful and exquisite spectacle" he has ever seen. Dr. Saleeby then burst into a dithyramb, which should be read and pondered:

"Here is the body—clad as it is worthy to be clad—doing that for which it is fitted. There is running and dancing and even the most graceful and unacrobatic of jumping, on the ball of the toe, but not on the tip of the toe, as in modern dancing. The horse can walk, and walk elegantly, on the tips of the nails of its remaining fingers and toes. It is digitigrade, as we say; but the human foot is plantigrade, and though the ballet dancer can with difficulty walk on the tips of her toes, all who know anything of the human foot and its architecture must say with Dr. Johnson, 'Would it were impossible.' Here is music really amplified in its emotional expression by dancing—a thing one had thought impossible when the music was that of Schubert or Chopin; here are children training their senses, and showing us the true physical culture—the body the instrument of the soul. Here is physical development that is balanced and proportionate, and that renders the mind more and not less visible. The children are all girls—one wonders whether boys are less apt and fitting material—and all, of course, are junior to the critical age when girlhood becomes, for the nonce, gawky and self-conscious. Here is the perfect illustration of the psychologists' maxim that every child is an artist. There are painters of puzzle pictures, or portraits of peeresses having, apparently, 10 or 15 cervical vertebrae instead of the normal mammalian seven—but perhaps the sitters are no longer mammalian; there are composers of sham music, 'religious' ballads that insult music and religion—who have everything to learn, only that they are past learning, from these natural, unselfconscious, gracious children, whose clean and real and normal emotions pass across the footlights and are responded to alike by the old and, as I can testify, by the child of three and a half—such as one who, at first weeping in the darkened auditorium, ended by declining to go when all was over. If the reader has children, or cares for children, I do earnestly ask him to go and learn, to get his mind bathed in this clean spring. Not at any time can we have such a lesson in the education of childhood, that high task which we daily undertake in such ignorance and despite of everything that Nature cries to us, much less a lesson of such beauty and such various significance. That is why one may, perhaps, be forgiven as a first offender and truly say that this art of Isadora Duncan's is adorable!"

Mr. Henri de Curzon says that Mr. Altchevsky as Romeo to Miss Garden's Juliet in Gounod's work at the Opera, Paris, recalled Mr. Mounet—Sully's Hamlet, both by silhouette and gesture.

Gounod's "Faust" drew the largest receipts at the Opera, Paris (1907) on May 29, of all the operas performed that year. The operas most performed were Massenet's "Ariane" (38), "Faust" (36), "Samson and Delilah" (21), and "The Valkyrie" (18). At the Opera-Comique "Madam Butterfly" led with

... rmances; "Carmen" was s... nd ... and "Werther" and Puccini's La Boheme" had 28 each.

G...lmark has rewritten his opera "...tz von Berlingen." The work will e performed at Vienna this winter.

The Emperor William has commissioned a Berlin artist to paint a picture f Grieg's tomb. William visited the lace and was much impressed by the ea...ty of the scenery.

Among the pensioned living in the ome established and maintained at Milan through Verdi's generosity are w... singers, Picchielli and Riccioli. Though they are 76 years old respectively, they discussed an aesthetic subject so passionately that when fellow pensioners attempted to calm them Pi...chielli picked up a knife and endeavored to stab the other disputant.

The Minister of Public Instruction at Tokio would not allow a performance of Gluck's "Orpheus" at the Opera house until certain cuts were made, especially one in the "Scene of Kisses," w...ich, it was thought, would shock the mora... sense of the Japanese.

Mme. Olga Samaroff will begin her E...ropent tour by playing at a Colonne conc...rt in Paris, Oct. 25.

It is said that both Mascagni and Pu...ni are at work on an opera based on Mrs Glyn's novel, "Threo Weeks."

It is also said that Mr. Jean de Re...zke is interested in the voice of a San Francisco girl and wishes her to g... t... Paris where he can try her voice a...d fit her for grand opera if the voice answers the description already given to him. This is the way the Examiner beg...s the beautiful story: "Like a peep into the make-believe world of ...y fairies and golden happiness is t...e un...sual experience that has come t... Gertrude Fleming, the San Fran...sco girl whose wonderful voice has ga...ned her the title of the 'Child P...tti.'"

Mr. Sidney Jones will compose the mus...e for the new piece at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in the coming season. The Pall Mall Gazette mourns t...e fact that little of Mr. Jones' music has been heard recently in London. "In the opinion of many good judges th...re has been no composer since Sul...l...van who has displayed such melodic invent...on combined with such masterly s...ring for orchestra and chorus; and his s...ores of 'The Geisha' and 'My Lady Molly' are the best things of t...e...r kind heard since the wizard of the Savoy laid down his pen for the last t...me."

The story of "A Welsh Sunset," a one-act operetta, libretto by Frederick Fenn, music by Michael Faraday, produced at the Savoy, London, last month, is not a cheerful one. A girl of a sensi... ...ature has a lover w...o goes to an Eisteddfod to sing for a £100 prize in the hope of win...n...g it and marrying her. He returns triumphant. She is overcome by excitement and joy, and dies in h...r chair while he is singing to her the romance which won the prize.

Mr. H. C. Colles has written a life of Brahms, which is published by JoJhn Lane at a modest price. The reviewer for the Pall Mall Gazette makes these surprising statements: "Brahms was one of the few great composers to realize that sadness is not indispensable to beautiful music. H...s rich chords and stately themes are unsurpassed for their thrilling beauty, but what is equally wonderful, they portray a happiness rarely sounded in music. His was, of course, a happy life." This late discovery is made in the case of the composer who to many is "Dismal Johannes."

THE WEEK-END.

When few persons owned sum...mer cottages, and life in a huge ...otel seemed eminently undesira...ble to the prudent and thoughtful, ...ong visits were in fashion. City ...arents were invited, with their ...hildren, to spend a month with ...ountry relations. The summer ...osts looked forward to being win...er city guests. This was a fair ...ransaction; reasonable reciprocity. ...he children in summer were happy ...t the old farmhouse; they watched ...he men in the hay field whetting ...cythes and drinking switchel; they ...ook a fearful pleasure in the brook ...r in the woods, ate the old-fash...oned gingerbread and seed cookies, ...nd in a bedroom lowered exploring ...ggs down the "heat hole" cut in ...oor. There was no thought of tips ...n those good days when horses, ...ecorated with asparagus branches, ...new not bicycle or automobile, ...hen the daughters of the house ...elped in domestic routine.

Hospitality today finds vent in a ...eek-end invitation. A young man ...rrives at the summer cottage Fri...ay evening or Saturday morning, ...nd is seldom pressed to stay later ...han Monday morning. If he be ...nxious in the matter of outward ...ppearance, he takes with him dress ...uitable for golf, tennis or yacht...ng, and also evening dress, for in the ultra-modern Liberty Hall there is too often inexorable formality at dinner. In houses where there are a half-dozen to a dozen bathrooms, where there is a supply of "inside men," butlers, valets and other killjoys for the simple, a guest owes something to his hostess — and much to the servants at his departure.

This week-end entertainment, a flower of modern civilization as some think, is reckoned as comparatively new by those indifferent to the study of sociology. Yet the week-end has long been a British institution. Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann in 1749: "As I passed over the green at Richmond I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale and half a dozen more of White's Club sauntering at a door of a house which they have taken there and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist. You will naturally ask, 'Why can't they play at whist in London on those two days as well as the other five?' Indeed, I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week that people do go, though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there like a citizen that had left off trade."

We know from plays and other contemporaneous documents that merchants in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, living above their shops, made a trip at the week-end into the environs of London. Many of them had houses in the suburbs. Mr. Sims says, without quoting an authority for the statement, that Saturday to Monday trips were common in England soon after the Norman conquest.

Today the week-end visit serves well its purpose. Hospitality is shown without too great a tax on the convenience and the good nature of the hostess. Guests make a pleasant impression and do not run the risk of being classed as bores. The younger guests, selected with care, often make advantageous matches. The older men are saved from the intolerable Sunday loneliness of a city club, and in thankfulness exert themselves to be agreeable. Only the lover of nature may be ill at ease, for to him nature is so bedecked, bedizened that he fails to recognize her.

Aug 31 1908

ATHLETIC INVARIABILITY.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby of the Pall Mall Gazette has drawn more than one lesson from the Olympian games. The Herald commented recently on his remarks about diet as influencing endurance. Let us see what he has to say about the physical variability of man. He finds it to be of remarkably small amplitude, and his argument is about as follows:

Thousands of youths year after year the world over devote themselves to making the most of their natural turn of speed, or whatever it may be. Many of them year after year run a hundred yards in anything between ten and eleven seconds; occasionally there is "a more or less doubtful case where the figure is alleged to be nine and four-fifths seconds"; but no one runs a hundred yards in six seconds, or eight, or even nine. "If, so far as heart, diaphragm and skeletal muscles were concerned, human variability were of any magnitude, why should no one appear, with such abundance of opportunity, to run a mile in four minutes, or jump seven feet high?" The standards of the Anglo-Saxon race, as it is called, pace Dr. Freeman, are not upset by athletes of other nations. There is no greater racial diversity possible than between "Anglo Saxon," negro and North American Indian. Yet in the Stadium an Englishman and negro were equally matched in one race, and in the Marathon race a full-blooded Indian arrived among white competitors. The North American Indian, as Mongol, represents the third great division of the human species. We might expect that in order to make a race at all the Mongol should give or receive 25 per cent., as compared with the white; or the negro do the same.

Nor does Dr. Saleeby find any reason to suppose that if ancient Olympic victors were competing today they would win triumphantly or be far behind. "The arrangement of surface veins and muscles in the statuettes unearthed by Dr. Arthur Evans at Knossos is, in the smallest observable details, indistinguishable from that described by the anatomists of many thousand years later." Yet are there not recorded instances of long jumps by ancient athletes that seem incredible today?

The conclusion is, according to the interesting writer, whose book on worry anticipated one on the same subject by an American physician, that man is substantially independent of physical variability; his physical type is adequate; "or, if large improvements therein are possible, they are not of sufficient importance to establish themselves in the presence of other factors of selection and survival which outweigh them utterly." But man's psychical variability is of incalculable amplitude. Thus feats which Shakespeare or Beethoven found easy and inevitable are impossible to others and were impossible before them. The best runner is unique "only in so far as 15 2-5 seconds for a hurdle race is unique compared with 15 3-5 seconds, but in the realm of the psychical we are all unique in some measure." The day of muscular variability is past, Dr. Saleeby concludes; "the present and the future are to nervous variability."

It would be interesting to know how Dr. Saleeby would discuss the increase of speed in the trotting horse. Many of us remember when Flora Temple and then Dexter were considered marvellous machines, but their records now seem ordinary. Has the limit of a trotter's speed been reached?

Men and Things.

It is strange that people should take so much interest at one time in what they so soon forget: The truth is, they feel no interest in it at any time, but it does for something to talk about.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes to The Herald: "I ran against Slopperton yesterday, who is spending a good deal of money on his summer house down here. This house was built in the course of the black walnut period by a native, built solidly, with the prevailing mansard roof of the time —this roof, you may remember, was then applied recklessly to bank and civic buildings—and hideously furnished. Slopperton has already done wonders with the place, but I wish he had not told me that he had put in 'three inside men and three new bathrooms.' This has a pompous sound. Does each 'inside man' take care of a bathroom, watch over it night and day, feed it with towels and soap? I suppose each guest is provided with a fresh sponge. Slopperton makes a fuss about his bathrooms. 'Why, when I took the house, there was only one, and you know, my boy, to have only one is absolutely indecent.' Now, I happen to remember Slopperton's father, a highly respectable old gentleman. I visited at his house when I was a boy. There was a bathroom, and the tub was used by the family only on Saturday nights. In winter, boards were stretched over it for potted plants, and the labor of preparation for the Saturday night operations was considerable. Slopperton's grandfather, miller, sheriff, member of the Legislature, washed himself in the brook in summer and in winter in the kitchen. And now Slopperton the Third puts his pride in bathrooms and 'inside men.' It seems to me that in the absence of guests Slopperton, not knowing which tub to favor, may go unwashed. He is not a man of prompt decision."

* * *

The Herald has received the following letter:

Billerica, Mass., Aug. 26, 1908.

Men and Things:

I observe again your desire for information on the subject of "Elixir Pro." You are right in your "vague recollections." It was and it is the tincture of aloes and myrrh. Having been brought up on it, I cannot easily forget it or the many times it undoubtedly saved my life; hence in my gratitude I am led to recommend it through your much appreciated column to the fathers and mothers of the present ignorant generation.

The combination of the two remedies was the invention of Paracelsus, who had such a prevision of its future importance in the rearing of families that he named it "Elixir Proprietatis." I remember that the mere suggestion of it would calm the wild turbulence of youth and make me a good boy.

Paracelsus is a particularly interesting man to read just now. He is the exact opposite of Mrs. Eddy: he taught that disease is an actual existence. He also had an appreciation of the merits and comforts of good mellow old rum that equalled and perhaps surpassed your own.

JOHN BENNETT.

* * *

We, too, entertain a lively admiration for Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastus von Hohenheim, otherwise known as Paracelsus, if only for the splendor of his name. At a more convenient season we shall drink to his memory, and it will be in a bumper of Elixir Pro. When Mr. Bennett speaks of the delight of Paracelsus in rum, he undoubtedly uses the word "rum" in its generic sense, including all strong waters. Was there any such thing as rum, the specific rum, when Paracelsus lived? Certainly not the beverage described in a 17th century book: "The chief fuddling they make in the Island (Jamaica) is Rumbullion, alias Kill-Devil, and this is made of sugar canes distilled—a hott, hellish and troublesome liquor."

No doubt Paracelsus was a brave toss-pot, a deft two-handed drinker. We remember reading something about his fierce thirst, but we are far from books that have helped us, and are especially short on lives of Paracelsus. We like to think of Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastus dipping his sagacious nose in wine. If we are not mistaken, he was born late in the 15th century. Earlier in that century when Joan of Arc was in besieged Orleans she was solemnly offered wine in her honor by citizens on a Sunday. This respect was paid to Kings, Queens and lords when they were received within the walls. As Mr. Anatole France remarks: "Wine was then greatly esteemed for its noble qualities, its beneficence" ("Le vin etait alors grandement estime pour sa noblesse et sa bienfaisance"—it is a pity to smear the inimitable simplicity of the French of this gentle ironist and pyrrhonist).

Is it not possible that Paracelsus invented Elixir Pro as a corrective and in a moment of shuddering remorse?

Sept 1 1908

FROM APPEARANCES.

Letters written to the Countess of Blessington by Charles Dickens from Paris in 1847, which gave an account of his life in that city, have been sold in London. In one of these letters he described Victor Hugo's family:

"I was much struck by Hugo himself, who looks a genius, as he certainly is, and is very interesting from head to foot. His wife is a handsome woman, with flashing black eyes, and looks as if she might poison his breakfast one morning when the humor seized her. There is also a ditto daughter of fifteen or sixteen, with ditto eyes and hardly any drapery above the waist, whom I should suspect of carrying a sharp poignard in her stays."

Here is an instance "of the terrible doubt of appearances," to

quote Walt Whitman's line. Dickens was a close and shrewd observer, but he pursued both the melodramatic and the grotesque. The wife of Victor Hugo, as a matter of fact, was the most amiable, the most gentle of women. Religious by nature, she bore resignedly the openly-displayed affection of her husband for another woman, besides various escapades of the sublime poseur. She did not reproach him, she did not sulk, and on more than one trying occasion she displayed a magnanimity that was saint-like, heroic. It is said, and there seems to be little doubt of it, that she really loved Sainte-Beuve; that the great critic was guilty of incredible meanness: of trumpeting her fondness for him; that he sang in verse of her devotion to him; that there was a breach in consequence between Hugo and the critic. But the impression made by her on Dickens was in his own melodramatically disposed mind. His judgment of the daughter was nearer the mark.

Dickens was a trained observer. Grant that in his desire to entertain the Countess of Blessington he exaggerated, as he exaggerated frequently, both in humor and pathos, so that the former degenerated at times into extreme caricature and the latter into maudlin sentimentalism; grant all this, he was an unusually keen looker-on, and see how in this instance he went astray. The moral is obvious, and it is expressed in the old saw, old but daily disregarded. Baudelaire once expressed the wish that playactors and playactresses should wear masks "more expressive than the human face." Mme. Hugo should have worn the mask expressing her true character. Perhaps her face suggested raging jealousy, unbridled temper, murderous inclination, though we do not remember to have read any evidence to this effect in support of Dickens' surmise. It is not given to every one to assume an expression that will mirror the soul. Nature herself delights in irony. The woman opposite you in the street car may resemble a fancy sketch of Xantippe, and yet she may be a lineal descendant of the patient Griselda. Your neighbor may have the face of the ideal philanthropist, and yet be sly, mean, dishonest in business, low in thought, a tyrant in his household.

'THE GAY MUSICIAN'

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE — "The Gay Musician," by Julian Edwards, with the following cast:

Eugene Dubois.................Templar Saxe
Mr. Samuel Lyons...............Harry Short
The Hon. Clarence Beresford..........
Haydn P. Clifford
Capt. George Fish..........Joseph C. Miron
A. [illegible]rker....................William Gill
Ha[illegible]k H[illegible]kory..............L. R. Lefferson
Harry W[illegible]s.....................Roy Torrey
Walter Baker................George Coburn
J[illegible]n Smith...................Howard Dyott
T[illegible] Murray...................A. L. Whitman
Maude Granville..............Amelia Stone
M[illegible] Dubois.................Lottie Kendall
Ma[illegible]a Yager................Martha George
H[illegible]a B[illegible]son............Carroll McComas
Kitty Connor................Francis Roblee
[illegible]uz[illegible]ne...................Francis Roblee
De[illegible]...................Irene Messenger
D[illegible]ty......................Marie Baxter
H[illegible] Kn[illegible]wle..........Francesca Le Clair
O[illegible] Weber....................Freda Klingel
L[illegible] Sherwood....................Jean Erickson

For the reopening of the Hollis Street Theatre last night was provided the first Boston hearing of Mr. Edwards' latest comic opera, which has met with a considerable degree of success elsewhere in the past year. A large and friendly audience received the offering with interest and accorded it [illegible] tokens of approval.

The work is marked by less "book" than [illegible] with even these diaphanous and frothy productions—that is to say, there is less descriptive [illegible] and explanatory spoken dialogue [illegible] customary. The lyrics, however, [illegible] numerous. M[illegible] Edward Siedle and Charles J. C[illegible] are responsible for the book part of the opera.

TREMONT THEATRE.

Lina Abarbanell's advent to the cast of "The Merry Widow" at the Tremont Theatre has strengthened the company enormously in its one weak spot. She is eminently adapted to the role of Sonia. Her singing is a constant delight, her dancing is replete with poetic grace, and her acting is so chic and resourceful that the fascination of the merry widow of the story becomes obvious to all. Since the opening night great improvement has been attained in other directions also, with the result that the entire performance is carried forward in a swinging style, throwing into relief all the comical situations of the plot and the lilting melody of the music. The audiences have taxed the capacity of the theatre to its utmost.

Another change in the cast was made last night by the substitution of Harold Blake for Paul Bleyden in the role of Camille de Jolidon. Mr. Blake has been playing with the New York company. Mr. Bleyden will be transferred to "The Merry Widow" company that plays the South and West during the forthcoming season. Walter C. Wilson, the original Cascada in this country, also returned to the cast last night.

Men and Things.

Mr. John Blanchard Gleason, who now sues Mr. Thaw for $60,000 for services in defending him, was at Yale University in the class of 1876, the class of "Bob" Cook, the late Walker Blaine, President Hadley, Edgar Saltus, who left the class at the end of freshman year; James B. Dill, the corporation lawyer and a judge in New Jersey; Otto T. Bannard, prominent in financial circles of New York; Elmer P. Howe, now an able and honored member of the Boston bar; Lispenard Stewart, Chester M. Dawes, the son of Senator Dawes and a leading railway lawyer in Chicago; Creighton Webb and other lights.

* * *

Mr. Gleason went to Yale from Delhi, N. Y., where he was born, where he studied and first practised law. In college he was a high stand man. He learned his lessons easily and he recited them volubly. In class or college meetings he had much to say; in fact, his discourse was interminable. He was fond of poker, but he excelled in whist. He was temperate in the matter of strong drink and malt liquors, and he would remonstrate tearfully with the more jovial on the error of their ways. One of the men with whom he labored promised to give up going to Moriarty's if he (Gleason) would stop playing poker for money. Vingt et un was also a favorite game at Yale in those days, but the element of chance in it was too great to suit Gleason's scholarly taste.

* * *

In 1887 Mr. Gleason travelled in Europe with President Hadley, who wrote to the compiler of the class record published in 1892 that he went as J. B. Gleason's keeper; "an office which I performed successfully, but from whose mental strain I have never wholly recovered." Mr. Gleason in 1888 moved from Delhi to New York, where he continued the practice of the law and of whist. He was described by an admiring classmate and fellow-townsman as an "acute, successful, authoritative player."

We were told not long ago by a New York lawyer that Mr. Gleason of late years has added materially to his income by his skill at bridge whist, and that as a player he became acquainted with Mr. Harry Thaw, who argued that a man so formidable at bridge whist must be a lawyer of the first magnitude. In the trial Mr. Gleason made himself conspicuous by a bad break. His demand for $60,000 provokes homeric laughter, in which Mr. Thaw joins, immured in his dungeon cell.

* * *

We understand that there is an ejectment company in Boston, a company for the removal of undesirable tenants. Mr. Harrigan used to sing a song about "throwing out the tenants from McNally's row of flats." Are the tenants in Boston thrown out, or, when they are in the third and fourth stories, lowered like a piano, or let down by the wall in a basket, as was Saul of Tarsus in Damascus? It is an old saying that in every long established club an ejectment committee would be of more service than the committee on elections, but we do not know of any such committee; members of a club are inclined to think that only the members of an ejectment committee would retain their membership. "Amici usque ad aras," which may be translated, "Friends even to putting friends on the altar of sacrifice."

As a lawyer wishing to retire from practice said, "It is harder to get rid of clients than to get them," so there are landlords complaining of tenants rather than seeking them. A tenant may be objectionable for other reasons than those of indifference toward the payment of rent, or gross and open immorality. A woman may be the epitome of all the virtues and yet sing or pound the piano from 7 A. M. till 11 P. M., "la belle dame sans merci." Or she may insist on daily boiled cabbage.

* * *

This reminds us that the infant phenomenon is, as a rule, an "enfant terrible."

* * *

Old Rushworth gave curious information about English manners and the whims and foibles of men and women. It would be a pity to add to the following paragraph by way of comment: "One Brown set forth in libel his deseent; that another person in way of defamation said he was no gentleman, but descended from Brown, the great pudding eater in Kent; but it appearing he was not so descended, but from an ancient family, he that spoke the words underwent the sentence of the court, and decreed to give satisfaction to the party complaining."

* * *

Kent seems to have grown huge eaters. There was Nicholas Wood, yeoman, who once ate thirty dozen of pigeons. He could eat with ease at one meal a whole sheep raw. At Lord Watton's he ate fourscore and four rabbits in one meal. To devour eighteen yards of black pudding was nothing to him, and after a whole hog he once swallowed three pecks of damsons. Taylor saw him eat six penny loaves, three sixpenny veal pies, a pound of butter, a good dish of thornback, a slice round a peck-loaf an inch thick, "and all this in the space of an hour; and the house affording no more, he went away unsatisfied." Only John Dale overcame him. Wagering that he would fill him for two shillings with good wholesome victuals, he bought six pots of strong ale in which he soaked twelve new penny loaves. The fumes put the heroic Nicholas to sleep.

Sept 2. 1908

A BREAKFAST NOTE.

Some one quoted recently a passage from the second part of "The Compleat Angler" to show that there were then men in England who went without breakfast from dietetic principles. This second part was written by Charles Cotton at the solicitation of Walton, and it was published in 1676. In it Cotton says: "My diet is always one glass (of ale) so soon as I am dressed and no more till dinner." In the same section "Viator" says: "I will light a pipe, for that is commonly my breakfast too."

But at what hour did people then dine? Earlier in the century it would seem from contemporaneous documents, especially from plays that are usually the best looking-glasses of customs and manners, that there was no breakfast before the morning-drink at 10 and that the fashionable dinner hour was 12. Thus Lollio in "The Changeling," giving every part its hour, begins: "We wake at 6 and look about us, that's eye-hour." He mentions neither food nor drink till "at 10 we drink, that's mouth-hour" * * * at 12 go to dinner, that's belly-hour." Humbler people dined at 11 and supped at 6. Earlier, when either Lord or Lady Burghley was sick, the physician, Dr. Baley, prescribed 9 or 10 o'clock as the dinner hour and 6 or 7 as the hour to sup. (This physician, by the way, recommended for his noble patient's use medicated slippers to ease the gout, also oil of stag's blood for the same complaint).

It would seem that in many English homes of the seventeenth century breakfast was an inconsiderable meal—a mug of ale or a pipe of tobacco—or non-existent. Thus the example of the Romans under the emperors was followed, for breakfast is a comparatively late invention. The Latin word "jentaculum," as De Quincey says, is translated erroneously breakfast. The Roman took "a grape or two—not a bunch of grapes—a raisin or two, a date, an olive—these are the whole amount of relief which the chancery of the Roman kitchen granted in such cases," relief from a mouthful of the customary biscuit. There was a vague refreshment at 11 A. M. or at noon; thus Martial invited a friend to take bread with him at 11; but the Roman as a rule preferred, as Cicero once put it, to bring to dinner an appetite untampered with, and the dinner hour was 3 o'clock, or, at the latest, 4, though in more primitive times it was at noon. And so in the time of George II. the fashionable dinner hour was at 3, and about 1740 Pope complained of Lady Suffolk's dining so late as 4. "Young people may bear these things."

The sensible man consults his own state of health and requirements. He may eat at home for breakfast a slice of toast and fruit, with possibly an egg; but he will not refuse, when visiting, to share with his host in a meal that includes fruit, some cereal, whether it look like a pocketbook or whiskers, eggs, bacon or a chop, perhaps a bit of fish, rolls, a dab of marmalade or two spoonfuls of honey, griddle cakes. Some weak, irresolute men, though a strict diet has been laid down, cannot withstand the temptation of sausages and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup—all on the same plate. Leigh Hunt sketched a breakfast that is irresistible to some: tea or coffee, dry toast, eggs, ham, something potted; "we cannot, in conscience, recommend hot buttered toast, but it is a pleasing guilt." And he delighted in reading at breakfast, a book, not a newspaper: "The first look at the page, accompanied by a coexistent bite of the toast, comes under the head of intensities." We know a man who, when his wife is out of town, crumbs doughnuts in his coffee and thus snatches a fearful joy, thus revives his youth.

THACKERAY'S MR. BROWN.

To the Editor of The Herald:

In an editorial entitled "A Clubman," in The Herald of Aug. 27, is found the statement that "Mr. Brown's Letters" by Thackeray have not been published in separate form. Enclosed you will find an announcement of the publication of these letters. They were published in 1891. The edition is well known to collectors, and the volume sells at a premium. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN CO.,
Boston.

[The Herald stated clearly in the editorial referred to, "A Clubman," that "Mr. Brown's letters to his nephew about clubs * * * have not been published in separate form." It still believes that the statement is accurate. Thackeray's Mr. Brown wrote many other letters of advice to his young friend and The Herald was not referring to any complete edition.—Ed.]

Men and Things.

Again we note the deeds of mighty eaters. An unknown, save for his baptismal name Silas, ate 598 clams at a stand in New York, falling by two to win a wager. It is possible that the story is exaggerated, for the narrator has a flippant style, colloquial, slangy, whereas the recorder of heroic actions should write with the pomp and glitter of a Gibbon. At the same time let no one say that a man would make himself sick by eating even 500 clams. These clams were undoubtedly of the little neck order, and a great number can be packed in a small compass. Nor should it be forgotten that Mr. John R. Philpots in his great work, "Oysters and All About Them" (London, 1890, 2 vols., 1370 pp.), in chap. xvi., "The Oyster and the Doctor," remarks: "There is no fixed rule with regard to the quantity of oysters a person may eat. The second mouthful is more tempting than the first—the third surpasses the second and so on and on. * * * I have never heard of any one making himself ill by eating too many."

* * *

We learn that there is a contest in Sullivan county, N. Y., between sweet

corn eaters. Master Fred Owens, only 13 years old, is said to be the champion of his age. He has eaten the corn off cobs which laid in a straight line measured 11 feet 9 inches. Master Owens performed this feat after he had eaten a hearty dinner. Truly a promising boy, a likely lad, one in whom his parents may well take pride!

Master Owens honors Grooville by living and eating there. Mr. William Portz makes Roscoe his dwelling place. He boasts of the championship, for his teeth have stripped cobs, 24 in number, which, laid in a straight line, measured 16 feet. Mr. Portz challenges the world.

* * *

It will be observed that in neither instance was there a time limit, so the performance was relieved of grossness, and there was no unseemly swelling of the veins, no snorting and choking. It has been said that a man eating sweet corn as it should be eaten holds the cob as a flute virtuoso holds his instrument. It seems to us that the mouth organ or Pandean pipes would serve more fitly in comparison, but this is in the nature of a parenthesis. Corn, even in great quantities, though the line of cobs should reach from The Herald building to Boylston street, may be eaten with dignity. The buttering and salting should be done with a judicial air. The hardened Fletcherite will consume hours with his corn.

* * *

Some years ago The Herald described an ingenious invention for eating corn. The cob was fastened securely after it was smeared with butter and salt to a rod which a treadle set a going. The rate of speed was easily controlled by the foot. By a mechanical device the corn could be separated from the cob by a razor-like blade and thrown into the mouth of the operator. This attachment was especially recommended to men and women equipped with porcelain lowers or uppers. For some reason or other this machine did not win popular favor, and we doubt if today there are any in the market.

* * *

Of course, any Gargantuan feat requires concentration of attention. Cuvier was in the habit of breakfasting between 10 and 11 o'clock. We learn from "Notes Intimes sur Georges Cuvier," published in the Bulletin Scientifique, that the distinguished naturalist considered time to be the most precious thing in the world. His habitual expression was "Come on, come on, let us not waste any time." When he breakfasted he ate with one hand, held a newspaper in the other, and received the calls of persons, with whom he talked freely. Cuvier may have been a reservoir of knowledge concerning clams, but he could never have eaten them or anything else with true gusto. As a sweet corn eater he would have failed miserably.

* * *

The months are over,
Those four sad months wherein is mute
That one mysterious letter that has power
To call the oyster from the vasty deep.

Let us shake off the fear of typhoid fever and of ptomaine poisoning. Has not a deep thinker in Lynn assured the world that there are no typhoid fever or cholera germs in water? Why should the oyster be feared when its bed is far from sewage? The lobster is a scavenger. Have confidence in your dealer. Some of The Herald readers may be glad to read a poem published in the Detroit Free Press nearly 20 years ago. Think of the generation of oyster eaters that has come up since then!

Let us roister with the oyster—in the shorter days and moister,
That are brought by brown September, with its roguish final R;
For breakfast or for supper, on the under shell or upper,
Of dishes he's the daisy, and of shell fish he's the star.
We try him as they fry him, and even as they pie him;
We're partial to him luscious in a roast;
We boil and broil him, we vinegar-and-oil him,
And O, he is delicious stewed with toast,
We eat him with tomatoes, and the salad with potatoes,
Or look him o'er with horror when he follows the cold slaw;
And neither does he fret us if he marches after lettuce
And abreast of cayenne pepper when his majesty is raw.
We welcome with September to the knife and glowing ember,
Dry darling of our dainties, dispossessor of the clam!
For the oyster, then, a holster, with him a royal roister
We shall whoop it through the land of heathen jam.

There are sentiments in these verses that we do not approve—thus a raw oyster fit to be eaten needs no cayenne pepper, no impertinent sauce or horseradish—but the spirit of the poet is holic and admirable. An odd, perhaps the strangest, way of cooking an oyster is described by John Evelyn, who in 1672 saw Mr. Richardson, the fire eater: "Taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster; the coal was blown on with bellows, till it flam'd and sparkl'd in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped, and was quite boil'd."

Sept 3, 1908

A SIMPLE HISTORIAN.

Mr. Anatole France, in the preface to his remarkable life of Jeanne d'Arc, says:

"I have kept as best I could the tone of the epoch and preferred archaic forms of the language whenever I have thought that they would be intelligible, not from affectation in style, not for the sake of artistic taste, but because in changing words ideas are changed, and modern terms cannot be substituted for old ones without altering sentiment or character. I have endeavored to preserve a simple and familiar tone. History is too often written in a noble tone which makes it boresome and false. Does any one imagine that historical facts depart from the ordinary train of events and from the common measure of humanity?"

Mr. France is a master of style, and his opinion is, therefore, the more interesting. Telling the life of Jeanne d'Arc, he was obliged to tell the history of the country in which she lived, saw visions, heard celestial voices and went to the stake. Telling the life of a peasant woman thought by thousands to be an inspired prophetess, a saint, he often imitates, consciously or unconsciously, the manner of the old writers of legends, especially that of the "Golden Legend," as though Jeanne were a Catherine or the blessed Margaret of Antioch. Yet his naivete is tinged with his characteristic, gentle, destructive or convincing irony.

It is the fashion in these days to decry the style of Gibbon, to call it tedious in its magnificence, pompously polysyllabic, Asiatic in its over-elaboration, Corinthian in its ornamentation. But Gibbon had a pompous subject, the decline and fall of a superb empire, and his great work may still be read with delight by those who read only for the sake of reading that which may interest. Contrast with this colossal history the works of George Finlay concerning Greece and the Byzantine empire. Finlay has been described as "The pioneer of the new movement which in England led at last to the rewriting of history with an eye to human development and social and economic change"; he was a master of condensation; his learning was great; he was both philosopher and narrator; he was frequently a corrector of Gibbon; but his style is prosaic, jejune.

In like manner it is the fashion now to complain of Macaulay's balanced sentences, his love of antithesis, his descriptive reporting, his "journalism." No doubt he is a wretched model for the young, no more to be commended than Gibbon, yet what pleasure is still given by his partisan and eloquent work! As Gibbon influenced Prescott and others, so Macaulay has now his imitators and disciples. Both Gibbon and Macaulay are often discovered in the act of straining after effect; even Freeman has been charged with this fault. Compare with their most labored sentences this verse from the Book of Daniel, which haunted De Quincey: "Belshazzar the King made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." Or compare with them the description of the rich supply of Tyrus and the great and unrecoverable fall thereof given by the prophet Ezekiel.

Mr. Anatole France, who is a foe to war and the imperial spirit, says truly that history in the making is ordinary and commonplace. He can, as a narrator, afford to say this and write of his country in the time of Jeanne d'Arc as he wrote of it in the Dreyfus period, for he cannot be dull, and his lucidity is the perfection of flawless art. A historian may mass facts and yet not reconstruct the social life of a chosen and particular time. He may paint a character with Flemish detail, and the character will remain lifeless or disputable. When Mr. France says that to make war in the time of Charles VII. it was enough to mount a horse; that there were no maps, no ideas concerning marching on several lines, operations of the whole army, a methodically combined campaign; that military art was reduced to a few peasant tricks and certain rules of chivalry, he is illuminative. The light is the more brilliant by reason of the calmness, the simplicity, of the narrator, who argues only by the skill with which he makes his statements, who convinces by his discreet, unerring use of words.

Men and Things.

We doubt whether Grimaldi's treatise, "De Luminibus et Coloribus," was reckoned in the year after its publication a quick seller, nevertheless no family should be without it. The learned author affirms that some women of Megara were able by their eyes alone to distinguish eggs laid by black hens from those laid by white ones. Do any women or any men possess this faculty today? We should like to hear from some prominent hen fancier or promoter.

* * *

Mr. G. R. Sims of London has been telling stories about dipsomaniacs, but not in a melodramatic way. He knew one that was treated at a home in which Mr. Sims as playwright, sociologist and humanitarian takes a personal interest. The patient drank on the day after his arrival 13 whiskies, 4 brandies, 2 gins, 2 bottles of ale and a bottle of stout. The next day he drank a little whiskey. "The third day he did not ask for wine, spirits, or beer, and so far as can be ascertained he has never touched alcohol since."

Mr. Sims knows another man who went to a home for inebriates and said he could not attend a cricket match without getting drunk and that he was an enthusiastic looker-on at the games. The temptation never assailed him at a football game. He took the cure and was sober for six months. Invited to go to the first cricket game of the season, he went; he saw; he was overcome by strong waters. This time he kept on drinking, but he was persuaded to go back to the home. For the last two years, after he took the cure the second time, he has been sober.

Mr. Sims also knows—his acquaintance is world-wide and enviable—a "charming young lady," who, whenever the word "headache" is mentioned, has a wild desire to eat menthol, so she frequently goes to the apothecary's, buys a stick of menthol and eats it.

A friend who has studied for years drunkenness and the drug habit wrote to Mr. Sims: "Right away at the back of the mind of every inebriate, alcohol or mentholic, is the fear of this association of ideas. The only hope is to disconnect the members on the Ego telephone exchange, and to see that there always is sufficient self-control to keep the connection broken."

* * *

Mr. Stephen Phillips contributes a poem to the Spectator, a poem in which Penelope is represented as being rather discontented at the manner of Ulysses' return and at the quiet routine that followed the arrival. During his absence she had fancied him "leap silent, sudden up the stair" or spring upon the earth

At sunset dark against the fiery orb
She saw him coming in arms over the sweet fields and calling out her name.
Sometimes in tragic nights of surf and cloud
Thou hast been thrown headlong in howling wind
On the sharp coast and up the sea-bank streamed,
Alone. This then I strive to shape to words—
Thou hadst become with passing days and years,
With night and tempest, and with sun and sea,
A presence hovering in all lights and airs.
Thou wert the soul then of the evening star,
And thou dilst roam heaven in the seeking moon,
Thou secretly wouldst speak from stirring leaves,
And what was dawn but some surprise of thee?
So, husband, though this heart beats wild at thee,
Yet lesser in imagination
Art thou returned than evermore returning.

* * *

This is high poetic thought and there is also fine imagination in the portraiture of the woman herself. Many schoolboys reading the Odyssey have wondered why Ulysses was so anxious to get back to Penelope. He could have lived happy days with Calypso. Circe was fascinating but dangerous. No one would like suddenly to be turned into a pig, bear, elephant, or porcupine. But why did not Ulysses marry the fair daughter of King Alcinous. She loved him dearly? Why did he not wed her and settle down? Penelope is named as the type of the domestic virtues, but some of the early commentators and legendmongers insist stoutly that Pan was her son by the suitors.

* * *

Mr. Phillips intimates that Penelope may have nagged Ulysses in her later years. While we are musing on domestic bliss and woe let us not forget the sad case of the Mannings, whose romance began at a dinner party in New York in 1906 and ended in their marriage later in the year. The rift within the lute began a week before the wedding ceremony. "He said it was warmer downstairs," said Mrs. Manning to a Chicago judge, "and I insisted that it was warmer upstairs in the hotel. Then he struck me." Any fair-minded person will admit that Mr. Manning struck his wife without sufficient provocation.

* * *

We cannot wholly approve the conduct of Magistrate Crane on the bench. Mrs. Johanna McCarthy asked for a warrant for the arrest of her son John, known as "Rube" in fighting circles, saying that he had beaten her. The magistrate asked him if he had supported her. "Yes," answered the prisoner, "I gave her 50 cents a week ago and a dime last week." The magistrate sent him to the island for six months, and after he had sentenced him shouted: "Take that creature out of my sight." This was all eminently proper, though the last remark might be called theatrical. But when Magistrate Crane said: "I hope that in the next fight you get into you'll have your head knocked off," and "If it wasn't for the dignity that goes with this court I would get down and do it myself," he went too far. Suppose for a moment that the magistrate had left the bench and put up his dukes in front of Mr. McCarthy. If there had been fair play, does any one doubt for a moment that "Rube" would have shattered judicial dignity? A magistrate has no right to make faces at a prisoner brought before him.

* * *

While we note from time to time the deeds of mighty eaters and confess that they are heroic, we are not unmindful of the fact that these huge consumers of clams, pies or sweet corn would have fared badly in ancient Denmark. Olaus Magnus mentions a certain play actor who commonly ate at one meal enough for 10 men and thus grew fat. The King of Denmark, being informed of this, caused him to be hanged, as a devourer of the laborer's food and a public nuisance.

Sept 4, 1908

Men and Things.

Mr. Jesse Watson of New York wished to add "The Individual Star Copy of the Writings of Theodore Roosevelt" to his library. He agreed to pay $6600 for 22 volumes at the rate of $350 a month. After he had paid three monthly instalments he stopped, alleging that the edition did not answer the specifications. The publishers sued for the balance and got a judgment by default. Now Mr. Watson wishes to open the default and defend the action.

Mr. Watson says several things concerning the specification and the books as published. For instance, he expected the volumes to be bound in "violet full French levant." It was so nominated in the bond. When the volumes were delivered they were bound in blue leather.

* * *

To those who think that the bind

should be symbolical of the contents, the choice of violet by the publishers of Mr. Roosevelt's writings will seem incongruous. They would reasonably expect the color to be a hot red or an imperial purple. The shrinking violet is singularly ironical.

* * *

There are book collectors who indulge themselves in this symbolism. There are other men who thus exert their fancy. Mr. Guilmant, the distinguished French organist, has the works of Bach, Beethoven and Wagner bound in red; they are, he thinks, the monarchs in music. Mozart's works are in blue; Haydn's in green.

This color scheme can be applied endlessly to suit the whims of the book lover. You are fond of books, of fine editions, Mr. Robinson; what color would you suggest for the first thin quarto of "Leaves of Grass," for Kelley and Sheets, for Thackery and Dickens? What color would suit "Laus Veneris"? We hear the vulgar repartee: "Yellow." And Poe, who knew of "the iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi"—what color would best symbolize Poe?

* * *

Bishop Tugwell, at a meeting in connection with the Religious Tract Society's 109th anniversary in England, asked, "Why should our Bibles always be bound in black?" He saw with pleasure Bibles and prayer books of the society bound in bright red cloth, especially as he is a laborer in the vineyard of western equatorial Africa. There is no doubt of a hideous, depressing uniformity in the binding of Bibles. The mere appearance of treatises and reports in bleating sheep has deterred some from the study of the law.

* * *

About the time of the Black Walnut rage in this country there was a craze for half-calf and for Russia leather. These bindings were used indiscriminately, with an Olympian indifference to fitness. Fielding and Hood, Montaigne and Marryat were clothed alike in half-calf; the poems of Byron and Wordsworth were dressed in full Russia, as were the volumes of the American Encyclopaedia. Perishable stuff was bound imperishably.

* * *

A book with an ugly binding should at once be thrown on the dust heap or given at Christmas to a friend. The binding is often both costly and ugly. Books delightful for their simplicity are dressed in barbaric splendor. The little volumes of the once familiar "blue and gold" edition were an offence to the eye. We have a copy of Walt Whitman's poems (special edition, limited to 300 copies, with autograph in pen and ink, May 31, 1889), good clear print, a book that can be slipped into a pocket for summer loafing, a desirable book, were it not for the conventional, expressionless binding, better suited to Barnes' Notes to the Gospels or Young's "Night Thoughts." The German Bookbinders are still masters of ugliness.

* * *

An edition of the complete works of any voluminous writer is a doubtful luxury. Think of the padding and repetition in the 14-volume edition of De Quincey, of the pages that could be spared from the complete works of Goethe, Voltaire, Diderot, Hugo, Balzac, even Hazlitt. There are a few plays of Shakespeare that might well be omitted. Now uniformity in binding aggravates the inevitable and inherent sense of boredom locked within a complete edition, yet ready to ooze out and stifle the rash opener. Think of "Candide" bound in the manner of Voltaire's cold, stiff tragedies; the same binding for "Les Bijoux Indiscrets" and the delightful letters of Diderot! The earlier glowing and fantastical poems of Tennyson should have a binding different from that of the admired, but priggish, "Idyls of the King."

* * *

Are bookbinders often great readers? Book sellers seldom know much about the contents of their wares. They are fond of the quick sellers. The poet Millevoye, when he was a young man, gave up studying law to be a clerk in a book store, where he thought he could gratify his taste for study and at the same time gain a business training. The head of the firm saw him one day buried in a book. "Young man, you are reading! You will never be a book seller." Probably one of the greatest of book binders was Roger Payne, who has been described as a ragged, filthy creature, "with a foolish and even fierce indifference to the common decencies of life." He had two passions; one was for binding books in a most elegant manner; the other was for strong ale, or as an unknown writer put it, "The rock on which he split was the excessively ardent devotion which he cherished for strong ale." Ale, it was said, was to Payne not only meat and drink, but lodging and washing. Is there a volume of the lives of famous book binders of ancient times? In those days the binders did not go about lecturing on their art, nor did they write to magazines about it. Gabriel Peignot is the author of an entertaining pamphlet on binding itself, but is there any volume that corresponds to Alexander Smith's fascinating lives of highwaymen, or that inimitable collection of biographical studies, "The Pirates' Own Book"?

Sept 5 1908

CONCERNING PROCESSIONS.

Seven years ago Mr. Gustave Kahn, a poet of uncommon imagination and of singular fastidiousness in the choice of words, published a volume entitled "L'Esthetique de la Rue," in which he studied in colored prose the appearance of streets of past centuries and of today: The dead street in Pompeii, the immovable street of "The Thousand Nights and a Night," the moving streets of Venice, the polychrome of modern streets affected by facade coloring and signs and lights, picturesque streets and The Street of Utopia. In a recent number of the Mercure de France Mr. Emile Magne studies processions in connection with the aesthetics of a city.

Mr. Magne begins by declaring that as a rule there is nothing more banal than a military procession. Only the silhouettes of mounted officers breaks the monotony of the unrolling ribbon. There will never again be the spectacular military processions that delighted Parisians under the first Napoleon. "Modern warfare necessitates total impersonality in color and the abandonment of all passementerie." Only in processions of cavalry is there a survival of old-time gorgeousness, and in them the Arabians and people of Morocco far surpass the Europeans.

It is the theory of Mr. Magne that processions embellish the street with their own aesthetic quality and with that brought by the people that look on. The quality of the picturesqueness of the procession varies with that of the inhabitants of the town. Yet a procession in honor of some old and famous occasion, saint, belief, may have the ancient and brilliant physiognomy, as the yearly procession at Orleans in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, the holy processions in Spain and Italy, the nocturnal processions at Lourdes, superbly described by Zola, and later by Huysmans.

There are streets characterized by Balzac as sinister, criminal, merely from the reticence or the suggestiveness of the house fronts, although Mr. Magne does not refer to this. There are also mean streets, to use the term that gave a title to Mr. Arthur Morrison's collection of grim, squalid, pathetic tales. In such streets a procession loses inevitably the quality of true beauty; it may incite a shudder. These are streets for the red flag waving thirstily above men and women of the under world.

In the matter of funeral processions the orientals outstrip us. It is as though they had pondered the sentence of Sir Thomas Brown: "Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnizing nativities and death with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature." In France, and may it not be added in England and America, the procession of burial is a piteous row of hacks. "If by chance, to render especial homage to the illustrious dead, the invited consent to follow on foot, they adopt morose black garments and the uniforms scattered here and there lose in brilliance."

The modern street does not adapt itself without decorations to the great majority of processions. How tasteless, how tawdry these decorations usually are, even when they are not mere advertisements for private gain! Mr. Magne insists that the Italians order all this much better, and that we should heed the Italian object lessons. "Whether their aim be to celebrate power, exalt religion, fare well the dead, or magnify joy, processions have a veritable significance only when they march in aesthetic plenitude. There they serve powerfully, by the admiration they excite, the thought that they symbolize. A day will come," concludes Mr. Magne, "when societies and city and state governments will comprehend what marvellous instruments of propagandism processions may be."

Men and Things.

Mr. Barrie has courage: he purposes to write a play based on the life and adventures of Joan of Arc. Miss Maude Adams has persuaded him to do it. The passionate press agent says that Mr. Barrie has two qualifications which make him "the one man of all men" to do this task: one is that he is "a great writer." This helps some; but "better still Mr. Barrie is the object of Miss Maude Adams' utmost confidence."

It seems that Mr. Barrie will not take advantage of the remarkable biography of Joan by Mr. Anatole France. "Mr. Barrie's groundwork will be the story as it is told in German." Why in German? Are we to have a play "after Schiller"?

With the exception of Schiller's play, we do not remember any drama founded on the life of the poor victim of her own hallucinations, and the belief of the University of Paris and the English in sorcery that has lived. Joan of Arc has figured in all manner of stage plays, ballets, pantomimes, operas. No opera based on her story has had long life or at the first a striking triumph. Who knows today a note of Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco"? Tschaikowsky's opera is known in this country only by the aria "Joan's Lament," heard in concert halls. We remember that a misguided young woman some years ago played in Boston a piano sonata, "Joan of Arc"—was it not by Sterndale Bennett?

* * *

Young sopranos are crazy to impersonate either Bruennhilde or Isolde, and no doubt play actresses are desirous of impersonating Joan of Arc. We wish that Miss Adams would read Mr. France's book, also an essay written a dozen years ago by Dr. Icard. Joan might then seem to her as pathetic a figure, but hardly as heroic in the spectacular fashion, save before the walls of Paris and in her trial and death.

* * *

There are heroic subjects, legendary subjects, that would apparently lend themselves admirably to plays, yet when tried are naught. What play or opera of true importance is based on the story of Arthur, Guinevere and Lancelot? Not one. And why is this?

* * *

"Sardanapalus" has at last been performed, and the story is that the audience looked coldly on the pranks of the jaded reveller and his court. How conflicting are the stories concerning the piece itself! One report was that the old ballet with music by Hertel had been revised. Another was that the piece is a pantomime. Still another was that it is a version of Byron's play. The genteel prefer to call it an archeological study. This assembling of college professors, bankers, pork packers and Assyriologists reminds us of the fuss attending the production of "Sardanapalus" in New York in the seventies, when "scholars" were urged to attend and college faculties were invited to sit in a body on account of the educational privileges offered by the managers. There was the same fuss about "Julius Caesar," produced by the same managers.

* * *

In Berlin the Emperor as supreme head of the Royal Opera might have appeared on the play bill as "presenting" the show. There are certain American managers who "present" a play or an actress in London, and London newspapers protest against this use of the word in theatre life. We do not know which word is the more objectionable used in connection with the performance of a play, "present" or "offer." Mr. Jobilinsky "offers" the thrilling drama, "Maude, the Stenographer, or Ten Nights in a Lobster Palace." The first night of such a play is of course the "premier" (some spell the last word with an "e").

* * *

A singer's high notes are always of advantage. They arouse an audience to applause. Sometimes they save her life literally and figuratively. Thus Miss Ethel Conkey of Chicago, swimming in Pine lake, was sucked into the undertow. She lost her nerve and could not strike out. "There was one thing she could do; she could sing, and she threw all the power that came from long and studious practice into a high, clear, prolonged note." It's a wonder her teacher's name was not mentioned in connection with this tonal emission. The counsel for Mr. Ray Lamphere in the Gunness murder case heard her and he saved her as she was going down for the traditional third time.

* * *

By the way, what has become of Mr. Lamphere? Has he been engaged by some western Lyceum Bureau?

* * *

There are some who say flippantly that corns are matters of digestion. They were probably at Mrs. Mamie Connors' house in Worcester when it was raided by the liquor squad, for Mrs. Connors testified that the men found there came to buy corn cure, soap and liniment. If corns swell, ache, disappear according to the power and ease of digestion, was Judge Utley sound in ruling that corn cure taken internally is hardly productive of good results?

Miette, who used to sell his wares in the street on the quai des Augustins in Paris, was equally skeptical about a chemical file for corns sold by a rival. According to Champfleury, he addressed the gaping crowd: "They have taken your feet for bars of iron. Go, then, when you suffer from corns, to the nearest locksmith, put your foot on his anvil, and say 'File my corn!' Quacks, I say, quacks!"

Sept 6 1908

RAISES QUESTION OF AGE OF LEPORELLO

A Correspondent Declares That "Merry Widow" Waltz Is Sailor's Shanty.

MR. SINCLAIR TRACES MELODIC RESEMBLANCES

An English Appreciation of Modern French Song—Notes and Gossip.

By PHILIP HALE.

A fellow worker in The Herald vineyard asked me recently how old Leporello should be as the servant of Don Juan in Mozart's opera. This is a hard question, one to be classed with "What song did the sirens sing?" "What name did Achilles take when he hid himself among women?" "Who was the mother of Hecuba?" questions with which the Emperor Tiberius tried the grammarians. Some of us have never been able to ascertain the age of Anne, nor are we sure whether that remarkable young woman spells her name with an "e."

If Leporello wore a character in a Wagnerian music drama, the question would have been discussed long ago in a pamphlet. Deep German thinkers would have lectured upon it. There would have been an article on the subject in a "Wagner-Heft" of the magazine "Die Musik." The seventh of these special numbers was published last July and again there was inquiry into the sources of "Tannhaeuser"; again

was an analysis of Kundry's ...ter. Mr. Ejnar Forchhammer ...ats theories of Mme. Lilli Leh...n concerning Tristan and Isolde, Mr. Paul Moos criticises Mr. G. Shaw in his great impersonation of Wagnerite. We learn from the book ...es that explanations of "The ...g" are still in fashion.

...as Leporello young, middle-aged or ... when he appears waiting for his ...ster outside the palace of Donna ...na's father? Was he an old family ...vant, a faithful retainer, or did ...n Juan pick him up in the course ... his adventures? Should he be re...se ited as a buffoon, glutton, toss... or should there be slyness in his ...very, a dash of the mephistophelian ...rt? Don Giovanni, a man of fine ...eding, would surely not have en...ed the companionship of a vulgar ... familiar clown. But how old was ...orello? you ask. Pray, how old ... Don Giovanni when he invited the ...tue to sup with him? The imperson...n of Donna Anna usually represents ... as fat and middle-aged.

...e have not seen Leporello well im...nated of late years. The most in...quate performance that I remember ... that by Emil Fischer. In its phlegm ... laborious dash it was almost ap...ached by the performance of Mr. ...uard de Reszke. Each one of them ... the finesse of a ton of coal. It was ...d to say whether Mr. Fischer, the ...d Hans Sachs, was at his worst as ...orello or as Mephistopheles. The ... impersonator in Boston of Leporello ... oppressively serious, sluggish in ...g, recitative and action.

...udelaire, as The Herald stated a few ...ings ago, purposed to write a drama ...tled "The End of Don Juan." The ... himself had arrived at boredom and ...ancholy.

...r some reason or other Baudelaire ...ed to name Don Juan's chief ser... or steward otherwise than Lepo... or Sganarelle. He was to be a ..., prudent, vulgar person, speaking ...tantly of virtue and economy. "He ...iates willingly these two ideas; he ...telligent after the manner of Frank... Like Franklin he is a rogue. It is ... future middle-class that will soon ... the place of the falling nobility. ... steward detests his master and ...e all the son of his master. He has ...e a fortune by managing Don Juan's ...rs. He detests him on account of ...hinly disguised contempt expressed ...Don Juan for his steward and for ...ey. Juan, the son, is a second pre...us edition of his father, and as the ...nt has suffered much through him, ...econd hatred is explained. The two ...e only one."

...have received the following letter:

ALLSTON, Aug. 26, 1908.

...ar Sir—The origin of popular melodies ... interesting subject. Can you refer ...o any book about it? I never have ... more than make a note occasionally. ...xample:

...e old college air of "Sweet Evelina," ... I heard 47 years ago at Cambridge, ... favorite Swedish waltz. Soederman ...it in his "Wedding March."

... melody of "Little Brown Jug" is ...lsa," what the Russians call all the ...h race. Everybody there knows it as a ... I heard it played one Sunday after...n the country near St. Petersburg. The ...an (?)—have I the name right?—girls ...outhful swains danced it with a vim on ...reen sward. I was astonished. It ...me think of home and my old college ... The costume of the Karelian peasant ...white with a sprinkling of bright colors, ... prettiest I ever saw.

... hackneyed but catching "Merry Wid...waltz is exactly a sailor's song I heard ... British steamer 35 years ago, called ...Ho, Blow the Man Down." I could ... believe my ears when I heard the ... The song became so popular with ...dles and all on the steamer, we used ... in the chorus. The words were, like ... sailors' "chanties" (but they always ...hanty," not following the Century Dic...'s "chanty"), often more expressive ...legant. I remember:

... Sally was a lady,
...us: Hi, ho, blow the man down.
... Sally was a lady.
...us: Hi, ho, etc.
... And she lived in Cincinnati.
...us: Hi, ho, etc.
... Sally's got a baby.
...us: Hi, ho, etc.
... And it don't look like its daddy.
...us. Hi, ho, etc.

...so on, with repetitions until the anchor ...isted.

...it so skeptical I asked a neighbor, an ...nglish sea captain, about the matter. ...e and his wife sang the air for me and ...the words. So an old American coast... captain sang it for me, and said it was ...lish sailor's shanty, but our sailors all ...t, and it was very popular. He gave ...e words and said the sailors improvised ... went along. For example:

... As I was laying in Mobile bay,
...us: Hi, ho, etc.
... ——— cotton by the day.
...us: Hi, ho, etc.

... Englishman sang it for me and told ...was very popular in English music halls ...s ago, and was published in some popu...book.

... melody is taking, admirably adapted ... fetching ways of a merry widow. ... probably realized this and lifted it. ... may be a case of "independent evolu...nd not of "single origin," because the ... mind is the same everywhere and leads ... same developments, as the scientists ...

A. T. SINCLAIR.

...e time ago the composer of ..."Merry Widow" was accused of ...; the tune of this too-celebrated ... from the opening measures of ...horus "O be gracious, ye immor..." in Mendelssohn's oratorio "St. ..." No doubt there is a resem... between the sailor's shanty ...he composer's tune. I am not ...d to the belief that the com... ever heard the air of this ... and then consciously or un...ously used the tune for his ... Strange coincidences are not ...mon in the literature of music, ...ally when there was no possi...portunity for plagiarism.

... late Wilhelm Tappert wrote an ...ting book "Wandernde Melod..." which was published in 1890. ...story of certain popular tunes ...eir transformations in various ...es and in epochs far apart is ... a scholarly manner, yet the ... would entertain the general ... A list of other books that ...rectly or remotely on this subject may be found at the end of the article "Song" in the fourth volume of Grove's Dictionary (revised edition). The catalogue of the Brown collection in the Boston Public Library might also be consulted with profit.

The Herald owes a profound apology to Miss Maggie Teyte of the Opera-Comique, Paris. Last Sunday we spoke of her changing her name from "Tait" to "Teyte." The types turned "Tait" into "Taint," which after all is not one and the same word; nor are the two words pronounced in the same way.

The Seattle Daily Times publishes theatre notices with the headline "With the Press Agents" and with this prefatory note: "The notices under this heading are prepared by the theatres interested, and the Times is no way responsible for them."

The Evening Post of New York said in its issue Aug. 29:

"In New York, too, by the way, favorable criticisms and suppression of censure have become purchasable in some of the daily newspapers; but the proprietors do not seem to mind this in the least." This is a serious charge. Pray, what newspapers had the music editor of the Evening Post in mind? The guilty should be named, if only in justice to the innocent.

Mrs. Margaret Meredith, a daughter-in-law of the great novelist, has composed a "Sursum Corda" for contralto and tenor solos, chorus and orchestra, and a "Requiem," a setting of music for chorus and orchestra to a poem by Owen Seaman on the death of Queen Victoria. It is said that the former has "for its central thought an extremely fine and uplifting idea," which the composer expresses as follows:

God set himself the hardest task of love,
To watch creation groaning and travailing upward
Toward perfection, being himself omnipotent.

Rum words these for music! A problem in Euclid might be more suggestive of flowing rhythm and colored melody.

The Herald has alluded to works by Mr. Clarence Miller Jones of Columbus, O., "Earthquakes" and "From Rime to Reason; or the Great San Francisco Earthquake Rhythmically, Orchestically (sic) and Logically Considered." We are now informed that he wrote some time ago a letter to a man in Philadelphia. In this letter is the following sentence:

"My idea of the three principal dramatic proprieties (to be observed in the 'art work of the future,' according to the mastersense of the Wagnerian cannon) is (a) that the music should consist of sound thorough-going thought (that is, of profound intellectual musing) rather than of any never so inspiring combination of noises; (b) that the 'dance' (that is, the real orchestration; which, by-the-by [as well as the musical instrumentation], would better be [that is, have been] in coverture) must needs be those successive phrases of universal existence whereof a reasonable consideration were best calculated to promote a thematic conclusion, and (c) that the poetry should be an organon of logical cogency."

The letter has a postcript: "If the meaning of my former letter is not entirely clear to either yourself or associates, I wish that you would kindly let me know."

I spoke last Sunday of the "sensitive" heroine of an opera, "A Welsh Sunset," but the types preferred "sensible." No doubt the young woman was both sensitive and sensible, and in years gone by "sensible" was often used as a synonym of "sensitive." This may be seen in the present use of "sensibility." Horne Tooke, entertaining whether he be right or wrong in his "Diversions of Purley," and especially entertaining when he is wrong, mentions Scaliger distinguishing properly between "ilis" (or "bilis") and "ivus." and instancing a similar distinction and convenience in the Greek language, viz.: "Aistheton" and "Aisthetikon." "And this instance ought to make an Englishman blush for his countrymen, whose ignorance commonly employs the corresponding word to 'aistheton, sensible, in three different meanings; although (thanks to our old translators) we have now in our language three distinct terminations for the purpose of distinction. We have senseful, sensitive, sensible, sensevole, sensitivo, sensibile; full of sense; which can feel; which may be felt. Yet it is not very uncommon to hear persons talk of 'A sensible man, who is very sensible of the cold and of any sensible change in the weather.' "

Persons complain of the undue importance attached to sayings and doings of illustrious singers, fiddlers, pianists and of concert and opera folk of only mediocre ability. It is after all the fault of the restless, curious public. Miss Guimard was once ordered to dance at the Paris Opera. She answered: "The minister insists that I should dance. Well, let him look out! I could easily turn him out of office." This impertinence was reported to the King, who replied to his courtiers: "It is your fault, gentlemen. If you loved them less, they would not be so insolent."

Weingartner's paraphrase of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" was played at the first of the promenade concerts in London Aug. 15, and "Lancelot" of the Referee wrote: "But why did Mr. Wood omit the final bars, wherein Weber illustrates the gentleman taking leave of his partner? It is true that audiences almost invariably spoil this original ending by too previous applause, but they should be educated, and Mr. Wood can do this." Is "Lancelot" wholly sure that Weingartner retained these "final bars" in his saucy paraphrase?

Much nonsense has been written about the sonata-form, but better things were expected of this same "Lancelot," who does not hesitate to say that the first movement of the majority of Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas may be regarded as "a story of human vicissitudes." According to "Lancelot," the opening theme is the hero, the second theme represents the heroine, "and that these personages may be remembered this portion of the movement called the exposition is directed to be repeated." In the following "working-out" section, the themes undergo "what may fairly be regarded as the experienees common to the course of true love or married life. The additional subjects which appear, sometimes unexpectedly, called by musicians episodes, may be taken as children, since they often exert great influence on subsequent events. Finally, there is the 'recapitulation' section, in which the principal themes are restated, but with the second subject transposed into the tonality of the first, suggesting that the heroine has come to hold the same opinions as the hero; and so in the amity of Darby and Joan the movement ends." From this it will be seen that the process of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers is still profitable in England.

It is a pleasure to find one Englishman who is not afraid of modern French songs and in speaking of Debussy's orchestral prelude to Mallarme's poem does not confound "Faun" and "Fawn." His name is Mr. C. W. James and he wrote recently an interesting article on French songs apropos of a concert given in London by Mme. Bathori-Engel and Mr. Engel.

Mr. James spoke of Henri Duparc, sadly neglected in this country, as the one that first pointed the way "to the beautiful by-path (if it is a by-path) in music's road which Debussy and Ravel have made their own, and into which Faure (Gabriel), Chabrier and Hahn have looked longingly." But what is poor Hahn doing in that galley? Mr. James says that Gabriel Faure's exquisite "Clair de Lune" "unconsciously owes so much to Widor and Grieg, and is yet as personal as any of its composer's songs." Owes to Widor and Grieg? Again, why Widor? And where is the influence of Grieg seen in this song? The New Englander may well put a hand to his ear and ejaculate "How?" Faure's "Cimetiere" has words by Richepin, which "seem so curiously flattering to French cemeteries in the eyes of those accustomed to the simplicity of English churchyards." Mr. James takes Mr. Hahn, a Miss Massenet, too seriously, but he finds the earlier songs better than the later ones and the "Cimetiere de Campagne" his finest one.

Mr. James has this to say of Claude Debussy: "It is unnecessary to speculate on the strength or permanence of the influence which the new French school of song is destined to exercise on French music in the future. That it is, in its originality and beauty, one of the most remarkable features of present-day music I freely admit. Its best exponents do more than hold their own with their rivals of the German school, and their originality is greater. To some of their predecessors they owe much, but, born critics as they are, the French know what to adapt from the past, and how to adapt it so that it becomes part of themselves. In gifts of expression Debussy is certainly not behind any of the greatest masters of song. It is all very well to say that he uses unlicensed intervals and so on. He has licensed them, at any rate for those who know how to use them as poets, not mere verse-makers, use idioms of their own. But from imitators of Debussy and his brethren we may all pray to be delivered. The modern musical world has suffered peculiar horrors from the copyists of such originators as Wagner and Berlioz, Liszt and Brahms. Let music cease out of the land rather than we should be compelled to listen to the methods of Debussy unilluminated by his spirit."

Mr. James having proceeded thus far should now acquaint himself with the remarkable songs of Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler, whose imaginative flight is equalled by his subtlety of rhythm and color.

"FROM CLOWNING, UP."

A New York newspaper reviewing sympathetically the career of the late "Tony" Pastor, stated that in his early years he was a circus performer "from clowning, up." It might rather have said "from clowning, down." For in the circuses of Mr. Pastor's early years the clown, whether he were a "Shakesperian clown" or a more ordinary wearer of motley, was the central figure, the one long and eagerly anticipated by the country round. No matter how Chesterfieldian the deportment and the speech of the ringmaster with carefully oiled and luxuriant locks; no matter how enchanting the daring woman who asked for hoops and banners and rode well for one so young; how amazing the controller of eight "foaming and bare-backed steeds"; how surprising the trapeze performers in aerial flights, the performers on the horizontal bar with their wealth of eloquent gestures, or the ground and lofty tumblers, the star of stars was the clown. "From clowning, up!" Tut, tut!

The history of clowns and fools has been written often and in various languages, and whether these merrymakers were boisterous or cynical, fountains of mirth or sad at heart, natural wits without thought, or philosophic men of the world, as the immortal Chicot of Dumas, these histories are always entertaining. A few days ago an actor in musical comedy, a member of a once celebrated family of pantomimes, complained that there were no clowns now in the true meaning of the word, and he made the singular remark that George L. Fox as Humpty Dumpty killed clowning, that Fox was a comedian of indisputable ability, but not a clown. The remark was made without argument or explanation, and to many who remember Fox's pantomimic ability the opinion will seem preposterous.

In the circus ring the clown worthy the name was much more than a buffoon. He was often a dry wit, a man of shrewd reflection, a close observer of human nature. His appeal was both personal and collective. Grimaces, grotesque bodily contortions, a vacant laugh, would not have moved thousands. Unlike the wandering negro minstrel of those days, the clown seldom if ever had resource to purely local gags. His reflections on life and manners were general and of universal application. Many of his stories were old, but all good jests have come down through the centuries; hence they are good; the weak and the foolish die soon after they are born. The art was in the manner of telling. Clowns of the highest order added from time to time to the world's stock of illustrative and educational anecdotes.

The glory of the circus clown faded with the introduction of more than one ring, and to some of us the glory of the circus itself departed when managers conceived the idea of two or even three rings. There is no longer close intimacy between performers and audience. The clown is now seen in his best estate in pantomimes of foreign lands. He is no longer our old friend with the hot poker and sausage links, thwarted in his tricks by the magic lath of Harlequin. Such clowns are still seen in London; but the clown of modern French pantomime, thinly disguised and named with another name, is often a tragic figure, an evil apparition, sinister, terrible. The blackness of his soul or the pathos of his ending is accentuated by the ghastly whiteness of his face and costume.

Sept 7 1908

MISLEADING TERMS.

Professor Arthur Thomson and others have been discussing useless or misleading terms employed today in the study of heredity. For several years Lady Welby has been complaining of the carelessness in the employment of words by even men of marked scientific attainments, but the onslaught on the careless is now more determined.

Thus Dr. Saleeby objects to non-scientific writers using "reversion" and "atavism" loosely. He says that few men of science know what these words mean, and most of them know it wrong. "In other words, they mean nothing in particular; certainly nothing defined and agreed upon." Yet Huxley was in his day supposed to be careful and accurate in his use of terms, and in his essay on "Perpetuation of Living Beings" he clearly stated that "atavism" expresses a tendency to revert to the ancestral type. Was he mistaken? Was the word meaningless as he used it? Is the common dictionary definition of "reversion—a return to or toward

some former or ancestral state or condition" vague, meaningless?

"Congenital" it seems, is a word that is "worse than useless." We all understand congenital as meaning born with one, existing from birth. Now, we are told that life does not begin at birth. The word "congenital" thus "lumps together the truly inherent or germinal—which as such is transmissible—with the result of an ante-natal accident, such as a strangled limb, which is not germinal and not transmissible." Furthermore an inherent or germinal character may not show itself till late in life. Many cases of human baldness are doubtless of germinal origin and transmissible. Yet a man may not grow bald until he is in the roaring forties. "Congenital" therefore must go or be taboo, unless it be used only to mean "at birth."

Another verbal fraud and pretender is "acquired characters." We should say, instead of it, "functionally produced modifications." It is now believed that these modifications are not transmissible, but if you use the shorter term, you will include under it, "parental poisoning by alcohol or lead," and then make the mistake of saying that these poisonings cannot affect offspring.

Other words that may be will o' the wisps instead of a lantern to the feet are "heredity" and "hereditary." Dr. Saleeby supposes that the proposition "Shakespeare had no genius amongst his ancestors" be granted. Shakespeare therefore did not inherit his genius. Of course he did not acquire it. Now heredity is "the organic relation between generations." "The blended germ cells are the inheritance and the heir." Shakespeare is a problem in heredity, "and a fact in heredity." It matters not what his ancestry may have been. Let us consult one of the latest dictionaries: The definitions of heredity are "transmission of physical or mental qualities, etc., from parents to offspring; the tendency manifested by an organism to develop in the likeness of a progenitor." The second of these is nearer the short one just quoted.

There are some scientific men "beastly particular." There should be as a first aid to the great public a short dictionary of words used by scientists, with definitions agreed upon by them. This would save trouble and the shedding of much ink. Possibly Lady Welby might be persuaded to edit it. She wishes every one to recognize a study called by her "Significs."

Men and Things.

Again The Herald publishes extracts from a diary which might be called "The Confessions of a Sensitive Plant," picked up by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, as he was dodging an automobile on a state road not far from Hyannis.

"Portly men have an advantage over us when travelling. They receive more attention from conductors, porters, baggagemen, hotel clerks and waiters, barkeepers, guides. Would Napoleon Bonaparte, if he were alive and in need of ice water, impress a bellboy?

"The traveller in America soon realizes the fact that snobbery is rampant along every main, frequented road. Perhaps vulgar pretension is the better phrase. The next time I go out West—and I am not a Bostonian who means by 'out West' everything west of Schenectady—the next time I go to Spokane, Butte, Tacoma, Seattle, I shall take with me a sworn affidavit properly certified and punctiliously ornamented with a seal to the effect that I am the owner of a dress suit with appropriate shoes, linen, studs, sleeve buttons and cravat, a house jacket, a frock coat with irreproachable trousers, a stovepipe hat and cane, and all sorts of costume for outdoor country house sports and amusements. I shall fasten this affidavit to a pillar in the hotel corridor or to some prominent place near the clerk's desk. Then perhaps I shall not be viewed superciliously or with open scorn by the landlord of the hotel, his servants and many guests because I am clad suitably for hurried travelling and short sojourning. I am told that there are human beings who, wherever they may be, in Hackensack, on an Arctic floe, or fresh from worshipping mighty Numbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon, 'must dress for dinner.' Some of the fathers of these fastidious persons scrubbed for meals at the pump near the woodpile, or in the kitchen sink. Others did not scrub at all.

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"How life has changed here on Cape Cod! I am referring to the summer life of cottagers. Take Clamport, for instance. Not many years ago, before there was prate, cant about a simple life, the life was simple. The women were of course neat and attractive in their dress, but they did not bedeck themselves, they left their 'costumes' and their jewels at home. They bathed and swam in the sea, they walked, they drove lazily along wood roads and enjoyed the odor of sunburnt pines, the sight of ponds and lonely farmhouses, cranberry bogs and salt hay on the marshes. The girls played tennis, and once or twice a week there was an unpretentious dance. The entertaining was modest. Now and then a visiting man of letters, clergyman, college professor, enthusiast, would talk to the cottagers or read a lecture, discuss a book or some social or political movement. This perhaps was not in accordance with a natural life, but it did little harm.

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"The old cottagers died out, or their children growing older sought a livelier place. Cottages were sold and 'improved.' The majority of the women today dress for bridge whist parties, motoring, dances, dinners, as though they were in town. Costumes are worn in the evening that might be seen in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. A woman will sit on the veranda and slap vainly at mosquitoes with hands loaded and blazing with diamonds. Why do these lovers of glitter and pomp come to my Cape and spoil it? Why do they not go to Atlantic City that they may dazzle on the boardwalk? Why do they not prefer Narragansett Pier or Saratoga? A handsome woman in the country is never so handsome as in a shirtwaist."

Note by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has kindly loaned us this Diary. "I regret to say that this is all true. And what is the result? Owners of modest cottages find this year by their tax bills that the valuation of their little property has been absurdly increased; the cost of living is now swollen out of all proportion; eggs strictly fresh are scarce at 44 cents a dozen, and apple trees refuse to yield their fruit. The villagers have lost their spontaneity in conversation; they are growing cynical. Only yesterday I heard one of them say: 'Folks that make such a splurge might pay their bills down here before they leave for the city. I am tired of waiting till next summer. I guess some folks are living beyond their means.'"

* * *

The unknown Diarist says: "How does a woman contrive to get so many things into a dress suit case? How can a dress suit case hold so much? The purse of Fortunatus, the magic bag of fairy stories—these are as nothing to it."

Mrs. E. G. McAllister, who arrived in New York last week from Naples gave striking confirmation. She went about in Europe with only a dress suit case. "First she discarded her white ruffled skirt and her two-piece underwear, buying in their place a brilliantino skirt with double frills and three union suits." (We confess this is as Sanskrit to us.) The rest of her apparel was as follows: 8 pairs of tan hose, 1 pair of tan shoes, 1 brown Eton suit, 1 silk waist, 1 lace waist, 4 linen waists, 3 pairs of gloves, 6 handkerchiefs, 1 umbrella, 1 brown veil, 1 small hat. Naturally she wore some of these things. Then there were the articles for the toilet to be packed. Perhaps she carried her toothbrush suspended from her neck by a string.

Sept 8. 1908

Men and Things.

Lieut.-Gen. Josceline Heneage Wodehouse, ex-Governor of Bermuda, says that Texas with her scientific methods of cultivating the onion is robbing Bermuda of her market. This is sad news from the "still-vex'd Bermoothes," which in Prospero's time seemed more famous for dew than onions. But stay: Prospero sent Ariel to the Bermudas to fetch dew—no doubt for purposes of sorcery. May not this "dew" have been the tears of the onion, for the bulb has magical and medicinal properties to which The Herald has before this alluded. The onion is used as a remedy in mere diseases than the plague or rheumatism, and it affects powerfully the sleeper in his dreams. Some Shakespearian commentator should examine this point. Even a Baconian with his dark lantern might shed some light.

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The ex-Governor says it behooves the Bermudians to change their antiquated methods of raising onions and he believes they should not depend solely on the cultivation of the onion; they should raise fruit, but first exterminate a fly that does much harm.

We were talking yesterday with Mrs. Herkimer Johnson, who is visiting a friend "down to" Marblehead Neck. She is still the peerless Eustacia. Talking together, we naturally had much to say about her uncle, Old Chimes, who is ever fresh in the memory of all that knew him, whose seat has never been adequately filled at the Porphyry, where he delighted to cuss and discuss. (This sounds like the title of a novel by Jane Austen.) "How fond uncle was of onions," said Eustacia. We kindled at the thought. We saw him as in the flesh eloquent over a steak smothered in onions, learned over a salad of sliced onions and tomatoes. Now Mrs. Johnson is an excellent housekeeper. We put the question fairly to her. "I much prefer the Bermuda onions to the Texan, or even native onions from the garden patch to the Texan, which never seem thoroughly cooked however long you boil them. Raw, they are much stronger, and they are often decidedly unpleasant. It will be a great pity if Bermuda onions disappear from our market." Thus the fair Eustacia, still desirable, still irresistible. What could she have seen in Herkimer?

* * *

Champfleury knew in Paris a man named Jupille, who called himself "Jupille, le Thalysien," after a book "Thalysie ou la nouvelle existence," written by Gleizes, who was such a fanatical vegetarian that he separated from his wife because she persisted in eating meat, yet he loved her dearly. Jupille sold fruit and vegetables. He also wrote a pamphlet which was published after his death and in it is this description of the onion:

"The onion is the eye of man.

"The Lord gave a sensitiveness to the onion that moves us so that when we pick the bulb it causes us to shed tears as though it thus told us of the floods of tears it poured out before it was reduced to its present condition.

"If man were only to study carefully an onion, I am sure he would find it has as many coats as the eye; he would see that the sensitiveness of the onion has a natural connection with the eye.

"There are onions of all colors, as there are eyes of all colors."

* * *

This book by Jupille should be reprinted. He did not believe that Adam was punished on account of an apple. The fall was due to his eating the flesh of an animal wickedly put to death. Men corrupted the character of animals and gave tigers and hyenas their taste for flesh. Jupille was anxious to try the effects of a vegetable diet on the lions, bears and eagles at the Jardin des Plantes. He quoted reverently from the book of the prophet Isaiah: "And the lion shall eat straw like the ox." Some thought him insane. He should have lived. Today he would have been the honored head of a "movement," or the manager of a popular sanitarium. No doubt he would have invented a breakfast food and advertised it ingeniously. But what delightful dishes he served Champfleury! A wonderful soup of herbs and vegetables, and each vegetable preserved its personality; it was not cut into strips, blocks or dice; a still more wonderful cabbage "bathed in its own sweat!" And Jupille said: "If a bear should smell this cabbage he would never dream of falling on a gentle sheep. The bear has inhaled the odors of your kitchen and has thus become sanguinary. For you are a meat eater. I see it in your eye which has not the gentleness of the friends of herbs; and if you were a vegetarian, your nose would be finer, handsomer. A mild diet would have chased away vices and passions. Meat has made you a criminal." Wild talk, no doubt; but we have heard still wilder from theorists in dietetics.

* * *

String quartets will jostle each other in Boston this season. The Kneisels will play at Fenway Court. The Hoffmann quartet will give its series and the Flonzaley will visit us. Then there will be the quartet of which Mr. Hess is the first violinist and Mr. Schroeder the 'cellist. We are told that the viola player, brought over from London by Mr. Hess, went to Sorrento to practise with his comates and then suddenly went back to London without saying a word. Let us hope he will return as mysteriously, for he is a player of rare talent. Mr. Richard Czerwonky, who was second concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra last season, and leader of a quartet named after him, will arrive here about the 18th. He will again lead the quartet, teach, and play in concerts as a soloist.

Sept 9. 1908

MARGINAL NOTES.

Prof. Ottavio Grampini of Rome, visiting Boston, praised the arrangements and routine of the Boston Public Library. In the course of his remarks he said, referring to the Victor Emmanuel Library, of which he is the librarian: "Many of our books are ruined by the habit of scribbling notes all over the pages. If an Italian finds a sentiment that does not suit him, he writes his own views in the margin or even across the offending paragraph."

This species of annotation is not confined to Rome, or to Italy. The annotator is busy everywhere. He spares neither the books of a public library nor those loaned to him by imprudent friends. The annotator may be a learned professor, or a shop girl who writes "Too true" or "Alas that this is so" next to some burst of sentiment or reflection by "The Duchess." There are borrowers who content themselves with drawing a pencil mark by the side of sentences that meet their approval. Looking at the book after it is returned, the owner is thus enabled to refer readily to passages that met another's approval.

There are annotations well worth having. We saw recently a copy of Henley's essay on Robert Burns, an edition in pamphlet form. A Scotchman, enraged by certain observations made by Henley on life and manners in Scotland when the poet flourished, had pencilled angry comments and refutations. This was a book worth owning, for the anonymous commentator was evidently a man of parts, and he had a biting wit. Senator Evarts owned a book that might well have goaded a bibliophile to theft: a pocket edition of Horace, exquisitely printed by Didot of Paris, with charming illustrations, and with marginal notes and drawings by Thackeray who, once owning it, gave it to a friend, who, in turn, gave it to the late senator.

Or who would not have lent a book to Coleridge, an inveterate scribbler on margins and fly leaves? As De Quincey said, Coleridge often spoiled a book; "but in the course of doing this, he enriched that book with so many and so valuable notes, tossing about him, with such lavish profusion, from such a cornucopia of discursive reading, and such a fusing intellect, commentaries so many-angled and so many-colored that I have envied many a man whose luck has placed him in the way of such injuries." On the other hand Wordsworth, also a marginal scribbler, delighted to show his own superiority by writing platitudes

or humorously to Wordsworth's moral reflections, as when he commented on a passage in "Roderick Random," "improper" or "The principle laid down is doubtful." But Wordsworth was not to be trusted with any book: witness the amusing story told by Dr. John Brown in "Spare Hours."

The average marginal annotator was drawn to the life in a picture by Thackeray representing Jones at the club reading and disagreeing with certain statements or methods of expression of the novelist. This picture is on an early page of "Vanity Fair." We all know this Jones today, the eternal type of the "wise ass." His platitudinous thought is to be found on the margins of books in all libraries. But what would not one give for Disraeli's notes pencilled in a volume of Gladstone's complete works; notes by Mr. Long in Mr. Roosevelt's books on hunting and adventure; or Mr. Meredith's observations on a novel by Mr. Hall Caine or Marie Corelli?

Men and Things.

Baudelaire made sketches for a bitter book on Belgium. It would have been a monument of splenetic wit and also abuse. In his notes for a chapter on the physiognomy of the Brussels streets he observed that every city, every country, is said to have its own peculiar, characteristic odor. Thus Paris at that time smelt, or had smelt, of sour cabbage. The Cape smells of sheep; there are tropic isles that smell of roses, musk, coco oil. Russia smells of leather, Lyons of coal, the Orient in general of musk and carrion. "Brussels smells of soft soap; the rooms at the inns smell of it, so do the beds, the towels and napkins, the sidewalks. House fronts and sidewalks are washed even when it rains in sheets. A national, universal mania!"

The characteristic smell of China has long been famous, or infamous, as you please. Munich in the eighties smelled of beer. The smell was strongly perceptible as you approached the city. Factories give to some towns a peculiar odor. Pray what is the characteristic smell of Boston? It should undoubtedly be one of culture. But what is the precise odor of culture? Should not the highest culture be odorless?

* * *

The Herald described last Sunday the will of Col. Pilkington of England, who devised his real estate to his sons on condition that they and their successors should not permit any public house or establishment of any kind or the sale of intoxicating liquor to be built or carried on upon it during the lives of any descendants of Queen Victoria living now and 21 years thereafter. The restriction is valid.

We were reminded of a will made earlier this year by another Englishman, the late Sir Frederic Philipstone, who wished to keep the heir from "living the life of a 'waster.'" Sir Frederic was a colleague of Cecil Rhodes, who bound his heir not to be a loafer—this word was in the will—but to follow some business or profession. The heir who succeeds to Sir Frederic's estate must not keep race horses or run them, "except in regimental races," within 21 years of the testator's death. If he violates this condition he will be reduced to an annuity of £500. Suppose the successor is even 30 years old at present. He may say to himself, "Much may be done after 51." There are grand old men of the turf; there are also foolish ones.

* * *

An Englishwoman publishes in an American magazine a poem entitled "The Haunted Palace." She has a courage that approaches recklessness, if is it possible that she has never read the poems of an obscure author named Poe?

* * *

A correspondent of the Sun (N. Y.) says that he saw in a novel the characterization of a dull man: "a stoat-bottle." He does not give the title of the novel, but asks respectfully whether the true spelling is not "toughton." Now a stoat, as we learn from one of the many books that have helped us, is an ermine, especially in its summer coat, which is reddish-brown above, sulphur yellow below, with the tail black-tipped. The word, we are also told, is from the Icelandic "Stutr," meaning a bull. What should a stoat be doing in a bottle? We fear that some one is taking liberties with the Sun.

But why "Stoughton bottle"? The bottle that holds, or did hold, Stoughton bitters, is heavy, phlegmatic, expressionless. Yet some say the bottle "made in Stoughton" did not necessarily contain bitters. What Stoughton? The question of derivation has not yet been definitely answered, though Mr. Herkimer Johnson, as he informed us, once made a patient investigation and consulted many barkeepers, amateur etymologists, at considerable expense to himself and with no little injury to his health. Science has its heroes.

* * *

There was a time when in Christian lands the insane were miserably housed, poorly fed, neglected, chained, beaten in the fond hope that thus they might be brought to their senses. We believe that in certain eastern countries today the insane are treated as though they were criminals. In some of the United States a leper is the object of cruel aversion and of a fear that would be laughable were it not pathetic. He is looked on as more dangerous than a wild beast. There has been more than one instance of this within the last three months. Even in the time when the leper was obliged to signal his approach by bell or wooden clapper, he was not so beyond the pale as he is in this enlightened age. In England there were hospitals for them, as there were in some European countries, and in England salmon was so cheap that it was leper's food. Is it not possible that a hundred years from now Americans will look back with wonder on the barbarous attitude of the people of this country toward the few unfortunates?

* * *

Again they are discussing in France types of beauty, and again the American woman is extolled and cried down. Some of the more ultra-modern draughtsmen insist that the Greek type is the ideal, and there should be a return to it. We like to think of Mr. Guillaume, who firmly believes that the most beautiful women are to be found in France, "particularly in the department of the Seine and Oise, in which is situated the village of Ville Preux, where I have had the pleasure of dwelling with Mme. Albert Guillaume."

* * *

A learned man in Paris has been studying the sense of music in animals and he declares that molluscs and zoophytes are unresponsive to the influence of melody or harmony; spiders are fond of music; a starling learned to sing the Marseillaise and taught it to all the starlings in three departments of France; elephants in the Jardin des Plantes were stirred to ecstasy by a tender air played on the bassoon, etc. Similar experiments have been made on animals in this country. Some years ago the sensitiveness and receptivity of a menagerie in winter quarters near Bridgeport, Ct., were tested carefully.

SEPT 10 1908

A COMMONPLACE BOOK.

When the commonplace book of Mrs. Thrale, or Mrs. Piozzi, was sold some time ago at auction in London for £2050 there was general surprise. Surely the autograph alone of Dr. Johnson's friend was not worth the sum. "As to the contents," said a London journal, "it has always been understood that whatever was of public importance passed into the biography edited by Hayward in 1861." It suggested that delicacy forty-seven years ago might have prevented the publication of fresh and striking pictures of Johnson and his circle. For Mrs. Thrale had a "luminous mind," to use Miss Hawkins' phrase, and a pleasing gift of description. Miss Laetitia Matilda Hawkins admitted this, although in a sour footnote published in her memoirs (1824) she charged Mrs. Thrale with inaccuracy, a charge based on the testimony of a Rev. Mr. Evans, and with a sad want of judgment—because, a widow, she married Piozzi, who was poor and humble. Witness, too, this scratch given by Laetitia Matilda on Mrs. Thrale's character: "From Johnson's reproofs and petulant censures of her it is to be inferred that she at times varied her costume greatly; and whenever I have seen her, it was very much under the similitude of a French woman a little indebted to her own hands for her roses."

It appears that this commonplace book is in fact a journal, for a commonplace book is generally supposed to be a book in which memoranda are recorded methodically, transcriptions of favorite, choice, singular passages, helps to remembrance, furnishers of "copy." Such are the commonplace books of Southey and Buckle. The two readers were omnivorous; Southey read both for relaxation and for future use in writing his own books; Buckle's commonplace book is a huge collection of notes for his "History of Civilization." There are other books that might well be called commonplace books of the highest type: Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Southey's "Doctor"; the learned volumes of the elder Disraeli. In these the notes and transcriptions have been arranged and connected with a definite view—and the author has commented and added.

We doubt whether many have the patience in these bustling days to keep a commonplace book. There are card catalogues and other devices to aid the author; some paste in scrap books, a tedious task; some use a modified form of the "Index Rerum," invented by the Rev. John Todd. These indices are useful if the writer lives in a city where the books to which he has referred are of easy access, otherwise they are irritating and futile. Charles Reade had a system of his own, a series of drawers and pigeon holes to hold clippings and pamphlets. Did he wish to write the description of a flood, as in "Put Yourself in His Place"? He consulted an index, turned to a special compartment, or to a commonplace book, and then wrote romantically from hard facts. Great was his joy when some one assailed him for the "absurdity" of one of his descriptions; complete was his answer, savage his revenge. Reade described his system with commendable, delightful egotism and introduced himself in one of his novels, "A Terrible Temptation," if we are not mistaken.

The true commonplace book goes back to the years when times seemed endless, when men and women corresponded voluminously and indefatigably, when they had the opportunity and patience to read "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Sir Charles Grandison" without skipping. Then men, and women, too, found pleasure in making collections of "elegant extracts"; they then kept commonplace books.

Men and Things.

A deep thinker, whose aim is to improve mankind and make life happier, says that only one American in a hundred knows how to make tea. "The other ninety-nine serve up poisonous infusions of tannin." We have been reminded daily for some years that coffee renders men and women unfit for the routine of life, superinduces dangerous diseases, weakens the will and impels many to hideous crimes. Yet Mrs. Jones, a devoted wife, is anxious about the morning cup provided for her husband and, intent on hospitality, says to her guest: "Mr. Bolivar, is the coffee to your taste?" The warnings, the thunderings against tea have not been so violent. A mistress of a household may wonder how Bridget can live on tea—the pot is stewing constantly on the stove—and prophesy a ruined stomach and shattered nerves, but she herself must have several cups in the course of the day.

* * *

There is a story that when tea was first introduced into England some time about 1660 a woman living in the country received a pound from a friend in town. She boiled the whole of it in a kettle, invited her neighbors, and served the leaves with salt and butter. The experiment might be worth trying. The mess would certainly be no worse than the concoction named tea and served in many European and some country hotels in our own New England.

* * *

In the early years of tea drinking the plant was absurdly praised and bitterly condemned. One importer recommended it as a panacea, a wonderful catholicon. It lengthened life, removed headache and obstructions of the spleen, was a sure remedy against the stone which Montaigne gave as a reasonable excuse for suicide; it "took away lippitude distillations," aided the vision, cooled a hot liver, strengthened the stomach, whetted the appetite, assisted digestion, "particularly for men of a corpulent body and such as are great eaters of flesh"; it cured the ague, assuaged fever, checked consumptive tendencies, and was a remedy against scurvy and the dropsy."

* * *

On the other hand, the physician of Maria Theresa, although he recommended tea for pleurisy, jaundice, leprosy and yellow fever, "ascribed the increase of new diseases to the weakness and debility induced by daily drinking tea"; and Jonas Hanway, one of the first men to use an umbrella in the streets of London, "ascribed the majority of feminine disorders to an indulgence in the herb," and hinted that tea drinking had lessened the vigor of Englishmen and impaired the beauty of the women. Furthermore, the plant was assailed by economists. In 1745 the Female Spectator stated that the tea table cost more to support "than would maintain two children at nurse; it is the utter destruction of all economy, the bane of good housewifery and the source of idleness," a denunciation that was made in still stronger terms by William Cobbett years later.

* * *

The Female Spectator fought against tea in 1745. Was it in consequence of this attack that John Wesley, who was by no means an ascetic, gave up tea drinking? He wrote in his journal, July 6, 1746: "After talking largely with both the men and women leaders, we agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expected some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years' standing, and, accordingly, the three first days my head ached, more or less, all day long, and I was half asleep from morning to night. The third day, on Wednesday in the afternoon, my memory failed almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my headache was gone, my memory was as strong as ever, and I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this."

* * *

Before this, women delighted in tea drinking, especially in gregarious tea drinking. We doubt whether Swift, as a poet, is read generally today. We may therefore be pardoned for quoting from his "Journal of a Modern Lady," a poem from which Charles Reade lifted with both hands when he wrote "The Wandering Heir":

Let me now survey
Orr madam o'er her evening tea,
Surrounded with the noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes and harridans.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies.
They contradict, affirm, dispute;
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak and none to hearken,
They set the very lapdog barking.
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.

* * *

Englishmen, too, contracted the habit of tea guzzling. About the middle of the seventeenth century "many noblemen, physicians, merchants and gentlemen of quality" frequented Thomas Garway's tea house. Some called for tea, "the base, unworthy Indian practice," after dinner. In one of Shadwell's comedies, "The Stock Jobbers," there is a reference to tea, "ready for the women, and men that live like women. Your fine-bred men of England, as

[illegible] all turned women." The Englishman today must have his afternoon tea and buttered toast, and in clubs of Boston there have been spasmodic efforts to introduce tea drinking at the cocktail hour.

* * *

If any, alarmed, wish a substitute for tea, we cheerfully recommend the beverage described by an old writer: "The leaves of the vine, on being dried, which should be done in the shade, make an excellent and extremely wholesome tea, though somewhat different, both in taste and flavor, from that commonly used, besides being admirably calculated for making vinegar."

Sept 11 1908

HUMBLE INSTRUMENTS.

The Mexican Herald describes admiringly, almost lovingly, a blind beggar in the town who plays on empty blacking boxes. We are told that he haunts a railway station; that he has about thirty boxes; that his "rendition"—we are sorry to find this word thus used by our namesake—is one of "wonderful excellence." He plays folksongs, airs from operas, as "Il Trovatore," "the simpler things, to be sure, but still classical music, which no people enjoy more than the Mexicans." Unfortunately, we are not told how he produces the music. Does he turn the boxes into a species of xylophone? The only clew is in the words "raising his boxes to certain heights, greater or less as they require, and dropping them to the stone paving." But this is perhaps only for the purpose of rhetorical emphasis, to denote a burst of passion, "forzato," to use the language of the modern Romans.

Let no one despise this apparently humble instrument, which may yet make its way into the orchestra of Richard Strauss, to portray some fine emotion, to italicize a sinister passage, to aid in creating a new shudder in a symphonic poem. The blacking box may yet be introduced as a solo instrument with a renowned virtuoso at concerts of a high order. Many are becoming tired of the piano, the piano concerto and the thunderous pianist. The piano may yet disappear from the stage as other instruments formerly heard at classical concerts with delight—the clarinet, the oboe, the bassoon, the trombone—have also had their solo say and then retired into the ensemble.

Thomas De Quincey, driven by a whistling postilion, for the first time in his life became aware of "the prodigious powers which are lodged potentially in so despised a function of the vocal organs." This postilion made the woods of Windermere ring with "the canorous sweetness of his half-flute, half-clarinet music, but, in fact, the subtle melody of the effect placed it in power far beyond either flute or clarinet." To those of us who look on whistling as the pleasure of Satan, this postilion seems a dangerous, pestilential fellow. De Quincey heard a black play on the jewsharp, "making that, which in most hands is a mere monotonous jarring, a dull reverberating vibration, into a delightful lyre of no inconsiderable compass"; but the Opium Eater does not mention the famous Eulenstein, who by his proficiency charmed the ears of English and German nobility and yet lost all his teeth—as recorded in the pathetic account of his life.

The human chin skilfully struck has also produced sweet music, witness the performances of Mr. Michael Boai, the great chinchopper of the Thirties. There was the Tyrolese orchestra that imitated instruments by contortions of mouth and lips. There was Mr. Worgman, who "had genteel introductions"; he played the piano and by some sort of ventriloquism gave choral and orchestral effects:

And now 'twas like all instruments;
And now it was a flute;
And now it was an angel's voice,
That maketh the heavens be mute.

De Quincey concluded that he would never more be surprised at any musical effects drawn from inconsiderable or apparently inadequate means; not even if marrow bones and cleaver, tongs and shovel, pepper and saltbox, should be "exalted by some immortal butcher or inspired scullion into a sublime harp, dulcimer, or lute, capable of wooing St. Cecilia to listen." It is a pity that De Quincey could not have heard the Mexican minstrel who with his blacking boxes haunts the railway station. But why should not musical Boston have the privilege?

Men and Things.

Four volumes, at least, of the collected works of William Ernest Henley have been published by Mr. Nutt of London, and the admirer of this rare poet and critic may well be disappointed. Not in the paper, print and general style of publication, for they are all satisfactory, but on account of the omission of certain essays and poems that were eminently characteristic of Henley, his audacity, his passion for slang—the "footpads and loafers" of speech—his heroic independence in judgment and indifference toward public opinion.

* * *

Editions of complete or collected works are often to be neglected or ignored. They contain vain repetitions, crude and boyish attempts, perfunctory and laborious pages; but Henley, when brutal, was at the same time fastidious in choice of words and rhythm of sentences. Nor will "complete editions" ever satisfy the true lover of books. The first editions are dear to him not because they may rise in pecuniary value, but because they have each a certain individuality so that the owner seems nearer to his beloved author, on more intimate and confidential terms. The very shape and appearance of these editions have often the physiognomy of the thought contained within. No subsequent and enlarged version of "Leaves of Grass" is so Whitmanesque as the thin quarto with its sprawling title page and with the singularly punctuated preface in prose that was afterwards withdrawn, though some of the material was worked over in additions to the original poems.

* * *

The lover of Henley mourned because death prevented the essay on the Bible that should have accompanied the edition published in the Tudor series; he also mourned that the essay on slang, to serve as a preface to "Slang and Its Analogues," was for the same reason never written. He has now a right to complain of the absence in a "complete edition" of the "Note on Slang," founded on an extract from an American newspaper and published in the Pall Mall Magazine of January, 1903, and, above all, he is reasonably indignant at the omission of the famous article on Robert Louis Stevenson that was published in the same magazine. This article, though it was called outrageous at the time, though it stirred the genteel to ludicrously inadequate replies, was eminently characteristic of Henley in his wildly aggressive moods, when he was goaded beyond endurance by displays of cant, priggishness, hypocrisy. The praise of Stevenson had become so fulsome that there was need of protest. Henley had the courage to make it. He suffered thereby for a time, but the article, as the years go by, seems more and more creditable to his honesty and judgment. It should surely be included in this edition. The publisher says in his circular that all poems, essays and dramas are printed that Henley would wish to see preserved. We are not informed who the editor is; nor are we informed how the publisher knows what Henley's choice would be.

* * *

Henley made at least five experiments in versified slang. "Villon's Straight Tip to All Cross Coves," in imitation of "Tout aux tavernes et aux filles," with the fine refrain, "Booze and the Blowens cop the lot," is included. But in this "complete edition" we miss, alas, "Villon's Good Night" (1887) and the Rondeau, Villanelle and Ballade of the same year entitled "Culture in the Slums," "inscribed to an intense poet." Let the Rondeau and the Ballade now speak for themselves:

RONDEAU.

"O crikey, Bill!" she ses to me, she ses.
"Look sharp," ses she, "with them there sossiges.
Yea! sharp with them there bags of mysteree!
For lo!" she ses, "for lo! old pal," ses she,
"I'm blooming peckish, neither more nor less."
Was it not prime—I leave you all to guess
How prime! to have a jude in love's distress
Come spooning round, and murmuring balmilee,
"O crikey, Bill!"

For in such rorty wise doth Love express
His blooming views, and asks for your address,
And makes it right, and does the gay and free.
I kissed her—I did so! And her and me
Was pals. And if that ain't good business,
O crikey, Bill!

* * *

BALLADE.

I often does a quiet read
At Booty Shelley's poetry;
I thinks that Swinburne at a screed
Is really almost too-too fly;
At Signor Vagna's harmony
I likes a merry little flutter;
I've had at Pater many a shy;
In fact, my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

My mark's a tidy little feed,
And 'Enery Irving's gallery,
To see old 'Amlick do a bleed,
And Ellen Terry on the die,
Or Franky's ghostes at hi-spy,
And parties carried on a shutter.
Them vulgar Coupeaus is my eye!
In fact, my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

The Grosvenor's nuts—it is, indeed!
I goes for 'Olman 'Unt like pie.
It's equal to a friendly lead
To see B. Jones' judes go by.
Stanhope he makes me fit to cry,
Whistler he makes me melt like butter,
Strudwick he makes me flash my cly—
In fact, my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

ENVOY.

I'm on fer any Art that's 'Igh!
I talks as quite as I can splutter;
I keeps a Dado on the sly;
In fact, my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

* * *

It may be said for the benefit of the snug that "jude" means "girl"; "rorty wise," "thus expressively"; "Booty Shelley's" may stand for "Botticelli" in a muddled brain; "Franky's ghosts," no doubt, is a reminder of our old "flash my cly" may be translated "spend money."

Sept 12 1908

Men and Things.

C. E. F. writes to The Herald: "On my way back from Seattle I stopped over night at a town where in the morning I stepped into a bootblack's. I took a seat next a man who told me at once that he was from North Dakota. He asked me where I lived. I told him, I hope without undue pride, that my home was in Boston. 'That's a good way off,' he remarked. He was silent for a moment, and he then added: 'I understand there's a pretty nice set of people about Boston.'"

* * *

J. P. T. asks: "Could you inform me if the following sentence is correct: 'I am going to get me a hat?'"

It has often been remarked by deep thinkers that the English language is what it is, not what it should be. In this instance why is not the sentence correct? "Going to" with the active or passive infinitive means "on the way to, preparing or tending to." It is used as a more colloquial synonym of "about to" in the auxiliaries of idiomatic compound tenses expressing immediate or near futurity.

Now the verb "to get," according to Richard Grant White, is "one of the most willing and serviceable of our vocal servants" and also "one of the most ill-used and imposed upon." "Many use the word—the radical, essential and inexpugnable meaning of which is the attainment of possession by voluntary exertion—to express the ideas of possessing, of receiving, of suffering, and even of doing. In all these cases the word is misused. * * * We constantly hear educated people speak of getting crazy, of getting a fever, and even of getting a flea on one. A man hastening to the train will say that he is afraid of getting left, and tell you afterward that he did or did not get left—meaning that he is afraid of being left, and that he was or was not left. The most common misuse of this word, however, is to express simple possession. * * * Possession is completely expressed by 'have'; 'get' expresses attainment by exertion."

It often requires considerable "exertion" to "get" a hat.

* * *

The newspapers told recently of a clergyman in an American town who prayed so strenuously for rain that a flood came and nearly swept away all houses and their inmates. We read yesterday in a London journal that a long-continued drought in Devon caused a difference of opinion between farmers who had root crops and farmers who had corn was as yet unsaved. One of the villagers was moved thereby to tell a story: "Twere up Morehard Bishop way. The folk advertised for a passon as could pray for rain and get it. Well, passon prayed and the rain come. Two year after there were another drought. So they up along to passon and said: 'Please us do want some more rain.' Passon didn't rightly know what to do, for he wadn't sure he'd get it the next time, and folk were thinking a lot of he all along of the other rain. So he calls the farmers into the vestry an' says: 'Now, be you all of one mind? Be I to pray for rain to come to-day?' One of the farmers said: 'Passon, I could do with it next Thursday, for I bain't sure that the big field will be carried afore.' Another said: 'Let I have it to-day.' Passon says: 'There, you bain't all of one mind, and I don't pray till you be.' Some folk hold it were very fair of passon, but the chapel folk say it were his way of getting out of it."

* * *

The worshippers of the higher art, those eager to see the stage "elevated" by any means, including jackscrews, will read with regret of a deplorable episode in the performance of "The Candy Kid" at the Imperial Theatre, St. Louis. The Star-Chronicle informs us that Marie Russell, wife of the stage manager, impersonated Coral Reeves (not coral reefs). It also happened that Wanda Ludlow, wife of the manager of the show, played a soubrette part, and "she liked to flit hither and yon in the spotlight's soothing light waves. But Coral Reeves objected heavily to this." On a Monday night the rivals met. We quote from the Star-Chronicle:

"'Well, I Wanda where you think you are?' hissed the Heavy Woman.

"'Right here where I belong. "In the Spotlight's Glare,"' retorted Wanda.

"'Curse you, Bonnie Bosworth, you will regret them words a hundred times,' said Coral Reeves. When the two women were separated, it is said that Bonnie Bosworth had all the best of it, in addition to a handful of hair from Coral Reeves as a souvenir." The flippant treatment of this incident is as deplorable as the incident itself.

* * *

We discussed Thursday evening old prejudices against tea-drinking. A correspondent writes that a controversy, which was settled long ago "in the minds of scientific men," has been revived by trade partisans. Sellers of China tea insist that Indian tea was long ago disapproved by physicians because, unless it were carefully prepared for use, it contains an excessive amount of tannin. Sellers of Indian and Ceylon teas declare that Chinese tea is objectionable "because the leaf is prepared under unwholesome conditions, that it sustains contamination owing to its manipulation by hand, whereas Indian and Ceylon teas are immaculate in this respect because nothing is concerned in their manufacture and production for the market but machinery." Now the Lancet thinks that the talk about contamination resulting from treatment by hand is unfounded and wild; that any disease organisms that survive the process are destroyed in the teapot. The fact that China tea is far less astringent than Indian is indisputable.

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The following Reuter dispatch from Marakesh seems impossible in the 20th century when even savages in the interior of Africa wear plug hats on state occasions: "Some time ago Kaia Bensegrad of the Zemran tribe offered to Mulai Hafid's Khalifat to sell the former Kaid, named Kabbour, a personal enemy of his own, for 5000 douros. The bargain was struck, and the Kaid captured Kabbour and crucified him in the courtyard of his house, where, before the crucified man's eyes he held a fete. On the third day Kabbour was taken down, hacked to pieces and his flesh thrown to the dogs, musical instruments being played to drown the cries of the wretched man."

Sept 13 1908

HOW SATAN LOOKS WHEN IN SOCIETY

An Anticipation of the Hungarian Stage Devil Now Exciting Attention.

BY PHILIP HALE.

The play entitled "The Devil" is mak-

stir. There has been a ... in New York concerning the manner in which Satan should be represented on the stage; whether his horns, hoofs and tail should be hinted at in the make up and otherwise irreproachable modern costume, or whether he should be demoniacal only in thought, purpose and action. It was said long ago by Edgar on the heath that "the prince of darkness is a gentle man; Modo he's call'd and Mahu." It would seem that in a modern drama the devil should be a gentleman, especially when he seeks souls among "our best people," whether he he named Mr. Smith or M. ...tn, or Herr Mueller.

The question was answered several years ago by an ingenious French naval officer and novelist, Henri Riviere, who ...ed a marvellous Pierrot. Inasmuch as Pierrot figures in pantomine and pantomine is accompanied by music, a discussion of Riviere's theory is not too foreign in an article that is supposed to treat of musical matters.

Riviero's story is entitled "Pierrot," and it is the first of three grimly fantastical tales published in one volume.

The hero is a young man, Servieux, who as secretary to a French admiral was obliged to testify against a Corsican sailor that had attempted to ... an officer. The Corsican was condemned to death, and before the execution he shook his fist at Servieux and said: "I wish no harm to any one except to that man, who is ... in the business. When I'm dead ... will hear from me." For weeks Servieux was haunted by the ghost of the Corsican. This and another experience turned his head, so that he was obliged to seek the advice of ...ists. In other words, he had a ... loose, when one night in Paris ... was deeply impressed by the sinister gayety of the celebrated pantomimist Deburau.

The performance of Deburau inspired him to be a Pierrot, or, rather, ... fancied in his madness that the incarnation of the devil in this world ... be Pierrot, not the ordinary ... fellow, with the traditional costume, but "a pale man, with black ..., tall, well made, with heart of bronze and muscles of steel, who, ...ing in society, where he exerted a mighty influence, should constantly ...o evil, impassible, smiling."

The French Pierrot, even Deburau's, was too witty to be radically wicked. Deburau only sketched the type Servieux saw in dreams. The genius of wickedness should be a cosmopolite; therefore no one people can reproduce the whole of this powerful individuallity. If a nation invents a Pierrot or some analogous personage, it can attribute to him only the vices or the mental ...gles of incarnate perversity which ... peculiar to it. In France there is Pierrot from whom the Spanish ...ioso is derived. In Italy and ...ly there is Pulcinello. In Greece and Turkey there is the Levantine Karaguess.

Pierrot has dazzling wit, cold courage; he is melancholy in his wickedness, as though he had been condemned to do evil. Pulcinello is a demon of an inferior order, witty, a coward, delighting in mischief, a libertine; his squinting eye, his nutcracker nose and chin are those of a caricature; nor is he a simple mime; he has a voice, the voice of the envious and impotent. Karaguess is the resuscitated god Priapus, rather than a human being. He is cynical, de... cruel. The Marquis of Sade should have written plays for him.

The incarnation of demoniac purposes and endeavors should least of all be physically deformed. Perversity astonishes more when the exterior is beautiful than when it is hideous. Servieux ...ed and pondered. He began to complete his mental portrait of a genius of evil, grand, melancholy, irresistibly ...tive, at times cynical, at times a buffoon, who rises to a superb height after he has clowned it. Yet there was something lacking. "I wished that he ... something in him which, when it was necessary, froze from fear, killed ... sympathy, thickened the beholder's blood." He found this something, this element of cold ferocity in the vignette of Punch, the jester, as drawn by Doyle for the London weekly. "Punch has the cruel smile of the cannibal who rummages, with hands all a-tremble from pleasure in the body of the victim whom he has just disembowelled. His face expresses to the last degree disdain of every sentiment that is human; he is ignorant of emotion or remorse; he knows only his own egoism and the satisfaction of his caprices; nor is he disturbed because his caprices may cost the blood and tears of whole generations. ...crossed the Channel, I saw the English Pierrot, and I joyed to find I had not been deceived."

These preparatory studies were at last completed. Then, to perfect himself, Servieux went to Brittany, rented a lonely house, practised as Pierrot, with manikins costumed as Cassandre, Arlequin and Colombine. He imagined the pantomimes in which he should create ... shudders.

"I invented monstrosities in the moral world. I did not wish to he the Pierrot who trembles in the presence of a terrible hut naive devil with horns and a flaming tail; I wished that the devil should tremble before me. One ... in one of my most bizarre lucubrations I persuaded myself that I was the devil in the form of a rich man who would not succor an unfortunate. I imagined myself at the same time seated by the table laden with gold. All the miseries of humanity, imploring me with cries, groans, or sorrow that was mute, passed by. The first was a young man who had stolen a hundred frances from his employers' cash box. He begged me to give him the amount; he said that the gendarmes were coming and if he could not put back the sum he would be arrested. I smiled tranquilly. I refused. There was a mother in need of ten sous to save her child dying of hunger. She showed me the convulsions of the little being; but at that moment I was stroking the shoulders of a fine girl and I refused. This fine girl, on a hospital bed, begged me to purchase her body. I refused; and, refusing, I was always graciously impassive. I had the same benevolent gesture."

There was need at last of a woman to play Colombine, a woman reared among mountebanks, neither stupid nor intelligent, neither beautiful nor ugly, fully under his control because she would owe everything to him, a woman without an idea of good or evil, a creature so banal, so common that he would feel for her neither pity nor love, on whom he could practise his art, and make experiments "in anima vili." He found her at a village fair. She was about 17, with abundant hair, leaden complexion, black and weary eyes. She played with dash, but flippantly. The manager of the strollers was her lover and he beat her. Servieux made her acquaintance and ran away with her. Her name was Alexandrine.

They practised in the lonely house. At night, when they rehearsed, she seemed to him beautiful with an incomprehensible beauty. By day she seemed pretty and vulgar. The Colombine of the evening was therefore the more adorahle. Did she in turn love the man or the artist? As Pierrot he terrified her. His art made her his slave.

At last they appeared at the Funambules in Paris. Servieux was at once the sensation of the town. But how he shook the souls of the spectators; how he had become the plaything of Alexandrine when he did not dominate her on the stage; how he wasted his days in drink; how she had an intrigue with the Arlequin and thus fanned the jealousy of Servieux, who at last, in a new and highly original piece, pretending to shave Arlequin cut his throat with a gigantic razor, then fainted, and when he at last came to himself and a normal mind, received extreme unction and died—for all this and many curious details, the story told by Riviere must be read. We are concerned here only with Servieux's conception of Satan moving in society.

The Tongans are said to be the most intelligent of all the dark-skinned races and they excel in music. An English merchant informed a London reporter that he had seven native clerks in his office and any one of them, if the score of the latest opera produced in London were handed to him, would sing the music at sight and without hesitation.

Let us by all means hear the Greek soprano, Miss Sparanza Cologeropoulo, "a lady gifted with a powerful voice and dramatic perception."

Mr. Landon Ronald of London, a brother of Clark Russell, the novelist, and Henry Russell, the opera manager, has signed a contract to conduct a series of orchestral concerts in the chief cities of France, Belgium and Germany. Why does this musician of undoubted talent prefer to be known as Ronald rather than by his surname Russell?

The Referee (London) recently spoke of some singing pupils as "young aspirants who in the near future should administer to the joys of life." The Referee is both courteous and sanguine.

Six novelties by native British composers were promised for the 10 weeks' series of Promenade concerts in London led by Mr. Wood. The concerts began Aug. 15. The works are a symphony in E flat by Balfour Gardiner, 'cello concerto by Percy H. Miles, piano concerto by Yorke Bowen, "Village Suite" by Luard Selby, prelude to "Agamemnon" by W. H. Bell, and "Youth and Age" by Herbert Brewer. But British composers will he well represented at the concerts: Elgar 13 times, Mackenzie six, Sullivan four, German two, Bantock two, and Stanford, Cowen, Coleridge-Taylor and Ronald once. Why are not members of the more modern wing, Delius, Holbrook, Wallace and others, admitted? It is a pity that little or nothing of the music of these men is known in Boston. It is said that one or more of Delius' compositions may be performed this season at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

At a performance of "Faust," at Covent Garden last season, three British singers took part, but all the characters sang in Italian, except Mephistopheles, who preferred French. A soprano sang the music of Siebel, a contralto; a mezzo-soprano sang the music of Marguerite, a soprano.

The Russian Symphony orchestra of New York, Mr. Modest Altschuler conductor, will open its season the 21st at the Pittsburg Exposition. Mr. Maximilian Pilzer, a pupil of Joachim and an orchestra player of experience, will be the concert master.

Mr. Arnold Bax has given a concert of his own compositions, string quintet and songs, in London. The Pall Mall Gazette said of them: "They showed considerable fluency and certainty in workmanship and a good deal of musical invention; but on listening carefully to the music one could not help feeling that Mr. Bax was really saying very little, that his ideas were at bottom somewhat thin and tinged with a commonplaceness of melodic outline. By means of ingenious ... complexity was certainly conveyed which gave to the various works submitted character and not a little interest, yet such a method is not sound and, quite unconsciously, no douht, gave a suggestion of pretentiousness to the music. This seems a great pity, for one had touches here and there which revealed genuine ability misled by a determination to be original. No amount of technical skill can ultimately secure success for artwork if the underlying idea is weak, and when a composer seeks to cover up such weakness by elaboration of detail the hearer is only affected through the intellect and through the emotions."

Mr. Hermann Klein of New York will give a series of Sunday popular concerts on Sunday afternoons throughout the season after the New German Theatre, New York, (Fifty-ninth street and Madison avenue) is opened and until the end of next April. Mr Klein says "they will embody both vocal and instrumental features of a purely artistic type, furnishing a refined and attractive entertainment, eclectic in spirit, varied in selection, representative in character, potential in influence and culture." There is the customary sop, the dear, old and familiar sop so often thrown out in prospectuses: "An effort will be made to encourage and foster native art by affording opportunity to American performers whose gifts justify their appearance at the 'Sunday pops.'" Orchestra seats will cost $1.50; balcony seats, $1, and the admission to the gallery will be 50 cents, but the subscription to an orchestra seat (15 concerts) will cost $17.50.

Mme. Clara Butt, who made a large sum of money by singing in Australia, told a reporter at Sydney that the musical outlook in that country seemed to her "full of brightness." She also said that the country would be "one of great voices." Miss Ella Caspers of Sydney was named as a contralto with a beautiful voice and good musical instincts.

Mr. Kidson, an "esteemed authority on folk song," stated in a lecture given in London that at least two generations are necessary to "focus" or crystallize a melody into a permanent form. He combated the idea that the life of an air depends on the words associated with it. The text of traditional tunes has been changed many times. It is the tune that has carried the words to the people. "This has long been recognized by political agitators. No little of the popularity of the Jacobite cause may be attributed to its association with such melodies as 'The King Shall Have His Own Again,' 'The White Cockade' and 'Charlie Is My Darling.'"

Sept 14, 1908

CHARLES HARRINGTON.

The death of Dr. Charles Harrington is not only a grief to his friends and associates—and he had the gift of turning associates into friends, of grappling friends to his soul with hoops of steel; it is a loss to the city and to the commonwealth, a loss that might easily be characterized as irreparable. It has been said that the horizon contracts when a friend dies; yet when a public man of wise and beneficent purpose, native force and rare acquirements puts aside his work forever, he in dying extends this horizon by leaving his example as an encouragement to the courageous and the unselfish.

Dr. Harrington was by nature plain and direct in speech; a hater of shams and pretences. He would be the first to cry out against a pompous eulogy. Nor is there need of laudatory phrases to describe his character and his work. His character shaped his work, and this work, of vital importance to men, women and children, was constantly before the public, open to the inspection and the judgment of the public for whose service he lived and in whose service he died. As inspector of milk, as secretary to the board of health, as a master in all hygienic matters, the public knew him to be watchful of its interests; it felt safer because he was in office; it knew him to be skilful, brave, incorruptible.

There are men in offices of this character whose intentions were honorable when they began their work. They soon found lions without and feared to be slain in the street; or they were disheartened by the apathy of those whom they would fain protect; or they at last yielded to the temptation of following the line of the least resistance; and in some instances from accepting favors that led to personal profit they went on to seek these favors. Some are weak and self-deceivers; some are sly and smooth in methods, but cynical at heart.

Dr. Harrington as a public officer soon succeeded in awakening the conscience as well as the attention of the great public. He did this without beating of tom-toms, without any spectacular display. He appealed to the common sense of the community. If laws were loosely constructed, he tightened their application; if they were non-existent and needed, he saw to the framing, introduction, passage and approval. Naturally he made enemies, bitter enemies, among those who wished to enrich themselves by bribing or blinding officials that they might cheat the public in its food and drink; but these enemies were compelled to respect, even to admire, his vigor and his honesty.

Following boldly the plain path of duty, Dr. Harrington benefited the city and the state. Working thus without thought of self, he won a fame that was national. His career is a proof of the statement, so often doubted in these days, that there are true and competent servants in public office; that the work of these servants is appreciated so that a standard is set up by which others will inevitably be judged. The career of Dr. Harrington must be for years to come in this city an incentive to all that would, according to their opportunity and ability, contribute to the common weal.

Men and Things.

The Herald has received the following letter:

Boston, Sept. 11, 1908.

Men and Things: I was recently "down in the district of Maine." I heard a native speak of a cupola on a dwelling house as a "gazabo." The word itself was not unfamiliar, but I have heard it applied only in slang to a man of certain peculiarities and characteristics. This slang use is not wholly clear to me. I had thought that a "gazabo" is the sort of man who delights in whiskers of the zymo variety. (The plural, by the way, of zymo is zymos, not zymoes.) The late and benevolent Peter Cooper looked like a gazabo, as I understand the term, but he was not. Horace Greeley also looked like a gazabo. I was told yesterday that the term gazabo is applied to a "king pin," "the main guy"; that a gazabo is far removed from a "geezer." But I digress.

I asked a citizen of Maine if the word "gazabo" was commonly used to denote a cupola; he said yes, and seemed surprised at my question. He told me that the word was a corruption of "gaze about." Inasmuch as the cupola is an excellent place for observing the town, people in the streets, shipping, scenery, as the case may be, the place for gazing about was called a "gaze about," and corruption was inevitable.

It then occurred to me that inasmuch as the cupola was no doubt the favorite loafing place of old duffers, useless, superannuated, chattering, curious, the term was transferred from the thing to the user. Or was the citizen in the Maine town guying me? Did he, perchance, take me for a gazabo? And is there any such word?

HIRAM B. SAWTELL.

• • •

The preferred spelling of the word is "gazebo," and gazabo, gazeboo, gazeebo(o) are variants. The derivation is doubtful. The Oxford English Dictionary says: "Commonly explained as a humorous formation on 'Gaze,' the verb," which is of unknown origin; "imitating Latin futures like 'Videbo,' 'I shall see' (compare 'Lavabo'); but the early quotations suggest that it may possibly be a corruption of some oriental word." The gazebo is a turret or lantern on the roof of a house, "usually for the purpose of commanding an extensive prospect; also a similar erection in a garden or pleasure ground; a belvedere, or lookout; also a projecting window or balcony—thus houses in Valetta, Malta, have projecting balconies or gazebos covered and glazed, and they may be opened at pleasure."

The word seems to have come into English literature about the middle of the 18th century, when a Mr. Halfpenny, writing about architecture, described the elevation of "a Chinese tower of gazebo."

We are told that the transep or bulge of a pergola is also called a gazebo.

The word sounds as though it might come from the Moorish through the Spanish, but the Spanish word for a turret on the top of a house, the leads, a balcony to look about, is "mirador."

• • •

We are inclined to think that Mr.

Sewell's explanation of the slang term is correct. It is at least plausible and logical. A male gazebo, therefore, would be an old duffer, Paul Pry, snooper with a restless tongue. The word is in slang dictionaries, beginning with that of Capt. Grose, but it is there applied only to a summer house, elevated, and commanding an extensive view. It may therefore follow that inasmuch as a gazebo is prominent, a man of force and distinction may properly be called a gazebo, just as he is described as a tower of strength. Can any one tell us about when the word first appeared in American slang as applied to a man, and whether or not we took it from English slang?

* * *

An umbrella left by its owner in the cloak room of a Marseilles theatre disappeared, and the owner claimed damages to the extent of about $35 from the theatre company. The local courts allowed the plaintiff only 50 cents, on the ground that no umbrella can be possibly worth more. This is indeed an extraordinary decision. Are all umbrellas, in the eyes of the Marseilles judges, "gamps," "lettuces"? Perhaps they argued that the most svelte and refined umbrella is, like Iago's purse, mere trash, "'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands."

Let us think of more cheerful things. A London poet, reading the report of Sir James Crichton-Browne's lecture on the perils of under eating, burst forth with verses entitled

THE COMPLEAT EATER.

Run through the list of those whose names still hurtle
Through history's pages—soldier, priest, lord mayor—
Did they scorn venison? Did they jib at turtle?
Not they! They ate, and never turned a hair.

So let us eat, and while ascetics frighten
Women with bogies of a waist increased,
We, following our admirable Crichton,
Will say "Enough!" when we have had a feast.

Sept 15th 1908

Men and Things.

A dispatch from London published in the newspapers of last Sunday announced that "a large number of the most prominent subscribers to the Buenos Ayres opera have written a protest against the performance of Strauss' 'Salome' there. It (presumably the performance, not the protest) will be held in reserve and not given until after the close of the regular season." This dispatch began: "New York is not the only city to witness a protest against the production," etc.

This statement is not new, and it is misleading. It was announced at least a month ago in music journals of Europe that a protest would be made in Buenos Ayres; but note the difference between the early statement and that of last Sunday: "Richard Strauss' 'Salome' is about to be performed at the Buenos Ayres Opera House. Some women of the aristocracy have attempted to oppose the performance of Strauss' masterpiece, but they have succeeded only in making themselves ridiculous. The intellectual elite of Buenos Ayres purpose to make a manifestation at the first performance against the silliness of these excellent women, who, before they have seen the opera, have declared it to be immoral and scandalous." Thus the Guide Musical of Aug. 16, 23.

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The statement was also made recently that "Salome" was not performed in Boston by Mr. Conried's opera company because a lively protest was made here. This statement is inaccurate. When for certain reasons Strauss' opera was withdrawn from the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Conried made up his mind that the opera should not be performed elsewhere that season. His determination was not influenced by protests real or alleged; it was affected by the movements of his singers and other purely managerial reasons. Nor should it be forgotten that the protest in New York did not come from a majority of the box holders or of those that saw the public rehearsal and the one performance.

One other point: The objection was made to the scene in which Salome apostrophized the head of John the Baptist—not to the dance, which was beautiful and in no way immodest. If Mme. Fremstad and the stage manager had followed the stage directions of both Wilde and Strauss, there would probably have been no protest at all. But Mme. Fremstad, or the stage manager, insisted on bringing the head close to the footlights, and the stage was not darkened.

* * *

Censorship is often amusing, as we learn not only from the performances of the censor in London, but from Dr. Robert Heindl's book on censorship. Surely Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" is a blameless play, as far as decency or morality is concerned. Yet when this tragedy was performed at Vienna for the first time, changes were insisted upon. There was objection to the title, and "Joan of Arc" was substituted. Schiller was reckoned among the revolutionaries, a dangerous fellow, therefore his name was not printed on the play bill. Agnes Sorel, the sweetheart of Charles VII., became his lawful wife and was named Marie. Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, took the name of Prince Louis and became the King's cousin. As for Queen Isabeau, she was turned into a sister of the King.

* * *

Vienna for years was fussy. The manager of the Burg Theatre was anxious to produce Gustav Freytag's "Count Waldemar," but the censor made furious opposition; and why? He said: "In this play the count marries the daughter of a gardener. This may unfortunately happen in real life, but it must not be tolerated on the stage of the Burg Theatre."

* * *

"Oglio en tasse" is served at the imperial villa at Ischl when the Emperor of Austria gives a luncheon to a potentate. "Olio," to use the more common spelling, is a condensed soup. The recipe has been long kept secret by the cooks in the Vienna Hofburg, and there is one kitchen reserved especially for the preparation of the soup. A foreign newspaper swears that the recipe is as follows:

"Take seven pounds of beef and six of veal, and cut into small pieces; lay side by side in a deep pan and cover with a thin layer of sliced suet; upon this again lay four onions cut into slices and over the whole pour just one pint of water. Then place on the stove and allow to stand for two hours. Then half fill the pan with water, and allow to boil gently. The scum should be continually removed. After two hours more add half a leg of mutton, half a hare or rabbit, two chickens, two partridges, all cut up, and besides, parsley, celery roots, cabbage, turnips and carrots, all cut into slices. Then fill the pan to the brim with water and allow to boil for five hours. The olio is then finished. It is put aside to cool so that the fat, which forms a crust on the top, can be taken off. The soup is afterwards poured through a fine wet napkin, and can be kept for days until it is used, provided no salt has been added." It is said that olio is served at court balls as a bracer for the cotillon, and for this purpose the chef generally prepares at least 200 quarts.

* * *

Dr. Cook, medical officer for a district of Essex in England, says the abolition of the milkmaid was the greatest misfortune that ever happened to the dairy business, for she generally had clean hands, whereas the cowman's hands are "of necessity" filthy. But why "of necessity"? The milkmaid was abolished because she did up her hair with pins; the pins fell into the hay and the cows ate them. A Scot, hearing Dr. Cook's remark, is quoted by the North British Agriculturist as replying: "Ay, but lads and lassies will be courtin'. When hairpins drop aboot, wha's tae pey?"

Sept 16. 1908

Men and Things.

European journals tell us that the Parisian undertakers, in conference, have determined to wear a "more graceful costume," not a more "tasty," not a more "classy" costume, but one that is more graceful. The uniform has been of late years black evening dress of a most durable cloth, thick and stiff, black boots, white shirt, black tie and a "shining black top hat which can be sat upon without feeling it." This description of the hat is vague. Does the writer mean that the undertaker can sit on the hat without feeling it, or that he can sit on the hat without crushing it? The Parisian has not worn weepers for many years. The chief man now sports at a funeral a red and blue sash over his shirt front, for the display of the colors of the city shows that he is engaged in a municipal service.

* * *

The privilege of wearing this sash has kindled envy in the breast of the humble mute. His wish is to bedeck his person, even when the funeral and yet remain "within the bounds of a good sober taste." A special light uniform has been proposed for summer funerals; thus in July and August a uniform of black or gray alpaca, or silk "of some pleasant hue, both neat and not gaudy"; instead of the hot plug hat, a straw with a black ribbon, or a gray Homburg. There may be fancy waistcoats, but there should be no venturing beyond an unobtrusive black, or white, or gray and white stripe.

* * *

This reminds us that when Mme. Clara Butt, who once sang in Boston "Abide with Me" in a thrilling manner and with the aid of a cabinet organ, was in a small town in New Zealand, a carriage met her at the station, and the local undertaker was the footman. He wore his customary suit of solemn black, but he had substituted a white cravat. Describing him, she added: "With a desire to dispel any morbid impressions he might otherwise have created, he commenced to whistle a selection of the most cheerful tunes he knew, while he held the door open for us and helped us into the carriage."

* * *

Mr. Fullerton L. Waldo, secretary of a civil service commission, recently characterized Mayor Reyburn of Philadelphia as a "calcareous spicule in a sub-stratum of clay." These are indeed bitter words. The mayor might well have choked in impotent rage, crushed by the weight of the accusation, as did the fishwife when she was called a hypothenuse; futhermore, he might have been sorely perplexed, for a spicule, we understand, may be either calcareous or silicious, and the state of being calcareous may be the more hopeless. We were under the impression that spicules are generally found in various invertebrate animals, as sponges. And how did the mayor take it? He chuckled: "Well, Waldo's been busy again. Calcareous spicule—I pass." Now that we are entering on a campaign which may soon be "heated," with much "nalling of lies" and "hurling back the accusation in the teeth, etc.," many should follow Mayor Reyburn's example.

* * *

Has any one a copy of the poems of Lady Vere de Bunk? If so, we should consider it a great favor to be permitted to read them. The Manicure Lady quoted by the St. Louis Times thinks highly of them. "One of the poems made me cry."

Love you? My darling! When you speak
A rich, ripe flame illumes my cheek,
And even mantles my Roman beak.

"She wrote another, and I can't get the lines out of my head. It was about a young couple that loved and then drifted apart, because the girl had been eating dinner with the fellow in a restaurant, and had spilled some mock turtle soup on her shirt waist. * * * One of the verses, I think it was the last one, went like this:"

You mocked me when I ate mock turtle soup,
I cried that night until I got the croup;
Everybody in the place
Seen it splashing on the lace;
You mocked me when I ate mock turtle soup.

* * *

The Spokane Spokesman-Review publishes a letter from Mr. Theodore Allen, "the man without a home." He has prospected for gold without success, and now he is prospecting for a wife. His letter shows a frank and confiding nature:

"I have been a confirmed old bachelor now for 10 years, being 38 all told, and she must take me with the understanding of teaching me to love, as I am no lover naturally, although I have been told I have a kissable mouth. At any rate, it has never been tainted with the use of tobacco. So that will help some. My ignorance of love, no doubt, will appeal more practically to the widow or grass widow that has had a happy or unhappy experience, as the case may be, as the old maids will not know any more about it than I do myself."

Yet we think Mr. Allen might look kindly on a spinster, if she can furnish him "with the best home and carfare" until he can find a job, as he says.

He draws the line at 50; "I am not particular if her hair is wavy chetsnut and her complexion peaches and cream that comes off in her boudoir. * * * If some kind, lonely lady takes compassion on me as an utter failure of finance, I'll make her a kind husband and maybe a real loving one after I learn how, for I have a sunny disposition." He insists, however, on this: "She must be a lady and have money, for I am a gentleman of good old English birth, only poor now and forsaken."

* * *

Mr. Allen should exercise greater care. We fear his sunny disposition may be imposed on. Let him ponder the fate of Mr. John W. Wright of Macon, Mo. A few weeks ago he filed a petition for divorce against his wife, and his petition contained this clause: "And plaintiff avers that defendant would swear by heaven and earth, the angels above and the demons below, and would weave strange spells over this plaintiff, causing him to be nervous and absent minded and to forget his business engagements, to his great humiliation and distress, thus rendering his condition intolerable."

Sept 17 1908

Men and Things.

Many men and women are pathetically interested in talk and articles about insomnia. To them "The City of Dreadful Night" and the still more terrible poem of the same author are matter of fact accounts. They smile when you say jauntily that insomnia is a modern disease, due to the pressure and haste of daily life. They remember the ancient king who in despair because he could not sleep had rigged for him a couch of leather resting on a bed of quicksilver; they remember the eastern ruler to whom Scheherazade told wondrous tales for a thousand nights and a night; they remember Harun al-Raschid, overcome by the "tedium of the East," sleepless, forced to night adventures in the streets, curious about faintly heard revels in sly, secretive houses, or jovial for the moment with his grand vizier, accomplished sworder and strange company; they remember Ahasuerus, the one that reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces—how in Shushan the palace he could not sleep, so that he commanded to bring the book of records of the chronicles. Insomnia a strictly modern disease? Go to! We are all inclined to flatter ourselves.

* * *

Mr. George R. Sims has suffered lately from insomnia and he has been telling the readers of the Referee about it in his fine old melo-dramatic way. His case is not so bad as that of his friend, a physician, who lies awake till dawn, "and then, when he falls asleep, he has nightmare and dreams that he is awake and can't get to sleep." Poor Mr. Sims lies awake and tosses, until "just at the minute" when he should rise and dress for the day's work, he falls asleep. He thinks he might acquire the sleep habit if he were to live properly; get out of bed at 3 P. M. and then breakfast; take at 7 P. M. a meal equivalent to a midday dinner; exercise or amuse himself from 8 P. M. till midnight; take tea at 12:15 A. M. and then work till 5 or 6 A. M., at which hour he would take a cup of cocoa or something equally light and go to bed. Unfortunately for him the members of his household do not look on the plan favorably.

* * *

Yet Mr. Sims has the strength to write these lines apropos of the "second Thaw case":

We's had enough "Unwritten Law";
Now let us have "Unprinted Thaw."

* * *

The late Hugh Coyle may be called "the original of the modern press agent"; he may have been the dean of the press agents, but he was not the first passionate press agent. The copy he furnished the newspapers when he was in the employ of P. T. Barnum was picturesque, amusing, effective; but it was not passionate.

Nor was Mr. Coyle the first press agent in the larger and epic meaning of the word. Some of the pianists who visited this country years ago were heralded superbly. The life of Leopold de Meyer, published in pamphlet form for concert purposes, was a masterpiece, especially the chapter in which his concert for the harem of the Sultan was vividly described. There were press agents long before P. T. Barnum began to entertain the public. What were the old bards and harpers but press agents of kings and heroes who fed them and gave them drink?

* * *

Foreign journals now acquaint us with the details of quick-smoking competitions in Bavarian towns and villages. The members of the club meet in local taverns once a week for practice. The competition is at an annual festival and it is held under "precise and elaborate rules and conditions." The contestants are divided into two bodies of ten each. They sit on a platform. The president weighs out with infinite care five grammes, about one-sixth of an ounce, of tobacco for each man, who puts it in a brand new pipe. A signal is given. Matches are struck, the pipes are lit. The judge counts aloud the seconds and minutes. Before three minutes have passed most of the pipes are smoked out. The time of each contestant is recorded when he hands over his pipe; the

ashes in the pipe are examined that there has been fair play. prizes are beer steins and smokers' es. Pray, where is the fun in all The true pleasure in smoking is beration, in meditation.

* * *

Francis of Teck, chairman of the l Automobile Club, has determined e the dust problem. He has therepublished a long article that is ly amusing. "The result of the points to the necessity of attacking problem from the point of view of construction more than from the of view of motor car construc- therefore the chauffeurs and ownould consider the condition of the and drive accordingly. Owners rgently requested to provide their with a speedometer, "as I am confithat this would have the immediate of greatly reducing the speed at some vehicles now—unconsciously, convinced—approach corners and through villages and towns." O ous Francis! "The nuisance d by dust would be much reduced ivers and occupants of cars would in if their cars are raising dust t." And how are they to do this? ing some wayfarer, farmer, pon? Oh, no. "This can be easily by looking back occasionally, or e use of mirrors on the cars." No r that he is chairman of the club. born, foreordained, predestinated e on committees.

* * *

le Leneru contributes to the Mer- France of Aug. 16 a long article, Cas de Miss Helen Keller." The begins: "America is rich in g girls, but they are not all after nanner of Alice Roosevelt and s Vanderbilt." Mark Twain, is d as saying that the two most exdinary personages of the 19th cen- are Napoleon Bonaparte and Helen r The present contribution is d chiefly on Miss Keller's magazine le, "Sense and Sensibility," from h many passages are quoted.

Sept 18. 1908

UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM.

A cartoon of a political nature ggested by Salome's dance was rawn by Mr. E. W. Kemble and lished recently in Harper's eekly. The New York Times in n editorial note said that it liked cartoon and had always liked it ever since it was drawn by one of its artists and published in a Sunday issue of that journal. Mr. Kemble answered the Times by aying that he did not see the Sa- e cartoon published in the Times, "or you may be sure my cartoon would have been shelved." Mr Kemble added: "I have been too long in the business to lay myf open to criticism for such an pardonable crime' as this. You believe me, don't you? My friends do" The Times, eminently fair s treatment of correspondents, published the letter with the heading, "Mr. Kemble should read the Times more carefully."

No one will doubt the truth of Mr. Kemble's statement. A caricaturist naturally takes an incident of contemporaneous interest as a suggestion. The popular success of "The Devil," whatever the critics' opinion of the worth of the drama may be, will inevitably inspire cartoons of a political nature, as did "Three Weeks" when there was much foolish or angry talk about that novel. It is not surprising that the now too celebrated dance of Salome should have appealed to several political caricaturists, nor is it possible for one of them to follow constantly the deeds of his colleagues. Hardly a year passes that some caricaturist does not adapt to his purpose the famous picture of Napoleon on his way back from Russia.

Within a few years one and the ame story has been told in turn of wo prominent members of the Boston bar now dead. The story was this: A judge in each instance was determined to hold court on Good Friday. Each lawyer, a witty Irishman, in turn remonstrated on the ground that the only court held on Good Friday was presided over by Pontius Pilate. Now this is an old anecdote. It was related as long ago as 1824 of Lord Mansfield and Serjeant Davy, and told as follows:

"His lordship, it is well known, had too much of the spirit of John Knox, or something equally unfettering, to pay any great regard to the holidays appointed by the Church of England. He had not suspended the business of the court in which he presided for the sake of Ash Wednesday, and even this decision of 'currat lex' had given offence to some who regarded the commencement of Lent, but making an attempt to proceed with business on Good Friday, he was resisted by Serjeant Davy, who, on his announcing his intention, told him that his lordship would be 'the first judge that had done so since Pontius Pilate.'" We quote from the memoirs of Laetitia Matilda Hawkins.

The Boston lawyers may or may not have been familiar with this anecdote. If they were not, the caustic reply might easily have occurred to either one of them, nimble wits and devout churchmen. Even duller persons in company often and suddenly arrive at the same conclusion or are simultaneously reminded of a comparison in illustration of a fact or opinion. There were witty lawyers before Sergeant Davy. And so there have been imaginative cartoonists before Mr. Kemble and the artist of the Times. If any one should take the trouble to look over the early volumes of Punch he would be surprised to see instances of anticipation, but to charge the successors of the earlier caricaturists with deliberate plagiarism would in the great majority of instances be most unjust.

Men and Things.

Harsh things have been said about the inability of a Scot to understand, much less appreciate a joke, and yet Scotchmen are continually jesting in their grim way. It is not always easy to determine whether their jests are in earnest. Here, for instance, is a letter written by "Styx" to the Glasgow Herald. Mark the opening:

"I am surprised that our education department has not yet introduced bagpipe playing into our schools. There are many much less useful subjects on the curriculum. The extirpation of tuberculosis is a national question, and is one crying for every possible means of prevention. It seems to me that scientific lung development has been too long neglected, and more is the pity, seeing that our national instrument lies to our very hand for the purpose. The enviable chest measurement of our pipers is due not so much to other forms of physical exercise as to their lung exertion. Now, sir, I would suggest as a compulsory subject judicious bagpipe playing for our children. The training should begin with the infants and be carried on in a graduated system for both boys and girls. Up to the age of 12 a miniature but still thoroughly working instrument ought to be used, and from that age onward the full-sized one. The rhythmic inhalations and exhalations of the pulmonary process, according to rules laid down by the department, could not fail to be of incalculable benefit."

* * *

The writer looks forward to seeing the bagpipe the "bond of order and harmony"; it would take the place of the bell and the "still more abominable piano." It would train the eye, for "the choice of the ornamental ribbons would be a lesson in aesthetics." There are children who could use the family tartans.

Reading this letter repeatedly, we have come to the conclusion that "Styx" is joking, joking on a serious subject. He will soon be recommending haggis to all those suffering from dyspepsia or colonitis. He may even insist that Kallyard literature is the only sort that will go thundering down the corridors of time.

* * *

Mr. Charles Dawbarn has been engaged in discovering New York and he has sent a report of the first results to the Pall Mall Gazette. "The distinguishing note of New York is its vividness." The "Gargantuan skyscrapers" project deep, cool shadows, so that the contrast with the brilliant sunlit streets is more "poignant." The air is "like champagne"—for New Jersey is just across the Hudson. "An American will swallow his lunch in 10 minutes and spend half an hour on the curb watching a dog fight." Thus is he, too, vivid.

"You recognize the vividness of New York the moment you leave shipboard at Hobokon, or wherever you may land." This is a delicate allusion no doubt to the Custom House officers, for they may justly be characterized as vivid. The streets of Hoboken—a town usually named only in derision, as a song in the mouths of drunkards—remind Mr. Dawbarn of the look of suburban England with the touch of the seaside. No, Hoboken is not vivid, it is calm, meditative, probably on account of the number of beer saloons. The great arc lights that fizz and glow in New York move the stranger to rhapsodic speech and the saltarello. The shop girls, the professional girls are vivid; they are also "typical of New York, and, indeed, of the whole American continent." "In the taste and elegance of their clothes there is something of the Parisian spirit, of that peculiar faculty for combining colors and blending effects which is certainly the heritage of the 'ouvriere.'" We should all be grateful to Mr. Dawbarn; he does not prate about the "skyline"; but, pray, what does he mean by the following sentences: "You feel an atmosphere of well being, of solid contentment, prosperity and self esteem about the common people in the States. This is typified by these well-gowned, bright and pleasing young women who carry out so large a part of the daily routine of Uncle Sam." We should like to be present when Mr. Dawbarn addresses one of these pleasing young women as a "common" person.

* * *

Man has one friend at least and his name is Judge Pollard of St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. M. E. Otto, "head of the Girls' Rescue Home and Union Mission leader," took great pleasure in lashing a Mr. Kellar with a horsewhip. A Mr. Matthews held Mr. Kellar while Mrs. Otto made merry with the whip. And what did Judge Pollard say? "You," said the judge, turning to Mrs. Otto, "are a woman strong of arm and strong of voice. * * * You pounced upon him in a public place and did what was worse than shooting him. To whip a helpless man is worse than to shoot him, because it leaves a brand of humiliation on him." It may here be remarked that Mr. Kellar's "right eye showed a livid cut," and the heavy horsewhip was broken in three parts over him.

* * *

Mr. Edward P. Yingling, 87 years old, was photographed at Hanover, Pa., with his son, grandson and great-grandson. Two hours afterward he was sick. A few days after he was stricken with paralysis and he soon died. We were under the impression that photography, thanks to recent discoveries, is now a painless and comparatively safe treatment for a patient to undergo.

* * *

Mrs. John F. Swift, "the well known clubwoman"—oh, odious phrase!—stated not long ago in an address at Berkeley, Cal., that the American woman is petted and pampered to such an extent that she is in danger of losing all hope of securing her just dues. "American women have too much jam on their bread and butter, and too much parlor suffrage."

* * *

A singular instance of credulity is reported in London. Miss Emma Ling, who for some years has worn a glass eye, visited Mr. Tom Rogers, a phrenologist, who said he could put "the cast in her eye right for her." She said she did not think he could work miracles. He persisted, and answered that if she would leave the glass eye out, he could in a few months grow a natural one in its place. She was persuaded and she was treated at the rate of 5 shillings a visit. The treatment was this: he placed her on a table covered with green cloth and stroked and struck her "spine, back and head." When he had received about £14 from her he began slapping her on the face by the side of the vacant eye socket. For some reason or other no eye grew, and Mr. Rogers has been committed for trial without bail.

Sept. 9 1908

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Sir Oliver Lodge is again deeply impressed by messages received from dead friends through a medium. Those mourning their dead, inconsolable, yet longing to be comforted, may well grasp at any "revelation" that may inform them as to existence in another world, however vague the revelation or message may be. How a man of scientific mind and attainments can be satisfied, or, at least, reassured, by messages of the character recently received from dead investigators, scientists, poets, essayists, is incomprehensible. It is true that these men beyond the veil say that they have great difficulty in expressing themselves, but why should acute thinkers on earth maunder as spirits; why should writers of polished verses suddenly compose doggerel?

When Artemus Ward was in London he wrote an account for Punch of a "Trans-Mejim," a "spirit feller": "When he slings himself into a transstate he says the sperrits of departed great men talk through him." When Artemus arrived at the hall, the "Mejim was just then assumin' to be Benjamin Franklin, who was speakin' about the Atlantic Cable. He said the Cable was really a merrytorious affair, and that messiges could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin' there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idee, and much quicker than by steamer or canal boat." The audience was greatly stirred, and some kept saying, "How beautiful!" "What a sublime thing it is!" But Artemus made this profound observation: "It struck me that if this was Franklin, a spiritooal life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellecks particly."

Men and Things.

Sir John Hare, the play-actor, admits in his article in the Strand Magazine that he had a beautiful time in Boston. He enjoyed the club life here and, no doubt to the surprise of certain active and kicking members of one of these clubs, he found his dinner, served at the "uncomfortable and inconvenient" hour of 4 P. M., "always exquisitely cooked." So highly was Sir John esteemed at the Union Club that the chef was instructed to stay in that he might minister to him. Of course, Sir John wished to show his gratitude, but the sensible rule forbids servants of the club to receive tips. He was informed that passes to the theatre where he was playing would be appreciated. "There were seventy servants in the club," but they were told off in detachments and seats allotted to them in order of their position. Let us hope that they had encouraging hands. They, too, showed appreciation, for they sent him a "superb trophy" of flowers on the last night of his engagement.

* * *

All clubs worthy the name forbid servants to receive tips, but the rule is not infrequently broken. When it is broken the offender is usually a guest; yet there are members—we hope they are few in number—who fee a waiter or a bed chamber man in the hope that they will be better cared for, or they tip from a foolish desire to be considered generous and "men of the world." Such members should be haled at once before the executive committee. They are in the class with members who mutilate newspapers and magazines and bully waiters. For all such there should be a committee on ejections, ordained and courteous bouncers.

* * *

Sir John Hare mentions with marked affection a certain club in Boston because it is "modelled on English lines." We have been assured by visiting Englishmen that Boston itself is "modelled on English lines," that they are happy here because they are constantly reminded of their "old 'ome." The greater includes the less, and naturally any local club should resemble an English one. Yet there is an important differ-

here. The best English clubs are run on the principle that excellent food, drink and tobacco should be furnished members at the lowest price possible. There are clubs in Boston with officers who think it the duty of the association to make money by charging their fellow-members stiff prices.

* * *

More news from Austria. The military authorities are making experiments in the direction of vegetarianism. The commissariat departments have received orders to test the value of milk and milk products, especially cheese, and the soldiers, poor wretches, are to be given skim milk for a time. "It is suggested that recruits would form a good subject for experiment, and that they might be given smaller rations of meat, with increased allowances of vegetables and pastry and puddings, composed of milk and cereals." To the symbolist it would appear that raw recruits should be fed on raw meat, raw fruits and raw vegetables. However this may be, the dietetic experiments lend a new terror to war.

* * *

A "medical victim" of cocaine has been giving his personal experiences. They are not so interesting as those of De Quincey, the opium dreamer, or as those of Fitz Hugh Ludlow, whose fine talent was drugged by hashish. This cocaine victim is severely analytical, rather than rhapsodic and eloquent. It is his belief that cocaine is the most demoralizing of all drugs, the one that unfits man completely for any sort of work or social intercourse.

The mental excitement due to cocaine, whether it be pleasure in the slight intoxication or joy in the strangeness of the sensation, lasts only from five to fifteen minutes; but the reaction, if it be not counteracted, lasts from six to twelve hours. During the reaction the victim is restless, excitable; his muscles are tense, he is anxious and suspicious. "He imagines that every one is looking at him, and his dominant desire at this time is for solitude." Locked in his own room, he imagines watchers outside "with eyes glued to imaginary peepholes. * * * If he ventures into the street he thinks he is watched and followed, and that the passersby make remarks about him." He hears voices which have no existence; his aural hallucinations are soon supplemented by visual ones. As morphine is a powerful antidote to cocaine, the victim of the latter may also easily become a slave to morphine.

Sept 20 1908

OPERA THESIS FOR MUSICAL COMEDIES

Reviewer Asks Why American Composers Are Obliged to Supply for Silly Farces.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Not long ago a New York newspaper, reviewing a musical comedy imported from England, asked piteously why American composers of operetta music could not be provided with intelligiole and amusing librettos; why they were obliged to provide for rambling, silly farces without point, continuity and plot; why our better playwrights could not be persuaded to do work in this field and thus follow the example of Messrs. Gilbert, Pinero, Barrie and Doyle. The inference was that they order these things better in England.

But do they? About the time the New York newspaper praised the English musical comedy there was an entertaining and illuminative discussion in several London newspapers concerning the grievous faults of contemporaneous musical comedy in London. The Referee published a long letter purporting to be written by a librettist, in which "Quis" pleaded in behalf of musical comedy as a form of dramatic art, and at the same time lamented his lot as a framer and filler of librettos.

"Quis" insists that the author whose name appears on the playbill is not to be blamed. "It must be obvious to the very feeblest intellect that half the rubbish that is spoken in a musical play is sure as no man in his senses could ever have written down with deliberation. Sometimes I wonder why authors are engaged to do the work at all, and I think it would serve the purpose quite as well to construct the piece on the stage and to leave it to the comedians to make up the whole of the dialogue as the thing proceeds instead of exhausting their wit and invention upon the elaboration of their own particular parts. I don't believe any 'book' can ever have left a writer's desk quite so poor as it comes out in representation.

"It is significant of much, as Carlyle would say, that the author of the most successful comedy of the present season, whose name was officially announced as the writer of the libretto of a certain musical play, does not put in any sort of claim in the programme to the authorship of the 'book,' and, again, that the name of a well known writer and critic which is commonly associated with the authorship of the 'book' of another musical play seems to have disappeared as mysteriously from the bills. * * * Certainly our composers deserve something better than the aimless, brainless, formless stuff and nonsense they are used to; and the public, I believe, demands it, as the managers have yet to discover—not, I permit myself to hope, to their cost."

"Quis" agrees with Adrian Ross that musical comedy has come to stay, but he is inclined to think that the public is beginning to be sick and tired of "the same old buffooneries."

He puts the blame of the ordinary "book" as it is given to an audience, not on the shoulders of the comedians, rushing for the spot light and fond of their gags, but on the shoulders of the "producers." "I cannot help thinking that it is because the 'producers' of musical comedies are just as destitute of any sense of literary or dramatic values as the actor-managers, who consider a play only in relation to their own personal part in it, that the 'book' of a play is considered as a matter of much inferior consequence to the music, the acting, and the mise-en-scene. I declare to you I have seen a manager at rehearsal fling aside £500 worth of dresses because they did not appeal to his sense of color; yet I have seen the same manager, from sheer ignorance, cut out an essential scene of a play in order to make way for a song or a dance."

This librettist cherishes the fond delusion that the audience would be as much interested in what it might hear as in what it might see; that it would be as much engrossed in hearing witty dialogues and following the action of the comedy as in looking at the dancing and hearing the music.

It is easy to make this or the contrary statement. I believe that an American audience at a performance of a musical comedy is interested, first of all, in the evolutions of the chorus girls, the dancing, the costumes; then in the gags and pranks of the leading comedian; then in the music of both comic and sentimental songs. These are the essentials in the eyes and ears of the public. If the piece is coherent comedy from start to finish, so much the better; but it is not enough for the success of a musical comedy that a story be well told or that the dialogue be lively and rational. Operetta comedians and play actresses with the aid of chorus girls succeed every season, though the respective "books" may be stupid or absurd.

The names of Messrs. Pinero, Barrie and Doyle have been mentioned as writers of librettos for composers. How many in Boston of those who have contracted the habit of enjoying musical comedies can now name Mr. Pinero's piece by its title? How many can tell offhand the title of the musical comedy by Messrs. Barrie and Doyle? Whether it were the fault of the librettists or the composers, the pieces had little success.

The French excel in books for operetta, not necessarily because librettists and composers work faithfully together, but because they both, in nine cases out of ten, have stage instinct. The average young French composer dreams, first of all, of triumphs in the opera house. He is not ashamed to begin humbly. Even Cesar Franck in his mature years wrote two operas, although his genius was not theatrical, and he also was guilty of a youthful indiscretion in the way of a comic opera which, to his joy afterward, was not performed or published. The French librettists are, as a rule, much better playwrights than the English and Americans. Their pieces have a foundation, however grotesque the structure may be; the structure stands firmly; it has a weather-tight roof, as well as doors and windows and certain ornamentation.

Because an American has written amusing dialogue for the newspapers or is the author of a "quick-seller," it does not follow that he is just the man for the book of a musical comedy. It is seldom that he has the faculty of construction or that he is able to present beings who move and act as living beings. He furnishes, in fact, only a few scenes and scraps of ordinary dialogue. And, lo, when the piece is rehearsed, he finds himself in the hands of the chorus girls and the aggressively individual comedian.

Messrs. Bach & Co. of London are about to publish the harpsichord music, toccatas, fugues, minutes, airs with variations, etc., of Alessandro, Scarlatti. Only a small quantity of this music has yet appeared in print. The manuscript used by Messrs. Bach & Co. may have been in the Abbe Santini's library now at Munster. The music will be issued in 12 parts and edited by J. S. Shedlock. Part I. will be issued early in October, and the work will be completed within a year.

Messrs. Novello have issued a second volume of English Folk-songs. R. Vaughan-Williams has collected and arranged 15 songs from the eastern counties for this volume. "Ward, the Pirate," "Bushes and Briars" (Essex) and "The Bold Princess Royal" (Norfolk) are among the more striking.

The fashionable hour for concerts in London about 1750 was 6 P. M.

Henri Duparc's fine song "Phidyle," with orchestral accompaniment, was sung for the first time in London Aug. 26 at a promenade concert by Miss Elyda Russell. The Daily Telegraph thinks the song "a little conventional from the modern French point of view." The Times found it full of "refined expressiveness." An early symphony of Haydn, the sixth in D, did not awaken intense interest at a concert of the 22d ult.

Alderman Koch of Milwaukee, who is a union musician, thinks that the talk about Milwaukee being a musical city is "rot." He has unbosomed himself to a Journal reporter as follows: "A musician can scarcely make a living here, although it takes him years to perfect himself. Why, I know a man who could not make more than $8 a week in Milwaukee who was paid $75 a week when he went with Sousa. He made so much money that he was finally doing nothing but counting money all the time, and they had to put him in an insane asylum." And so the last state of that man was worse than the first.

The London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald is a shrewd guesser. Hearing a performance of "The Huguenots," he said that Marguerite of Valois is not one of Tetrazzini's best parts. "The role is not musically effective since the floriture of the well known airs seems out of place as an expression of Marguerite's desire to pacify both factions of Huguenots and Catholics. We can suspect Meyerbeer, although a Jew, of being deliberately satirical, but that would be the only sane explanation." No doubt the correspondent wrote "we cannot suspect," etc.

Sir Charles V. Stanford collected some of his articles on music with a view to publication in book form.

Miss Edith Mason and Thomas H. Persse, known in former years at the Castle Square Theatre as "the broncho tenor," have been singing in Offenbach's "Hoffmann's Tales" in San Francisco.

The operatic students of the Royal College of Music, London, will perform Goetz's "Francesca da Rimini," an opera that has never been heard in England.

Willem Ees, now conductor at Coblenz, has turned a piece by Schumann, composed originally for the horn, into a concert piece for 'cello and orchestra. The original work consisted of an adagio and an allegro.

The Moody-Manners company attempted to perform "Tristan and Isolde" with Enriquita Crichton and Philip Brozel as the lovers, Aug. 25. Miss Crichton's Isolde was highly praised, but the orchestra, it seems, was wholly inadequate.

Miss Destinn in London objected to being called a "Fraeulein," especially since she is a Bohemian and not a German. She stated that if there were need of strict accuracy she should be called "Slecna Destinn."

Miss Ellen Yerrinton of Cambridge, pianist, will live in Berlin this season as a preparer for Mme. Carreno's pupils in that city.

Mr. Wolstenholme, the blind London organist, will make a tour in the United States and Canada this fall. He will arrive in October and will remain about nine weeks.

Mme. Nordica's concert trip will begin at Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 7. She will be on the Pacific coast about the middle of December.

Mr. Balfour is an Englishman who was one of the group—Mr. Cyril Scott was another—that studied composition under Ivan Knorr at Frankfort. He wrote a symphony about three years ago and this symphony, revised, was played for the first time at a promenade concert in London, Aug. 27. The Pall Mall Gazette says that the work shows him to be well equipped in dealing with a large form. "The form is treated successfully in that the music carries with it an air of importance; it hangs together, possesses continuity, and further is very well scored in the modern fashion. Otherwise there is a good deal about the work that is not altogether satisfying. The usual faults with so much of young British music are to be met with—lack of distinction in the subject matter, and a curious deficiency in the power of keeping in the same mood for a sufficient length of time for the impression to be lasting * * * Where one felt lack of distinction in the themes was not only in melodic outline, but in harmonic progression. The ear soon tires of successions of major thirds, moving in steps of whole tones, and there is a sound acoustical reason for this. Doubtless something can be made of extreme harmonies of the kind, but few writers of the modern school have as yet shown us how to do it artistically."

"Sir Arthur Sullivan and His Operas" is the title of a small volume by C. W. Findon, published by Sisley's. Mr. Findon is sad to write enthusiastically.

SYMPHONY SEASON TO START ON OCT. 9

Max Fiedler of Hamburg Takes Dr. Muck's Place as Conductor.

The 28th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will begin with a public rehearsal on Friday afternoon, Oct. 9, and a concert on Saturday evening Oct. 10. The auction sales of seats for the season will fall on the following days: Monday, Sept. 28, the $18 seats for the public rehearsals; Tuesday, Sept. 29, the $10 seats for the public rehearsals; Thursday, Oct. 1, the $18 seats for the concerts, and Friday, Oct. 2, the $10 seats for the concerts. As in former years, Boston will have 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoon, except on Dec. 25 (Christmas) and April 9 (Good Friday), when the rehearsals will be given on the day before, Thursday, Dec. 24, and Thursday, April 8. The 24 concerts will be given on Saturday evenings. These public rehearsals and concerts will be given in successive weeks with the following exceptions: Nov. 6 and 7, Dec. 4 and 5, Jan. 8 and 9 and 29 and 30, Feb. 19 and 20 and March 19 and 20. On these dates the orchestra will be out of town. The last concert will be given on Saturday evening, May 1. The schedule of the orchestra calls for a total of 110 concerts, of which 48 will be given in Boston, 10 in New York, 8 in Cambridge, 5 each in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and Brooklyn, 3 each in Providence and Hartford and the rest in various cities. The annual trip to the West will be made in the last week of January.

A New Conductor.

The coming season brings to the orchestra and to Boston a new conductor, the sixth that has been at the head of the organization. When it became definitely known last year that the services of Dr. Muck could not be retained for another season, a thorough canvass was made of all the great conductors of Europe who were available, and final choice settled on Max Fiedler of Hamburg. Mr. Fiedler has made his career exclusively as a conductor in concert work and his career has been comparatively short, for he was in the prime of life before conditions enabled him to take up the baton. He has been a conductor only 13 years, but his rise in his branch of the art has been extraordinarily rapid, until today he is ranked among the few great conductors of the world, and his services as "guest" are constantly in demand in the musical centres of Europe.

Mr. Fiedler was born in Zittau, Saxony, Dec. 31, 1859. His father, a musician of note and the musical director of the city, gave him his early training with such success that when he was 17 years old he went to the Leipsic Conservatory, the holder of the Holstein scholarship. There he was a fellow-student of Dr. Muck, and worked under the direction of Reinecke, Paul and Jadasson. He was graduated with high honors in 1880.

Like his predecessor, Dr. Muck, he had planned to be a concert pianist, but overmuch practising disabled one of his arms to such an extent that he was compelled to give up his ambition, and two years later he accepted from Ludwig von Bernuth, the founder of the Hamburg Conservatory of Music, the position of teacher of advanced pupils of the piano in the institution. Hamburg has since been his home, and since 1894 he has been the director of the conservatory.

It has seldom been the fortune of a man to exert so powerful an influence over the musical destinies of a city as Fiedler has in Hamburg. When he first went to Hamburg, von Buelow was conducting the Elite concerts there, and it was that great master who inspired in Fiedler the ambition to become a conductor. Therefore, in 1886, Fiedler gave a concert at which he conducted two works of his own, a symphony in D minor and a choral work for women's voices and orchestra. His success as a conductor was instant, so much so that he determined, as soon as conditions permitted, to devote himself to conducting. But it was eight years before his ambition was realized. Von Bernuth, his employer, was the conductor of the Philharmonic concerts, and it was impossible for the young man to start a set of opposition concerts. Nor were the affairs of the Philharmonic orchestra too prosperous. In 1894 von Bernuth resigned his posts, and Fiedler, succeeding him as director of the conservatory, gave at his own risk during that winter an orchestral concert, drawing his men largely from the Philharmonic orchestra. So encouraging was the result that the next season he established the Fiedler concerts, giving four, then six and then eight. In the mean time the affairs of the Philharmonics had gone from bad to worse, and in 1904, as a result of overtures made to him by the old society, the two sets of concerts were amalgamated, and he became the conductor of the Philharmonic orchestra, which position he now holds.

During the last five years his fame has grown greatly. He is a favorite conductor in St. Petersburg and he has refused the conductorship of the Russian Imperial Symphony concerts in that city. Each year for the last several years he has conducted as "guest," in Rome, Turin, Berlin, Dresden, Paris, St. Petersburg and London, and four years ago he made a profound impression in New York when he was the "guest" conductor of the Philharmonic Society in that city.

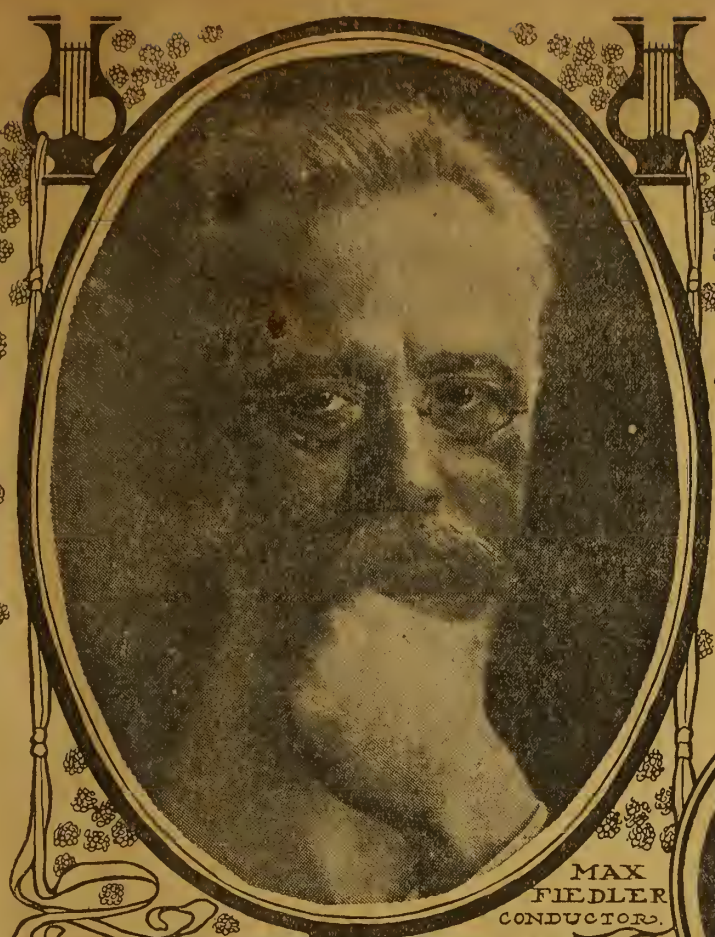
Mr. Fiedler is famous as a man of catholic tastes. He is a strong upholder of modernism in music, being one of the best and most influential friends the young composers of Europe have. He is also famous as an interpreter of Brahms, Beethoven and Schumann. He is said to be skilled in the making of programmes. He is married—his wife is an English woman—and he speaks English fluently. He sails next Tuesday from Bremen and is due to reach New York on the 29th.

The Soloists.

Following the policy which has been so successful for the past two years, the management will not provide a soloist for every concert, but

ARTISTS AND LEADER FOR SYMPHONY CONCERTS

EMIL SAUER
PIANIST.



MAX
FIEDLER
CONDUCTOR.

IGNACE PADEREWSKI.
PIANIST

MISCHA ELMAN.
VIOLINIST

GERMAINE SCHNITZER
PIANIST.

EMMY DESTINN.
SOPRANO.

BERTA MORENA.
SOPRANO.

JOSEPH LHEVINNE
PIANIST.

instead of scattering its allowance among mediocrities will concentrate it on fewer soloists and those of the very highest rank. The list for this year is uncommonly brilliant and there will be also the merit of novelty —not always possible, for solo musicians new to the Boston Symphony audiences are not easy to find. Three important singers have been engaged, Jeanne Gerville-Reache, principal French contralto of the Manhattan Opera House, New York; Berta Morena, of the Royal Opera, Munich, and the Metropolitan Opera House, and Emmy Destinn, of the Royal Opera, Berlin, and the Metropolitan Opera House.

Morena is not wholly a stranger in Boston, although she has never appeared here in concert. Last season her voice, beauty and art were fully appreciated by the audiences at the Boston Theatre during the week of the Metropolitan Opera House Company. Miss Morena made her debut at Munich in 1898, when she was 19 years old. A native of Mannheim, she was discovered by von Lenbach, the portrait painter, and until she came to America last year she had been a member of the Munich opera.

Miss Destinn will make her first appearance in Boston with the Symphony orchesta, and it is possible that this will be the only opportunity of hearing her in this city. She was born, Emmy Kittl at Prague, Feb. 26, 1878. Her reputation was made in Berlin, where she has been a member of the Royal Opera since her debut in 1898. The outside world first heard of her in 1901, when she made a great success in Bayreuth as Senta. Maurice Grau tried to bring her to New York, but failed. Three years ago she made her debut at Covent Garden. She is not a Wagnerian singer. Her great parts are Carmen, Santuzza, Madame Butterfly, Suleika, Elsa, Donna Anna, Aida and Salome.

Miss Gerville-Reache came to Boston last winter as a soloist of the orchestra known only to comparatively few who had heard her at a semi-private musicale. Her superb young voice, her temperamental singing, and her diction made a profound impression.

The pianists will be Paderewski, Emil Sauer, Germaine Schnitzer, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne and Germaine Arnaud. Of these Miss Schnitzer and Mr. Lhevinne have never been heard here with the orchestra and Miss Arnaud has never been in America. Paderewski comes to America after the first of the year for a brief tour of 30 concerts and it is promised that this year surely he will bring with him his new symphony, which was expected two years ago. He will not give more than one recital in any city. Emil Sauer returns after an absence of 10 years. He was here in 1898, and will be remembered as a distinguished pianist of genuine individuality. Gabrilowitsch is a long established favorite in Boston. Lhevinne has appeared in recital here and lovers of piano music will be more than ordinarily interested to hear him with an orchestra. Germaine Schnitzer will be remembered as having made a decided sensation here two seasons ago when she appeared in recital. Germaine Arnaud is the reigning sensation of Paris, and her successes there have lately been duplicated in Germany. She is a girl still in her 'teens, the winner of the first prize in piano at the Paris Conservatory and an artist who, despite her years, has accomplished great things.

The list of violinists comprises Mischa Elman, Willy Hess and Soma Steiner, the new second concert-master whom Dr. Muck has selected for the orchestra. Elman is by all odds the most interesting newcomer in the list of virtuosos, and from all accounts is a violinist of extraordinary attainments. He is a Russian, born in 1892, who has been playing in public since he was 5 years old. His first teacher was his father, his second Fidelmann in the Imperial School of Music in Odessa, and his third was Leopold Auer in the Royal Conservatory in St. Petersburg. His first appearance after his association with Auer was in St. Petersburg in 1904, when he substituted on short notice for his master at an important concert with huge success. In Berlin, the same year, he repeated the success, and since 1905 he has been a regular visitor to England. His technique is said to be extraordinary and his musicianship that of a mature man rather than of a lad.

Mr. Hess returns this season to the position of concert-master of the orchestra, and will be welcomed by many friends. The new second concert-master will be Soma Pick Steiner of Vienna.

The other two soloists will be Alwyn Schroeder, the former leading 'cellist of the orchestra, and Heinrich Warnke, the present leader of that group of instruments.

Novelties.

Mr. Fiedler has sent over a partial list of the novelties he expects to produce. They are:

Paderewski—Symphony.
Max Reger—Overture (first performance in America).
Noren—"Kaleidoscope" variations.
Delius—"Brigg Fair" or "Paris" or "Appalachia."
Bruckner—Symphony, No. 8.
Sibelius—"Finlandia," "Fruehlingslied," "Valse Artiste."
Nicode—Two Scherzos from "Gloria." (1), "Durch's Feuer"; (2), "Durch die Schmiede."
Glazounoff—Suite "Moyen Age," "Printemps."
Gretry-Mottl—Three Dances.
Tschaikowsky—"Reve d'enfant" (from Suite, op. 53).
Schillings—Harvest Dance from "Moloch."

Programmes.

The first four programmes are as follows:

I.
1—Beethoven.....Overture "Leonore," No. 3
2—Brahms.....Symphony No. 1, in C minor
3—Strauss....Love scene from "Feuersnot"
4—Wagner.....Overture "Tannhaeuser"

II.
1—Rimsky-Korsakoff (died June 21, 1908).....Suite "Scheherazade"
2—Concerto.....For Piano
3—Schumann.....Symphony in D minor
Soloist, Emil Sauer.

III.
1—Beethoven..Symphony in E flat "Eroica"
2—Smetana.....Symphonic poem "Moldau"
3—Hugo Wolf.....Italian Serenade
4—Wagner..Prelude to "The Mastersingers"

IV.
1—Weber.....Overture "Oberon"
2—Tschaikowsky.....
Symphony in B minor "Pathetique"
3—Concerto.....For Violoncello
4—Beethoven.....Overture "Egmont"
Soloist, Alwyn Schroeder.

Noren's variations were performed for the first time at a festival of the German musicians in 1907 at Dresden. The composer was then comparatively unknown, and the brilliance of the piece excited attention. In these variations Noren introduced a theme or tow from Strauss' "Heldenleben" as an act of homage, and he printed in the score over the quoted measures: "To a famous contemporary." Strauss was pleased, but the publishers of "Heldenleben" protested against the printing and sale of the "Kaleidoscope," by reason of the section of the copyright law of 1901, which says: "In a musical composition it is not permissible to take a recognizable melody from it and incorporate it in a new work." The Langericht of Leipsic granted Noren permission to publish his work, on the ground that the themes in "Heldenleben" were not melodies in the strict sense! Noren lived and taught for many years in Berlin. He now lives near Dresden. It was t

...n of Dr. Muck to produce the "eidoscope" last season. The proceedings in court prevented him.

Fritz Delius, born in Yorkshire, Eng., is a composer of the ultra-modern school. His symphonic works and an opera have aroused lively discussion in Germany. Several years ago, Mr. J. F. Runciman, in articles published both in England and America, praised his rare talent, but he is still unknown in this country. Delius, who has seen many men and cities, sojourned for a time in the southern states. One of his operas is founded on a tale by Cable, and "Appalachia" is said to be inspired by sights and sounds in Florida.

The other composers whose works will be played in Boston for the first time are more familiar to local concert-goers.

Sepr 21 08

Men and Things.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the earnest student of sociology, called on us Saturday afternoon. He was dressed with unusual care; his hair was pleasingly combed; he was smoking a Mora Breva, black, bitter, strong. "Here are some notes that may interest you. They were taken for my volumes on the Domestic Relations, which will form only a small portion of my colossal work, 'Man as a Social and Political Beast.' I don't know when it will be finished. Probably it will appear posthumously as a whole, although the first volume is almost ready for the printer." Mr. Johnson sighed.

* * *

The notes were indeed interesting. "Mrs. Viola Jenkenson of Bloomingdale, N. J., wishes to be divorced from her husband, Horatio, the superintendent of the Soft Rubber Works. It seems from Viola's complaint that her Horatio should superintend hard rubber works, for his nature is not yielding, not plastic. He came home one night, and though she is 21 and attractive, he was disagreeable. He struck her in the mouth and knocked out two front teeth, and when she asked him a few days after for money to buy replacing porcelain or cement, he refused, and said that 'the space caused by the teeth being knocked out would serve her as a reminder to have meals ready on time.' A punctual man, this Mr. Jenkenson, but not a desirable controversialist, for once in the course of an argument, and in order to drive home a syllogism, he held Viola's head between his left arm and body and pinched her nose so that it grew red and blushed for three days, 'to her mortification and anguish.' At other times, when she was sick with a headache, he would fill a pipe with an extraordinary large bowl, light it and blow tobacco smoke in her face; a heroic remedy, yet one recommended by learned leeches of centuries ago."

* * *

"How different the spirit of Mr. Harry Green of Philadelphia, who said to a reporter of the Record: 'It keeps me hustling to make enough money so that my wife Goldie can take her annual elopement.' He had saved for a year after the first elopement with his married brother-in-law. She went away a few days ago with the brother-in-law, $400 in cash, about $400 worth of jewelry and a number of household articles. 'She even took my wedding suit that I have preserved all these years,' said Mr. Green in a tone of pathos. 'Maybe she will marry Shore some day, when my sister and I obtain divorces, and then he won't have to buy any wedding clothes.'"

* * *

"Mrs. Nerber, in Buffalo, is suing for a separation. Mr. Nerber, in his answer, states that Mary once threw a hot roast of beef covered with gravy at him and hit him on the chin. Some like roast beef hot, some like it cold; few like it in any form on the chin. It then does harm, as Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek said it did to his wits. An important fact was brought out in court: This roast was afterward eaten, so there was probably a temporary reconciliation. Inasmuch as the roast hit the husband on the chin, he must be prognathous."

* * *

We had read thus far when Mr. Johnson interrupted. "Never mind the rest of the notes. Look them over at your leisure, and when you are through with them, send them to my wife, for Eustacia will not accompany me."

"What do you mean, Herkimer? Accompany you? Where—or, to be prigging precise—whither are you going?"

"I am going to Africa," said Mr. Johnson, as coolly as though he had announced his return to Clamport. "I am going to Africa. Mr. Roosevelt has invited me to join his party, and I cannot, as a sociologist, neglect the opportunity."

"But Mr. Roosevelt does not set sail this week; at least, he had not changed his plans yesterday or this morning." "I know it; but I wish to go in advance, so that I can collect material in Africa before his arrival. I do not hope to outvie Burton or Winwood Reade, but conditions in Africa have changed greatly since they observed, inquired and noted. After Mr. Roosevelt arrives I shall be busy night and day annotating his words, commenting on his deeds. I leave for New York on Monday. If anything should happen to me"—Mr. Johnson choked—"look after Eustacia, and would you be kind enough to edit my magnum opus? Good-by, old man. You know I do not like deathbed farewells."

* * *

Alas, poor Herkimer! We shall miss him sorely. A strange fellow, eccentric, perhaps, prejudiced, no doubt, but we could better spare a better man! Will he die in an African jungle, a martyr to sociological research? Will he follow our lamented friend, the Heron Editor, who, after years spent in the vain endeavor to persuade farmers to raise herons instead of turkeys for the market, died from immoderate indulgence in roast heron and hot buttered rum as he sat with wet feet in a country inn? Will he join Old Chimes of blessed memory, Old Chimes whose accustomed seat has not been filled at the Porphyry? Perish the thought! Something in our heart tells us that Mr. Herkimer Johnson will escape the fever, the fury of savage beasts, the guns of the wild huntsmen; that he will again contribute to The Herald notes of a painstaking observer curious about the tragi-comedy of daily life.

Sepr 22 0

NEW FRENCH PLAY GIVEN AT THE PARK

Marie Doro in "The Richest Girl," Presented First Time on Any Stage.

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE—"The Richest Girl," a comedy in four acts by Gavault and Morton, performed for the first time on any stage, by Charles Frohman's company with Marie Doro as the heroine:

Benjamine Monnier.....Marie Doro
Mr. Monnier.....Louis Massen
Paul Normand.....Orrin Johnson
Felix Tarride.....Frederic Eric
Mr. Mingassen.....Frank Burbeck
Fiorise.....Anna Meredith
Vicomte Gaston de Satturnac de Tourzac.....Fred. Tiden
Rose.....Desmond Kelly
Mme. Bidelie.....Beatrice Moreland
Pinglet.....Harrison Carter
Toupet.....George Gaul
Brisse.....Harry Melick
Casimir.....Geo. K. Roland
Clerk.....Hollister Pratt
Charles.....Arthur Warren

It is said that this comedy will soon be performed in French in a theatre of Paris. It would be interesting to see this version, to compare the performance with that of the company which played last night. Would the dialogue seem more crisp and spontaneous in the Parisian performance, would it be less wordy? Would not the foreign performance be lighter and more mercurial? Would not Benjamine Monnief and Paul Normand be impersonated in a far different spirit? Would there not be a sharper characterization of the other parts?

There was no doubt, however, of the success of the play last night as far as the public was concerned. The lines were constantly followed by laughter; there was hearty applause for certain situations and there were many curtain calls. The welcome given to Miss Doro when she entered showed that the audience was prepared in advance for enjoyment.

The play itself is built on familiar lines and there is now and then an archaic flavor which was the more pronounced on account of the characterization by the leading comedians. The subject is one that has long pleased women, and therefore made the success of many inconsequential dramas. The hectoring, the bullying of a presumably strong man by a self-willed and spoiled girl gives to many a peculiar joy that does not depart with the fall of a curtain.

The daughter of the chocolate king, by her freshness, her impudence, apparently ruins the worldly prospects of a young man, who, it must be confessed, as the part was played last night, was often boorish and at times a cad. Stung at last, the youth tells the girl what he really thinks of her, while her father stands by, mute and in a sculptural attitude. She rewards the plain speaker by giving him her hand in a scene that last

Marie Doro,
In "The Richest Girl."

night was devoid of sentiment, farcical, more fitting to burlesque.

The dialogue has good lines; it also has lines that are vapid. Benjamine has much to say, too much to say, especially in the second act, where her chatter is often pointless and frets the nerves. An actress of both natural charm and fine dramatic equipment is needed to carry an audience over this verbal slough. Miss Doro is undoubtedly a personality. This is an age of triumphant personality in the professions, in business, and in art of every kind, as art is now misunderstood. It all depends on whether a spectator is satisfied with the face, figure, speech and mannerisms of this actor and that actress. Each fair young woman who after a short apprenticeship suddenly appears above the horizon as a star of the first magnitude has her sworn partisans. It matters little what the play may be or how it may be played. The woman is the thing, not the characterization. Let her be attractive, charming to the eye, and her success is indisputable. There were grateful moments last night when Miss Doro escaped from her personality and suggested womanly and individual emotion.

Mr. Johnson impersonated Paul Normand after an old-school manner that was once admired and regarded as inevitable, especially suited to a hearty old English buck, or a choleric uncle fresh from India, irritable by reason of "the fleeting remnant of his liver," associated with nankeen waistcoat, rupees and "Take her, you young rascal" in the last act. In his verbal encounters with Miss Doro the dialogue often seemed labored, manufactured, and comedy was, indeed, an artificial representation of freakish manners. Lines that should have been delivered nimbly and deftly were ponderous, owing to undue and meaningless emphasis. Mr. Johnson was far more effective in his quieter moods, as in the opening scene with Tarride, the artist, his guide, philosopher, friend.

The other chief parts were played with comparatively little distinction and with due consideration of the privileges and dignity of the star. There was one marked exception, Mr. Tiden was refreshingly spontaneous as the Vicomte. He gave true character to the part and was natural and consistent in repose as in action. One of the truly delightful features of the performance was the all too short scene between him and Miss Meredith as Fiorise. Mr. Eric has a certain and singular individuality and an aggressive strength that may yet make its way.

NOACK FOR SYMPHONY.

Engaged as Second Concert Master in Place of Soma Steiner.

C. A. Ellis, manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra, has received a cable from Berlin announcing that Sylvain Noack has been engaged as second concert master of the orchestra, in place of Somá Pick Steiner of Dresden, whose appointment was announced last week. The change was made because Mr. Steiner could not leave Germany until the middle of next month, and it was quite necessary to have the place filled for the first concert.

Mr. Noack was for three years second concert master of the celebrated Gebouw orchestra of Amsterdam under Mengelberg, and for the last year has been concert master of the city orchestra in Aachen. He is said to be an artist of brilliant attainments.

Mr. Ellis also announces the engagement of Edmund Mueller of Berlin as second bassoon and Oscar Ludwig of Berlin as second bass. These are the only important changes in the orchestra for this year.

INCOMPATABILITY OF COLOR.

A woman in Paris has filed a petition of divorce on the ground that her husband's hair does not harmonize with the color of her drawing room and its furniture, and he refuses to dye his hair that its hue may at least be less discordant. It appears that when he married her his abundant hair was a pale yellow. She therefore furnished her drawing room in pale gray velveteen, and her aesthetic and domestic joy was complete. The years passed, and the upholstery faded or grew shabby. The furniture was recovered, and the wife chose bottle green as a color to delight her eye. The husband's hair is still abundant, still a pale yellow. The consequent discord is described as excruciating. "When the yellow-haired husband sits in the bottle-green chair the effect is enough to set a coal-heaver's nerves on edge, and the lady has to go out of the room." The brutal husband refuses to dye his hair or to shave his head. Hence the petition, and the ground for divorce is stated as "injury and grave cruelty."

No one should in these days be surprised at any alleged reason for divorce. Only a fortnight ago we read of the wife of a "well known business man" in Akron, O., who wishes a divorce because her husband snores more than a perfect gentleman should. It is true that the well known business man denies the allegation—as though he knew whether his snoring were modest or indecent!—and states that his wife told him a few days after the wedding that she had "drawn the small end of a bad bargain." Not long ago a prominent American play-actress was granted a divorce because her husband was guilty of "psychic cruelty"—which, being interpreted, means possibly that he did not always think as she thought, that they did not like the same books and pictures, or that he ventured to criticise in a discriminative manner one of her theatrical impersonations. Not a week passes but some singular reason is given by a wife or a husband for divorce.

Should the Parisian husband, if he really loves his wife, if he is in reality "gallant," dye his hair a bottle green? We have read of men with green hair. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse in "Ten Thousand a Year" dyed his hair green when he determined to conquer society, and some years ago there was an outcry against a comedian in New York because he impersonated an Irishman with green whiskers. A few weeks ago Mr. Calvin Myers, only 28 years old, an esteemed citizen of Canal Dover, O., recovered from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and his hair, which had been like the raven's wing, is now a brilliant red. We do not recall, however, any recorded instance of a man's hair turning green from a natural cause. The Parisian may be easily excused if he is unwilling to appear with hair of an olive hue or a delicate pea-green.

It has been suggested that he might dye his hair a rich dark brown and thus not lose wholly his self-respect nor attract undesirable attention outside his wife's drawing room. The majority of deep thinkers will undoubtedly side with the man. If the wife is in love with him, if she is not frivolous, capricious, whimsical, she would wish him to wear, until death removed him or time changed him, the hair he combed pleasingly when he first wooed her. It should now be her pleasure, as her duty, to select col-

for interior decoration that ld sympathize with pale yellow, t him in bold and striking re-

Sept 23, 08

SARASATE.

The late Pablo de Sarasate was ked by some as a violinist of the nd school," and thus he was nged, for he was unique. The t eminent survivor of this school me. Halle, who is now old. Sara- was never heroic; he had not grand style, nor could he be ed among "intellectual" play- for it should be remembered "Intellectual," in the pedant's ionary, is to the emotional rer synonymous with "dull." The of Sarasate was lyric, elegiac, ically romantic. Composers, as and Bruch, enlarged their rep- on through him, as certain s rose to a higher flight apos- alzing him, as painters, among Whistler, endeavored to put inimitable tone of his violin n the canvas.

arasate was never a mere won- worker, for the magician is of e kin to the charlatan. His me- nical proficiency, indisputably t, was never obtrusive. It served the completeness of interpreta- . It was in quality of tone, in- cribable and haunting, in warmth t was never sensual, in rhythm t was compelling, in elegance ich was neither cool nor glitter- that Sarasate excelled. As a vio- st of the romantic school he did forget that Bach was romantic his period, and the music of the d master, played by the Spaniard, d uncommon fascination. It is not ossible that Sarasate will live gest in the memory of those who ard him by his performance of s own arrangements of folk tunes. ese arrangements were not disar- ngements. The flavor, the wild- s, the capricious rhythms were preserved in their naivete, and the music was as a rapt improvisation.

Sept 25 08

NOVELS AND TRACTS.

The controversy over Tolstoi is still raging. Mr. Simeon Strunsky, writing for the New York Evening Post, has no patience with the "solemn platitude" that has grown up about this "great original figure": "'Do you know,' says Smith at the dinner table, 'I firmly believe that "Anna Karenina" will be read when all of Tolstoi's preachments are forgotten.'" Thus Smith prefers Tolstoi the novelist to Tolstoi the preacher, and Mr. Strunsky declares that Smith is therefore platitudinous, that his speech is only "a paraphrase of that seductive formula about 'art for art's sake,'" and he adds: "Let us not overlook the fact that of this facile theory of 'art for art's sake' Tolstoi, like other towering figures, like Hugo, like Dickens, like Ibsen, Meredith and Hardy among his contemporaries, embodies, indeed, the complete refutation."

It might be well to inquire into the precise meaning of the word "art" as used by Mr. Strunsky. Tolstoi has written a whole book in definition, an extraordinary book with aesthetic beliefs and convictions that few accept. Mr. Strunsky asks whether in Tolstoi's "Resurrection" the artist has been "swallowed up by the preacher." We believe that any discriminative, unprejudiced critic or intelligent reader would at once answer "Yes"; that as "a work of art" it is far inferior to "Anna Karenina," "Ivan Ilyitch," "The Cossacks" and even the interminable and stereoscopic "War and Peace." It is said that poor Smith, who would remember 'Anna Karenina' and forget the Tolstoian ethics, will find it hard to do so" since in this novel the moral is formulated as plainly and rigidly as in any of the later treatises. Now "Anna Karenina" is a transcript of life, and it would be strange if moral lessons could not be drawn from it, but the characters themselves preach by their actions; the novelist is not boldly in evidence as a preaching showman pushing his puppets about to illustrate his propositions and corollaries. In like manner some may be excused for preferring "Barry Lyndon," as a work of art, to "The Newcomes" and its successors, as they prefer "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "The Mill on the Floss" to "Felix Holt" and "Daniel Deronda," or "Christie Johnstone" to "Hard Cash" and "Put Yourself in His Place."

The question whether Tolstoi the great novelist will not outlive Tolstoi the preacher is a fair one for academic discussion. It can be answered fully only by posterity, poor posterity that will be so busy with the past that it will have little time to deal with its own contemporaries. It is easy to take either side, in passion or in a loving spirit of curiosity, just as it is easy to say that Zola as the sayer "J'accuse" will be honorably remembered long after his huge monument to the infamy of the Second Empire will have crumbled into dust. Yet Voltaire, the successful defender of the cruelly abused family, is also today the author of "Candide." It may be said with comparative safety that great novels, as "Don Quixote," "Tom Jones," "Eugenie Grandet," "David Copperfield," "Jude the Obscure," "The Egoist," "Anna Karenina" are neither sermons in disguise nor zealous tracts.

Sept 26 08

ON ETIQUETTE.

There has always been an apparent need of books on etiquette. Some of them have come down to us from early years. If the larger sense of the word be accepted, Moses had definite ideas concerning daily life and manners, and what is that strange collection of saws and maxims entitled "The Proverbs" but a book on etiquette that should be daily pondered by men and women, young and old. The great Erasmus deigned to write in detail on manners that should be observed by all classes—by children as by sages and men at court. There is the famous "Book of the Courtier," by Baldasarre Castiglione, who has been characterized as "the admirable Crichton of the Renaissance," the best book, according to Dr. Johnson, that ever was written upon good breeding—yet we have every reason to believe that Johnson's manners were peculiar and at times startling.

There were books by men of Castiglione's stamp, and, whether by a Frenchman, Italian or a Spaniard, they were translated into other languages. From them it is a long descent to the modern treatises, the "Dont's" and the "Manners of Good Society," which often are mere compilations of newspaper paragraphic wisdom and answers to anxious and perplexed correspondents.

Lady Grove's "The Social Fetich," which has already reached a second edition, is perhaps more worthy of attention than the many volumes that seem to have been designed for the use of kitchens, and to stand on the shelf with "Napoleon's Dream Book." It is, in fact, more worthy; it is at the same time as amusing. Lady Grove has something to say about solecisms in the use of English, and like young Mr. Smallweed in the matter of gravy, in the matter of pronunciation she is adamant. She is particularly severe in her denunciation of the Cockney accent, and she confirms the belief that it is the offender who is especially hurt when he is misunderstood. Wishing a seat in a theatre, she remarked to the ticket seller that "Row I seemed rather far back." The man in the office replied, in an irritated manner, that "I" was the first letter of the alphabet.

There are persons who say "cow-cow" and drink cocoa in the company of those who say "gurl," prefer "hotel" to "inn," indulge themselves in "reely" and refer to a baronet's daughter as "Lady" or "Loidy." Lady Grove has no mercy on those who have "the measles" and "the toothache." Would she frown on the tourist who has been to "The Tyrol" and not to "Tyrol"? Is the man who speaks of having "his breakfast" lost beyond redemption, or to be saved only by invincible ignorance?

Lady Grove has more to say about life in inns, about tips, motoring, shopping, hospitality. We are glad to find her bitter against all those who give or receive tips and against all that indirectly encourage tipping. She tells this pathetic story: "A young man had been a guest for several days at a country house, where his fellow guests were one and all wealthy. As he was leaving his room he gave the servant who had waited on him half-a-crown. This pleasant personage there and then, before his eyes, spun the coin into the air, saw it fall upon the carpet, turned on his heel and left the room." One might say that a guest should complain of such insolence, but the guest might say that a host who allows his servants to be tipped for doing their duty might in turn be insolent to a guest who fell below their expectations.

Books of this nature are not wholly useless, especially for the suddenly and violently rich who are not at ease in the drawing room or at the table of mother, and also for all climbers who were not caught young and trained.

Sept 27, 08

FOR REVIVAL OF ANCIENT OPERA

Arthur Symons Sighs for Sub-

When the managers of Covent Garden were reproached a few months ago for not producing new operas, they frankly said that if they should produce any they would lose money, and their object was to make money.

Early this month Arthur Symons, poet, essayist, critic, who writes about any art with fine literary expression and about music and musicians with a calm self-confidence that is sometimes delightful but frequently pathetic, when it is not irritating, lifted up his voice and sighed for performances of unfamiliar operas.

"If the English opera," he said, "wishes to set itself on the level of the opera at Paris, two demands must be made. First, the performance, under the best possible conditions, of the 'Boris Godounoff' of Moussorgsky; secondly, of the 'Hippolyte et Aricie' of Rameau. Not until Rameau was revived in Paris did any one suspect the virility, the endless melody, the dramatic qualities of a composer so well known already for his delightful clavecin music * * * Why should we be condemned in England to vegetate in inglorious ignorance of two great masterpieces, one of a former age, one of the present? I delight in hearing 'Rigoletto,' but I would rather have 'Hippolyte et Aricie,' because it is of an infinitely higher grade. Does it seem unnatural to expect the best rather than the second-rate, at least occasionally? and from the absurd and irrelevant money question, surely 200 brightly [illegible] Butterflies' [illegible] a little of the gold that weighs down their wings for the payment of an occasional failure, in the technical term. It would bring respect, and respect brings money."

"Pelleas et Melisande."

Mr. Symons also hopes to hear "Pelleas et Melisande" at Covent Garden next year. Writing about Debussy, he makes this extraordinary statement: "While Faure is deservedly forgotten, and Strauss still a problem, Debussy is to have his turn. He is certainly the only poet among them."

The Faure is of course Gabriel Faure, the writer of exquisite and haunting melodies and of rare chamber music. So he is "deservedly forgotten"? Where? In London? But there are foolish singers there who persist in singing his songs. "Forgotten"? Say rather, never understood, never appreciated by Mr. Symons.

Thus would Mr. Symons and other Londoners find pleasure other than that which comes from the gratification of curiosity in a production in London of Rameau's opera? Let us not dwell on the futile comparison made between "Rigoletto" and "Hippolyte et Aricie," a comparison that is impossible in spite of Mr. Symons' bland assurance that the opera by Rameau is of an "infinitely higher grade."

When Rameau's opera was revived in Paris last May there were critics, men of both learning and taste, who had the courage to say that they found the music, as operatic music, dull. Mr. Jean Marnold, who is often quoted by Mr. Symons with respect—and, indeed, Mr. Symons is inclined to read diligently Mr. Marnold's articles in the Mercure de France—did not hesitate to say that Rameau's art is always the fruit of reflection; that Rameau was more intelligent than sensitive; that he did not translate into music the emotions of his characters. "He is logical, descriptive, theatrical, but he is never lyrical." The hearer may applaud, but he is cold. "In the absence of spontaneous lyricism, Rameau's inspiration remains superficial."

Rameau's Theoretical Works.

If Rameau is to be among the immortals, it will be by reason of his theoretical works, his treatises on harmony. We do not find in his music the "occult romanticism" of Couperin, which ravishes the ear, nor do we find the naive naturalness and the touch of Schumannian sentiment that characterize the music of Destouches. Thus does Mr. Marnold write in effect about three composers of the 18th century.

If the operas of Rameau had been vitally dramatic, they would not have disappeared from the stage. Why are two or three of Mozart's operas still heard with delight? They are in the conventional form, that to superheated moderns of 1908 is the abomination of desolation. These operas are not alive in consequence of the librettos. Not one hearer in 25 at a performance of "Figaro's Marriage" can tell clearly the plot. How many in a thousand, charmed by the finale of the second act, can tell accurately the detail of the intrigue, and why the comedians are exercised in mind? But the music of Mozart, indescribably fresh and melodious, is associated inseparably with his stage men and women; it portrays them, it characterizes them, it makes them interesting to us; it gives them flesh, blood, life.

It is impossible for those of the 20th century to hear, to see, to understand, with ears, eyes and mind of those who intrigued, did business, fought, loved in the 18th century. The operas of Mozart do not mirror exclusively the taste of the public that first knew them. In like manner, though in less degree, Gluck put life and emotions that are of any century into certain classic figures, which, treated by other musicians of the 18th century, are now stiff and cold.

Surprises in New York.

In New York the incredible has come to pass. There is actually rivalry between two opera houses in the production of works hitherto unknown in that city. What would Maurice Grau say to this, if he were now alive? At the Metropolitan there is promise of "Tiefland," "Le Villi," "La Habanera," "Die Verkaufte Braut," "Pique Dame," "Koenigskinder" or "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Pipe of Desire." Mr. Hammerstein is equally liberal in his promises. And, mirabile dictu! the audiences, instead of being repelled, seem to be attracted. Did not Mr. Hammerstein recover his fortunes and triumph gloriously last season through the performances of new works?

Is this new condition of affairs due to the efforts of publishers, or to the desire of imported singers of the younger generation to appear in more modern operas than those dear to their elder colleagues? The latter explanation is the more plausible. Mr. Hammerstein, as daring as he is shrewd, aided and abetted by Mr. Campanini and Miss Garden, showed the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House that the spelling of novelty was not necessarily "f-a-i-l-u-r-e."

Miss Lilla Ormond of this city will sing for the first time at a Worcester music festival this week. She will sing on Friday afternoon with the orchestra, "Ariadne's Lamentation," by Arthur Coquard, which was composed in 1884, and in the evening she will sing the music of Leonora in the quartet from "Fidelio."

Mme. Janotha and some others insist that Chopin was born on Feb. 22, 1810, but the biography of Chopin by Woojcickl and the statement of the Chopin family name March 1, 1809, as the birth date. Brooklyn evidently prefers this latter date, for the Brooklyn Institution of Arts and Sciences purposes to cele-

brate the [illegible] anniversary of Chopin's birth on March 1 [illegible], and Paderewski has been asked to be the sole soloist at the afternoon and evening concerts. In the afternoon his programme will be made up exclusively of pieces by Chopin.

Mme. Calve Tour.

Mme. Calve will begin her tour of 30 concerts at Springfield. As before she will sing operatic airs, French songs and folk songs of her province.

Frederick S. Converse's "Job" will be sung in Latin by the Cecilia Society of Hamburg on Nov. 23. The conductor, Prof. Julius Spengel, has written that he expects the performance to be eminently successful. Mr. Converse leaves Westwood this week for a stay of a year or two in Europe. He will probably make Lausanne his headquarters. Mr. Converse expects to attend the performance of his "Pipe of Desire" at the Metropolitan next spring.

The Boston Singing Club, H. G. Tucker, conductor, will perform at its first concert in December Cesar Franck's mass in A major, H. W. Parker's "Shepherd's Vision" and Nevin's "Quest," orchestrated by H. W. Parker. The programme of the second concert in March will consist of part songs, short works for a chorus of mixed voices. The names of the soloists will be announced later.

The Boston Operatic Society will perform "San Toy" some time in December. Mr. H. F. Odell, who has entirely recovered from his illness of last season, has been re-engaged for the fourth season as musical director. The newly-elected officers of the society are: Advisory board, H. M. Handy, chairman; George B. Bigelow, treasurer; Miss E. M. Cote, secretary; directors, A. Bertha Cote, L. E. McGowan, J. E. Thornton; librarian, N. J. DeVerge.

The Bangor Commercial, speaking of rehearsals for the Festival, justly observes that "the battle attack in 'Aida' always needs to be 'whooped up,' especially after a vacation."

Pizetti and d'Annunzio.

Pizetti, who wrote music for d'Annunzio's bloody play "La Nave," has finished stage music for the poet's "I Pastori," so there has evidently been a reconciliation.

Is it true that Richard Strauss is thinking of turning "Tartuffe" into an opera? Laparre, whose "La Habanera" will be performed at the Metropolitan this season, is at work on an opera based on Moliere's "L'Amphytrion."

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeizler, who will give piano recitals here this season, has made arrangements for a long concert tour in Europe next year.

Ellen Beach Yaw (Mrs. Goldthwaite), who will sing at the Maine Musical Festival next month, spent the summer in Austria. She and her husband are described as "a really idyllic party." "He superintended the cooking, while she trilled lark-like notes in the forest."

Since Emil Sauer visited the United States for the first time a book of his memoires has been published. The chapter that tells of his experiences in this country is "not a flattering tribute to national pride, nor is it bitter or prejudiced." He states that he considered his "mission" here "to give pleasure to people as far as it laid in his power in return for their dollars."

Lillian Russell, discussing vocal and dramatic art, says: "A singer's voice is sensitive, and its owner must exercise a vast amount of care in guarding it. Because of that we can't give the requisite attention to characterization. Now that I have forever abandoned melody, I can give my whole mind to delineation." But Miss Russell was always successful in her impersonation of Miss Russell.

Earliest Haydn Symphonies.

Henry J. Wood in London is producing at the Promenade concerts 10 of the 12 earliest authentic symphonies of Haydn in the first volume of the new critical and complete edition now publishing by Breitkopf and Haertel. "Mr. Wood is playing the symphonies as originally intended, without a break between the movements."

The Menestrel mentions a note written by Rubinstein about Brahms in 1856 and sent to Liszt: "I do not know exactly how to describe the impression he made on me. He is not graceful enough for the salon; he is not passionate enough for the concert hall; for the country he is not sufficiently primitive, and for the city he is not a 'good mixer.' I have little faith in such natures."

The Savoy Italian grand opera company, with Samuel Kronberg, manager, announces an engagement in New York, to begin at the Star Theatre next Tuesday night.

Dr. Karl Muck and Richard Strauss, as conductors of the Royal Opera, Berlin, have been made "General Directors of Music."

It is said that there is a deficit this year at Bayreuth. Some say that singers were paid too much; others blame the financial management.

His Holiness Pius X. gave to Lorenzo Perosi on his birthday a gold pen ornamented with allegorical designs. The pupils of the Schola Cantorum gave Perosi a chasuble and a large portrait of Wagner.

Julia Subra, the once famous dancer at the Paris Opera, who died last month, left by will £10,000 to "L'Orpelinat des Arts."

The government of the Argentine Republic has prohibited the wearing of the military costume on the stage of any theatre of the land. The police director of Buenos Ayres has made a similar prohibition with regard to police uniforms.

Showed "Artistic Prejudice."

Mr. Elwell, the father of a violin pupil at the Paris Conservatory of Music, invited the teacher Leport and threw his [illegible] in his face, saying that he had [illegible] his daughter. The court ordered Mr. Elwell to pay a fine of 16 [illegible] with costs of f.1 and three insertions in the newspapers, for it believed the teacher had entertained an "artistic prejudice" against Miss Elwell.

It is rumored that Miss Mary Garden will wed Prince Mavrocordato, a Russian, who has a fortune of only $5,000,000 and a fine picture gallery. However anxious he may be to add her to his collection, it is doubtful whether the wedding will take place until after this season at the Manhattan Opera House.

Miss Geraldine Farrar began last week an engagement of six weeks at the Royal Opera, Berlin. She appeared in "La Traviata." She will also appear in Berlin as Marguerite, Juliet, Manon, Elisabeth, Mignon, Nedda and Mimi. She will leave for New York Oct. 27, and sing for the first time in opera this season at the dedication of the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Nov. 14 as Marguerite to Caruso's Faust. She will begin at the Metropolitan Nov. 18 as Mme. Butterfly. Her first appearance as Tosca will be at the Opera Comique, Paris, next spring. It is said that if Miss Farrar were to "fashion a composite woman," she would take tho "complexion and hair" of the English woman. What is the matter with the American woman's hair? It has excited for years the admiration of all visiting foreigners.

Frank M. Conly, a son of Frank A. Conly, humorist and singer, and the nephew of George A. Conly, the bass, remembered as a member of grand opera companies and a colleague of Clara Louise Kellogg, Marie Roze, Emma Abbott and others, will make his first appearance on the operatic stage as Marcel in "The Huguenots," to be performed by the Philadelphia Operatic Society Nov. 5-10.

Two Opinions on American Baritone.

The Telegraph said that Charles W. Clark, the American baritone who sang the part of Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio at the Worcester (Eng.) festival Sept. 8, was "by no means up to the mark. In the opening recitative he was out of tune, but that may have been due to an overwhelming sense of his position, and, therefore, pardonable. In point of voice there was much to desire in the lower notes to make them equal to those in the higher range, which may fairly be described as competent to the work demanded of them. Generally speaking, this, to us, new embodiment of the great prophet sadly wanted polish. I dare say Elijah wanted polish, also, but Mr. Clark's shortcomings could hardly have been a purposed imitation. The fault extended to his reading of the Biblical text, which was eccentric in the matter of pronunciation, and at times suggested a sort of dialectical exercise. They speak English, I believe, in America, but Mr. Clark has, I am informed, lived much in France, and has annexed certain of the French vowel sounds, of which, as Elijah, he should speedily get rid again. Mr. Clark was least successful in passages where he sought to be most dramatic. It is scarcely too much to say that Elijah's directions for the massacre of Baal's priests were gabbled with an utter loss of the stern, grave dignity of one who speaks as a minister of Israel's Lord and God."

On the other hand the London Times praised Mr. Clark and said: "In only one respect was Mr. Clark's singing lacking, in that noble quality of tone which is naturally looked for in the part. His singing, in fact, gave more of the human creature and less of the traditional hero than oratorio lovers associate with Elijah."

KNEISEL QUARTET.

An unusual interest attaches to the concerts of the Kneisel string quartet during the coming season from the fact that, through the courtesy of Mrs. John L. Gardner, they will be given in the music room of Fenway Court. The dates of the concerts are Tuesday evenings, Nov. 10, Dec. 8, Jan. 5, Feb. 16 and March 16, all at 8:15 o'clock. Subscribers of former seasons, by renewing subscriptions before Oct. 17 at the Boston Music Company's store on West street, can secure seats corresponding in location to those of former years. The assisting pianists will be Miss Katharine Goodson, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Ernest Consolo, Courtland Palmer and Arthur Foote. The programmes will include novelties. The coming season will be the 24th of the quartet.

New Works.

Sir Hubert Parry's new motet, "Beyond These Voices There Is Peace," was performed at the Worcester (Eng.) festival, Sept. 9. The text is from Ecclesiastes and Isaiah, and the general idea is to show the futility of setting value on the things of this world alone. Thus the opening chorus asks, "What profit hath man of all his labor wherein he laboreth under the sun?" The Pall Mall Gazette says: "The choruses, largely built up on the imitational style of which the composer is complete master, are of one variety and of certainty of effect; the solos are constructed upon the system which gives a great share of the expression to the orchestra. Regarding the work as a whole, one is struck with the fact that it is not until the latter sections are reached that the musical expression rises to any great height; it is as though the composer was so personally convinced of the truth of what may be called the moral he has to convey that in handling the earlier part he found himself more or less out of sympathy." Other critics speak of the work as respectable, but without inspiration. The chief singers were Miss Nicholls and Plunket Greene.

Three small novelties were produced at this festival, Sept. 9: Elgar's second suite, "The Wand of Youth," formed from music composed for a child's play years ago, six movements with descriptive titles; Herbert Brewer's music to Henley's "England, My England" (Plunket Greene, singer); and Granville Bantock's fantastic poem for orchestra "The Pierrot of the Minute," suggested by Ernest Dowson's poem, which treats of a Pierrot wandering at twilight in the park of the Petit Trianon, who becomes enamored of a Moon Maiden. The music, "beautifully scored, left one's imagination cold, and without the programme would have meant little."

A new piano conecrto in G minor by E. York Bowen was produced at a promenade concert in London Sept. 8. The composer was the pianist. The Telegraph describes the work, showing fertility of resource, as "remarkably interesting, effective, vigorous and showy." The work is really a fantasia. There are traces of Debussy's influence.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The annual sale of seats for the Symphony season will open tomorrow (Monday) at Symphony Hall at 10 o'clock. The seats to be sold tomorrow are the "$18 seats" for the 24 public rehearsals on Friday afternoons. The same rules that have prevailed in the past years will again hold. The "$18 seats" are the seats on which the upset price is $18, and the premiums bid for these seats will be aded to that price. Bids will be accepted for seats in the regular order only, and not for the choice; and no more than four seats will be sold on one bid. The seats open to competition will be shown on a diagram and will be marked off as sold. Tickets will be delivered in the hall and must be paid for as bought, or they will be immediately resold.

On Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock the "$10 seats" for the public rehearsals will be sold. There will be no sale on Wednesday, and on Thursday at 10 o'clock the "$18 seats" for the Saturday evening concerts will be sold, and the "$10 seats" for these concerts will be sold on Friday beginning at 10 o'clock. As usual, the 525 seats in the second balcony will not be sold for the Friday afternoon public rehearsals, but will be reserved for the rush sale at the door. These seats will be sold for Saturday nights with the rest of the house.

The 24 concerts will be given on consecutive Saturday evenings, from Oct. 10 until May 1, omitting Nov. 7, Dec. 5, Jan. 9 and 30, Feb. 20 and March 20. The 24 public rehearsals will be given on consecutive Fridays from Oct. 9 until April 30, omitting Nov. 6, Dec. 4, Jan. 8 and 29, Feb. 19 and March 19. On Christmas day and Good Friday, April 9, the public rehearsals will be given on the afternoons of Thursday, Dec. 24, and Thursday, April 8.

The concerts will begin at 8 o'clock, and the public rehearsals will begin at 2:30 o'clock. The concerts will run from 1½ to two hours.

Miss Carolyn Louise Willard of Chicago, pianist, a pupil of Jedliczka; Heinrich Meyn, baritone; Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, singer; Louis Bachner, pianist; Francis Rogers, baritone; Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, in violin and piano recitals, and Nathan Fryer, pianist, will be heard in Steinert Hall this season.

Oct 2, 1908

CONCERTS ANNOUNCED.

Manager of Symphony Hall Publishes Schedule of Early Bookings.

Louis H. Mudgett, manager of Symphony Hall, anounces the following concerts to be given soon:

George Hamlin's song recital, Chickering Hall, Tuesday evening, Oct. 13; Miss Adele Verne's piano recital (her first appearance in Boston), Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 24; Arthur Hartmann's violin recital, Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, Oct. 26; Mme. Sembrich's annual song recital, Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon, Nov. 6; Ludwig Wuellner's song recital (his first appearance in Boston), Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, Nov. 16.

Concerts will be given later in the season under Mr. Mudgett's direction by:

Mmes. Chaminade (her first appearance here), Nordica, Bloomfield-Zeisler, and Goodson, and Messrs. Elman, violinist (his first appearance here in recital), Spalding, violinist (his first appearance here), Gabrilowitsch and De Gogorza.

The Flonzaley quartet will give concerns on Thursday evenings, Jan. 7, Feb. 4 and March 18.

Other important announcements will be made later.

MEXICAN BAND COMING.

Under Leadership of Senor Preza Will Play at Food Fair.

The Mexican National band, on its way to the New England Food fair, to open here Oct. 5, left Vera Cruz on Sept. 23, and is due to arrive in New York tomorrow. At 12:30 o'clock it will assemble on the steps of the sub-treasury building on Wall street and serenade the bankers and brokers.

At 5 o'clock the band will leave for this city. Monday morning about 11 o'clock it will proceed to the office of the Mexican consulate, Arthur P. Cushing, 43 Tremont street, and serenade him. It is the intention also to play for Mayor Hibbard at City Hall and the Governor at the State House.

They will be in uniform, under the leadership of Senor Velino M. Preza, who is also a composer of eminence in his native land. Senor Preza has written a waltz dedicated to "Boston Girls." He will also submit on Monday two more of his original compositions, one of which a committe of Boston newspaper men will be asked to name, and the other a committee of Boston composers.

COMMENT BY THE WAY

Mr. Max Beerbohm's attack on "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is so ferocious, so extravagantly ferocious, that Mr. Jerome, the playwright, may well impersonate the familiar part of the reviewer's victim with unusual success. The attack is in the savage spirit of the old Saturday Review, when Thackeray's Mr. Bludyer seemed to shape the editorial policy. The present editors could not write more bitterly about the United States and all that in them is. Mr. Beerbohm defeats his own purpose. He scolds in his prancing, in his leaping into the air and pawing of it. When Mr. Beerbohm takes pleasure in speaking of Mr. Jerome as "Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome," or as "Klapka," he is not severe; he is only childish in his rudeness. When he describes him as a "tenth-rate writer, for many years prolific of his tenth-rate stuff," he is not critical; he is abusive. He concludes his tirade by accusing Mr. Jerome of blasphemy, and he is sorely distressed because "blasphemy pays."

It may be remembered that in this play a supernatural visitor by his sweetness and persuasive conversation changes the shabby or despicable characters living in a boarding house and turns them into decent men and women. He even induces the landlady to be generous, and for this reason the play may be condemned by some as incredible, impossible. Many years ago when Putnam's Magazine was revived for the first time, W. D. O'Connor contributed to it a strange story, "The Carpenter," in which a mysterious person appeared, quietly worked similar conversions, then disappeared. Some readers were shocked, especially when they learned that the mysterious stranger was suggested to the author by the personality and the character of Walt Whitman.

From the article, "A Deplorable Affair," in the Saturday Review, they that have not seen Mr. Beerbohm might easily draw an imaginary portrait of a huge, sinister, black-bearded person, distinctly carnivorous, eminently fit to figure in "The Pirates' Own Book." When Mr. Beerbohm visited Boston, where he is pleasantly remembered by some, he was smug and amiable, aesthetic and undersized. His face and arrangement of hair reminded one of the Learned Seal. He then delighted in paradox, after the manner of Oscar Wilde. And in an interview with a reporter of The Herald staff, he bitterly regretted that local firemen had extinguished a fire the day before and thus deprived him of a beautiful sight, for it was then his whim to think with Plotinus that fire surpasses other bodies in beauty, "because, compared with the other elements, it obtains the order of form; for it is more eminent than the rest, and is the most subtle of all, bordering as it were on an incorporeal nature." This may have accounted for the success of "The Still Alarm."

Mr. Beerbohm is also depressed because Mr. Jerome's play is evidently a great success. He seeks comfort in remembering that the enthusiasm of a first night audience is no sure gauge of success, "nor is the proverbial apathy of a second-night audience a sure gauge of failure." His peace of mind is again disturbed and he seeks the last refuge of a critic: he blames the public. "What can be hoped of an art which must necessarily depend on the favor of the public—of such a public, at least, as ours?"

* * *

... plays written by Henley and Stevenson ... now ... ted in the seventh volume of the ... d works of Henley. It is ... to be regretted that no note tells us how the labor was divided, which ... it controlled. It is generally supposed that the idea in each case was ...venson's, and that Henley worked out the detail. Why were the plays ... r popular? Why were the authors obliged to be content with that ... tisfactory reward known as a "success d'estime," which is only wind ... ding? The plays are good reading for the closet, in which hardened read... are supposed to sit, meditate, and glow with approbation. "Deacon Brodie" ... grim; the ethics of Beau Austin are caviare to the general public. When ...acaire" was played, some Englishman expressed his pleasure at finding ... old subject handled at last in a masterly manner, with a literary touch; ... for the playgoer the old drama with an actor of strong melodramatic ... ce is worth a wilderness of "literary" versions.

Stevenson appears to have thought little of these pieces. He wrote to a ... d in Edinburgh: "The plays are rot, let Henley do what he likes with ... m." Henley viewed them more cheerfully. They say that he banged his ... on the table and shouted: "'Deacon Brodie' is the greatest thing that ... been done since Shakespeare." But the public would not have it, or ...dmiral Guinea," or the other ones, and the verdict of the public was prob...y in this instance founded on the sound evidence brought into court by the ...ors themselves.

* * *

Mr. Beerbohm is not alone in finding fault with the London public. ... Pall Mall Gazette waxed wroth because the Lyceum gallery holds many ... o burst into laughter over incidents which are not intended by a dramatist ... be funny. At a performance of "Pete" there was a roar of laughter when ... news arrived of the supposed death of the hero and the grandmother ... n to rock herself with a mournful croon; and "When Kate, kneeling ... e Philip in one of the most serious scenes of the play, addressed him ... imately as 'darling,' there arose a very howl of glee." The Pall Mall ... insists that the acting in each of these scenes was "perfectly nat... and proper," and the behavior of the gallery was unintelligent and, of ..., disconcerting to the players. Yet if this laughter was Homeric in the ...y, there surely must have been a false note in the sentiment or in the ... on of it.

* * *

... is a question whether the Devil, moving among "our best people," or ... me, with her too celebrated dance, will gain the mastery in Stageland this ... You may reply that Satan entered into Salome for the destruction of ... the Baptist and ultimately that of Herod. This was the belief of fathers ... church centuries ago, who warned village maidens against dancing, and a ... on folk-song voiced the sentiment of the church: "When thou seest dan... think of the bloody head of John the Baptist on the charger, and hellish ... ing will not fill thy soul." Chrysostom saw the devil present wherever ... was dancing, and Cyprian, describing the dance as a circle, was sure that ... devil was its centre.

However this may be, the Devil is appearing with great success on the ... from Lynn to Seattle. In the latter town the Hungarian play was pro...d at two theatres on the same night. We are told that Mr. Frawley rep...ted Satan as a light comedian, although he made his face up "as dark as ... nd i's, with slanting eyebrows and hair which came to a point on his fore..., and with a leering smile." His costumes were the "conventional after... and evening dress of an elegant gentleman, but his manners were far ... his clothes." It is fair to infer that as a gentleman this Satan was ele... rather than "perfect."

... Stanley Johns, on the other hand, was "delightfully, thoroughly and ...mically wicked." He answered the imperious demands of the Third Ave... Theatre in Seattle, but he introduced "no methods inimical to Seattle so... he will wreck no Seattle homes." And the critic of the Daily Times ...y adds: "Pursued to its logical, and not its theatrical conclusion, Mr. ...' method would not wreck a woodshed." It seems that Mr. Johns' laugh ... be reduced. "It rumbles, rolls and horrifies and is such a thing as never ... d emanate from a dress suit. No gentleman could do it." The production ...is theatre was dismissed in these words: "As it was interpreted last night, merely an affair among hack drivers."

* * *

... is a pleasure to note the revival of interest in melodrama in London ...s. "Pete" is melodrama. "The Duke's Motto" delighted audiences, ...erior persons, who do not recall Fechter's superbly romantic imper...on of Lagardere, were inclined to pooh-pooh, cry out against "wild ...ities" and punctuate with "Fudge!" Mr. Martin Harvey's version of ... Corsican Brothers" was boisterously applauded. This version did not ... aterially from that used by Irving, except that in the second act he ...ced a scene drawn from Dumas' short story, the passage in which Louis ...ranchi, in Paris, is visited by his father's ghost, who announces to him ... our and manner of his death. (Mr. Harvey, by the way, played Alfred ...evnard in some performances of the drama given by Irving in this ...y.) Mr. Harvey retained the "Ghost-tune," which has thrilled thousands, ...ain there was "the old, familiar shudder."

* * *

...ere is still conjecture why Mr. Eugene Walter's "Paid in Full," which ... unusual favor with the London critics, was not more popular, so that its ...rawal was soon certain. Even on the first night the audience was not ..., though it was interested; there was none of the general cheering at ... d that reassures the manager. The Pall Mall Gazette attributes the ...arative mildness of the effect" to the actors, and particularly to Miss ... Antony, who took the part of the wife. It is true that she has a charm...e and a tall and graceful figure, but her "calm and quiet style" gave ... suggestion of "immense force under restraint." "All we saw was a ...g young lady, with an appealing smile, saying sad things very slowly, ...e things very sweetly, but generally not passing much beyond the role ... ceful reciter. That last speech to the husband should surely strike him ... whips of steel. A woman who has loved has come to ... A wife who has borne with impatiences and unkindnesses ...alle has finally been submitted to the most hideous of humilia... The man who cowers, or should cower, before her has proved himself ...est of the low, a lazy, egotistical windbag at the best, and at the worst ... of vileness unspeakable. Such is the declaration with which she leaves ... nd Miss Antony spoke it in perfectly measured tones, with a ladylike sad... and so melted away."

... Walter's new play is said to be singularly audacious, one eminently ... to the Theatre Libre of Paris when Antoine was in quest of shockers.

AT 'THE RED MILL'

Sep 29

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Red Mill," a musical play in two acts by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. Charles Dillingham's company. Frank. N. Mandeville, conductor. The cast was as follows:

"Con" Kidder	Fred A. Stone
"Kid" Conner	David Montgomery
Jan Van Borkem	Edward Begley
Franz	Charles Dox
Willem	David L. Don
Doris Van Damm	Stanley Hawkins
Governor of Zeeland	Neal McCay
Joshua Pennefeather	Claude Cooper
Gretchen	Florence Quinn
Bertha	Allene Crater
Tina	Ethel Johnson
Countess de la Terre	Maxine Verande

The theatre was crowded last night with an audience whose enjoyment was constant and unmistakable. No doubt many had seen "The Red Mill" before, for this musical play is not for merely a night—and then quick and welcome forgetfulness. The popularity of the piece has been inquired into anxiously by some of a prying and analytical mind; by those who have much to say about the preservation of the unities and the elevation of the stage; by those who insist that the drama, whatever be its form, should purify the passions and inculcate a deep and abiding moral. As though the reasons for this popularity were not apparent to all that enjoy a comedy with music that is melodious yet not common, not vulgar, music that in its structure charms the amateur and gives pleasure to the musician; a comedy with opportunities for eccentric comedians, who, however, are something more than acrobatic; a musical comedy played, sung, danced by an excellent company throughout, and well staged and handsomely mounted.

Surely the reasons for the success of "The Red Mill" are now beyond all conjecture, though some hold up hands in wonder, and say sourly that the popularity has now reached a point where the title is pronounced with a heavy accent on "Red," after the manner of the pronunciation of tread mill, wind mill, gin mill. Thus carpers carp.

The piece is brought back unchanged and this again is proof of its inherent worth. It has not been found necessary to prune or to build on, to fatten or to cut. The familiar lines were heard again with delight, as was Mr. Herbert's charming music. The pranks of Messrs. Stone and Montgomery in citizen's dress and in strange disguises again provoked mirth. The objection has been made that as speaking comedians they are not so amusing as they were in mute parts. This objection is ungracious and unnecessary. The twang, the singular enunciation and pronunciation add to the humor of the lines and to the pleasing absurdity of the situations. Pray, how would these objectors have the Interpreter, or Sherlock Holmes, or the waiter, or Dr. Watson with his memorable "marvellous!" speak?

Again Mr. Don furnished amusement and again the well-studied impersonation of the Governor by Mr. McCay gave pleasure. The latter's delivery of his entrance song might well serve as a model of diction to singers in recitals, and his characterization of the foppishly sentimental old lady-killer recalls by its finesse the comedians of the French opera bouffe companies that once visited us, but now, alas, are not to be seen, not even in Paris.

And what can be said at this late day of Miss Crater and the entrancing Ethel Johnson? In spite of the long run of "The Red Mill," they are still fresh and spontaneous; their own enjoyment is genuine and evident. They sing without affectation, and their artlessness and simplicity in this respect are refreshing. Miss Johnson was born under a dancing star. It would seem that dancing were her natural movement and expression. Miss Quinn with her sympathetic voice at once made friends.

The ensemble works well together as of old; the stage management is excellent, and the play is handsomely mounted. The piece itself and the performance should fill the theatre during the engagement.

Oct 1, 08

CONDUCTOR FIEDLER DISCUSSES MUSIC

Hub Symphony Leader Tells of Orchestral Numbers to Be Played This Season.

By PHILIP HALE.

Max Fiedler, the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra this season, was in holiday mood yesterday afternoon. He had almost recovered his land legs; he was pleased with Symphony Hall; he rejoiced in the weather. He consented without undue haste, without reluctant, amorous delay, to talk about music in general and about orchestral music that he will or will not conduct.

His face is less official, austere, granitic than the photographs already published would lead us to believe. The face is also younger. It shows strength, but it is not aggressive. It is mobile, never dull, it lights up when the mind is interested, and especially when the thought is humorous. For Mr. Fiedler evidently has that saving grace, a keen sense of humor.

There are conductors who apparently are crushed under a weight of responsibility. They feel it their oppressing duty to preserve traditions and also the memory of the composer whose work is to be interpreted. Mr. Fiedler is a serious man in his view of art; but he is surely emotional and human. He talked with conviction, but not with pontifical authority, not as a spoiled prima donna, not as a pedant. He talked in English, fluently and often with nice discrimination in the choice of words and phrases.

His Idea of Programme.

Mr. Fiedler has had too much experience to cherish the fond belief that any maker of programmes, however shrewd and skilful he may be, can satisfy every one. He does not approve, however, the "historical programme," one by which, for instance, the growth of the symphony is shown; nor does he believe in the virtue of a "national programme," Scandinavian, French, Russian, etc., for he thinks that such programmes are necessarily monotonous.

According to his idea, a programme should first of all be well contrasted, so that the attention of the hearer should be held throughout the concert. The great classic works should be respected; more modern and the contemporaneous works should also be performed; but no programme should consist chiefly of unfamiliar compositions.

Nor has Mr. Fiedler any scruples about the performance in concert of excerpts from Wagner's music dramas, as the "Waldweben" music, the arrangement of "Siegfried's Journey, etc." He does not see how such performances show disrespect toward the composer, especially as Wagner during his life not only allowed concert performances but in certain instances encouraged them.

Mr. Fiedler recognizes the fact that soloists are necessary when a long series of orchestral concerts is given, but he does not like to have too many solo players or singers. They often divert the attention of the audience from serious works on the programme.

When, however, a pianist or violinist of the first rank plays a concerto of a master, so that the dignity of the concert is maintained, and there is not undue personal display, there should be no objection. There is probably only one series of concerts in Germany from which as a rule soloists are excluded, the series given by the Royal Orchestra in Berlin.

Modern Composers.

It has been said that Mr. Fiedler is an ardent admirer of Richard Strauss. The statement is true and yesterday Mr. Fiedler spoke of Strauss with enthusiasm. He believes implicitly in the artistic sincerity of the man and indignantly defends him from the charge of wishing deliberately to be sensational for the sake of calling attention to himself and thereby gaining money. To Mr. Fiedler the composer of the symphonic poems, the "Domestic" symphony and "Salome" is a great master. Strauss told him not long ago that the new opera "Electra" would astonish him. Mr. Fiedler knows nothing about a forthcoming opera, "Tartuffe," by Strauss, except by newspaper report.

When Mr. Fiedler was asked about other German composers now living he had little to say. He mentioned the name of Max Schillings as perhaps the most important, though he recognized the color in Boehe's symphonic poems. Nor is there, according to Mr. Fiedler, any German operatic composer today of marked distinction.

D'Albert in his "Tiefland," which will be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, has shown a certain strength, but he has not struck a truly individual note, and he was fortunate in his libretto. Puccini's operas are popular in Germany, as are "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," but the influence of these Italians has not strongly affected the German composers. The success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" has led some of them to choose grim subjects and to strive after passionate expression in a concise form, but their music is still inherently German.

Mr. Fiedler is acquainted with the orchestral works of the ultra-modern French composers. While he admires the talent of Vincent d'Indy he finds that d'Indy is inclined toward an abuse of dissonances. He spoke appreciatively of this composer's "Wallenstein" Symphony and the clarinet trio. He has looked at the second symphony of d'Indy with interest. He admires the color schemes of Debussy, and he spoke in special praise of "The Afternoon of a Faun" and the "Nocturnes." He also appreciates "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas.

Now that Rimsky-Korsakoff is dead Mr. Fiedler would put Glazounoff at the head of Russian composers; but no Russian, to Mr. Fiedler's mind, approaches Tschaikowsky in wealth of ideas and in power of emotional expression. Rimsky-Korsakoff was a master of orchestral color, a gorgeous painter in tones. Glazounoff is a finished craftsman. Tschaikowsky towers above his countryman through sheer force of musical ideas and intensity of expression.

And what will be the future of orchestral music? Mr. Fiedler believes that there will ultimately be a triumph of ideas over color; that a work based on strong or beautiful thema... and with skilful, absorbing devel... ment will be preferred to an imp...sionistic sketch. Nevertheless, ...

MAX FIEDLER, SYMPHONY'S NEW LEADE

Sketched by Herald Staff Artist While the Subject Was Discussing His Plans for Future Concert

[illegible] of more substantial form [illegible] be influenced in its orchestral [illegible]ess by the impressionists of today.

Personal Likes.

It is not necessary to say that Mr. Fiedler has the warmest affection and the highest respect for the great masters of the past, and for Beethoven in particular. The catholicity of his taste is shown by his enthusiasm for Brahms and Strauss alike. Nor does he mention the name of Tschaikowsky without showing his fervid appreciation of the Russian's genius.

The catholicity of Mr Fiedler's taste is also proved by the respect in which he holds Anton Bruckner. He admits the diffuseness, the irritating repetitions, the seeming lack of form and cohesion, but he puts the highest value on the musical ideas that the symphonies contain and on the occasional sublimity of the expression. The eighth symphony, which is to Mr. Fiedler the strongest, will be performed here this season.

Another composer—and he is living—that appeals to Mr. Fiedler is Jan Sibelius, already known in Boston by two symphonies and a violin concerto. Mr. Fiedler purposes to produce here two or three works of this composer, certainly "Finlandia," which might be described as a musical portraiture of the Finnish revolt against the Russians. The effect of this symphonic poem on the countrymen of Sibelius is so stirring that its performance in Finland has been forbidden by the Russian government.

The orchestral music of Liszt, brilliant, glittering, pompous, as it sometimes is, leaves Mr. Fiedler cold.

A World Citizen.

Mr. Fiedler, as a "guest conductor," has visited many citics, from Rome to London, from St. Petersburg to New York. He has found orchestras of widely differing ability, excellent, as in St. Petersburg, mediocre, as in Rome and Madrid. In the Spanish city the orchestra needed constant encouragement at rehearsal. Any adverse criticism dismayed the players; there was need of constant reassurance.

But he found that audiences were everywhere about the same in appreciation. Russians or Spaniards, the English or the Italians were aroused to enthusiasm when they heard music by Beethoven and Wagner. In the course of years he has noticed a growth of liberality in taste among the English, and he was surprised hy the warmth of appreciation in Edinburgh, a city reputed cool in its attitude toward art. In Madrid the hearers dislike the horns because they fear the breaks of the players, and horn passages are sometimes hissed in anticipation.

Mr. Fiedler talked at ease, freely, modestly, as one who had not figured prominently in European musical life for several years. His criticisms were without the flavor of personal prejudice; his views were those of a citizen of the world.

oct 4 1908

LAST LETTERS OF HANS VON BUELOW

The final volume of Hans von Buelow's letters is about to be published by Breitkopf & Haertel, and the Neue Rundschau of Berlin has printed extracts from this volume in advance.

Von Buelow no doubt rivalled Liszt, whom he loved, in the facility, grace and wit of his correspondence. Broadly and thoroughly educated, the former was also, like Liszt, a man of the parlor and the court, but, unlike Liszt, he often delighted in rude speeches, and there was a fine streak of brutality in his nature during his last and embittered years. The editor of the seven volumes, Marie von Buelow, his widow, has no doubt omitted many passages and softened some, as she has suppressed, in certain instances, the names of her husband's victims.

Looking over the letters of both Liszt and von Buelow, the reader wonders how they found time to write frequently, almost incessantly and at such great length, for they were busy men. It would be easy to charge either one of them with graphomania, but neither one was a graphomaniac in Max Nordau's sour understanding of the word: a being "with an insatiable desire to write, though he has nothing to write about except his own mental and moral ailments." Surely this peevish saying cannot justly be applied to these two musicians, for in each instance the letters show the writers to be men of the world, enthusiastic about their art, but keenly alive to everything that pertains to humanity and interests the soul. Neither one is fully known or comprehended by any one ignorant of the letters signed by each.

Buelow's Better Nature.

The extracts published by the Neue Rundschau reveal von Buelow's more amiable side. For this man, reputed harsh and sardonic, had a tender heart, and it was straight to this heart that Wagner, who had been befriended by von Buelow when the composer sorely [illegible] friends, struck a deadly blow [illegible] took from him Cosima.

[illegible] w, writing to Brahms, ex[illegible]: "Mr. and Mrs. Herzogenberg, [illegible]eteris,' may admire you per[illegible] inte[illegible]gently than I, but no one will love you more deeply. You"—and the writer addressed Brahms in the second person singular of affection—"have been the light that quickened my artistic sense, and the world will owe to you all the great and beautiful things with which I can acquaint it in the later and better years of my life."

Buelow, as conductor and pianist, appreciated Tschaikowsky when the latter was to the musical world at large only a barbarian. He wrote of this Russian: "Personally, he is one of the men most worthy to be loved whom I have met in the course of my career; he is absolutely tolerant; he always speaks of his colleagues in words of praise. In a word, he is an example of choicest humanity. Born in 1840, his hair is even now almost white, but he is still full of genius and youth. When he composes he shuts himself up in complete solitude; when his work is completed, his cordial manner rejoices those who know him and sympathetically surround him."

Helen Raff, a novelist, was treated by von Buelow as a favorite niece. With her he joked and was peculiarly at ease. It was to her he wrote: "After three years of effort I have at last succeeded in attaining the end that I have pursued. Listen! I am loved! By whom? By the camel in the Zoological Garden, yes, by two of them—but one of them—I have baptized him Antar—knows my voice, recognizes me, follows me like a little dog, running and leaping. This afternoon I must farewell solemnly the animals. It is not impossible—for this farewell truly wrings my heart—that your faithful uncle, so fond of beasts, will shed tears."

Buelow Defiant.

All the letters in the seventh volume are not in this vein. We meet again the scornful, arrogant, malicious musician. Reckless as he himself was with winged words, he naturally complained when he in turn was attacked. He wrote to one of his friends to put no faith in any story about him published in a newspaper. "Never believe them implicitly; in fact, do not believe newspaper stories about me after you have made due allowance. Wolff," his manager, "uses these stories as he pleases and never consults me beforehand. I have pleaded with him vainly, and now I am resigned."

Von Buelow's quarrels were not with journalists alone; he loved a quarrel with persons of official authority, especially with those that were supposed to be over him. An old story may serve in illustration. One night in 1887 the Count of Hockberg, intendant of the royal theatres in Berlin, offended by remarks made publicly hy von Buelow, saw to it that he was put out of the Royal Opera House. Some days afterward von Buelow gave a concert in the Singakademie. When he came out on the platform he was loudly applauded. After his performance of a sonata there was enthusiasm. Von Buclow thereupon went to the piano and improvised a prelude, then, to the amazement of the hearers, he played, strongly rhythmed, the air of Figaro in Mozart's opera: "If the Count wishes to dance a bit, he has only to say so, and I'll play him a tune after my own fashion." The audience quickly understood the pianist's meaning and every one sided with the pianist, who, it was rumored, had sent his seconds to Hochberg. The audience broko out in cheering and there was homeric laughter. The pianist thus avenged himself.

oct 4 1908

. COMMENT BY THE WAY .

The vocabulary of the managers and the press agents grows more and more wonderful. We are now all accustomed to the fact that this manager "presents" and that one "offers" a play. The phrase "Mr. Crummle's latest offering" no longer shocks the nerves, and indeed there is a certain fitness in it. The primary meaning of the verbal substantive "offering" is "the presenting of something to God (or to a deity or object of worship) as an act of worship or devotion." The public is a deity to stage folk, and it often demands a burnt sacrifice on the part of the manager. So, too, there is fitness in the second meaning of the word: "The action of the verb 'offer' in other senses; tender or presentation for acceptance, for sale." Used as a synonym of "present" or "gift," the word is without theatrical significance.

* * *

"Playlet" is also a word now used frequently, and it may be classed with "booklet," "sermonette," "editorialette" and other words that disturb the purist. The Oxford English Dictionary gives to Mr. Brander Matthews the credit of introducing "playlet" into the English language. The introduction was through the Century Magazine in 1884. Eight years later the Welsh Review said disagreeably: "The modern playhouse has become the home, not of the play, but the playlet."

A word to which some are not yet accustomed, in spite of frequent use, is "premiere" for a first representation of a play. There are press agents who spell the word without the final "e," and they have dictionary authority for this, if they mean to say "first in time" or "earliest," for this adjective is two centuries and a half old. Mr. Ashton, who is often an entertaining writer, did not hesitate to speak of "the premier advertisement of opera in England," but pray what is the matter with "first"? "Premiere" in French is an abbreviation of "premiere representation." Punch brought this word over the Channel in a review of "King Arthur" (1895), but Punch is said by conservative Englishmen and wild-eyed anglo-maniacs to be a comic weekly, and Punch printed the word in italics as foreign.

Still another disconcerting word is "vehicle." Thus we read: "'The Patriot,' William Collier's new vehicle, is a success in Washington." The visiting and intelligent foreigner might well wonder at the word and question whether "The Patriot" were the name of an automobile or a motor boat.

And why should Miss Daisy Dashaway be described as a "comedienne," or Miss Sadie Whirlington as a "danseuse"? Are not "comedian" and "dancer" honorable and descriptive terms? If a press agent prefers foreign or swollen words, why does he not refer to any writer of comedies as a "comediographer"? This word was used three or four centuries ago.

* * *

"Who's Married to Who?" is a headline in the issue of the Chicago Tribune to which we have referred, and again we are loath to make a correction. Any student of the drama who wishes to be familiar with the lives of actors and actresses should keep a card catalogue, which admits of daily revision. Suppose the announcement is made that Tottie Coughdrop, the fascinating soubrette, has obtained a divorce from her husband, Bimbinger, the distinguished baritone. All one has to do is to turn to "Coughdrop, Anne Eliza (known as Tottie): married when she was 18 years old to Capt. Henry Robinson, who died a year afterward; second husband, Giuseppe Stromboli, violinist—divorced in 1901; third husband, Elisha Higgins, multi-millionaire, lost at sea; fourth husband, Eugene Bimbinger (1907)."

* * *

There has been much talk of late concerning divorce as an entertaining digression in the routine of an actor. Mr. Burns Mantle of the Chicago Tribune has contributed to the discussion by publishing a long article entitled: "Is Divorce a Diversion Peculiar to the Actor?" Mr. Mantle says apropos of recent events: "The popular topic of conversation for the next week or two will be: 'Who's Married to Who?' We would not change the structure of this question for the world.

Actors and actresses are much like other men and women. They are

...te in this: that their personal affairs are considered by some ...ers and many press agents as of advertising worth. In this belief ...are encouraged by the gaping public, which still has illusions about ...playhouse and its people. For some reason or other, it is popularly ...osed that if an actress has had a long line of husbands and sees in her ...ng glass a line to come, she must therefore be highly emotional, tem...tuously passionate on the stage. This does not follow. Women of ...rmy lives are often cool and rigid in parts that call for a display of ...nse emotion. Women who are almost prudish in their daily life are fre...tly the slaves of passion as characters imagined by dramatists.

The undue attention paid by the public to the private affairs of actors and ...tresses makes some of them both reckless and arrogant. They fondly believe ...at they are a race apart; that they live in a land of their own where customs ...d laws that govern the rest of mankind do not exist. Miss Guimard, a dancer ...mous in her reign at the Paris Opera, once snapped her fingers in the face ...a minister who ordered her to dance and she threatened to turn him out of ...ice. The King, to whom this impertinence was reported, said to complaining ...urtiers: "Gentlemen, it's your fault; if you loved them less, they would not be ...insolent."

* * *

Miss Gertrude Hoffmann will dance tomorrow night at the Majestic Theatre ...ndelssohn's "Spring Song" and the dance of Salome, "for the first time out ...New York." She has been dancing at the Victoria Theatre and Mr. Ham...rstein gave her a "ruby and diamond crescent in recognition of her most ...listic services." Not content with this tribute, he paid her homage by break...g into verse, "free verse," after the manner of ultra-modern French poets:

FAREWELL TO GERTRUDE HOFFMANN.

What many in fine raiment sought
and never found—but working,
You proudly gained without your shoes—
and more without your stocking.

It was entrancing and enchanting;
it seemed no drama, dance or play;
I never saw a woman kiss a live one,
as you a dead one kissed each day.

Speed on, Gertrude; in fame from
here, way out to far Cape Nome,
There never was—there never will—be
such grandioso "Salome."

Managers seldom drop into original poetry. We cannot imagine either the ...e Mr. Grau or the retired Mr. Conried complimenting a prima donna in this ...ceful manner, but Alfred Bunn was both poet and manager, and the mar...llous lyrics in "The Bohemian Girl" are his monument. It was Mr. Bunn ...o saw hollow hearts wearing masks and recalled the fact that the fair land ...Poland was ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader with might.

* * *

The painters in old times clothed Salome in the costume of their own time ...d land, and she danced on the canvas as the noble dames of that period ...uld have danced at court. In the picture by Karel von Mander she is ...ssed sumptuously, with a long, flowing train, high cut bodice, and jewelled ...vet head dress. In illuminated manuscripts of the 14th century and in win...ws of stained glass, she walks on her hands before Herod, to his great de...ht and to the amazement of his guests, who uplift hands. For in an old ver...n of the New Testament it is said that the daughter of Herodias "vaulted" ...fore Herod. The pictorial representations of this performance are disappoint...t. The daughter is clad as in a meal-sack and not even her feet are visible. ...rthermore, she is sour-visaged.

In Flaubert's tale Salome danced as dance the priestesses of India, the ...bians of the cataract, the bacchantes of Lydia. She pursued, light as a but...fly, as a curious Psyche, as a vagabond soul, some one unseen who ever ...d before her. Or she was languorous, or she danced the danse du ventre, ...h eyelids half closed, with face immovable. She was a wind-swept flower. ...d now from her arms, feet, clothing, flashed forth the sparks which in...med the men looking on her with dilated nostrils. Yet this Salome was ...nply a young maiden obedient to her revengeful mother. This Salome stam...red asking for reward, and could not remember the name of John.

The Salome in Moreau's picture is nearly naked. "In the whirl of the ...nce," said Huysmans, "the veils are unloosed, the shawls are fallen to the ...ound, and only jewels clothe her body. The tiniest of girdles spans her hips; ...ostly jewel glows like a star between her breasts; a chain of garments ...les into the glow of her hair." In Wilde's tragedy there is only this stage ...ection: "Salome dances the dance of the Seven Veils." The dance is in the ...agination of the reader.

* * *

Was Salome's dance a danse du ventre? Who knows? At the Roman banquets ...Spanish girls from Gades were famous and they danced in line, "rising and ...ing in waves of tremulous hips." Mr. Rowbotham in his gorgeous descrip...n of the music at Rome in Nero's time—strange pages for a grave history ...music in three volumes—tells of Syrian dancing girls, "more wanton than ...se, half-naked or entirely so; and these had cymbals that they clashed above ...ir heads, and there was something fearful in their wild immodesty."

Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Mr. Fiedler will pay a tribute to the memory of Rimsky-Korsakoff by conducting the dead composer's "Scheherazade" at the second symphony concert. In connection with this, remarks made by Mr. Jean Marnold in the Mercure de Franco of Sept. 16 are of special interest. They that have followed Mr. Marnold will remember that in 1902 he characterized Rimsky-Korsakoff as perhaps the most charming of Slav composers, and as a musician the most remarkable. (Tschalkowsky, by the way, is not in good odor with the critics or the composers of the French ultra-modern school. They complain of his repetitions, his "brutality," his "platitudes.") Mr. Marnold then admired the inspiration of Rimsky-Korsakoff. "The inexhaustible transformation of his themes is always most intelligent or interesting." He preferred, however, "Antar" to "Scheherazade." Of the latter he wrote: "The benzoin of Arabia sends forth here and there the sickening empyreuma of the pastilles of the harim. * * * One is at first enraptured, astonished, amused, by the wheedling grace of the melodies, the fantasy of their metamorphoses, the dash of the sparkling orchestration; then one is gradually wearied by the incessant return of analogous effects, diversely but constantly picturesque. All this decoration is incapable of supplying the interest of an absent or faintly sketched musical development."

Last September Mr. Marnold began his article on Rimsky-Korsakoff and "Boris Godounoff" by saying: "I have had for so long the habit of speaking about the living with as much independence as though they were dead that I have, perhaps, acquired the right of speaking about a dead man as though he were now alive." When Rimsky-Korsakoff died, some in Paris characterized him as "a great composer." Mr. Marnold adds: "This was evidently excessive, but it harmed no one. The same thing has been said about Lalo. These are less appreciations than compliments of condolence which should not be too seriously regarded." Marnold hastens to say that the musical personality of Rimsky-Korsakoff should be by no means underrated. He was a commanding figure of the neo-Russian school, and no one of his colleagues had his technical mastery. The brilliance of his orchestration, which was influenced by that of Berlioz, contributed largely to his popularity in concert halls.

His facility, which might be called fatal, brought him near Saint-Saens. And Marnold here indulges himself in an entertaining comparison of the two composers.

When Rimsky-Korsakoff was last in Paris he appeared as a "charming old man, just a little cold." It appears that he did not understand "Pelleas and Melisande," and was so imprudent as to admit his inability to appreciate the opera. "After all, it was not indispensable that he should have understood it, and no one is wholly surprised at learning the fact."

Mr. Marnold discusses Rimsky-Korsakoff, the extraordinary theorist, at length and with evident admiration, but this discussion is largely technical, and a translation of his remarks are for a strictly musical journal rather than for a daily newspaper. He takes occasion to reproach the dead man for his labor of love in revising and rewriting portions of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," which was performed some months ago in Paris. He reproaches him for disturbing alterations of melos and rhythm, of elimination of "savory fifths," in a word of pedantic expurgations. The article is an interesting one to musicians and should be read in full.

Programme Music.

The Pall Mall Gazette says, apropos of Strauss' "Domestic" symphony: "Granted that there are several things in the 'Domestica' that the purist may object to, such as the 'Ganz der Papa!' the mere fact that the composer has so labelled his music should not affect one's judgment of its intrinsic value. When literary ideas are definitely associated with music, it may well happen that errors in taste are made. Composers in the past have often shown a lack of discrimination in the choice of subjects for illustration and yet have managed to write fine music. Striking instances of the uneven grasp of the principles underlying allied arts are to be found in the numerous operas which are failures, not because of the music, but on account of the undramatic character of the librettos. In such cases it is evident that the composer has lacked the perception to appreciate stage requirements. Music would seem to be so absorbing an art that the composer has rarely been able to develop his faculties equally in other directions. Before programme music became so important a feature in instrumental composition, and before Wagner's success had proved what could be done in opera, composition was in one sense a simpler affair. The composer had only to concern himself with the details of his own art. Nowadays things are different, and in opera composition far greater attention must be paid to the choice of subject. The symphonic poem does not suffer as an opera may do from a bad libretto, for, as we began by saying, it must be judged eventually from a musical standpoint alone. In fact, it has far more in common with 'absolute' music than is generally supposed. The main difference lies in the form, which in a symphonic poem is as a rule perfectly free in its main outlines. Yet no music can be written without some form; consideration of balance, symmetry and the like must all be studied; the text of the poem, indeed, has to be moulded so that the musical illustration can be presented in a way that the hearer can follow it just as the movement of a symphony is followed. In this respect, at any rate, Strauss has shown himself to be a master hand; it is true one feels his sections to be overlengthy at times, but altogether he has a great power in building up the music into a logical pattern. So much would seem to be fairly obvious; for the rest, one need only add that the requirements of style and beauty of melodic outline and the rest are as necessitous in the poem as they are in the classical forms. The 'leit-motiven' in a Wagnerian opera are successful, not only because they seem to be so wonderfully appropriate, but because each one would give aesthetic pleasure if no key to its meaning was in existence."

Wireless Opera.

"Wireless" opera is the latest "fairy-tale of science," according to this morning's papers. Mr. Lee de Forest, inventor, declares that "any person within 30 miles of Covent Garden will be able to hear the opera by wireless telephony." Moreover, the apparatus will be so simple and so cheap that it will only involve the putting up of a flagstaff on the roof of your house and spending about £3 on the receiving mechanism. Fancy getting Tetrazzini's top note for next to nothing, and without the trouble of going to the opera! Nevertheless, there is a fly in the ointment of our satisfaction. Why should wireless telephony be restricted to grand opera? And, if it is not so restricted, what is to prevent the Smiths from having a musical comedy performed while the Browns, next door, are listening to grand opera? One trembles to think of the awful cacophony that may resound through Suburbia, for we know by painful experience what harm is done by two rival gramophones. No; music is a good thing, of course; but it is possible to have too much of a good thing.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Concert Notes.

Mr. Mudgett of Symphony Hall has arranged an interesting list of concerts for this musical season. He announces for the earlier weeks a song recital by George Hamlin, tenor, in Chickering Hall, Tuesday evening, the 13th; Miss Adele Verne's piano recital, Jordan Hall, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 24; a violin recital by Arthur Hartmann, in Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, Oct. 26; the annual song recital of Mme. Sembrich, in Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon, Nov. 6, and a song recital by Ludwig Wuellner, in Jordan Hall, on the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 16. Among the announcements for later in the season is the piano recital by Miss Germaine Schnitzer and the first appearance here of Mme. Chaminade, pianist, and Albert Spalding and Mischa Elman, violinists. Mme. Lillian Nordica will give a song recital in the course of the season, and Emilio de Gogorza, Mme. Katharine Goodson, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler and Mr. Gabrilowitsch will again be heard here. The Flouzaley quartet will return for a series of three concerts Thursday evenings Jan. 7, Feb. 4 and March 18. Several other important announcements will be made later.

The Kneisel quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Svecenski and Willeke), as has been stated, will give its concerts this season in Fenway Court. They who subscribed to the series of last season can renew their subscriptions by applying until (and including) next Saturday. Tickets not thus disposed of will be on sale at the Boston Music Company's store on Monday, the 19th.

A special appearance of the great Mexican national band of 97 musicians has been arranged for at Symphony Hall next Sunday evening. This event will serve to give an opportunity to hear Mexico's greatest band under the most favorable circumstances and to compare its playing with the leading military bands of this country which have given concerts in the same hall. As is well known, citizens of Mexico demand the best in their military bands and delight in the stirring music of such organizations. A scale of popular prices has been fixed for this concert.

Miss Adele Verne (born Wurm), a pianist who is highly esteemed in England and played with marked success on the Pacific coast last season, will make her first appearance here at Jordan Hall Saturday afternoon, the 24th. She will play piano pieces by Bach-Liszt, Couperin, Handel, Scarlatti, Brahms, Schumann, Rubinstein, Chopin (Sonata with Funeral March and other pieces), Alkan, Elkus and Liszt.

Horatio Parker's "St. Christopher" will be performed at the first concert of the Cecilia Society. Mr. Goodrich hopes to produce Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova" later in the season.

The People's Choral Union will have its first rehearsal this season on Sunday afternoon, the 11th, in Jordan Hall, at 4 o'clock. Mr. F. W. Wodell will conduct. The singing classes connected with the union will have two classes, one on Wednesday, the 14th, at 8 o'clock, in Recital Hall at the New England Conservatory of Music, Mr. Herman A. Shedd instructor; the other on Sunday afternoon, the 18th, at 3 o'clock, in the same hall, Mr. George F. Smith instructor. These elementary classes are for the benefit of all, especially for those who are deficient in reading at sight. After a training of one season all members that attend faithfully are eligible to membership in the Choral Union.

The Adamowski trio will begin its season by playing at Lexington, Oct. 26. It will play at the Deutsches Theater, New York, at one of Hermann Klein's Sunday afternoon concerts, Feb. 21.

Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Symphony orchestra will begin this season's work tomorrow morning. The first rehearsal is called at 10 o'clock, and Mr. Fiedler, the new conductor, will then be introduced to the men who are to play under him for the next seven months.

The first public rehearsal and first concert will be given Friday afternoon at 2:30 and Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, respectively. As has already been announced, the management has decided not to make any change in the hour of beginning the Saturday evening concerts, for it

feels that the majority of the patrons prefer to have the hour 8, instead of 15 minutes later.

Mr. Fiedler's first programme may be regarded as typical of his breadth of views and catholicity of taste. The first piece is Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 The second is Brahms' C Minor Symphony. After the intermission will come the Love Scene from Richard Strauss' "Feuersnot," and finally the "Tannhaeuser" overture.

At the second public rehearsal and concert on the 16th and 17th, Emil Sauer, the German pianist, will make his first appearance in America after an absence of nine years.

Other Orchestras.

The soloists at the concerts of the Philadelphia orchestra this season will be Mmes. Homer, Chaminade, Goodson and Messrs. Elman, Sauer, Lhevinne, Schroeder, Sandby, Petschnikoff, Rich, Conradi and Wuellner. There will be 22 afternoon and 22 evening concerts.

Unfamiliar works by Glazounoff, Tchere, Glinka, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Korsunschenko, Ladoukhin, Liadoff, Liapounoff, Moussorgsky, Napravnik, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Scriabine and Tchereepnine will be produced by the Russian Symphony Society in New York this season. Mr. Mischa Elman, violinist, will make his first appearance in America with this orchestra and Messrs. Lhevinne and Petschnikoff have been engaged.

At Random.

Mme. Samaroff will play at the Chatelet Theatre, Paris, on Sunday, the 18th, with Colonne's orchestra. She has been engaged to play next winter at one of the Nikisch concerts in London. Her success so far in Europe has been gratifying, and Mr. C. A. Ellis, her manager, is now constantly receiving requests for engagements in this country for the season of 1909-10.

Mr. Ellis, by the way, wishes to correct the impression that Mr. Paderewski purposes to make an extensive tour in America this season. It was announced that Mr. Paderewski would give 30 concerts, among them his appearances with the Boston Symphony, the Chicago, the St. Paul and the Minneapolis orchestras, but Mr. Paderewski will play in only 20 concerts, for European engagements will shorten his sojourn here. His chief reason in coming here this year is to have his new symphony produced by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony Hall. Were it not for this he would have kept to his original plan and not revisited this country until 1910 or 1911.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi, with her own company, will make a tour of the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba in January-March, 1909.

There are brave efforts in Denver to establish a permanent opera of at least 52 members, with three concerts a week for 16 weeks. There would also be an afternoon public rehearsal and a popular Sunday afternoon concert. The cost of maintaining it is estimated at about $1500 a week.

Oscar Hammerstein is loyal and grateful. Told that Mary Garden may marry Prince Mavocordato, he said that he is not her matrimonial agent, and he added: "Miss Garden has become a great success in life because of her rule to procure the best of everything. I think she will apply this rule in selecting a husband. If she has determined to get married, even a prince is not too good for her."

It is said that Valeska Surrat and Mr. D'Orsay will introduce a "Dying Gladiator" tableau in "Miss Innocence Abroad." But what part will Mr. D'Orsay take in it?

Reported dialogue at a rehearsal of "The Prima Donna"—Fritzi Scheff: "What was that? Cut it out!" Victor Herbert: "That's my music, Miss Scheff, and it stays in!"

oct 6. 1908

MISS HOFFMAN AT THE MAJESTIC

Dancer Illustrates Mendelssohn's Spring Song and Vision of Salome.

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Gertrude Hoffmann, dancer and "The Mimic World," a musical review in two acts, book by Edgar Smith, lyrics by Ed. Madden and Addison Burkhardt, music by Ben M. Jerome and Seymour Furth, performed here for the first time by the Shubert-Fields company.

Prince Danilo.....Walter Lawrence
Lemuel Sawwood.....Charles Meyers
Jack Witchinghour.....Frank Thomas
Mr. Brideu.....Will West
George Cohan.....Bert Von Klein
Lord Dundreary.....Louis Franklin
Richard Thief.....Arthur McWatters
Tom Sawwood.....Charles King
William Sawwood.....George Pierce
Maria.....Helen Royton
Mrs. Richard Thief.....Grace Tyson
Miss Tiny Daley.....George W. Munroe
Mrs. Gosford.....Bert French
Artie.....Charles King
Bessie Clayton.....Mazie King
Lady Wine.....Gladys Moore

Reviews of the popular plays of a season are chiefly interesting to those that have seen the plays. When the dramas themselves have not been so the burlesquers must be of a high rank, in order to make their scenes and imitations endurable. Even then spectators unfamiliar with the original plays are moved only to moderate rapture, if they are honest in the expression of their feelings. Few, however, have the courage to confess that they are not acquainted with this or that drama, or that they have never seen certain distinguished actors and actresses.

Mention any distinguished person to certain men and they will answer impressively: "I know him very well." It is not surprising then that Jones, who, as a matter of fact, has never seen "The Thief," gave you to understand last night that the burlesque of a scene from it was capital. If you had asked him where he saw it, he would have looked you straight in the eye and answered, "New York," or he might have essayed a bolder flight and said: "Paris, my boy, and I do not wish to see it in a translation."

The company of burlesquers in "The Mimic World" is not a strong one, indeed, as a rule, the imitations of actors and actresses were feeble. Mr. West as the unforgettable scoundrel of Balzac's novel was well made up and he reminded one of the pictures in the old and complete illustrated edition. There were some amusing moments in Mr. McWatters' burlesque of the husband in "The Thief." The rest is silence.

The review, fortunately for the audience, was sumptuously mounted, and the dances and the evolutions of the chorus were animated. Furthermore, Miss Gertrude Hoffmann, the dancer, made her first appearance here in two scenes, "classic and artistic" dances—Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and "A Vision of Salome."

There was naturally curiosity to see Miss Hoffmann, especially after the announcement that the cynical Oscar Hammerstein was so moved by her art that he dropped the incisive prose of which he is a master and broke forth in poetical tribute.

The one performance of Richard Strauss' "Salome" at the Metropolitan Opera House was followed by protests on the part of some, chiefly because Mme. Fremstad and the stage manager violated the directions of Wilde and the composer and gave the head of John the Baptist undue and ghastly prominence. The protests were not against the dance of the Seven Veils. After the opera disappeared from the repertory—a disappearance that made New York the laughing stock of European critics—"Salome dancers" appeared in theatres, and one of them, Miss Allan, made for a time a sensation in London.

The aristocracy approved her undress and her art, and a provincial city made her still more conspicuous by refusing to allow her to dance as Salome within its gates. It was not long before "Salome dancers" appeared in New York, also in New Jersey, and soon this dance enlivened life in western cities. Nor is Miss Hoffmann the first of these dancers to win applause from Bostonians.

The dancing of Miss Hoffmann last night was not dancing as that word is usually understood. Miss Genee may have justly said that it is not dancing at all, nor is it of the school in which Miss Gladys Moore, who was on the stage last night, has practised. It is pantomimic. It is after the manner of the ancient dancing in which the Mime attempted to portray Orpheus mourning his Eurydice, Hercules Furens, or Oedipus when he learned the horrid truth. When Miss Hoffmann dances to a medley of airs, among them Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," she symbolizes spring. When she dances as Salome before Herod, there is the attempt to tell the story of the ravished tetrarch, his rash promise, and the reward of the Baptist's head.

In the "Spring Song" there was a personal charm, a grace, a buoyancy that easily suggested the season that has been sung by poets and portrayed by painters. Miss Hoffmann's costume, admirably suited to the poetical idea, is not one to be recommended as an appropriate dress for the season known in New England only as a convenient division of the months. It should be said, however, that this costume, as she postured and bounded, advanced and retreated, seemed the one natural and inevitable dress.

In spite of the subject, her performance of "A Vision of Salome" was less striking. This was no dance of seven veils. There was little that could have been removed, yet again the costume seemed appropriate, one to be expected and honestly admired. But the costume in dances of this nature is after all a secondary matter. Women in long skirts, in prudish, churlish robes or in conventional ballet dress have danced with more alluring sensuousness and with wilder abandon.

There were effective episodes in Miss Hoffmann's dance, there was a moment when the audience was thrilled by the tragic note, but on the whole the dance was interesting rather than irresistible. Miss Hoffmann, who was applauded heartily after each scene, impaired the effect of her second dance by thanking the audience in a girlish voice: "Thank you very much." This was amiable, but the voice was not the voice of the daughter of Herodias. The music to which Miss Hoffmann danced as Salome was without distinction.

The theatre was crowded. There was constant and at times uproarious laughter during the burlesque, and even the Apache dance and Mr. Munroe's humor, which was too often both noisy and coarse, evidently gave pleasure.

VISION OF SALOME IN MAJESTIC THEATRE

oct 8. 1908

MISS HOFFMANN'S DANCING RESULT OF LONG STUDY

Certain Features of Her Work on the Stage of Majestic Theatre Are of Her Own Conception.

By PHILIP HALE.

Talking about herself and the art of pantomimic dancing, Gertrude Hoffmann was as modest and unconscious of herself as in the frank revelation of her youthful beauty on the stage of the Majestic Theatre when she symbolizes the charm and the exultation of Spring. As woman and as dancer she is first of all concerned with the expression of the emotions that are within her. She does not think chiefly of the sensations that her performances may awaken in the minds and breasts of the spectators. Her sincerity as a dancer is evident to all who have had the pleasure of seeing her as Spring or Salome. The sincerity of the woman is as evident and it is equally refreshing.

Gertrude Hoffmann, the wife of Max Hoffmann, musician and composer, was a San Francisco girl and her maiden name was Hay. She first appeared on the stage with the Lilliputians, but her first performance of note was as Marie in "Erminie." She was conspicuous at the beginning as a dancer rather than a singer. In San Francisco she was connected with the Grand Opera company and with the Castle Square company. As a dancer she visited the southern states in a stock company and a few years after she revisited these states as a soubrette with imitations. She gave lessons in the art of dancing and soon became known as a capable stage manager of vaudeville entertainments, an arranger of dancing acts, etc.

She was associated with Marie Cahill's "Moonshiners" with the "Rouge Domino" and "Me, Him and I." She was also associated with the production of Anna Held's "Parisian Model" and Cohan's "Honeymooners." There was talk of an engagement with Mr. Keith to open at Providence, R. I., but Oscar Hammerstein, who, as is now well known, admires her talent greatly, gave her the opportunity to appear in New York as Salome, and she was immediately the talk of the town.

It has been said that Miss Hoffmann went to London to study the art of Maud Allan, and that her interpretation of the dancing daughter of Herodias is modelled closely on Miss Allan's; that her "Spring Song" pantomime is also an imitation of other dancers' conceptions. Miss Hoffmann did visit London and it is true that she saw Miss Allan dance. She has also seen Isadora Duncan, whom she warmly admires. But Miss Hoffmann has ideas of her own. Her "Spring Song" is in many of its features original with her, and the episode in "A Vision of Salome," where the dancer, after her delirium awakened by the sight of the Baptist's head, falls panting and exhausted in her amorous adoration is wholly Miss Hoffmann's idea.

Mirabile dictu! Here is a woman much and widely discussed, who does not talk glibly about herself. It took close questioning to draw from her the fact that certain features in the two dances were of her own conception. If the record of the conversation were given in the form of dialogue the modesty of the dancer would be still more apparent. Yet she said that she had read Wilde's tragedy in order to figure to herself what manner of woman this now too-celebrated daughter of Herodias might have been, and she showed an interest in all literature and art that bears upon the subject.

There was little said about her costumes in the dances, costumes that in each instance seemed natural, to be expected, inevitable. It was suggested to her before the first performance at the Majestic Theatre that she should wear more drapery lest Boston might be pruriently prudish. Miss Hoffmann answered, and every decent man and woman will honor her for her answer, that she would not do this; that she wished the people of this city to accept her dances in the spirit in which she danced them. Rather than thus apolo-

MISS HOFFMANN IN EYES OF THE ARTIST

ge for innocence, rather than thus be false to her view of art and to her own womanly convictions, she would prefer not to dance at all.

She is now at work composing a third dance. The subject—in which jealousy is a leading theme—is clear in her mind, but the details are not yet all developed.

The Herald stated last Tuesday morning that the dances of Miss Hoffmann are pantomimic, not dancing as the word is now narrowly interpreted. Of late an art dear to the Greeks and Romans, but not unknown to dancers of the 18th century and the first half of the 19th century, has been revived. Lucian of Samosata centuries ago described at great length the requisites for a mimical dancer, "of the several sciences, exercises and aptitudes that are necessary to him, either as preparatives to the art or for nourishing and supporting it"; an accurate acquaintance with music and "rhythmics," geometry, oratory, painting, statuary, both natural and moral philosophy.

He must have a comprehensive memory, so that nothing may escape him, but that he may have everything ready at the instant, without the necessity of deliberation. He must have the ability to represent "with the most elegant propriety" every particular subject in the history of the gods and heroes and in history at large. His highest ambition must be "to know what is fit and be able clearly to express it to others," not, of course, by words, but by the most intelligible language of gestures. Above all, he must represent visibly, by motion and gestures and with perspicuity, what could be spoken or sung by another. He should assume the color, the exterior as well as the manners, of the men with whom he lives. Nor should he ever do too early in his scene what should be done later, or too late what should have been done earlier.

In the days of Lucian the mimic dancer was generally a male. Today it is a woman that mimes in the dance. But of what advantage, pray, the possession of all the qualities named above if bodily freshness and grace were lacking?

Miss Hoffmann, who no doubt would have pleased Lucian, does not intend to dance many years. She has a great ambition. She wishes to be an "emotional actress." I asked her what characters she would like to impersonate. Almost with an air of self-defence, as though she feared to be laughed at, she answered: "Well, there's Camille; and I would like to play other parts of Sarah Bernhardt."

No, Miss Hoffmann does not intend to study in any school; she wishes to work by herself, to carry out her own ideas. She said: "I think I have it in me." She said this quietly, but with a conviction that was contagious. Is she rashly ambitious? Her eyes are emotional. Her face is sensitive. It is easy to think of it as a tragic mask, and it should be remembered that in the "Vision of Salome" there were moments of indisputably intense passion.

0 ct 10 1908

"GRUELLING."

To the Editor of The Herald:

"G. S." asks in your issue of Oct. 9 "the exact meaning and derivation" of the word "gruelling" as used in reports of baseball, rowing, prize fights. He says he does not find the word in the Webster's Dictionary he uses.

He will find "gruelling" in "The New English Dictionary," edited by Dr. Murray, both as verbal substantive and participial adjective: The former expresses the action of the verb "to gruel," to exhaust or disable, to punish, derived from the old phrases "to have got his gruel," "to take one's gruel" or "to give one his gruel"; the latter means, "That 'gruels,' exhausting, 'punishing.'"

Nor need "G. S." fear to use the word. If he uses it, he will be in good company.

"Scott in 'Guy Mannering': 'He shall have his gruel,' said one."

Charles Kingsley in "Alton Locke": "He said that they were as well gruelled as so many posters."

As for "gruelling," the word has been in common use for nearly 30 years, both in England and in this country. It's "prominence" is by no means recent.

Boston, Mass. H.

FIEDLER MAKES HIS DEBUT IN BOSTON

New Conductor of Symphony Orchestra Receives Warm Welcome.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the 28th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Max Fiedler, the new conductor, led for the first time in this city. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Leonora," No. 3.....Beethoven
Symphony No. 1 in C minor.....Brahms
Love scene from "Feuersnot"...R. Strauss
Overture to "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner

It has often been said that the first concert given by an orchestra with a new leader serves chiefly as a means of introducing the conductor to his audience. The public rehearsal yesterday seemed more than this, for the enjoyment of the audience was evident. Seldom, if ever, has there been more spontaneous or more hearty applause at any public rehearsal in the history of this orchestra. Mr. Hess, returning after a year's absence to take his place as concertmaster, was warmly greeted, and when Mr. Fiedler came on the stage for the first time before an audience in this city his welcome was as one given to a familiar, long-established favorite.

Nor did the audience seem critically disposed during the concert. It was not disposed to be impatient when there was occasionally sluggishness and irregularity of attack or when horns were overblown or uncertain in solo passages. The applause, except that after the third movement of the Symphony, was unusually warm, at times enthusiastic, and Mr. Fiedler was recalled more than once.

We all have a right to infer from what Mr. Fiedler has said that he is especially drawn toward the orchestral music of Beethoven, Brahms, Richard Strauss, Wagner and Tschaikowsky. A conductor chooses naturally for his first programme music with which he is in fullest sympathy, music that appeals to him, compositions that have already served him as battle horses to ride to victory.

Four of Mr. Fiedler's favorites were represented. It was his intention at first to conduct Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," but a performance of this impressive work would have made the programme too long, so the "Love Scene" from "Feuersnot," that strange opera founded on a grotesque, or, as some might say, porcine legend, was substituted, a scene that in the concert room excites surprise and makes no deep, no lasting impression. Nor is it too much to say that this music in concert shows Strauss at his feeblest.

Mr. Fiedler's programme pleased the audience, for the three important pieces were well known. The hearers were not obliged to question themselves as to the intrinsic worth of the music. They were not forced to hear a musical speech that was strange to them, perplexing, disquieting. In thus choosing familiar compositions Mr. Fiedler was eminently wise.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of the compositions. The orchestra has been only a week under his direction. No matter how honestly the players may already respect him, no matter how eagerly they may anticipate his wishes, it would be too much to expect at present the close relationship that insures performances of flawless mechanism and highly poetic interpretation.

Yet it may be said that Mr. Fiedler revealed certain qualities that will undoubtedly make him popular. He conducts with a gusto that is unmistakable. He is not afraid of stormy crescendos and clashing climaxes. He is eminently virile. Whether he be a master of finesse; whether he be endowed with an exquisite sense of proportion; whether he delights in delicate nuances as well as in primitive and strongly opposed colors: these are questions not now to be answered jauntily.

There were admirable features yesterday in his reading of the overture to "Leonora" and in the first two movements of the symphony. Certainly his interpretation throughout was sturdy and its stirring effect on the audience was indisputable. His manner of conducting is more exuberant in the matter of gestures than that of his two last predecessors, but he did not indulge himself in mere calisthenics, nor was there any suspicion of a desire on his part to affect the audience through the eyes. His sincerity and his absorption in the appointed task are unquestionable.

The programme of the concerts next week will be as follows: Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite "Scheherazade" (in memory of the composer's death, June 21, 1908); Sauer's piano concerto No. 2 (Emil Sauer, pianist); overture to "Oberon."

MUSIC NOTES.

Mr. Willy Hess announces that Mr. E. Ferir, the admirable first viola player of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will be the viola of the Hess-Schroeder string quartet. This will be welcome news to lovers of chamber music. The quartet then will be made up of Messrs. Hess, Theodorowicz, Ferir and Schroeder. The first concert will be given in Chickering Hall probably on Wednesday evening, Nov. 18.

Miss Julia A. Terry's series of chamber concerts will be given this season, through the courtesy of Mrs. John L. Gardner, in the music room of Fenway Court on Monday afternoons, Jan. 18, 25 and Feb. 1. Miss Susan Metcalfe soprano; George Proctor, pianist, and Walter Damrosch will take part. Mr. Damrosch will give his lecture on Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande." The violin quartet of Mr. Loeffler's best pupils will give its first performance at the final concert, assisted by a singer whose name will be announced later.

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COMMENT BY THE WAY

The great majority of Harvard students behave in theatres and concert halls as young gentlemen are expected to behave. The conduct of certain undergraduates in playhouses of this city must therefore be an annoyance to them as it is to the men and women on the stage and in the audience. Last Monday night at the Majestic Theatre certain students in a box displayed a banner with a text that was an insult both to Miss Gertrude Hoffmann and to the audience. The display might well have provoked a disturbance. The action of the manager of the theatre in ejecting these foolish young men was heartily approved by all that saw it, especially by the majority of the undergraduates present. There were a few undergraduates in orchestra chairs who had for an hour disturbed those seated near them by their hoots and witless remarks during the first act of the review. Even they were chastened by the ejectment of their fellows. It is to be wished that all managers in the city would be prompt in putting an end to misbehavior on the part of students who apparently believe that as students they have a license to annoy audiences and comedians.

* * *

It was stated recently that Miss Ethel Barrymore said bitter things about the character and the mental gifts and acquirements of the society woman. They that know Miss Barrymore did not believe for a moment the authenticity of the report, and her prompt denial had been anticipated by them; but some of her sisters of the stage eagerly seized the opportunity to defend society, and incidentally stick their hatpins into Miss Barrymore. Miss Charlotte Walker, for example, remarked: "If Miss Barrymore can so utterly condemn American society, she has not known the society I have known. * * * Since I've been on the stage, I've worked, and I haven't had any time for society, but the people I've met have been gentlefolk, and an aristocrat is an aristocrat, North or South." Yes, Miss Walker, and also East and West. Mrs. Mabelle Gilman Corey said nothing about Miss Barrymore, but she took a low and discouraging view of society women. According to her, they have no object in life; "they have no idea of art or the real things that are worth while"; they seldom have brains; "all they think of is making a show." Mrs. Corey admits that she could not be happy in society, and she swears that she will never attempt to "break into its circles." Society may, therefore, now sleep without perturbation, frightful dreams and gnashing of the teeth.

* * *

As Mrs. Corey says, "All this talk about society is so tiresome."

There was a time when the play actor and the play actress were looked on as merely mummers, strollers, vagabonds, amusers of the public. Even their bodies were not always thought worthy of consecrated ground. Many of these actors and actresses accepted their lot, sustained by a sense of humor. Others were frankly indifferent. A few chafed.

Today there are actors and actresses who deliberately avoid "society" as the word is now commonly understood. They escape the nets and the pitfalls of Mrs. Leo Hunter, who wishes lions and lionesses, though their manes may be mangy, so that she can luro persons to her house who otherwise might shake the head at invitations; or that she can thus pay her social debts. These actors and actresses find delight in meeting old friends who value them for themselves and do not ask them immediately after shaking hands: "What do you really think about Bernard Shaw?" When Sir John Hare was in Boston, he was greatly pleased one night at a club when a few sat with him and listened to songs sung with banjo accompaniment by the author of the "Bully" made famous by May Irwin. When Mr. H. B. Irving last visited this city he was, as ever, interested in criminology and criminals, and he would not have exchanged a quiet talk about Piper for a wilderness of teas and receptions. On the other hand, a young woman, who leaped jauntily upon the stage without any drill in the rudiments of her profession, who is only a poor, fluttering thing, unable to sit on the stage at ease, walking as though she were drawn on casters, is only too happy to be paraded as "the guest of honor." Naturally the manager encourages her desire, and rejoices in her happiness, that profits may accrue.

* * *

All healthy men and women are fond of melodrama. When the hero rushes across the stage with a sword soon after the rise of the curtain, the audience is content in the anticipation of stirring deeds of derring-do. "Pray for me, mother. Louis is dead, but I—ha, ha!—go to avenge him!" Who can hear this line without a thrill? Still dear to us are the melodramas of our youth. But would the "Tower of Nesle" delight an "intellectual" audience in Boston today? What has become of that exciting drama with the memorable billboard lines:

> When greed of gold makes man to man unjust,
> In vain the workman seeks the needed crust;
> Starvation stretches out her bony hand,
> And sad mechanics mourn throughout the land.

To some Mr. Walkley never seemed so discriminative a critic as when he boldly characterized "Hamlet" as a capital melodrama.

These thoughts were suggested by the announcement that Mr. Fred Molin, "the rapid-fire thriller producer" of Des Moines, has written "in one short week," two stirring pieces with four acts and eight scenes each. Whether one hand was tied behind Mr. Molin's back when he was at work is not stated, but we are informed that he was "sometimes writing for an entire day without food or drink, for a melodramatist must write when he is in just the right frame of mind for the work." Mr. Molin admits the public to his workshop. "Little time," he says, "is needed to write a melodrama, but when you do work on it you have to work hard." The Des Moines Capital assures us that Mr. Molin purposes to make Des Moines a "theatrical centre." The Capital is too modest. Indianapolis now fondly beasts that she is the literary centre of the country and italicizes "the."

* * *

There are actors and actresses who not only shrink from social publicity; they realize that this familiarity may harm their art, not through over-indulgence in cocktails, "wine" and tea, but because the illusions of those that meet them may easily be dispelled.

Years ago William Hazlitt, who if he were living today would probably be characterized by the flippant as a "high-brow," discussed this question in an essay. "Whether actors ought to sit in the boxes? Hazlitt believed that the actor should suporpt the illusion "by a certain self-respect which should keep him from curiosity, and by a certain deference to the public, in whom he has inspired certain prejudices which he is covenanted not to break. He represents the majesty of successive kings; he takès the responsibility of heroes and lovers on himself; the mantle of genius and nature falls on his shoulders; we pile 'millions' of associations on him, under which he should be 'buried quick,' and not perk out an inauspicious face upon us, with a plain-cut coat, to say, 'What fools you all were! I am not Hamlet the Dane!' * * * What a thing it is, for instance, for any part of an actor's dress to come off unexpectedly while he is playing! What a cut it is upon himself and the audience! What an effort he has to recover himself, and struggle through this exposure of the [illegible] * * * The modern tragedian and fine gentleman, by appearing in the boxes, and coming, 'in propria persona,' may easily cure us of our [illegible] of all the principal characters he shines in. 'Sir! do you think [illegible] o' that fashion in his lifetime, or was perfumed so? Had Julius Caesar such a nose? or wore his frill as you do? You have slain I can't know how many [illegible] "with a bare bodkin," the gold pin in your shirt, and [illegible] all the fine love speeches you will ever make by picking your teeth [illegible]."

But in Hazlitt's period the actor was suposed to be an impersonator. Today he is a personality. Each personality, male or female, has a following, sworn partisans, who go to see Mr. John Drew, no matter what name he assumes in the play, or Miss Adams, whether she appear in a play written expressly for her or in one hallowed by time.

* * *

Unpleasant things are now said in England about Miss Terry's comments on Irving as man and actor in her memoirs. Here is one remark: "The British public is generally of the opinion that Irving is sufficiently honored by a resting place in Westminster Abbey—a view considerably strengthened by the publication of Ellen Terry's memoirs." A reviewer points out the fact that Miss Terry, after praising Irving's Hamlet, says that Tennyson did not think it to be "a perfect Hamlet," and he quotes from Mr. Bram Stoker's personal reminiscences of himself, and, incidentally, Sir Henry Irving, how the poet said to him, Stoker: "I did not think Irving could have improved his Hamlet of five years ago; now he has improved it five degrees, and these five degrees have lifted it to heaven!"

Miss Terry put herself in a difficult position. Had she written nothing but praise, she would have been accused of sentimentalism and gush. Endeavoring to be discriminative, she is now accused of indulging herself in the malice of a friend. There are inconsequential, foolish things in these memoirs, but the treatment of her stage companion for years is, on the whole, discreet and loyal, and the pages about Irving only enlarge the admiration in which he was held by both personal friends and general puhlic.

* * *

To H. C. L.: The plot of "The Merry Widow" is not original. The libretto is based on a comedy in three acts, "L'Attache d'Ambassade," by Henri Meilhac. This comedy was produced at the Vaudeville, Paris, Oct. 12, 1861, and it is most amusing, far funnier than the version which now serves as a libretto. Meilhac's Widow, Madeleine Palmer, was first played by Juliette Beau; Febvre and Parade created respectively the parts of the Count Prax, the successful wooer, and Baron Scarpa. The comedy, if it were to be revived, might give pleasure today.

HERE AND THER

The death of William Farren, the elder, at Siena on Sept. 25, at the age of 83, calls for more than a line. Born in a famous family of actors, he began life as a singer, but in 1850 he played small juvenile parts. He was connected with the Haymarket from 1853 to 1867, and then was seen at the St. James, the Vaudeville, Aquarium, Criterion, Shaftesbury. After his retirement from the stage some years ago, he lived in Italy. He played during his career many parts with distinction, but he was known chiefly as Sir Peter Teazle, Dornton in "The Road to Ruin" and Sir Geoffrey in "Our Boys." During the run of 1100 nights of the last named play, he was never absent from his post." The London Times says of him that "a dignified bearing and a keen sense of theatrical effect marked him out as the best Sir Peter Teazle on the stage after Phelps ceased to play the character." and it characterizes him as one "of the old school of actors who first of all considered the dignity and good name of the profession." The Pall Mall Gazette strikes a more personal note. It regrets that Farren was practically unknown to the present generation. "There was no other such Peter Teazle or Anthony Absolute; and no living playgoer is likely to see those impersonations even equalled, much less surpassed. Mr. Farren had an elegant distinction of appearance, manner, and voice, which fitted such parts to a nicety; and no actor of our time has worn the garb of the eighteenth century with a more perfect grace. His art was finished in the extreme, yet his acting always gavo the impression of perfect spontaneity. We shall never forget his exit after 'I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! And damn me if ever I call you Jack again!' in the second act of 'The Rivals.' The accumulating fury of it was magnificent, and he literally whirled his way from the stage. It was a tour de forco, and we never knew it fail to win a prolonged burst of applause from all parts of the house." Americans that remembor this fine artist and gentleman describe him as the William Warren or John Gilbert of the London stage.

Ruth Vincent, the charming singing comedian who was last seen here in "Veronique"—the operetta deserved a hetter fate—will be the heroine in "The Belle of Brittany," to be produced in London the 17th.

Bernstein's remarkablo play, 'La Voleur" ("The Thief"), which will be played tomorrow night at the Park Theatre, was produced at the Renaissance, Paris, Dec. 7, 1906, when the part of Marie Voysin was created by Mme. Simone le Bargy and that of her husband by Lucien Guitry. That excellent actor Huguenet took the part of Raymond Lagarde.

A new four-act eomedy in verse, "Le Bon Roi Dagobert," by Andre Rivoire, was produced at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, Oct. 7. Pierre Veber of the Paris Herald says the comedy is "a delicious medley of sensibility and irony. The triumph of the piece proves how acceptable verse is in a play when the verses are well written and the play constructed on theatrical lines."

Henrietta Crosman will soon begin rehearsals of a new play by Agnes and Egerton Castle, to be produced in New York next month.

Horniman's "Bellamy the Magnificent," produced in London Oct. 6, with Sir Charles Wyndham as the hero, is described by "An American First Nighter" as "talk, talk, talk, and then some more talk," but good talk. "I doubt if a better written play was ever given." Where's your Shakespeare, not to mention your Bernard Shaw, now?

Eve Lavalliere, full of "gaminerie," vivacious, irrepressible, long the shining light of the Varietes, Paris, will leave that theatre to play in high comedy, to become a serious actress. 'It is a piece of news that has sent a spasm of excitement down the vertebral column of the Boulevards.' But it has become the fashion to "move on" in the theatrical world of Paris.

"Whoever it was that built Wallack's Theatre hated the Irish. He did none too well with the acoustics under any circumstances, but when Arnold Daly produced 'His Wife's Family' there last evening, a play in which all save one of the characters speak with a thick, juicy brogue, it was discovered that ho rendered the auditorium sound proof against Irish"—N. Y. Sun (Oct. 7). The play is by "George Egerton" (Mrs. Golding Bright). It is praised as a study of Irish character, but not as a drama. Edward Harrigan, the immortal hero of the Mulligan series, took the part of a serving man with a snatch of song.

Mr. Jerome's new play, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," will be produced in London by Mr. Charles Frohman the 14th. Fannie Ward will reappear "as a music hall artist, who having married into the ranks of the nobility, finds herself in tho difficult position of having to direct a household of 23 domestics." Will she share the fate of the charming woman in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"? Mr. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back" is now firmly established. Forbes Rohertson has received many letters thanking him for his courage in producing this play, which is already translated into Russian, Dutch, German and Spanish.

Sir John Hare is making a tour in the English provinces—"positively his last appearance."

Gordon Craig will soon start for Moscow to produce two pieces under contract.

Wright Lorimer, author of the "Shepherd King" and impersonator of David, admitted in Scranton, Pa., last week that 10 years ago, as the Rev. Walter M. B. Lowell, he was pastor of the Baptist Church in North Scranton.

A bust of Miss Maude Adams by Rudolph Evans has been put in the lobby of the Empire Theatre, New York.

[illegible] ro[illegible] "The Builder [illegible]," to be produced in London [illegible] has been secured for the United [illegible] by Charles Frohman.

[illegible]rsals of her new play, "Salva-[illegible]ll," by Mrs. Fiske and her com-[illegible] have begun. Its opening will [illegible] early in November. The scenes [illegible]d in New York, and its time is [illegible] present. Mrs. Fiske will play the [illegible]t of a scrubwoman in a saloon, "into [illegible]se life comes the power of self-[illegible]gation and of spiritual love."

The judges in the Bijou Dream con-[illegible]t have been overwhelmed with pict-[illegible]s, and the showing of the prize win-[illegible]s on the screen promises to be one [illegible] the most interesting features that [illegible]pular house has ever had.

Daniel Frohman will be in town dur-[illegible] the early days of the engagement [illegible] "The Thief" at the Park Theatre. [illegible]rgaret Illington is his wife.

The ni[illegible]th annual course of interpreta-[illegible]e recitals from early and modern [illegible]rs, under the direction of Henry [illegible]wrence Southwick, president of the [illegible]rson College of Oratory, will be [illegible]d next Friday evening, the 16th, [illegible] Chickering Hall, by Mrs. Jessie El-[illegible]e Southwick, with "Macbeth."

EDW. MACDOWELL'S POSTHUMOUS WORK

Mr. Arthur P. Schmidt of this city, who has done a great deal to advance the interests and spread the fame of American composers, published last week in attractive form the orchestral score of John K. Paine's music to "Oedipus Tyrannus," and a symphonic poem, "Lamia" (after Keats), by the lamented Edward MacDowell. There is a peculiar interest, and not wholly a sentimental one, in the publication of the latter score.

MacDowell spoke to me several years ago about his "Lamia." He then gave me the impression that he sketched it when he was living at Wiesbaden. (He made that town his dwelling place in 1885 and lived there until he came to America in 1888. It was at Wiesbaden that he wrote his second piano concerto, "Lancelot and Elaine," for orchestra; the two pieces for his "Roland" symphony—"The Beautiful Alda" and "The Saracens"—as well as piano music and songs.) He told me that the poem of Keats had made a deep impression on him and he had hoped to express his own feelings in this music; but the symphonic poem did not then wholly satisfy him, and he hoped to work on it later, just as he hoped to find time to rewrite and better the "Lancelot and Elaine," with which he was not wholly pleased, for, to use his own words, "it was too full of horns. They that knew MacDowell intimately will remember his shyness in speaking about his own music and especially about his aims and intentions in music.

The Old Legend.

The story of Lamia, the fair sorceress, is an old one, and it has been told by many. It appealed to Robert Burton, who retold it in his "Anatomy of Melancholy"; retold it in the portion of the second section—with the motto: "Heroical Love Causeth Melancholy. His Pedigree, Power and Extent." The story is worth reading today as Burton related it:

"Philostratus in his fourth book, 'De Vita Apollonii,' hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man 25 years of age, that, going between Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phoenician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, 'he would hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she being fair and lovely would live and die with him that was fair and lovely to behold.'

"The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her a while to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, among other guests, came Apollonius, who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia, and that all her furniture was like Tantalus' gold described by Homer, no substance, but mere illusions. When she saw herself described, she wept and desired Apollonius to be silent; but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house and all that was in it, vanished in an instant. Many thousands took note of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."

There is a striking version of this tale in Alexander Dumas' fantastical "Isaac Laquedem," which was never completed; and in Flaubert's "Temptation of St. Anthony," Damis tells the story to Anthony, while Apollonius stands by silently exulting. After describing the ruin of the house and the disappearance of golden dishes, servants and everything within the house, Damis says: "And Apollonius remained alone, standing, having at his feet this woman in tears. It was a vampire who satisfied handsome young men in order that she might eat their flesh, for nothing is more pleasing to this sort of phantom than the blood of lovers."

Keats drew the motive of his poem, written in 1819, from the story told in Burton.

MacDowell's symphonic poem is scored for piccolo, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, four horns, two trumpets, three trombones, tuba, kettle drums, cymbals, tam-tam and strings. The work begins with a sad and mysterious slow introduction, which is followed by a fiery allegro. Throughout this allegro there are contrasting episodes.

Whether MacDowell would have allowed the work, if he had lived, to be published in its present form, is a question that is more easily asked than answered. I know that although he spoke of revising it, or re-writing portions of it, it was a score for which he had peculiar affection.

Mr. Sinclair Again.

Mr. A. T. Sinclair of Allston, who wrote to The Herald recently, apropos of the "Merry Widow" waltz, again writes entertainingly. He hummed the waltz recently to an old Englishman, who said immediately: "I heard that tune sung by some British man-o'-war's men in a tap room 45 years ago," and the Englishman named the city and the ship. "He had never heard the Merry Widow waltz. Within a few days I sang 'Hi, ho, etc.,' to a German, and asked him if he knew the melody. 'Why,' he replied, 'that was a popular song in Hannover when I was a boy there over 40 years ago. I am sure it is an old popular German song.' He, too, did not know the 'Merry Widow' waltz, and never had heard it; although when I hummed it he said it was the same tune."

Mr. Sinclair also writes: "One summer evening in Moscow I went out to a popular resort, called, I think, 'Livadia.' In it were going on all sorts of performances, and there must have been over 10,000 people there. Glinka's charming opera, 'Ruslan and Ludmila,' was magnificently set and given in an immense summer opera house. Some famous ballarini were dancing 'as guests' in the large ballet. My entrance was hindered by a scene between a Circassian officer dressed with all the figures and glory of a Circassian rug and the soldier policeman who stood at attention, but would not admit him without a ticket. He drew his hiltless sabre, but some other officers interfered and prevented bloodshed.

"'After the opera was over,' I strolled about the grounds watching other exhibitions. Many of the gentlemen I noticed were quietly humming and singing to themselves or their ladies. 'Hoop dee doo, nee, doo nee doo, Hoop dee doo nee doo,' etc. And the melody I at once recognized as the refrain of our 'Mary Had a Little Lamb!' I had found near St. Petersburg that 'Little Brown Jug' was Chudish, and said to myself, 'Can "Mary Had a Little Lamb" be Russian?' Or is it Kirghiz? It does have the melancholy, plaintive character of the songs of the Kirghiz steppes!' But they only sang the meaningless chorus, no words of the song. Soon I saw an immense crowd. On approaching it I heard singing by a male quartet which struck me as the rich, mellow voices of American darkies. Impossible. I had not seen a negro in Europe, much less in Moscow. Elbowing my way through the crowd until I could catch the words and distinguish faces in the dimness. I heard 'Mary Had a Little Lamb, a Little Lamb,' etc. The mystery was solved. There they were in dress suits, sparkling with diamond breastpins and rings, four fine-looking American negroes. They sang well and their performances were greeted with heartier applause than Glinka's most popular opera. It was something unique. Afterward, when they strolled through the grounds, they were followed respectfully by an admiring crowd in which even the bewitching Wiener ballet girls joined.

"Another example illustrates the wide spread of popular melodies. Two or three days after I arrived in Florence, one evening I joined the crowd around three Italians who were singing before one of the large hotels on the Lung' Arno. They sang very well to an appreciative audience on the balconies of the hotel. Then they started a serenade to a familiar air. Their words were those of a devoted lover. After one or two verses sung by the soloist, a rising Caruso perhaps, I, without thinking, joined in the chorus, singing old college words. 'Singing mush, mush, mush, too ral li addio, etc. For there's not a gossoon in the village dared tread on the tail of my coat.' The applause, with some 'snickers,' indicated that some English or American in the balcony realized the incongruity of the mixture and the joke. So I prudently withdrew in the darkness. I never heard the air performed by other Italians except once. An old Calabrian bagpiper had played for me Tarantellas, Sicilianas, Neapolitanas, Pastorales, etc., and had taken his bagpipe apart and given me the names of the different parts; told me it was made by another peasant, it cost $6, etc. Finally, I hummed a strain of 'Mush, mush,' to him. He stopped me and at once played the whole melody. The only name he could give for it was Pastorale, for, in fact, he had only some such general word for every air, no specific name. I found here, however, many Italians know it and sing it in Italian."

Boston Symphony Concerts.

Mr. Fiedler has felt compelled to make a change in the second programme for the concerts of next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The original programme was: Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite "Scheherazade" and Schumann's Symphony in D minor with Emil Sauer as soloist; but Mr. Sauer has chosen his own Second Concerto for piano, and in order to bring the programme within reasonable length, Mr. Fiedler has taken off the Schumann Symphony and placed in its stead Weber's "Oberon" overture. Mr. Fiedler has placed the "Scheherazade" Suite on the programme as a memorial tribute to Rimsky-Korsakoff, who died on June 21 last. This particular Suite is a remarkable illustration of the brilliance of the composer's orchestration and of his feeling for the Orient. Mr. Sauer, who visits America for the second time, will make here his first appearance, as far as this season is concerned, in this country. He is justly ranked among the leading pianists of the world.

In response to urgent requests received from patrons of the Symphony orchestra in Cambridge, the management this year has arranged to give eight concerts in Sanders Theatre, Harvard, instead of the six that has been the rule for the past several years. Last year there was not a concert when all who wished to attend could be accommodated. The concerts will be given on Thursday evenings, Oct. 22, Nov. 19, Dec. 10, Jan. 21, Feb. 11, March 4, April 1 and April 29. The hour of beginning the concerts, as last year, will be 8 o'clock. The following soloists are announced: Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto; Miss Germaine Arnaud, Miss Laura Hawkins and Mr. George Proctor, pianists; Miss Nina Fletcher and Mr. Willy Hess, violinists. The renewals by last year's subscribers must be made on or before next Wednesday, Oct. 14, at Kent's University bookstore, in Harvard square. The public sale of season tickets will open at Kent's University bookstore, in Harvard square, on next Saturday morning, Oct. 17.

George Hamlin and Others.

George Hamlin is a singer whom it is always a pleasure to hear on account of the honesty of his art and the intelligence and the enthusiasm of his interpretation. He will give a song recital in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, when he will sing songs by Bononcini, Handel, Linley, Schubert, Beethoven, Schumann, Rubinstein, Grieg, Brahms, Wolf, Strauss, Campbell-Tipton, Quilter, Rummel, Schneider, Lover and Salter.

Albert Debuchy, conductor, announces a concert of French operatic and romantic music in Symphony Hall on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 17, at 2:30 o'clock. There will be an orchestra of 74 players, with Louis Eaton as concert master. The orchestral programme will include works by Reyer, Gounod, C. Erlanger, Widor, Chabrier, Bruneau, Bizet, Saint-Saëns. Mme. Calve will be the soloist. She will sing with the orchestra stanzas from Gounod's "Sapho," an aria from "The Pearl Fishers" of Bizet; also, with violin harp and organ, the "Ave Maria" or Bach-Gounod, and songs with piano accompaniment.

Arthur Hartmann, violinist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, Oct. 26. Since he visited us last he has given concerts in Europe with unusual success. Tickets may be obtained at Symphony Hall.

The Adamowski trio will give two concerts in Steinert Hall this season. The date of the first will soon be announced. The second will be on Feb. 22 of next year, "the birthday of Chopin," and the programme will consist of works by Chopin. The proceeds of the second concert will be given to the fund for the erection of a monument to the composer in Warsaw. As The Herald has already stated, there is a dispute about the date of Chopin's birth. It had been established as March 1, 1809, but Mme. Janotha insists that the date should be Feb. 22, 1810. She is contradicted by the biography of Woejcicki and the statements of the Chopin family. Nevertheless, Riemann, painstaking and unusually accurate, favors Mme. Janotha's contention.

Mrs. Hall McAllister's concerts at the Hotel Somerset will be given this season on the mornings of December 14, 28 and Jan. 11. The artists will probably be chiefly singers from the Manhattan Opera House.

The Evening Current Events Club of Hyde Park will give a concert in Waverly Hall, Hyde Park, on Tuesday evening, the 27th. Miss Elizabeth Dodge, soprano, of New York, Gustav Strube, violinist, and others will take part in it.

Miss Adela Verne, a pianist who has played with uncommon success in Great Britain and on the Pacific coast, will be heard in Boston for the first time Saturday afternoon, the 24th, in Jordan Hall. Her programme will include pieces by Bach-Liszt, Mendelssohn, Couperin, Handel, Scarlatti, Brahms, Schumann, Rubinstein, Chopin, Alkan, Elkus, Liszt.

In Steinert Hall.

The following concerts will be given in Steinert Hall:

Wednesday evening, the 14th—First pianola recital of the season, with Willard Flint, bass. These recitals will be given once in two weeks.

Monday night, Nov. 9—Piano recital by Miss Abbie D. Mason.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 11—Violin recital by Richard Czerwonky, late second concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who has returned to make his home here.

Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 18—Piano recital by Miss Carolyn Louise Willard, pianist, of Chicago.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 18—Concert by the Weber quartet.

Monday afternoon, Nov. 23—Piano recital by Louis Bachner, now of the Peabody Conservatory of Baltimore.

Friday evening, Dec. 4—First of three piano and violin sonata concerts by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes of New York.

Thursday, Dec. 10—Song recital by Heinrich Meyn of New York.

The dates of the following concerts will be announced later: Piano recital by Nathan Fryer (his first appearance here); piano recitals by Miss Augusta Cottlow, Miss Laura Hawkins and Leland Hall; song recitals by Stephen Townsend; chamber concerts by Felix Fox (third season).

Personal.

The foreign journals tell us that Sarasate, who died at the Villa Navarra at Biarritz, Sept. 21, "passed away quietly," but little or nothing is said about the precise nature of his last sickness. I am now informed that he died from enlargement of the spleen. They that heard him within the past year at Vienna say that his playing and the inimitable grace, tenderness and charm that characterized him when he was at the zenith of his fame. He was 64 years old last March. He bequeathed a Stradivarius violin and 20,000 francs to the conservatory of Paris; another Stradivarius with 100,000 francs to the Conservatory of Madrid; two other violins, his bric-a-brac, pictures, etc., with a large sum of money to the poor of Pampeluna, his birthplace.

Yvonne de Treville, now of the Monnaie company, Brussels, made a triumphant return to that opera house last month as Lakme, and soon thereafter took the part of Mathilde in "Guillaume Tell."

Charles Dalmores, who sang at Bayreuth with marked success in German last summer, has given a brilliant series of performances of "Lohengrin" at Wiesbaden.

Mme. Tetrazzini is making a concert tour this month of England and Scotland.

Miss Lilla Ormond, who will sing with the Boston Symphony orchestra at Cambridge and elsewhere this season, will sing this afternoon in New York at one of Herman Klein's concerts. She takes the place of Miss Mulford, who is sick.

Emmy Destinn displeased the people of Prague by giving a song recital with a programme made up exclusively of Czech songs. Yet she is a Czech, and why should not Czechs like to hear their own songs in their own languages? Have they the foolish prejudice shown by American audiences in "fashionable" concert halls?

There is a story that Jean de Reszke has been named director of the Warsaw Opera House. Will he direct it by telegraph from Paris? Or will he be willing to live in Warsaw?

Miss Fornia, once Miss Newman, affirms passionately that her friend Mrs. Mabelle Gilman Corey has a voice well adapted for grand opera, and that Mrs. Corey will probably prevail over her husband's opposition. "All the voice needs," says Miss Fornia, "is finishing."

Harold Bauer played in London late last month.

Adelaide Norwood has been singing with Barron Berthold in grand opera at Cleveland, O. She sang in "Lohengrin" Sept. 21. It is expected that the season will last 10 weeks.

Tita Brand, daughter of Mrs. Marie Brema, was married at Brussels on Sept. 16 to a young Belgian author, Emile Cammaerts. Miss Brand is known in England as reciter and playactress. Her husband's recent translations of Guido Gezelle's Flemish poems have been praised, and his drama in four acts, "Tristan et Iseult," will soon be published. Some months ago Miss Brand recited at Brussels a scene, translated into English, from this tragedy.

Alys Lorraine, who made her debut at the Royal Opera House at The Hague Oct. 5 as Marguerite in Gounod's opera, was born at Quincy, Ill., and went to Europe to study about six years ago. Her teachers were Tamagno, Mme. Marchesi and Jean de Reszke. She sang in opera with success at Monte Carlo, and gave not long ago a song recital in London. A contract for two years has been offered her at The Hague.

Caruso will appear at the Berlin Royal Opera House the 20th, 22d and 24th, as Racames, Canio and Lionel.

The Signale informs us that when Dr. Muck conducted for the first time this season in the Berlin Opera House he was welcomed with applause that "lasted for a minute."

New Works.

Gustav Mahler's 7th symphony in five movements—allegro with long introduction, "Nachtmusik No. 1," third movement in form of a dance, "Nachtmusik No. 2" and finale—was produced for the first time at Prague last month. Mr. Spanuth reviewed the work on the whole unfavorably, although he described the fourth movement as "a little jewel," for the Signale (Sept. 23).

Rudolf Ganz, who now lives in Berlin, was amazed to read the statement that he had composed an opera, "Monna Vanna," which would be produced next month. He has not even thought of writing such a work.

Saint-Saens is said to be writing an opera for the Opera Comique, Paris.

Liza Lehmann has composed a group of songs dedicated to the use of children. The music is set to words by E. V. Lucas, whose delightful anthologies are well known, and the set is entitled "Mr. Coggs and other Songs for Children." They were to have been sung in London by a small boy and girl at Joseph O'Mara's concert last Friday night.

Emil Paur's new symphony, "In der Natur," will probably be performed, and for the first time, at Pittsburg this season. He has been at work on it for several years.

Elgar's new symphony, which will be performed for the first time at a concert in London, led by Richter this season will be conducted by the composer at one of the Queen's Hall Symphony concerts led by Mr. Wood. It is hoped that Messrs. Debussy and Sibelius will conduct some of their compositions at the latter concerts.

Gems of Definition.

The Musical Times, London, quotes extracts from a musical examination paper:

"Senza Sordini—Without sordidness—that is, the music is not to be played or sung in a dull manner."

"Suspension—The music is to be suspended."

"Schumann's music is especially noted for the rippling vivace style, rippling, running music for the treble, and slow, firm bass work. His music generally consists of flats, or written in a minor mode."

"Mendelssohn generally writes in sharps, and he is particularly fond of chords."

Frothingham Testimonial.

Mr. George Frothingham, as a prominent member of the "Bostonians," is known throughout the land, and naturally the testimonial concert arranged for him tonight at the Malden Auditorium has awakened great interest in this city, which he has made his home for many years. Who does not remember gratefully his Dick Deadeye, his Friar Tuck and other parts in which his humor fairly bubbled?

At this testimonial concert, Mr. Frothingham will contribute novel and amusing features to the pro-

gramme. He will be assisted by Samuel L. Studley, his long-time associate, as conductor, who will play piano solos; "Chick Fox" in special acts; the Harvard male quartet; David Newland, tenor; Mr. and Mrs. William Stetson (songs), and W. H. Hatch and his daughters, Edith and Pauline. Tickets may be obtained at the Sargent (West end) and Morgan (Pleasant street) drug stores.

Emil Sauer.

Emil Sauer, who will play his second piano concerto at the Symphony concerts this week, played for the first time in Boston at a Symphony concert Jan. 14, 1899, when he chose Henselt's concerto. He was then so heartily applauded that he was encouraged to break the traditional rule by adding an "encore piece"—theme and variations by Schubert-Tausig. He gave afterward three recitals in the city.

Not long ago Mr. Sauer contributed to "M. A. P." a chapter of autobiography, in which he told of his trials and tribulations when he first visited London in 1892. "I do not think there was a musical celebrity, a conductor, an agent, whom I did not approach, and approach in vain. None would even hear me play. I had to live, though there were times when I began gravely to doubt the necessity. And so I took to teaching the English ladies' at five shillings the hour, sometimes less. * * *" Not without bitter feelings does Mr. Sauer recall also his early London experiences as an artist invited to play at private houses. It was "even worse than giving lessons." Sometimes he came away from these functions "with the tears streaming down his face, humiliated to the depths by the treatment he had received." The pianist added: "To this day, if I ever have nightmare, it takes the form of sitting in a London drawing-room playing the great masters, while in my ears there roars and reverberates a veritable Niagara of talk."

Nor does Mr. Sauer think that the life of a virtuoso is necessarily a happy one. He said recently to a reporter of the Daily Chronicle in London "I can assure you it means tremendous hard work. Take the travelling. You rarely spend more than 30 hours in a town before you return to the railway station to go on another journey. The actual physical strain due to the incessant moving, with no proper rest, is surprising. You have to practise in the morning, just to keep your fingers supple, and you spend what spare time you may have in studying new works, for a pianist must always be increasing his repertory. And then comes the performance! How seldom does an audience think how easily a sensitive artist may be upset, and consequently unable to do his best. A little noise—some people talking, a door banging, a draught, a bad light, these are some of the trifles that annoy a highly-strung pianist. But the poor fellow has to get through his programme."

Miss Terry's Concerts.

Miss Julia A. Terry's concerts this season will be given in the music room of Fenway Court, through the courtesy of Mrs. John L. Gardner, on Monday afternoons at 3 o'clock, Jan. 18 and 25 and Feb. 1. Miss Susan Metcalfe, George Proctor and Walter Damrosch will take part. Mr. Damrosch will give his lecture on Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande." The violin quartet of Mr. Loeffler's best pupils will give its first performance at the final concert, assisted by a singer whose name will be announced later.

Oct 13 1908

'THE THIEF' GIVEN AT PARK THEATRE

PARK THEATRE—"The Thief," translated from "Le Voleur," drama in three acts by Henry Bernstein, performed for the first time in Boston by Mr. Charles Frohman's company.

Richard Voysin.....Kyrle Bellew
Raymond Lagardes ...Edward R. Mawson
Théodoin .....Sidney Herbert
Fernand Lagardes.....Eugene O'Brien
A valet.....Edward Elsner
Mme. Louise Voysin.....Margaret Illington
Isabelle Lagardes.....Isabel Richards

The play is in many respects a remarkable one. The story of this play, which will be two years old next December, is familiar to all that are interested in the drama. A woman, who loves her husband with her heart and with her senses, fears the sumptuous contrast of the fine linen and the laces of other women, who may thus appeal to him and lead him to forgetfulness of her and to infidelity. For her husband's bachelor days were stormy; she became counsels moderation in household expenses; and the first time she wore a handsome robe, a veritable revelation, her Richard was so moved that on returning home, before opening the door on the landing, he embraced her furiously and murmured: "Little Marise, your husband is proud of you." The wife, intoxicated by this amorous praise, wishes to be seductive from top to toe. She runs into debt. Visiting at a country house she steals money belonging to the hostess. A second wife and her girl friend, the son of the host, a scort of cherubino, 18 years old, is in love with his stepmother's friend. He has been seen by an amateur detective, stopping at the house in the guise of a guest, in or near the room where the money had been left. Young Fernand had hidden his notes of declaration and adoration in Marie's boudoir. As he had had affairs with little actresses, as he was in the habit of attending the races, he is naturally accused of the theft by the French Sherlock Holmes. In order to save Marie the young man confesses his guilt. Voysin, however, at night is led to suspect his wife, who was never more loving and cajoling, and at last she frankly confesses her guilt. The shocked husband is jealous of Fernand.

Here are the requisites of a drama: life, passion, situations and, above all, well-defined characters. The question arises whether the character of Marie is as sympathetic to an American audience as she would surely be to a Parisian one. Can American women appreciate or understand her temptation? Marie was not demented with the mania for shopping, the mania, which, described in epic pages by Zola in his "Denise," brings ruin to many families. She did not steal from a desire to make other women envious, to dazzle the eyes of the male in general; she stole to preserve her husband's love. It should be remembered that she and her husband are represented as passionately in love with each other. Their billing and cooing excite the smiles of their host and hostess.

They seize every pretext to be alone. Yet Marie fears the costumes, the laces, the "intimate linen" of other women. It is doubtful whether an American woman, however she might wish to be dressed carefully and handsomely would think for a moment that her husband's love depended on the state of her wardrobe. They order these things differently—I do not say better—in France. French dramatists and novelists lay singular stress on the "tres beaux dessous" of their heroines. Nevertheless there should be something left to the imagination even in the matter of "dessous."

It has been said that the actor of a part is also one of the authors of the drama in which he plays. There is something in this saying, and whether or not the character of Marie be sympathetic to an audience in any country depends largely on the impersonation of the actress.

The other characters in the play are of a more conventional type, yet they are effectively drawn by the dramatist. The son, who in the English version is 19 years old and not 18, is a type that is not common in this country. Not because he falls in love with a woman a few years older, but because he has a Byronic passion for a married woman who has given him little or no encouragement. A young man thus disporting himself is a favorite with French authors and his behavior is accepted by French audiences as natural and inevitable.

The construction of the drama cannot be too warmly praised. The amorous ecstasy of the Voysins is at once exposed, and later indicated in certain lines that in the English version have been softened or omitted. One famous line that really gives the key to Marie's character is expunged, and although it might shock American sensitiveness, the expurgation is a loss. The dialogue is admirably contrived to portray the respective characters, to speed the action, to lead directly to the chief dramatic situations. Let the reasonableness of Marie's conduct be granted—and her thefts would be readily understood if not excused by her country women—and the play is logical from the beginning to the end.

In the original drama there is a final scene between Marie and Fernand, for the husband, convinced at last of his wife's fidelity, generously leaves them alone, and the curtain falls as Marie kisses Fernand farewell and calls him her friend, her brother. In the English version this scene is wisely omitted. The sufferings of the unhappy Fernand, who has apparently gained his views of life from the stories of de Maupassant and a demi-mondaine, do not appeal to New Englanders.

The play was, on the whole, uncommonly well acted, and the stage management was admirable. It is true that Miss Illington did not portray either broadly or in detail the Marie of the drama, and the great speech of confession in the second act was beyond her grasp. She was more successful in the lighter moments and in sensuous appeal than in the depiction of anxiety, self-torture, shame and remorse. There was at times effective facial expression, as when she listened to the story of the detective and saw as from a tower the end of all, but in the more intense passages she lacked distinction and true authority.

It was a great pleasure to see Mr. Bellew again. His wit is ripe and mature. His reading, always a delight, was never better modulated, never more spontaneous. His points were made with quiet effectiveness. There was an utter sinking of personality, or rather Richard Voysin lived and loved and suffered before the audience. It is hard to think of Voysin otherwise than he appeared last night. Thus the man must have moved and talked. It would be impossible to praise too highly the crescendos that led inexorably to climaxes of intensity, or to overpraise the eloquence of Mr. Bellew's repose. One of the finest features of his performance was his silent watching of Marie in the third act when the father was announcing his plans for Fernand.

The support was on the whole excellent. Mr. Herbert was dignified and convincing in a part that might easily have been over-acted. Mr. O'Brien played discreetly as Fernand and saved the youth from seeming wholly silly and contemptible. Miss Richards, who took the part of Lagardes' young wife, was a pleasing apparition to the eye, but she was inclined to play in too high a key. This wife is after all a simple creature, eminently domestic, not at all melodramatic.

The drama was artistically staged, and the setting of the second act was especially tasteful.

The large audience was deeply interested. There was hearty applause and there were curtain calls.

DRAMA A

The Herald has already referred to the verbal incoherency of the performance of "His Wife's Family" at Wallack's Theatre, New York. Mr. Acton Davies insists that Mr. Arnold Daly, "always alert to bring novelties before his public," thus gave New York its first opportunity to hear a play in Esperanto. "Mr. Daly," by the way, "was in a red dressing gown and wore a clump of gray excelsior on either cheek. He was supposed to be starving, but from the way he swallowed his words one might have thought that indigestion would soon have marked him for its own."

The career of "The Offenders" in New York was short. The Evening Post did not regret the disappearance of the play. "A more tiresome, disingenuous and foolish piece is seldom seen."

Louis Mann will be seen in the Circle Theatre, New York, on Thursday night in a drama by Jules E. Goodman, entitled "The Man Who Stood Still." The story is one of East side life. The chief character is a narrow old German watchmaker, whose sour bigotry causes the ruin of his business and domestic relations. His daughter abandons him to marry the son of his rival in trade. Mme. Cotrelly will be in the supporting cast. Mr. Mann purposes to impersonate Shylock in the course of his engagement.

It is rumored that Mr. Weingartner will not be able to hold his position as director of the Vienna Opera House; that there is an effort in that city to secure Dr. Muck for the position, and that Gustav Mahler, now of the Metropolitan Opera House, "is negotiating for the directorship of the Royal Opera House in Berlin for a period of five years." It is true that Mr. Weingartner has made enemies in Vienna by undoing in some instances what his predecessor Mahler did in mounting certain operas—as "Fidelio," for instance—by dismissing a favorite singer; by making cuts in "The Valkyrie"—but for this he should be applauded; nor has he been the only conductor in Vienna to do this. Mr. Mahler, however, has denied that he was casting sheep's eyes toward Berlin. And how about Dr. Muck? Would he prefer Vienna as a dwelling place and the scene of his musical activity to Boston?

But Lulu Glaser will visit Germany early next spring, and be at the head of a German company. She is highly pleased, for, as she said recently in a fine burst, "It has been the dream of my life to play in the land of my fathers and in the one language which is really more natural to me than even English." Even Miss Glaser's warmest admirers have sometimes wondered at her English, or rather at the wild Pittsburgian twang in her pronunciation of familiar words.

It is said that Mr. Andreas Dippel, asked by a "wealthy young matron" of New York who wishes to go on the operatic stage, "Just what would you do if you were a woman in my position and had a voice?" answered: "I would go out in the rain and try to lose it." Let us hope that the story is not true. Mr. Dippel has always had, like Baptista Minola, the reputation of being an affable and courteous gentleman.

Miss Virginia Earle considered herself highly insulted in Baltimore, not only because the proprietor of the Maryland Theatre objected to her act, "When Salome meets the Devil," but because he said that the vulgarity of the piece was heightened by the fact that "Miss Earle has a shape like a Philadelphia pie woman." (We mourn the absence of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who could no doubt contribute an illuminative note on "Pie women, their shapes, and an inquiry into the Philadelphia species.") Miss Earle denies that her "act" was vulgar, either in line or gesture. "I wear 'fleshlings' all over the upper part of my body and down on the arms several inches, and I'm covered with beads. There is not even the least bit of kissing."

Mme. Melba is making a concert tour of the English provinces. Her last and only appearance in London until 1910 will be made in the Albert on Nov. 7.

Mme. Cecile Chaminade will make her first appearance in this country as a pianist at New York, the 24th. She will bring with her singers to sing her songs.

Mr. Percy Colson, an English violinist, purposes to live in Rochester, N. Y., or, as the Post Express says in a more genteel way, he "is contemplating making his home in our midst." And Rochester rejoices, for Mr. Colson is "cosmopolitan by education." Mr. Colson loves Paris, and no wonder. "Old Saint-Saens, a veritable curmudgeon in manners, was his acquaintance there; he was intimate with Bemberg; he dined with Dehussy; he met Pierne; Widor chatted with him." There's been nothing like this since the death of our old and esteemed friend who socked with Socrates and ripped with Euripides. So "old Saint-Saens" is a curmudgeon," is he? Others have found him a delightful companion and a man of exquisite manners.

The soloists of the Philharmonic Society of New York this season will be Mrs. Rider-Kelsey, soprano; Messrs. Josef Lhevinne, pianist; Mischa Elman and Arthur Hartmann, violinists; Leo Schulz, 'cellist, and others. Mr. Hartmann, a pupil of Mr. C. M. Loeffler, will give a recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon the 26th. Mr. Schulz, formerly of the Boston Symphony orchestra, lately with the Symphony orchestra of New York, has rejoined the Philharmonic to lead the 'cellos.

Mme. Marie Gabrielle Laschetitzky, the fourth of his pupils whom the famous teacher married, will play the piano at an orchestra concert in London Dec. 15. Leschetitzky says she is the most gifted of all [illegible] Saying this, he is prudent, if not severely critical.

The Herald stated some days ago that the Cecilia of this city is thinking of performing Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova." The Oratorio Society of New York will perform it again on Dec. 2. A great obstacle to performances of this work is the absurd and almost prohibitive price charged for chorus copies and for the score.

Mr. Walter Damrosch has engaged several soloists for the series of 16 Sunday afternoon and eight Tuesday evening concerts in New York, among them Miss Farrar, Mme. Jomelli, Messrs. Lhevinne, Albert Spalding and Alwin Schroeder.

The statistician has been busy with Mme. Schumann-Heink, who has sailed for Europe to make a long concert tour. In the last season she has travelled 36,063 miles, and sung before nearly 175,000 people. She would not tell the precise amount of her net earnings, but her husband admitted coyly that the sum was over $100,000.

Miss Ada Rehan will return to this country to live, but she has "definitely" refused all offers to return to the stage.

Mr. Emil Sauer says of his second piano concert which he will play here with the Symphony Orchestra this week:

"I hope that one may love the classics without being called old-fashioned. The concerto is one of several written since my last visit to this country, and the sonata was published not more than five years ago. I believe that they have a modern spirit, but they are not treated in what is called modern style, which I avow frankly to be entirely opposed to my views of estheticism. For me Beethoven, Schumann, Mozart and Haydn are as noble and as appealing as they ever were, and I have not joined those of the present day cult who regard Mendelssohn as a talented amateur who had sufficient social position to have himself taken seriously."

The "recent" announcement that Mme. Yvette Guilbert purposes to renounce music hall and ballad singing to play in straight comedy is not news. She declared some months ago her intention to leave the scenes of her triumphs, and she has already played in comedy. Neither is Mr. Joseph O'Mara, the tenor, "a new star."

The plot of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new four-act play, "Caesar Borgia," in which Mr. H. B. Irving will take the title part and Miss Dorothea Baird the part of Lavinella Orsini, is described as follows: "The drama is of the 'capa y espada' order, and contains abundant matter of a thrilling and sensational kind. In the streets of Rome Caesar accidentally encounters Lavinella, whom, wholly unconscious that she is the chosen instrument of his death, he courts in the guise of a humble student. Love, however, conquers hatred, and Lavinella, the victim of her own passion, foregoes the purposes to which she had dedicated her life. Caesar, on the other hand, speedily tires of his too easily effected conquest. The girl's relations, the Orsini, convinced of her treachery, endeavors to persuade him to deliver her up to their vengeance, and to the shameful bargain he promptly accedes. Then follows a series of whirlwind incidents, in which the poisoned cup and the stealthy stiletto play a prominent part. Eventually Caesar, held at bay by his enemies, is visited by Lavinella, now a Sister of Mercy, who urges him to seek safety in flight. At last he realizes the strength of her love and her devotion. But all too late. A band of emissaries force their way into the castle, and, after a Homeric fight, Caesar is done to death."

"Little Nemo" seems to have made a stir in Philadelphia. As soon as this engagement is ended, "Little Nemo" will move on to New York and take the place at the New Amsterdam Theatre left vacant when the "Merry Widow" closes its stay of more than a year.

Boston will be one of five cities to which Wright Lathrop Elmendorf will give his illustrated lectures this season.

Joseph Ratliff, for several seasons baritone with the Fritzi Scheff company, will have an important part in "The Girl Behind the Counter" at the Majestic next week.

"The Prince and the Pauper" and "The Little Princess" are secured for production this winter at the Castle Square. "Her Own Way," by Clyde Fitch, is booked for early production at the same theatre.

Oct 14 1908

GEORGE HAMLIN IN SONG RECITAL

Mr. George Hamlin of Chicago, tenor, gave a song recital in Chickering Hall last night. Mr. Edwin Schneider was the accompanist. The programme was as follows: "Die Linde im Thal" and "Lindenlaub," Old German; Handel, "O, Sleep"; Linley, "O, Bid Your Faithful Ariel"; Schubert, "An Eine Quelle"; Beethoven, "Der Kuss"; Schumann, "Stille Thraenen" and "Im's Freie"; Rubensteln, "Es Blinkt der Thau"; Brahms, "Minnelied"; Wolf, "Auf Ein Altes Bild"; R. Strauss, "O, Suesser Mal"; Campbell-Tipton, "Four Sea Lyrics"; Quilter, "The Maiden's Blush" and "Cherry Ripe"; E. Schneider, "Black Eyed Susan," "Flower Rain," "Your Eyes"; Salter, "The Lamp of Love."

Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne said of the glorious days of his "Laus Veneris": "I have never been able to see what should attract men to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of praising." Mr. Hamlin last evening again gave this pleasure. As in the past, his programme was interesting and unconventional; his interpretation was eloquent. He has brains and heart. There is no disturbing evidence of indefatigable and painstaking preparation, yet each song has been mastered and the spirit of the poet and of the composer animates tho singer. His versatility is marked. His tenderness is not sentimentalism; his strength is truly virile.

His versatility was shown by tho programme itself, and each song had its appropriate mood. Mr. Hamlin was naive in the old German songs of antique grace and primitive simplicity, and brilliant in the florid air of Linley. He sang the ineffably lovely song of Handel with classic repose and he was nobly passionate in the melodies of Schumann. He rose perhaps to the greatest height in his romantic interpretation of "Es blinkt der Thau," which is still one of the world's great songs, and in the moving song of Wolf, "Innite Riches in a Little Room." He was always interesting and his art was frequently engrossing.

The first three of Mr. Campbell-Tipton's "Sea Lyrics" were sung in Boston by Mr. John Brann in February, 1907. The songs then seemed labored and in a way pretentious. In spite of Mr. Hamlin's admirable delivery of them, they made a no more favorable impression. At times there are suggestions in them of "the spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea," but in the main they are melodramatic or bombastic. They are also fussy—but the ocean is never fussy, neither is the darkness. The few introductory words of Schubert's "Am Meer" and the apparently simple harmonies at the beginning of d'Indy's "Lied Marlitme" are more suggestive, have more intensity, than all this strut and fury. Mr. Quilter's music to "Maiden's Blush" is worthy of Herrick's lines, and there can be no higher praise.

The first section of Mr. Walter Rummell's "Twilight" reminds one harmonically of the ultra-modern French composers. The music for the last lines is as an abrupt transition, and the change in mood seems incongruous, not justified by any marked change in the poetic sentiment. Mr. Schneider's "Flower Rain" has the charm of tinkle, and its music-box accompaniment so pleased the audience that the song was repeated, as was Salter's "Lamp of Love," a portentous setting of a few lines that might excite a Browning club to perfervid discussion.

There was a highly appreciative audience, and there was much applause.

SYMPHONY NOTES.

Mr. Emil Sauer will play here at the Symphony concerts this week his first piano concerto, E minor, and not the second, which has been announced.

MacDowell's posthumous symphonic poem "Lamia" (after Keats), which was discussed in The Herald of last Sunday, will be performed for the first time at the Symphony concerts of next week. The other pieces will be Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and the Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

Oct 15 1908

DRAMA A

The announcement has been made that Mr. Emil Sauer would play here, at the Symphony concerts this week, his second concerto for the piano, which was written in 1901-2 and performed for the first time at Meiningen in October, 1902. It now appears that Mr. Sauer will play his first concerto, which was first performed at a meeting of the festival of the German Musical Society at Bremen in 1900. This concerto has been played over 60 times by the composer and other pianists in the chief cities of Europe, and an eighth edition of it was published recently.

When Mr. Sauer played his second concerto in London in 1903, the Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "Parts of the work were pretty, parts were commonplace, parts, so far as concerned the melodramatic element of which we have spoken, were wonderfully effective, but the whole work was of Adelphi drama all compact; we are really not exaggerating when we say that we could allocate, now this portion to the despairing mother, now that portion to the discovery of the infant after the stress of a heavy snowstorm, and again another portion to a crisis between the hero and the villain, the end streaming away into the universal happiness of marriage bells." The Pall Mall Gazette, in conclusion, characterized "M. Sauer" as a "splendid musical melodramatist."

But why "M." Sauer? Mr. Sauer is a German, born in Hamburg, where the freaks and edgings come from. The Pall Mall Gazette might as well have addressed him as "Signor." We regret to find the Boston Opera Company already speaking of "Signor" Constantino and "Signor" Conti.

The Herald gave an account last Sunday of MacDowell's symphonic poem, "Lamia" (after Keats' poem). This composition will be performed for the first time in this country by the Boston Symphony Orchestra next week in Symphony Hall. The other pieces on the programme will be Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and the prelude to "The Mastersingers."

Mr. H. B. Irving played Hamlet at Clapham Junction Sept. 21, and it was said that he was "loyal to his own convinced psychological view of the character." The critic added: "His Hamlet is a frank neurotic, amiable and refined, of the highest intellectual and critical gifts, but perfectly sodden with self-consciousness—a man who cherishes his griefs for their dramatic zest, and is too thoroughly aesthetic to care seriously even about a father's murder. The visitation of the ghost is pure ecstasy to him, he thoroughly enjoys the opportunity of poniarding his mother, and in short he is the perfect prince of egotists, speechifiers and emotional humbugs." Yet there were some that loved Hamlet, as Ophelia, as Horatio, who said good night to the dying man and addressed him as "Sweet Prince." This reminds us that the score of Joachim's overture to "Hamlet" was recently published.

It is said that Miss Maud Allen is now "a settled habit" with the London public. "The more that one sees of her dancing, the more one realizes the radical difference between it and that of even the best and most versatile of the ballet school. Its inspiration is entirely independent of animal spirits, its style is infinitely fuller in resource, and of course its aims are vastly more ambitious as regards the range and scope of its expression."

Mr. Herbert Swears' "The House of Play," an adaptation from the French, produced at the Coronet Theatre, London, Oct. 2, is described as lachrymose. "Mrs. Kendal in the part of an afflicted mother was dissolved in tears over and over again; her elder daughter, Valentine, had several bursts of weeping; her younger daughter, Marguerite, had quite an important one toward the close of the play; her son Pierre was once or twice on the verge of one, and her husband, Henri, was so moved by the general humidity of his surroundings that he made a bad mistake in a quotation fom Omar Khayyam at the end of the second act. Compared with this elaborate display of the water works, as Mr. Samuel Weller would have called it, 'East Lynne' is remembered as a smiling joy."

Mr. Claude Debussy rewrote and rescored his cantata, "The Prodigal Son," for performance at the Sheffield festival last week.

The Hoffmann quartet of Boston will give three concerts here this season, the seventh of its existence.

The commissioner of Indian affairs fears "tubercular contagion through an interchange of band instruments"; therefore, until the department supplies the band leader at Fort Lapwai with disinfectants no band practice will be allowed.

Mr. George M. Cohan admits sorrowfully that the dramatic critics will never take musical comedy seriously.

Mr. Campanini heard a performance of "Salome" conducted by Richard Strauss at the Berlin Royal Opera House. Strauss asked him how he liked it. "One of the worst performances I ever heard. You should be ashamed of it."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who once wrote excellent and also amusing musical criticisms, now says that Schubert's music "is beautiful, but all sugar."

Miss Maude Adams will make her first appearance as Maggie Wylie in Mr Barrie's new play, "What Every Woman Knows," this evening at Atlantic City. Her appearance in New York has been postponed until January, when she will succeed Mr. John Drew at the Empire Theatre.

Miss Edna Showalter, a lyric soprano, was applauded in New York when she sang there for the first time at Mr Bispham's concert, Oct. 10. She will take minor parts at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The Rochester Herald admitted that Mme. Nordica's voice—she sang there Oct. 7 in concert—"shows wear, her intonation and phrasing leave much to be desired," but it also said, and justly: "She is still and must always be an artist and the present pleasure in her work must be derived from the style of her performance."

Mrs. Riley, the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman in Philadelphia, has joined Mme. Fritzi Scheff's chorus. O dry the starting tear! There is no scandal; on the contrary: "I did not give up my husband because ambition was dearer than he, but because in his failing health I thought I owed it to him to be prepared against the time when he will be unable to earn his bread and mine. Don't you think that it takes a pretty brave girl to bid adieu to her home, to her Sunday school class and the church she loves and enter the chorus of a show to aid her husband in keeping the wolf from the door?" Let us hope that Mrs. Riley is in the front row and that there are no wolves at the stage door.

Mrs. John Shayne, on the other hand, refused to impersonate Siebel at a performance of "Faust" in Chicago by the English grand opera company; she refused because she would not wear tights in Chicago. "My refusal is not owing to personal objections, but it is the wish of my family that I do not appear in tights in my home city." She is not "agin" tights. "When Scalchi and Schumann-Heink can wear them with propriety, it is not within my province to question their use, and I do not." Mmes. Scalchi and Schumann-Heink, wearing them, showed both propriety and courage.

The Highland Dress Association proposes to meet in full Highland costume Mr. Harry Lauder, when he arrives here Nov. 9.

Mr. Henry W. Savage, now in London, says he went to Europe for rest, but Mr. Savage is not a restful person, and 10 to 1 he will buy the rights to an opera or two.

Miss Adrienne Augarde, who once visited America in "The Duchess of Dantzig," will take here the leading female part in "Peggie Machrie."

"Lady Epping's Lawyer," a comedy in three short acts by Henry H. Davies produced in London at the Criterion Oct. 11, is described as epigrammatic, but thin. The author makes mock of weaknesses of society and the customs of the English stage and law courts. Miss Mary Moore placyd the leading part, and the women were dressed in elabornte Directory gowns.

Maxine Elliott will in a few days begin rehearsals of "The Chaperone," a play by Marion Fairfax. Miss Elliott purposes to produce the play in Boston. Miss Fairfax is dramatizing Winston Churchill's "Mr. Crewe's Career."

Henry Bernstein's new play, "Israel," was produced at Mme. Rejane's theatre in Paris Oct. 13. The plot is concerned with a youth who is bitterly anti-Semitic; he discovers that his father is a Jew, and the boy learns that his mother had not been faithful to her husband and that he himself has Jesuit blood in him. Mr. Bernstein said to a correspondent of the New York Times: "As for Semitism or anti-Semitism, there is nothing of that in 'Israel' except in so far as the characters express their own sentiments. I am a Jew myself and a very happy one. I don't say proud, because it seems to me ridiculous to boast of anything so involuntary as birth. I feel strongly, however, that that part of my being one calls temperament, which makes me an artist. I owe to my origin." Mme. Rejane played the mother, the only female part in the piece. Louis Gauthier took the part of the boy. It is said they acted superbly. The subject is disagreeable, but it is thought that the piece will have a long run.

Oct 17 08

DRA

Why should not Salome dancers be insured by Lloyds or some strictly American company against disturbing interruptions? Take the case of Miss Blanche Deyo. Her "sensational" dance was stopped at the Duquesne Theatre, Pittsburg, the 13th. The Dispatch says she wore less than an ounce and a half of gauze. Mr. Lang, the director of public safety, seeing the dance, arose feverishly and ordered it stopped as "an outrage, a disgrace to the community." The special officer said Mr. Lang would have to see the managers. "Miss Deyo's tootsies were going faster and faster, and the movements of her entire physique suggested that she was doing her best." Nor could Mr. Lang help seeing her "assuming attitudes that would make Little Egypt look like a Quakeress at a French ball." Miss Deyo, by the way, is the wife of Walter Jones. She was much annoyed by Mr. Lang's behavior: "What is the world coming to," she added. "What kind of a city is Pittsburg? Arrest me? Mercy, just think of it!" Nevertheless, on the day afterward Salome in Pittsburg wore fleshings and a gown of silk that reached from neck to ankles.

Miss Blanche Bates assured Mr. Charles Darnton that the American woman is stronger than the American man. "The vital man comes from the West. The real New Yorker is fast going to seed. Look at the young men there. What are they? Weaklings. They waste their days and squander their nights. See them walking down the street—bloodless, listless creatures."

Mr. Jean de Reszke admits that greatly as he loves the music of Wagner, it bores him to hear the same narrative repeated and repeated in the dramas. "We have too much Wotan; too much Bruennhilde. It is right to cut Wagner." It will be observed that the eminent tenor says nothing about too much Siegfried. For a tenor there may be too much Johnson, but never too much Siegfried, Lohengrin, Tannhaeuser or any other tenor part.

The Herald recently queried whether Mr. Weingartner were as unpopular in Vienna as report would have it. We now read that he has been chosen by unanimous vote to conduct all the philharmonic concerts in Vienna this season, though for about five years it has been the custom to engage several distingulshed leaders.

The Glasgow Herald well says of Cesar Franck's "Beatitudes": "When Franck is speaking words of comfort his music is indeed the sister of poetry and prayer. His devil is a bogey, however, and his wicked people are hardly human. Franck, perhaps, could not understand the pleasures of the wicked, which if but for a season are none the less real. So his bad men have really a wretched time, even when they ostensibly are having the time of their life. To the making of Pharisees, rich men, tyrants and unregenerate heathen go discords and chromatics enough to wreck any average choir."

Fram Anton Korb, formerly concert master of the Raim orchestra of Munich, and a graduate of the Hoch Schule, Berlin, and the Leipsic conservatory, has joined the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra as second conductor.

Carl Pohlig, conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra, has written the music for a comic opera libretto by Mr. Charles A. Davis, manager of the orchestra.

Miss May Irwin discoursed recently to the Evening World like a learned sociologist on the subject of women as tipplers on the stage. "Nearly every young person fresh from the convent is supposed to prove her white muslin purity by giggling fatuously or reeling ridiculously when she has tasted just one little glass of champagne. Even Anna Held gets woozy after a sip or two—on the stage. But Miss Billie Burke, in 'Love Watches,' does it beautifully—there is merely a dainty suggestion of exhilaration. Both give you the French article, but you can't forget advanced Effie of the Prossy's fall from the temperance cart in 'Candida.' Prossy insists that she is a teetotaller, but she hastens to add: 'I'm only a beer teetotaller, not a champagne teetotaller.' Why not beer? Surely it is much less harmful than champagne. It is, nevertheless, a fact that perfect stage ladies never drink beer. Perhaps they drink champagne because they regard it as the limit of devilry. A scene of this sort is of a very delicate matter in the hands of a young actress. An older actress who simulates intoxication has more leeway. She can afford to broaden the humor of the scene, but a younger woman has to be very careful. For that matter, any actress has to have a special license to drink on the stage, and she must know when to stop—where to draw the line. There is always danger of going a step too far and spoiling everything. You never can tell what the people out in front are going to think about you."

But Prossy also said in Mr. Shaw's delightful play: "I don't like beer!"

Miss Anna Mooney, an actress known to the press agent as "the first graduate of Marie Cahill's long-skirted chorus," denounces the "chronic chorus man" as a "pernicious influence." By chronic chorus man she means one who has been in the chorus for five years or more and has not bettered himself. There are many, it seems, who join a chorus "purely for the purpose of leading indolent and useless lives and to create an oportunity of coming into close acquaintanceship with girls with whom otherwise they could not even have a bowing acquaintance." Admirable Miss Mooney! By the way, whatever became of the males in the original double sextet in "Florodora"? Did any one of them marry the daughter of a duke or belted earl? There are now living at least 50 female members of the original sextet.

O. Henry is a writer of most amusing short tales, a man of singularly acute observation and a unique power of expression. But will his best qualities be found in a play? His "World and the Door" will show that "in every human heart there is an innate tendency toward a respectable life." The reassuring statement is made that there will be no preaching in the play; "the characters will tell the story themselves."

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and Mr. Carl Faelton will soon give a joint piano concert in Steinert Hall.

Female students in the music schools of Philadelphia wish to be ushers in Mr. Hammerstein's opera house. They also hear who only stand and wait.

The New York Sun said of Mr. Nathan Fryer's performance at Herman Klein's concert last Sunday: "This was about the sort of piano playing one might expect to hear almost any Sunday afternoon without going to a concert." Miss Marguerite de Forest Anderson "deserved praise for her courage, for it is a bold woman who takes up the flute as a solo instrument. Of course, it is a perfectly respectable instrument; no one could make it anything else." None of the singing at this concert was of "the sort to shatter the holy calm of the Sabbath." Mr. George Hamlin gave a concert the same day, and he sang, as he did here last Tuesday, Campbell-Tipton's "Sea Lyrics." "The true inwardness of these lyrics" said the Sun, "is bodied forth in the lines of the third lyric:

Oh, water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,
All night long crying with mournful cry,
As I lie and listen and cannot understand
The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of sea;
Oh, water, crying for rest, is it I, is it I?
All night long the water is crying to me.

"There is no use trying to disguise the plain fact that this is what people in these days call 'a tough proposition.' The more you ponder those lines the more you are inclined to say to yourself, 'What's the use of anything? Nothing!' Lyric music has saturated itself with this sort of spirit in these pessimistic days and it really cannot understand the voice of its heart in its side any more than Mr. Campbell-Tipton can, and why should fat and greasy citizens expect it to?"

Somehow or other, whenever we hear Mr. Campbell-Tipton's name, we recall the once famous "Tipton Slasher." The music is as athletic.

Mrs. E. Azalia Hackley, a singer, is the director of a musical festival to be held in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, the 22d, for the purpose of inspiring "the masses of the negro race in Philadelphia to emulate others who have developed themselves to a high degree as vocal and instrumental musicians."

The Pall Mall Gazette quotes lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes apropos of the hat 72 inches in circumference worn in a play at Drury Lane:

It's odd how hats expand their brims as riper years invade,
As if when life had reached its noon, it wanted them for shade.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. will issue during the coming season a critical edition, with explanatory notes, of "Beethoven's Letters." The translation has been made by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, who also contributes the preface; the explanatory notes have been supplied by Dr. Alfred C. Kalischer. The book will contain a photogravure frontispiece, many portraits, fac-similes of music hitherto unpublished, etc. This will be the first complete English edition of "Beethoven's Letters," and will contain over 1100 letters and notes, whereas two former collections, published in 1865 and 1867 respectively, contained only 733. In addition to the German editor's notes there are others by the translator.

Mme. Cecile Chaminade will give her first concert in America at Carnegie Hall, New York, the 24th. The programme will be made wholly from her own music, and as many are interested in her, her songs, and piano pieces, we give it:

"Consolation," "Pastorale," "L'Ondine" and "Caprice Humoristique," Chaminade, pianist; "Feste," "Ritour-

[illegible] "Viatique," Ernest Groom, [illegible]; "N[illegible]t d Ete," "L'Anneau d'Ar-ge[illegible]" and "Bonne Humor," Yvonne St. Andre, mezzo-soprano; "Theme Varie," "Contes Bleues," Nos. 1 and 2, and "Valse Romantique," Chaminade; "Immortalite," "Au pays Bleu" and "Amour Invisible," Mr. Groom; "La Reine de mon coeur," "Fleur du Matin" and "Mon coeur chante," Miss St. Andre; "Deuxeme Gavotte," "Elevation" and "Troiseme Valse," Chaminade; duet, "Jo[illegible] d'amier" St. Andre and Groom.

Her first concert in Boston will be in Symphony Hall, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12.

The London Telegraph of Oct. 2 was surprised at the poor attendance at Mr. Harold Bauer's second recital in London, "for the artist in question belongs to the front rank of pianists." Yet the Telegraph found fault with his performance of Chopin's "Funeral March" sonata: "His playing was often hard and unsympathetic, and in the first movement he by no means did justice to the music. Nor did he lay adequate stress upon the charm and sentiment of the Largo, while the Finale was played in far too noisy a fashion." But Mr. Bauer is never at his best with Chopin's music.

A Miss Mabel Riggleman, a Colorado girl, is said by the Denver News to have had "remarkable success" at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, when she was recently "given a place in the cast of the opera 'Riggoletta'" (sic). Miss Riggleman comes from Trinidad, Col., and the Denver News says she is a granddaughter of Mrs. Isaacs of Trinidad.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, Mr. J. S. Wood, shows himself highly pleased, as one entertaining the "patriotic belief that native art and talent should be fostered in preference to foreign." He looks at the syllabus issued for Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall, and finds four British conductors out of six, 16 British singers out of 21, "while the instrumentalists are about equal in number." Hooray! Also "Hear!"

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SECOND SYMPHONY CONCERT IS GIVEN

Tribute Paid to Late Rimsky-Korsakoff in Excellent Performance.

By PHILIP HALE.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, M. Feidler conductor, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

"Scheherazade" .... Rimsky-Korsakoff
Piano concerto in E minor, No. 1 ..... Sauer
Overture to "Oberon" .... Weber

"Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us * * * Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing."

"Scheherazade" was played in memory of Rimsky-Korsakoff, who died last June at St. Petersburg. As composer, man and Russian, he deserved the tribute, and on the whole the "Scheherazada" suite is the orchestral work that reveals fully his peculiar and indisputable talent. There may be in "Antar," here and there, a higher flight of imagination, and there is beyond question in "Antar" nobler poetic thought, as becomes the subject; but in "Scheherazade" we see the magician with colors, we hear the voice of the Oriental rhapsodist singing of eastern love and particularizing the beauties of his adored one—at the mere thought he swoons; we know the lover of wild, fantastical tales.

Was Rimsky-Korsakoff the last of the great Russian "cabinet" although Cui and Balakireff still live? There was a time—and it was a little over a dozen years ago—when some feared that, owing to Russian influence, music would become Cossack. The cry was raised, even in New York: "'Ware the Muscovite, 'ware his Tsar, and 'ware his chromatic scale." Tschaikowsky, usually cosmopolite, and the unflinchingly "national" composers were feared alike. It was said that they would drive out Brahms, other orthodox Germans, heretical Germans and the French that were modern in 1895; that Stcherbutcheff, described by Mr. Huneker in his lush days as one "writing small dangerous things for the piano," music that made the hearers mad as grow the devourers of mandrake, would with his lulling and poisoning rhythmes cause Chopin and Schumann to be forgotten. This fear is over, and the ultra-conservative now wonder at the bitter-sweet dissonances and the eluding modulations of the Sieur Debussy.

In Paris neither the conservatives nor the radicals have accepted heartily Tschaikowsky with his amazing revelations of his tortured soul, with his iteration of despair that vainly seeks relief in vodka and peasant dances. Rimsky-Korsakoff had been put at the head of Russian composers, until Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounoff," performed by a [illegible] company, startled Paris last spring by its ruthless and gorgeous [illegible]. [illegible] Cui is to occidental [illegible]ly a [illegible], and Glazounoff, whose [illegible] beautiful and impressive "[illegible]" gave rare promise, is now [illegible] fertile and orthodox [illegible] to the construction of works [illegible] material and sensuous colors. There are other "offs"; there are "skys" and "ines"; their music is heard and it is as though it never was. But Rimsky-Korsakoff is still praised.

It is true that Mr. Jean Marnold is almost stupified by the pungent oriental odor of "Scheherazade." To quote his words, in this suite "the benzoin of Arabia sends forth here and there the sickening empyreuma of the pastilles in the harim." In order to enjoy thoroughly "Scheherazade" the hearer must be filled with the spirit of the "Thousand Nights and a Night." He must have sported with the porter and the ladies of Bagdad, gone with the wandering prince into the underground chamber and witnessed the blazing vengeance of Allah, sailed the seas with Sindbad, been shaved by the barber who was the wonder of his generation, shadowed by the wing of the mighty bird, rowed over waters forlorn and perilous by man of bronze. He must have wept in the palace chambers of the deserted City of Brass, escaped from the cruel Fire Worshipper and trancedly gazed on the Persian girl alone.

> Serene with argent-lidded eyes
> Amorous, and lashes like to rays
> Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
> Tressed with redolent ebony,
> In many a dark, delicious curl,
> Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
> The sweetest lady of the time,
> Well worthy of the golden prime
> Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Surely he that translated into haunting tones pages of

> The Book of rocs,
> Sandalwood, ivory, turbans, ambergris,
> Cream tarts, and lettered apes, and calendars,
> And ghouls, and genies

was something more than a decorator in music, a juggler with colored phrases. Rimsky-Korsakoff left behind him no more deeply versed theorist, no greater master of contrapuntal schemes and stratagems, yet in "Scheherazade" he depends for effects, for the maintenance of the fitting mood, on repetition of themes with varied dress, on metamorphoses of themes, on the suggestion of an exotic, languorous atmosphere. The seas of the world were not unknown to him, yet in the superb tonal fury of his ocean he avoided the reproach of bald, panoramic realism. This ocean is Sinbad's, and it is without an official chart.

Putting the moods of many of the wondrous Arabian tales into a suite of four movements, turning the thought of the hearer to the marvellous portrayal of an oriental life when Jinns and Ifrits still fearing the name of Solomon aided or thwarted mortals in their desires, when mortals themselves were enchanters or enchanted, when the slave suddenly had boundless wealth and the magnificent Caliph could not sleep from boredom, when mad mirth alternated with groans and weeping and the perfume of boudoirs was blended with the reek of victims' blood, Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakoff displayed an imagination that the unknown story-tellers might have envied and a richness of eloquent expression that rivalled the wealth in Aladdin's palace. Imagination and eloquence are among the highest qualities of a composer, if not the highest. And Rimsky-Korsakoff left no colleague, no successor among his countrymen endowed with like qualities.

I dwell on the work itself rather than on the performance for two reasons: The performance was a memorial tribute, and when a work has supreme and abiding qualities, it remains in spite of this or that performance. Last night the interpretation did honor to the composer and to his suite. The performance was always engrossing; it was at times extraordinarily effective, as in the shipwreck episode. Mr. Fiedler's reading was highly colored and broadly dramatic. The performance of the orchestra was eminently virtuoso and in ensemble and in solo detail an eminently memorable one. The theme of Scheherazade with the cadenza, whenever it was given to the solo violin, was played with unusual skill and sympathy by Mr. Hess.

Mr. Sauer played his piano concerto in E minor, which was heard here for the first time. It is said that the performance was the first in America. The concerto is a frankly virtuoso piece, and its brilliance and sentiment are of the virtuoso order with which players of high rank make an irresistible appeal to general audiences who do not inquire too curiously into the inherent worth of the musical contents. This concerto is an undeniably honest work; it was intended that it should give pleasure and provoke stormy applause.

When the concerto was first played before a critical audience in Bremen eight years ago it made a sensation and Mr. Sauer was obliged to repeat the finale. At the concerts here last week it evidently pleased the hearers, who were enthusiastic over the pianist. Mr. Sauer is a pianist of the very first rank He gave an admirable model of legitimate piano playing. A faultless technique artistically displayed; beautiful singing of melodic phrases; a brilliance that glowed and was not metallic; fine taste and musical intelligence—these, indeed, merited the hearty applause that the performance called forth.

MISS ADELINE GENEE

The famous dancer Adeline Genee, recognized in Europe and in New York as the chief exponent of a superb art that many had thought to be almost extinct, the dancer that is in the line of the glories of the ballet from Camargo to Taglioni, will make her first appearance here at the Colonial Theatre tomorrow night. She herself has given an account of her brilliant career and has talked in an entertaining manner about the art itself.

COMMENT BY THE WAY

It is no wonder that "The Thief," as played at the Park Theatre, holds the attention of audiences. It is not often in these days that we have the opportunity of seeing a drama so skilfully constructed, with dialogue that is never verbiage, that is never introduced for the purpose of gaining a purely literary effect or for the idle entertainment of the hearer. Furthermore, as far as the men are concerned, this drama is acted admirably.

When "Le Voleur" by Mr. Henry Bernstein was produced in Paris, the part of Marie Louise, who stole that her dress in every detail might insure her the ardent lovo of her husband, was taken by Mme. Simone Le Bargy, and critics discussed the question whether her factitious nervousness and natural dryness really characterized the woman imagined by Mr. Bernstein, who named on the playbill of the Park as "Henri" is known in Paris to friends, audiences and publishers as "Henry."

There were Parisian critics who did not hesitate to say that an actress by nature more womanly would have drawn tears from the spectators witnessing the shame and remorse of this simple and sensuous wife who stole only because she loved her husband. Even in Paris, where the mania for shopping led Zola to write his "Au Bonheur des Dames," with his Denise suggested by the remarkable woman who controlled the Bon Marche, even to Frenohmen who put an extraordinary value on extravagance in underclothes, the characters in "The Thief" were sympathetic only in moderate degree. But Mme. Le Bargy was dry and restless in her impersonation.

* * *

Students of the "psychology of an audience" found food for meditation at the Park last Monday night. Thus, there was laughter, the species that is associated with vaudeville, when the husband unhooked his wife's waist. Whenever any detail in the stage business, or whenever any speech was conventionally obvious, there were detonations of hair-trigger laughter, although the details and the lines aided in the development of the domestic tragedy. In the original play, by the way, Marie is in her corset and petticoat after the bodice has been unhooked and removed, and her husband hands her her "robe de chambre." In the original the husband, when he puts back in the drawer the dainty underclothes of his wife, says to them, affectionately: "Bonsoir, petites chemises! Bonsoir, petits pantalons!" The Americans have been described as the most sentimental folk in the world, but would there not be homeric laughter if Mr. Bellew should say these words in English?

* * *

What a commentary it is on the present condition of acting in this country when the praise awarded so justly to Mr. Bellew for his impersonation of Richard Voysin includes the enumeration of qualities that thirty or forty years ago were expected of any actor of reputation made or to be acquired! What lessons Mr. Bellew quietly, unconsciously gives to his young associates when he is on the stage! But do they appreciate this privilege? Do they profit by them? There is in Mr. O'Brien the stuff of an excellent actor.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Brisbane is quoted as saying that every husband, every wife should see "The Thief." They should, and so should every mother-in-law, maiden aunt and dear old Uncle Amos from Hockanum Ferry, for they will see a play of uncommon excellence. But what is the particular moral to be drawn? Mr. Brisbane is always a stern moralist, and surely he has in this instance a moral in view. Should wives be indifferent in matters of dress? Should they wear interior garments, coarse and stiff as packing paper, to use Marie's own words? Perish the thought! Or, if either husband or wife commit a crime, should the two start immediately for Brazil to expiate the fault and live in still closer communion?

* * *

Mr. Daniel Frohman talked in an interesting manner to a reporter of The Herald, and his remarks were published in The Herald last Wednesday morning. No one will doubt him when he say that American managers are "starving" for good plays. It is a popular delusion that managers of theatres and editors of magazines never read manuscripts unless they come from authors who have already won fame. The fact that plays and stories by unknown authors are accepted should destroy this delusion. Mr. Frohman admits honestly that managers are human, that they sometimes are mistaken in acceptance or rejection. He might have added that an audience is by no means an infallible judge of a new play.

Mr. Frohman is also right in saying that the great American public today does not exclaim in feverish night watches: "Why are not Shakespeare's plays more frequently performed?" "Today Shakespeare will not go" unless there be some great star in the cast, "who draws people to see his individual interpretation of Macbeth, say, or Hamlet. But the plays in themselves do not go. I have tried it." Experientia docet. And Mr. Frohman does not hesitate to add that in his opinion there are now no actors so great as there were a generation ago. He mentions Forrest, E. L. Davenport and others. There has been a revival of melodrama in London. "The Duke's Motto" and "The Corsican Brothers" have crowded theatres. But who, remembering Charles Fechter, would not be haunted during the performance by that picturesque, romantic, imaginative and mighty shade?

* * *

There are some that delight in open-air performances of drama and opera. They remember scenes in "Mademoiselle de Maupin"; they swear that "As You Like It" should be acted only in a real forest, or, at least, beneath trees, and that dramas or operas based on classic subjects should be seen and heard only in an open playhouse, as in the theatre at Berkeley, Cal., or in the amphitheatres in the French provinces. We were told not long ago that Mr. Kennedy, the author of "The Servant in the House," and Mr. Percy MacKaye, who is sometimes characterized as "a leading exponent of the poetic drama," saw a new "forest music drama" in the Bohemian Grove in Sonoma county, Cal., and expressed themselves as "overwhelmed by the effect of the performance amid the giant trees, against a hillside, and in the light of the full moon."

Unfortunately, perhaps, we are not all out-of-door animals, and to the great majority the sight of the footlights and the indefinable, but unmistakable, smell of the theatre are necessary to the preservation of dramatic illusions. Mr. Ernest Gaubert, an ingenious Frenchman, commenting on out-of-door shows at Orange and other places, well said that performances of this nature demand from the spectators an enormous amount of enthusiasm, but little sentiment and little desire for analysis. "In the open air, the scenery, vocal suavity, rhetorical emphasis, simple ideas and virtues exposed as in shop windows take the place of psychology, human truthfulness and sensitiveness. The more romantic a work is, the greater chance it has to triumph, in front of a curtain of verdure or a setting of granite."

At Orange, in August (the 9th), a singular "antique comedy," "King Midas," in verse, by Messrs. Aveze and Souchon, was produced. The hero is the king whose misfortunes were touchingly described in the little poem known to Harvard undergraduates of the early seventies. The poem began:

> King Midas was the worst used man
> In all mythology,
> The son of Gordius, I mean,
> The King of Phry-gi-e.

But the Midas of these Frenchmen is of kin to the King of Yvetot, or he is not unlike good King Pausole, whose wisdom did not prevent him from falling into all sorts of extraordinary adventures—witness the graphic account given by Mr. Pierre Louys.

Mr. Gaubert says, and justly, that for open-air shows there is need of "special aesthetics."

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Meanwhile the Kansas City Post discusses the absorbing question: "What r and what actress do you consider the most effective love makers on stage today?" One esteemed citizen exclaimed "Kyrle Bellew." "For romantic love-making, the kind that makes you hold your breath and gasp ecstatically, he is my masculine ideal." His love making is "pleasant and thrilling." Who would have thought the men of Kansas City to be so emotional? But a "business girl" prefers John Drew when he is associated with Miss Billie Burke; a "matinee girl" will have Mr. Harry Woodruff—"I happen to know that his hair is naturally curly." A "society woman, playing with a jewelled cross suspended by a slender chain" mentioned slowly the name of Mr. Dustin Farnum, while "the domestic woman" put Mr. William Hodge on the pedestal: "His love making is clean and virile."

Has Mr. Eddie Foy no friends in Kansas City?

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Messrs. L. C. Page & Company of this city have published "Tales from Bohemia," by Robert Neilson Stephens. The book is illustrated by Mr. Wallace Goldsmith. Mr. Stephens is known to many as the author of "An Enemy to the King," produced by Mr. Sothern, but Mr. Stephens was also a dramatic critic in Philadelphia and he was a writer of stories and sketches. I mention the book because some of the sketches treat humorously or pathetically of life behind and in front of the scenes. Some of them show promise of still better things, a promise frustrated by death, nor are they wholly without merit in the actual performance.

* * *

It is said that Denise Orme signalized her return to the stage in London by wearing the biggest hat that ever seen in that city. The hat was of black crinoline and measured 84 inches around the brim. Thus was the fair nose of Miss Marie George, who is also in London, put out of joint, for her "mauve and blue creation with ostrich cascades" is less in circumference by six inches.

This reminds me that Mr. Gemier of the Theatre Antoine, in Paris, has met a serious objection with a novel addition to the accommodation of his house. I quote from the Pall Mall Gazette: "It was said, with reason, that a hat costing £20 could not really be allowed to get mixed up with cloaks and umbrellas; whereupon this resolute and enterprising manager has lined his corridors, with pigeon-hole lockers, and put mirrors wherever he could find a vacant wall space. Ladies booking are allotted numbered keys to the pigeon-holes, corresponding to their seats. Eighteen inches square as the size of a pigeon-hole seems inadequate, the way things are tending—or should we say were tending?—but what may very well happen in Paris is that ladies will presently go out in the afternoons, like shopping bourgeoises, with no hats on at all. The pigeon-holes might then appear offensive—

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark."

* * *

A London critic, commenting on the success of "Jack Straw" in New York, remembers Mr. John Drew in London with Miss Rehan. "There was a scene in 'A Night Off,' in which Mr. Drew, being rather closely questioned by Miss Rehan, used to endeavor to conceal his discomfiture by twirling his eyegrass on its string. He always twirled it five times"—the last five words were italicized—"then went on with his dialogue. It was an interesting illustration of the way in which a finished actor 'times' his effects." Suppose that Mr. Drew had twirled his eyeglass six times, or only four. Would the polish of his performance have been dimmed? There are close observers among the London critics.

MISS ADELA VERNE, PIANIST

"I had the great advantage of being trained by my uncle and aunt, never by any one else. It's a mistake to study with several masters, for each teacher has his own method and systems are easily mixed. My uncle had a dancing school, but he was obliged to give it up. He found pupils were not willing to take the trouble to learn. They wished to be perfect in 12 lessons. Most people overdo practice; two or three hours a day is enough. I have danced almost daily—or nightly since I was 12 years old and that is sufficient practice. Dancing is more than skipping about on your toes; you must be a pantomimist, also an actor. I've known actresses who studied dancing for two or three years that they might walk gracefully and gesture with mean-

Years of Training.

"No one can be a good dancer with less than four or five years' training. Sometimes girls think it should not take long to learn to do a few steps correctly. They do not think of the years of training that have led to those few steps. For the first two or three years I was not allowed to go on my toes, but only to do the simpler exercises. You cannot force dancing. Many think it is a thing that any one can learn, but that is not so. Some people could never dance properly if they studied for a lifetime.

"Somebody said to me not long ago: 'Why do you make those frightful pirouettings around the stage?' For the same reason that a tenor sings high—to show that he can do it. I, too, must show what I can do, although the pirouette has nothing to do with the performance. I find that I am advancing all the time in pantomime. I hated it until I was about 15 or 16. In pantomime you cannot be expressive unless you think what you are saying. I say things over to myself before making a gesture. There are few actresses who study pantomime, and when they do, how different it is to what one sees abroad!

Made Her Debut at 10.

"I lead a quiet, regular life. A dancer must live that way if her career is to last more than a few years. I play the piano a little, and I sing a little, and singing is good for a dancer; she learns to breathe properly. Panting is unnecessary.

"I was 10 years old when I made my debut in a character dance called 'French Polka.' I was 12 when I first appeared at my uncle's theatre, but my first really great success was at Berlin; it was in a little ballet, 'The Rose of Schiras.' I was the Rose, the hundred-leafed rose. The rose is more beautiful than all the other flowers, and they are jealous. The prince sees the flowers, but they are none of them pretty enough for him. He sends for the rose; she comes, and she is at once acknowledged as the most beautiful.

"Then I went to Munich and danced at the Royal Opera House. I was very successful in Germany. I was there as a guest, an unusual thing, because the Germans are conservative. They have their old-fashioned ballets, and their ladies are rather old-fashioned. I was only 17 then. The lady whose place I took was about 42. They all seemed pleased at the contrast—but she is still there. They wanted me to wait for her place.

"I went to England and then to Denmark. When I went to England I had no idea I should remain so long; my contract was for six weeks. English theatres are not fond of change. If anything catches on they will have it for years and years. They tell me in America that things are different. I think the theatre should be ahead of public opinion, instead of behind it.

Success in "The Dryad."

"Miss Dora Bright wrote a little play that was produced at the Playhouse, Cyril Maude's theatre in London, for one matinee. In it I am a nymph coming out of a tree. The play combines singing, dancing and miming. It lasts 23 minutes. I should like to do it in America."

This "pastoral fantasia," "The Dryad," was danced by Miss Genee at the Empire, London, Sept. 7, when she was enthusiastically applauded. The London Times said the half-hour gave her "the opportunity of showing us not only the gayety, the roguery, the etherial lightness and daintiness which have so often intoxicated us, but a deeper passion and a perhaps half-unsuspected power of expressing and raising emotion."

"Some time ago I was blamed in London on account of the ballet skirts, which was unjust, as I never wore them as short as the Italians do, for I think they are hideous. I don't call them ballet skirts; they are almost a gymnastic sort of dress.

"I attribute my success on the stage not to my dancing alone, but also to my dressing. I always study carefully the character I represent, and dress accordingly. I think the ballet 'L'Amour' was made rather ridiculous by the dancer. The action was supposed to be a number of years before the Christian era, but she wore a modern skirt and her hair was dressed in modern fashion on the top of her head.

Speaks English Easily.

"I am a Dane, but I've been in England so long that I speak English as easily as my mother tongue. I also speak German, and a little French and Swedish.

"I have been most fortunate in having a good uncle and aunt who have looked after me and saved me much of the worry of theatrical life. I have had what would be considered a quick success. This has not come to me without hard work. I was experienced when I was 15 through my uncle having a theatre I gained experience which other dancers do not have when they are 25 or 26. My favorite part is Coppelia, and I am also fond of 'Les Papillons,' by Mme. Catilana."

DEBUSSY'S OPERAS ON TWO POE TALES

Mr. Gatti-Casazza, now in New York and at his desk, says that he "has options on the two Edgar Allan Poe operas, which Debussy is writing," and Mr. Meltzer adds that the manager has also an option on Debussy's "Story of Tristan," which will "probably not be completed (if it is ever begun) for several years to come." It may here be stated that the subject of "Tristan," according to Parisian journals, is not that of Isolde's lover; the Tristan is another gentleman; so the consternation of the Wagnerites and their contempt for Debussy's "presumption" are groundless.

Has Mr. Debussy really completed the operas based on Poe's tales—"The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Devil in the Belfry"? Some will wonder at the choice of texts for operatic music, though it is easy to see how "The Fall of the House of Usher" appeals to Mr. Debussy's love of mystery and tragedy. Some Englishman has composed music, a symphonic poem or fantasia in illustration of the story. Is it Mr. Josef Holbrooke? He has been moved to music by "The Raven," "Ulalume," "The Masque of the Red Death" and "The Bells."

There are admirers of Poe who do not know "The Devil in the Belfry," which was published in the Saturday Chronicle and Mirror of the Times (Philadelphia) in 1839; nor are they acquainted with the diminutive, foreign-looking young man who once sat in the belfry upon the belfry-man, pulled the bell rope with his teeth and scraped out of all time and tune on a big fiddle; nor do they sympathize with the horror of the burghers of Vondervotteimittiss when they heard the clock strike 13 at noon.

Mr. de Koven's Opinions.

If the two operas are completed so that they will be performed at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Reginald de Koven will again be distressed, if not severely shocked. The Washington Post says that Mr. de Koven made this speech recently in Washington: "I consider Richard Strauss an experimentalist and Debussy a sporadic manifestation of ill-considered eccentricity." The Post adds: "This was spoken in an easy, conversational tone, without animus or animosity." It is a pleasure to learn that Mr. de Koven did not scream.

Mr. Debussy is deliberately "eccentric," it seems, because "in five acts of 'Pelleas and Melisande' he has not given us two hours of real melody. While his music is dramatic and at times singularly atmospheric, it deals too constantly with the single mood and the manner of expression to be of lasting influence or importance. It is interesting to a high degree in showing the tendencies of modern harmonic development and the gradual relaxation of all previous theory and practice of music."

There is no need of a quarrel on this subject. It is all a matter of opinion, and in this instance the music is or is not in the listener's ear. "I like sherry," says Mr. George Moore. "O, do you?" answers Mr. Andrew Lang; "I like port." And if Mr. Moore had expressed a preference for port, the world would have been no more disturbed.

But Mr. de Koven made a statement of fact, if he were reported correctly, that shows ignorance, and his statement is preposterous and unjust. He said: "As for d'Indy, Reyer and Chabrier, other disciples of the French ultra-modern school, I am informed that they were members of the cabal that kept Wagner's works out of France, doubtless lest their countrymen would see how much they had borrowed from Wagner in their own compositions. I have been told that the unfavorable demonstration against 'Lohengrin' resulted from their antagonism."

Reyer is not reckoned among the members of the ultra modern French school, but let that pass.

Vincent d'Indy was an ardent admirer of Wagner when it was not the fashion to applaud Wagner's music in Paris, and he is an ardent admirer today. He was one of the few Frenchmen who were present at the first performance of the "Ring" at Bayreuth, and he has been a frequent visitor. So far from trying to prevent performances of "Lohengrin" in Paris, he drilled the choruses for Lamoureux's production of that opera at the Eden Theatre May 3, 1887.

Chabrier, who died 14 years ago, was a passionate Wagnerite. He visited London and Brussels to hear performances of the music dramas. He was a member of a club in Paris, "The Little Bayreuth," and at the meetings music by Wagner was played by a small orchestra with two pianos. Among those who took part were Lamoureux, Garcin, Charpentier, Humperdinck, Benoit, Wilhelmj, Vincent d'Indy beat the kettledrums.

I prefer Mr. de Koven tearfully imploring a return to "appropriate melody," indignantly protesting against "turgid, sensational harmonies and empirical orchestration," shouting "away with them!" I forget, he did not shout when he talked with a reporter of the Post, nor did he gnash unpleasantly his teeth.

Note on Sarasate.

The Herald stated last Sunday that Sarasate died probably from enlargement of the spleen. He had suffered for some time from this disease, but his friend, Mr. Charles Sarrus, says that the immediate cause of the violinist's death was an attack of bronchitis. "His good humor was not affected; in fact, he was cheerful to the last." His friends urged him in vain to be careful of himself, but he said to Dr. Blazy: "And why? That which is appointed must be." When he did seek medical advice, it was too late. There was a deceitful betterment, then an attack more violent than usual brought the end. He died peaceably and friends were near him, among them Mr. Goldschmidt, his devoted manager, and Mrs. Berthe Marx-Goldschmidt, who as Miss Marx, pianist, played with Sarasate when he was last in this country. Sarasate was on the point of arranging for the publication of an elaborate treatise on the art of playing the violin.

He had in life two passions: to collect walking-sticks and to take part in chamber music. An excellent musician, he was an admirable player of this species of music. Arthur Pougin, himself violinist as well as ultra-conservative, extra-dry critic, recalls delightful evenings when Sarasate and Saint-Saens, Diemer, Delsart, or Mme. Marx-

[illegible] together, especially [illegible] by Beethoven. Mr. Willy Hess, who also heard Sarasate in chamber music, speaks in the warmest terms of his prowess in an art wherein brilliant virtuosos often fail. Sarasate left his villa at Biarritz to Mme. Goldschmidt. He leaves $10,000 to his valet and $[illegible] to his cook.

Personal.

Richard Strauss recently took pains to assure the world that the Emperor William is not down on him. "He is interested in my work as a composer much more than my rivals and enemies believe. In obedience to his command I have composed a Festival March which is played at the Royal Opera House on gala nights, a Brandenburg March based on old tunes, and two cavalry marches which the Emperor has sent to his royal chasseurs at Posen. I have completed lately a march for troops and a war march and the Emperor has accepted my dedication of them to him."

Mme. Teresa Carreno gave her first recital in London this season on Oct. 4, and the critics ranked her among "the finest pianists of the present day." One of them wrote shrewdly: "She displays complete mastery of technique allied with an all too rare understanding of how to subordinate mere beauty of tone to the real expression of the music. * * * All the same, her actual touch and tone are of great intrinsic charm, while there [illegible] a virility and a power about her playing which call equally for the highest praise and appreciation."

Miss Marie Hall, the violinist, has been playing in London.

Mme. Emma Eames will sing for the Anti-Vivisection Society in New York Nov. 10. Will Life send a music critic to this concert? The Baltimore News of Oct. 18 published a thrilling story, headed: "Emma Eames, Beautiful Singer, Pursued by Divorced Husband." We are informed by it that Mr. Story has made "tentative advances." The divorced met in several Venetian cafes, "but to the artist's diffidently proffered smiles the singer made no response." Their gondolas passed once within a few feet: "Mme. Eames indicated no recognition of her former husband." The choir will now sings: "Just tell them that you saw me." Nor was there any recognition in Paris. "Mr. Story's wistful smile was wasted upon the gasoline-and-absinthe scented atmosphere." Mme. Eames continues to announce that she is wedded to her art.

Mr. Marc A. Blumenberg, whose signed editorial articles in the Musical Courier are always entertaining, makes this sane comment on the charge that Richard Strauss is greedy because he receives large sums of money for his works: "Richard Strauss receives 1000 marks for a song manuscript. We know a great many composers who would be glad to receive 999 only, but no one seems to offer them 99 marks, not even 9 marks. Is Dr. Strauss to be condemned because he receives 1000 marks? He receives 1000 marks a song because the song can sell, and it can sell because it is Dr. Richard Strauss' song. Nothing commercial about it."

Mr. Emil Sauer said in an interview with a representative of the Musical Courier that he hopes to have success with a concerto by W. F. Bach, arranged by August Stradel, and five equally unfamiliar Scarlatti sonatas. Asked whether the art of piano playing had reached its highest form of development, he answered: "In one sense, yes. Technically, further advance seems impossible, except in the direction of complexity, intricacy and overelaboration. However, as those things do not make for beauty, and I consider beauty indispensable in art, I feel justified in believing that no real progress has been made since the time of Chopin, Liszt and Rubinstein. Simple art suits me best, if that is the only kind which speaks from the heart and reaches the heart. In composition, too, mere complexity is only a matter of skill, of mathematics. Strauss is a genius, of course, but many of his followers and imitators are nothing but musical engineers."

I read that Mme. Nordica is about to dedicate this very day a "temple," and visions of walpurgian ecstasy float through my brain—until I see it is a Masonic temple in Washington, and not the Wagnerian edifice planned for the heights of Beetroot-up-the-Hudson.—Morning Telegraph (N. Y.), Oct. 15.

Miss Adela Verne.

Miss Adela Verne, a pianist who will play for the first time in Boston, Saturday afternoon, the 24th, at 3 o'clock in Jordan Hall, was born at Southampton, Eng., but she was of a Bavarian family. Her father was J. E. Wurm, a pianist and giver of concerts in Southampton. She showed musical promise at an early age. Her parents, [illegible] to exhibit her as an infant [illegible], gave her for some years [illegible] regular instruction. Her sisters were Marie J. A. Wurm, who, born in 18[illegible], was well known as a pianist—she [illegible] composed a piano concerto and overture (Berlin, 18[illegible]), a string quartet (London, [illegible]), 'cello sonata and other pieces; and Mathilde, a pianist of good reputation. The latter, a pupil of Clara Schumann, taught Adela, who began to play in London in 1[illegible]. She gained fame at the popular concerts, and at orchestral concerts. She has given concerts in [illegible] cities and in Australia. Last [illegible] she played on the Pacific [illegible] unusual success. Her first [illegible] in San Francisco was on Nov. [illegible]

Her programme next Saturday afternoon will be as follows: Prelude [illegible] A minor, Bach-Liszt; [illegible] Scherzo, Couperin, "Bar[illegible] Mysterieuses," and "Le Mou[illegible]" Handel, minuet; D. Scarlatti, [illegible] A major, Brahms rhapsodie, [illegible] No. 2 [illegible] "Des Abends"; [illegible] etude; Chopin, [illegible], op. 25, No. 9, Sonata [illegible] "[illegible] Wind"; [illegible], [illegible] Liszt etude No. ? E minor, and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.

Symphony Notes.

The programme of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week will include Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, MacDowell's symphonic poem "Lamia" (first performance); and the prelude to "The Mastersingers." MacDowell's "Lamia," suggested by Keats' poem, was described in The Herald last Sunday. Mr. Fiedler had planned to give the "Eroica" symphony by Beethoven; Smetana's symphonic poem "Moldau"; Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" and the prelude to "The Mastersingers," but when he received MacDowell's score he substituted "Lamia" for the works of Smetana and Wolf.

The general sale of season tickets for the eight concerts which will be given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Sanders Theatre Cambridge, during the coming winter, will open at Kent's University Bookstore, Harvard square, next Saturday morning. The soloists will be Miss Lilla Ormond, contralto; Miss Germaine Arnaud and Miss Laura Hawkins and Mr. George Proctor pianists; Miss Nina Fletcher and Mr. Willy Hess, violinists.

The first of the Symphony concerts in Cambridge will be given Thursday evening, Oct. 22, at 8 o'clock. The programme will include: Beethoven's "Leonore," overture No. 3; Brahms' symphony, C minor, No. 1; "Love Scene" from Strauss' "Feuersnot" and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Local Concerts.

Tickets for the recital of Mr. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, in Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, the 26th, will be on sale at Symphony Hall on and after tomorrow.

The Longy Club (wind instruments and piano) will give concerts in Potter Hall on Monday evenings, Nov. 23, Dec. 21 and Feb. 8.

A concert will be given in Symphony Hall by the Musical clubs of Harvard and Dartmouth on the evening of Nov. 13.

Mme. Cecile Chaminade, composer and pianist, assisted by Miss Yvonne de St. Andre, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. Ernest Groom, baritone, will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12.

The subscribers to the Kneisel concerts last season have taken nearly all the seats in Fenway Court, where the concerts will be held this winter through the courtesy of Mrs. Gardner. The few tickets left may be secured at the Boston Music Company's store on and after tomorrow.

Mme. Sembrich will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on the afternoon of Friday, Nov 6. Subscriptions, with check, may now be mailed to Mr. L. H. Mudgett, Symphony Hall.

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner will sing for the first time in Boston at Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Nov. 16.

The Apollo Club's first concert this season will be the 200th under its own auspices. This concert will be in Symphony Hall Monday evening, Nov. 9, when Miss Geraldine Farrar will assist. The other concerts will be in Jordan Hall the evenings of Jan. 6, Feb. 17, April 7. The experience of the concert committees of recent years has been that a certain proportion of the associate members, by reason of foreign travel or change of residence, omit to renew their subscriptions. These few vacancies will be open to the public this year. Application should be made to the secretary, Mr. Horace J. Phipps, 65 Bedford street.

A joint piano recital will be given soon by Mrs. Beach and Mr. Faelten in Steinert Hall.

The three violin and piano recitals of Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes will take place in Steinert Hall on the Friday evenings when the Symphony Orchestra is away. The first one will be on Dec. 4.

Mr. Richard Czerwonky's violin recital will be in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 16.

The Longy Club will perform the following pieces at its concerts this season: Handel, concerto for oboe and strings; Bach, aria for voice, flute and two English horns; Mozart, Divertissement; Beethoven, trio for two oboes and English horn; Falcony, sextet for wind instruments and piano; Caplet, suite Persane; Woollett, five pieces for piano and wind instruments; Destenay, trio for oboe, clarinet and piano; Loeffler, rhapsodies for oboe, viola and piano; Enesco, symphony for double wind quintet.

The programme of Mr. Hartmann's violin recital, Oct. 26, will include Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor, Bach's Fugue in A minor and pieces by Goldmark, Tschaikowsky, Zarzycki, Sauret, MacDowell-Hartmann, and Hartmann. Mr. Alfred Calzin, pianist, will play Schumann's sonata in G minor and pieces by de Schloezer, Glazounoff and Liszt.

Mr. Emil Sauer will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Nov. 2.

The MacDowell House.

When Edward MacDowell was teaching in New York he was deeply interested in the student's problem of finding a "workshop" with proper air and light. He often asked: "Why does not some one endow a building where such workshops could be given as scholarships?" Now that MacDowell is dead, his friends think that no more fitting memorial to him could be proposed than a building with such rooms. A committee has been chosen from the board of directors of the MacDowell Association, and it is made up as follows: Messrs. Walter Cook, chairman; John W. Alexander, George W. Chadwick, Daniel C. French, Hamlin Garland and Mrs. Edward MacDowell, secretary.

I quote from a circular that has been sent out:

"The details of the plan will depend on the encouragement received by the committee in its preliminary work. The suggestions thus far made look toward the possibility of a beautiful building with a small auditorium, with exhibition room for painting and sculpture, and with studios for workers. It is not intended that these studios should be free. They should serve as prizes, like the travelling scholarships which are offered by a few institutions in the country. They may be endowed by different states, by universities, by musical, literary or other similar organizations or by individuals, and would be for the use of students representing subscribers to the fund or the purchasers of studios. For example, should the musical or art department of a college or university wish to participate in the work of the MacDowell House, it might, directly or through funds raised by its alumni, purchase a certain studio in the building to which it could send its prize pupil each year, or it might contribute to the general fund and secure privileges proportionate to the amount of its contribution.

"Already men and women in the states of Illinois, Ohio, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Massachusetts have signified their interest in the plan, promising in each case to assist in the forming of such subcommittees.

"The New York committee will be glad to hear from any one interested in furthering, in any way, the success of the important national work which it is undertaking.

"Address all communications to the secretary of the committee, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, Peterboro, N. H."

A performance was given not long ago at Vevey of Pergolese's "Serva Padrona" (1731) and Rousseau's "Devin du Village" (1753).

Salvayre's new opera, "Solange," is in rehearsal at the Opera Comique, Paris.

Theodore Dubois has completed a symphony which is entitled "Symphonie Francaise." It is his first offence in this field of music.

Even some of the English critics are becoming tired of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The oratorio was performed on the opening night of the Sheffield Musical Festival, Oct. 5, and the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote: "Possibly 'Elijah' might have been dispensed with, seeing that not a year passes but shows up the more the poor style of so much of the music and the weakness of the sentiment; but, on the other hand, it is so familiar to chorus, choir master and conductor that its preparation entails the less trouble and leaves more time and energy for the really important things; moreover, it draws still. But, in admiring that, it should not be forgotten that in music poverty of thought, or want of genuine emotion, is too often rendered difficult to realize on account of the effectiveness of the whole and opportunities offered for display in performance. Ancient or modern examples abound, and are likely to, so long as people take more interest in the way a work is presented than in the truth or value of the ideas conveyed."

"The Hon'ble Phil," a new musical comedy produced at the Hicks Theatre, London, Oct. 3, is described as trivial and dull. The music, by Harold Samuel and Ralph Nairn, "lacks invention and distinction." The chief comedians were Miss Denise Orme, G. P. Huntley and Horace Mills. Mr. Huntley and Herbert Clayton, who also took part in the performance, wrote the book of the play.

A "Lincoln" Symphony.

Mr. Silas G. Pratt has composed a symphony which will be played at Chicago by the Thomas orchestra on Feb. 12, in celebration of the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birth. The symphony is intended "to convey in tones certain characteristics of Lincoln and to portray certain incidents of his life." Musical America gives the following description of the four movements:

Part 1—Introduction and Allegra Vivace. The Whistling Boy and Rail Splitter, inscribed with the following lines from the pen of Paul Hull, Chicago:

"He was all that was strong and rugged,
All that is beautiful and tender;
He was the granite and moss fern,
The sea crag and thistle down, the oak
and the orchid,

"When his first cry vibrated on the air of the Kentucky woods, surely the universe felt a thrill, and Michael the Archangel, he of the scales, stood on the threshold of the world listening, his finger to his lips."

Part 2—Adagio. The Song of Sorrow (death of Ann Rutlidge), for which two verses of Lincoln's favorite poem, "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" are quoted.

Part 3—Scherzo. The Joker, briefly portraying the humorous side of Lincoln's character.

Part 4—Battle Fantasia. The Civil War. Funeral March and Apotheosis.

Mr. Pratt is not the first to celebrate a man in symphonic tones. Beethoven originally intended his "Eroica" symphony to be a tribute to Napoleon. In more modern times William H. Bell wrote a "Walt Whitman" symphony (Crystal Palace, 1900), and Maj. A. D. Hermann Hutter of Nuremberg a "Bismarck" symphony (1901). Tschaikowsky attempted in his piano trio to paint musically the character, tastes, habits of Nicholas Rubinstein, and Koessler wrote a set of variations for orchestra in which he "illustrated" certain mental characteristics of Johannes Brahms. It is understood that the late John K. Paine was at work on a symphonic poem entitled "Lincoln."

The name of Mr. Pratt always brings to mind an agreeable story about his first meeting with Wagner. As soon as he saw the composer of "The Ring" he assured him that he, Pratt, was the Wagner of America. Wagner responded quickly: "Then I must be the Silas G. Pratt of Europe."

The Menestrel (Paris) commenting on the first movement of Mr. Pratt's symphony—"The Whistling Boy and Rail Splitter," makes this pleasing observation: "This signifies that Lincoln was a joyful, ironical and gay child, and afterward became a determined man who did not recoil before any difficulty."

Mr. Bauer In London.

The London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald discusses music and musicians in a delightfully refreshing manner, and he has opinions that are his own. In the Glasgow Herald of Sept. 28 he analyzed the playing of Mr. Harold Bauer.

"What is it that Mr. Harold Bauer requires to make him the greatest living pianist? He has an unrivalled technique capable of the utmost force, and yet delicate and sensitive to a degree. His views of compositions are always the views of an artist who has studied and understood. He never distorts music to make a cheap sensation. It would be ridiculous to say that this pianist is unemotional, for his interpretations are evidently the result of sincere feeling and true musical insight. You cannot possess those qualities and be unemotional, nor can you make pretence to them by means of mental analysis. Mr. Bauer is not unemotional in the obvious sense, but he allows no scope for the mood of the moment. The result is as if an actor declaimed a speech with infinite feeling and imagination, and yet gave you the idea that he was only repeating something he had prepared in every detail. Artists must thus prepare their work, and only an amateur leaves much to the inspiration of the moment, but the effect of the performance should be that the whole thing is unpremeditated and spontaneous. Mr. Bauer does not seem to kindle with the ebb and flow of feeling in the compositions he interprets. This cut-and-dried perfection rather marred his playing yesterday afternoon at the Bechstein Hall. It was more noticeable in the Chopin pieces than in Schumann, for the mood of Chopin is more illusive. After all, a pianist is a kind of orator. He has not only to interpret his musical texts with sincerity and insight, but he must move his audience to feel with him. Mr. Bauer seems to have done all his feeling before he comes into the concert room, and sternly puts aside any sudden mood because it is foreign to his preconceived idea."

Prefixes.

The Herald has often alluded to the foolish habit of giving the prefives "Signor," "Signora," "Herr," "Frau," etc., to singers or players living in the United States or visiting this country for the sake of giving concerts or singing in opera. It is to be hoped that when the Boston Opera House is opened Mr. Constantino, for example, will be known as "Mr.," and not as "Signor."

The Daily Telegraph of London recently discussed this subject sensibly: "How foolish are the conventions which have sprung up in connection with the use of prefixes as applied to operatic and other artists. 'There is bound, of course, to be divergence on the point, and, whereas some people show themselves sticklers for international courtesies by labelling our musical visitors monsieur, madame or madamoiselle, or herr, frau or fraeulein, or signor, signora or signorina, or senor, or senora, as the case may be, others adopt an easy—not to say a free and easy—way out of the difficulty by dubbing all foreigners M. or madame indiscriminately. In the case of a cosmopolitan array of talent, confusion is apt to become worse confounded when a prefix is sought which shall 'locate,' as it were, each artist. Surely the simple and logical solution is to adopt in every instance the description either of Mr., Mrs. or Miss. But such is the force of convention, even where anomalies are involved, that whereas no one would ever hesitate to write Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Tree, or Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English prefix belonging to a married woman is never by any conceivable chance applied to a singer. We suggest that some great mind be brought to bear upon the problem, and, by way of a hopeful beginning, a satisfactory explanation should be furnished of why Miss Clara Butt, for instance, upon marrying Mr. Kennerley Rumford, became Mme. Clara Butt. Why not Mme. Kennerley Rumford, if Miss Clara Butt be objected to? On the whole, we consider this a far better holiday problem than 'Should Bachelors Be Taxed?'"

Miscellaneous.

Essen will have a new popular theatre in which opera and drama will be played alternately. The price of seats will range from 10 cents to 30 cents. A society to raise the necessary money for building the theatre has been formed.

The question was recently asked a well known musician whether he thought it possible to teach navvies to like Bach's fugues. His reply was, "Yes. Shut them up in a room for an hour every evening. Let them smoke, make them comfortable, and have the fugues, and nothing but the fugues, well played for them, and in half a year they will be as incapable of enduring cheap jingle and meretricious slop as we are." It is understood that as yet very few navvies have come forward to undergo this treatment, but that a great many have strongly resented the imputation that they appreciate cheap jingle.—Daily Telegraph (London.)

There is no deficit after the Bangor (Me.) festival, except for the new organ in the hall. A concert will probably be given this winter to wipe out this indebtedness.

Henry Bernstein's "Samson" will be played tomorrow night for the first time in New York at the Criterion. The first performance was at the Lyceum Theatre, Roohester, Oct. 9, with Mr. Gillette as Brachard. Mr. Bernstein was first known to Boston audiences through his "Younger Mrs. Parling"—an adaptation made from one of his plays for Annie Russell and produced at the Park.

The Waldorf Theatre, London, will reopen on or about Nov. 21 with an adaptation of a French farce, "The Antelope," for which Hugo Felix has written the music and Adrian Ross

The title is thus explained. "This play is written round a kind of marriage market or agency, the principal of which guarantees against elopement for two years."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 7 says of Sir Charles Wyndham as Bellamy the Magnificent: "Everything he says or does is said and done in the most perfect way, and it is the simple truth that all that the critic can do is to admire and enjoy." The play itself, "Bellamy the Magnificent," is severely criticised. Mr. Roy Harriman calls it "a social extravaganza"; "anything more extravagant, less real, more packed with pose, and, in its denouement, more melodramatically inconsequent than 'Bellamy the Magnificent' has not been seen in town for some time. * * * It is not a good extravaganza. At first we thought we were in for an amusing evening—that we were going to see a Beau Brummell of the present day, carrying out his absurd fancies, cultivating his preposterous egotisms and expounding his solemn theories of gallantry and honor in the midst of the London society of Edward VII. Such an anachronism would have been piquant; and Sir Charles Wyndham, with his grace and easo and perfect confidence in himself, would, of all living actors, have been the very man to impersonato him. But, as the play wore on, and a little flash of cheap melodrama at the end of the first act let us into its secret, we began to have doubts. Later, when Lord Bellamy submitted without a murmur to the extortions of a blackmailing detective whom George Brummell would have called his man to kick out of the house; and when, a transparent dodge of his villanous valet having caused him to seem a cardsharper, this 'magnificent' nobleman summoned his little boy from bed, gave him a Sunday school lecture on pure love, and then—'a gentleman to the last!'—proceeded to blow his own brains out, all the early artistic promise of the play was found to be little more than a yellow sunset—very pretty to look at, but not to be depended upon."

The story of Mr. Jerome's new play "Fanny and the Servant Problem," produced at the Aldwych Theatre Oct. 14, is thus described: "A rich young English nobleman, Lord Bantook, meets a pretty music hall singer in Paris, falls in love with her and marries her. To be sure that she isn't marrying him for his title nor his money he poses as a young artist singer. Fanny believes this. Her manager tells the lord that Fanny is of a good family. To support this he invents for her benefit two uncles, a bishop in New Zealand and a judge in Ohio. As a matter of fact Fanny's relatives are all servants in Lord Bantock's house. Her uncle is the butler and the whole 23 of them are relatives, aunts and cousins. When Lord Bantock takes his bride home the play begins. It is an embarrassing situation for Fanny. Her butler uncle dominates the household and instead of blackmailing his niece, now his mistress, he deprecates the marriage and tries his best in a pompous and aggravating way to teach her to be a lady. The climax comes when some of Fanny's music hall friends, a rowdy set of overdressed young women, come to call on her. She asserts her rights. She charges all her servant relatives and puts it up to her noble lord of a husband to take her for better or for worse. He does, for better and shows it in asking his butler for her hand. Under these conditions servant relatives refuse to be discharged and transform themselves from domineering relatives into submissive menials." There seemed to be too much talk.

To the admirers of purely literary

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plays will have to hurry up and see "Peter" at the Savoy. It will be removed from active service at the end of next week.—Evening Sun, New York, Oct. 13.

Mr. Arnold Daly will give up both legitimate and illegitimate drama—for there are unfortunate beings that regard Mr. G. B. Shaw's plays as illegitimate—and appear in vaudeville. His first will be a one-act farce by Mark Twain, "Becoming an Editor," and it will be seen at the Colonial Theatre, New York, on the 26th. Mr. Daly, who is out money by producing one-act plays last season, and also at Wallack's this season, remarks: "I like vaudeville, and as I am reasonably sure of making success in it, it doesn't sound so badly after all." Mr. Daly has been in vaudeville before this.

Herbert Hall Winslow's new play of war and reconstruction, "The Southerner," was produced at New Rochelle, N. Y., Oct. 14. The plot is concerned with "the political intrigues and feuds of the reconstruction period in Georgia, the negro question and the unwritten law." It is based on real occurrences, "as told in Judge Kittrell's novel, 'Ned, Nigger and Gentleman.'" The play will be performed in the South, beginning at Houston, the 28th.

Austin Brereton's "Life of Henry Irving" has been published in London by Longmans, Green & Co. The Pall Mall Gazette says: "We miss in these volumes the figure of the man himself. A 'Life' should be a Life; and in such a book as this we had expected to see Henry Irving among his friends, on his holidays, in society, conducting his rehearsals, conferring with his musicians and scene painters, cracking his jokes, performing his countless acts of kindliness and generosity, smoking his cigar in his club, reading the book of the moment that interested him, and so forth. The man who was such a Hamlet was worth portraying in his habit as he lived; and we confess we would gladly have dispensed with a good many pages of the wisdom and critical acumen of Sir Edward Russell, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Clement Scott and the Spectator if in their stead we could have had a few more such personal glimpses of the man as Mr. Pollock and Miss Ellen Terry have lately given us. Mr. Brereton's tact is beyond all praise; his taste is perfect; his work can offend no one's sensibilities; his industry has resulted in a statistical record which will always have authority; and the illustrations are in possession of real value. All this counts for virtue, and we are grateful. Yet, as we lay the handsome volume aside, the fact strikes us that the 'Life' of Henry Irving has not yet been written. Perhaps it never will be written. It begins to look as though the one man who could have given it to us died at Bradford three years ago."

There is a good story about Mr. G. B. Shaw in "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," just published. Mrs. West once invited Mr. Shaw to lunch, and received this telegram: "Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well known habits?" To which she answered by telegraph: "Know nothing about your habits; hope they are not so bad as your manners."

Oct 25 1908

GENEE, REAL STAR

COLONIAL THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of Adeline Genee in the musical entertainment, "The Soul Kiss"; book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith, music by Maurice Levi; produced for the first time in Boston by F. Ziegfeld, Jr.'s, company.

Maurice.....Mortimer H. Weldon
Marie.....Amelia Rose
Suzette.....Vera Michelena
J. Lucifer Mephisto.....Ralph C. Herz
Sol Skevensky.....Barney Bernard
Cleo.....Stella Tracy
Ketcham Short.....John B. Park
Capt. Bulwinkle.....Lee Harrison
The dancer.....Miss Genee

Miss Adeline Genee is a dancer in the old meaning of the word. She is mistress of pantomime and of dancing. Thus she belongs by right to a long and noble line of stage women that have acted in the dance from Carmargo to Taglioni, from Salle to Fanny Elssler. By her art she shows that the great race is not wholly extinct, as some have been forced to believe.

There was a time when dancers worthy of the name were applauded in this city, when spectators were skilled and critical, but the ballet as an entertainment has long fallen into disrepute. Until two or three years ago the ballet corps of visiting opera companies excited mirth and discouraged the attention of earnest members of the Society for Physical Research. The chief dancer too often labored heavily, and in her capering wore the fixed grin of the beaten pugilist staggering in the ring, while her sisters reminded one of figures in Euclid's book or suggested sufferers from elephantiasis. There was little grace; there was no attempt at terpsichorean narration.

Delightful skirt dancers camo from England and aroused some Americans to glorious rivalry. Then acrobatic dancers, contortionists, freaks and whirlwind dancers swarmed on the stage. Of late the fashion is to applaud "Salome dancers" or women who attempt to revive a form of Grecian art by taking off their hose and wearing chiefly jewels above the waist.

All these are, no doubt, in their way excellent, perhaps admirable. But Miss Genee is a dancer of race, training, intelligence, fascination and the rarest spontaneity. Whether she appear in the conventional costume of the ballet girl or in the equally conventional hunting costume, her movements are as eloquent music, her lightness and grace are incomparable. Seeing her there is no thought of the torture of the toe-drill, nor is any exhibition of technique brought forward as merely a display of technical proficiency. Each detail enters as though incidentally into the composition of a perfect and exquisitely rounded dance.

And with Miss Genee the dance is an expression of a mood. In "The Soul Kiss" she is not called upon to portray a wide range of sentiment, nor has she opportunity for the full display of her pantomimic abilities. She is here the spirit of gayety, of cheerfulness, of girlish mirth; yet she is not devoid of the coquetry that is the weapon as well as the ornament of woman. Her face is mobile; it is radiant with the joy of life.

From toe to crown Miss Genee is animated with the pleasure of the dance. Her own delight is manifest, her spirit is contagious. Here is a woman who, trained in the long established academic schools, a student and a respecter of the traditions, is, nevertheless, in the dance her own joyous self, buoyant, free, entrancing without deliberate appeal.

It were to be wished that her great talents were employed in a piece more worthy of her "The Soul Kiss" is sumptuously mounted. The scenes of the promenade at Monte Carlo, of New York at night from the Singer building, and of Meadowbrook are of unusual excellence. There is a host of pretty women. But the play itself is of a cheap order. Some of the lines should be cut out without delay, for they are excessively vulgar and without even barroom humor. Nor should Mr. Bernard be allowed to sully the performance of Miss Genee in the dressing room scene by his curtain business and consequent remark.

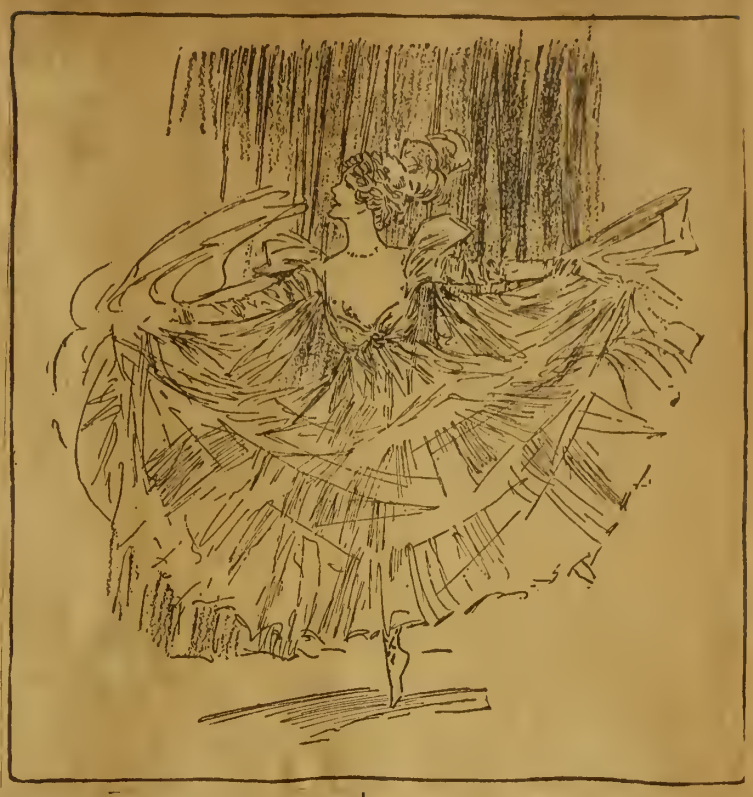
The experimental osculation in the first act is sensual rather than sensuous. Mr. Herz was at times mildly amusing, and Mr. Bernard was often really funny. Mr. Park rattled off his lines glibly and with effect. Miss Michelena was conspicuous among the women who sang or spoke.

This is not a play for Miss Genee, but whenever she danced she lent beauty to that which was inherently vacuous or common. The lines and the situations are easily forgotten. The tinkling, tumtum music was forgotten as soon as it was heard. The sumptuousness of the production will be remembered. And there is the joy-giving thought of Miss Genee, one of the most charming apparitions that have appeared on the Boston stage for many years.

A large audience was enthusiastic, and comedians as well as the dancer were applauded.

MLLE. GENEE, DANSEUSE

Sketched While in Action in "The Soul Kiss," at the Colonial.



MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Girl Behind the Counter," a musical comedy in two acts, with these principals in the cast:

Henry Schniff.....Lew Fields
Mrs. Henry Schniff.....Connie Ediss
Winnie Willoughby.....Pearl Lund
Millie Mostyn.....Daisy Dumont
Ninette Valois.....Lotta Faust
Susie Scraggs.....Topsy Siegrist
Mrs. M. Whitington.....Ida Doerge
Mrs. Crossley-Shoppington..Lottie Fremoitt
Dudley Cheatham.....Martin Brown
Lord Augustus Gushington..Denman Maley
Charley Chetwynd.....Joseph Ratliff
Henri Duval.....Charles Judels
John Blobbs.....Vernon Castle
Maggie.....“Patsy” Mitchell
Hon. Aubrey Battersea.....Vernon Caastle
Lord Rumbold.....Hubert Neville

Add to these varied personages who

DRAMA A

Miss Marie Franchonetti danced as Salome in Memphis recently and the Commercial Appeal assured the citizens that she was "a nymph of nakedness," but not "the biblical Salome." It was reserved for Memphis to decide definitely just what sort of a woman the daughter of Herodias was. Furthermore, the Commercial Appeal declares that a dancer looks "far better in $40 worth of false hair and her artistic make-up. A well groomed and well gowned woman is far more attractive to the eye than the one with four ounces of silk gauze hanging loosely over her shoulders and six-inch tights covering the remainder of her person. There are not two women in 10,000 of the women of today who can stand the critical demand of undressed exposure. * * * The little travelling fly-by-night Salomes that are besieging small towns with their timorous imitations and their sparsely clad and badly formed figures are getting very far away from the remnant of art which makes the dance tolerable at all." "By my troth, Captain, these are bitter words."

Mme. Cruppi, wife of the French minister of commerce, wrote a play, "Repudiee," which was produced at the Theatre Gemier in Paris. The story was of the love adventures of a young and fascinating professor, whose wife worshipped him. The professor, alas, turned from her—perhaps the incense choked him; he wandered from his own fireside, and she killed herself after he had divorced her to marry the siren.

Miss Ruth St. Denis, dancing Indian scenes at the Scala, London, has with her a company of real Indians, including several Brahmins." But how about their violation of the law of caste?

Henry Arthur Jones is fond of clerical heroes, as will be seen in his "Judah" at the Castle Square this week. "The Hypocrites, soon to be given again in Boston, is another of his dramas centring around a clergyman. Booked for early production at the Castle Square is also "The Evangelist," by Mr. Jones, and never before played in this city.

Blanche Bates has prepared a novel from "The Fighting Hope," the play in which she is now playing in New York, and it will appear first as a serial and then in book form.

It is Miss Adeline Genee's intention to give a special matinee performance in America of "The Dryad," a dainty one-act pastoral fantasia, which she successfully produced in London last month.

Kyrle Bellew, now playing here in "The Thief," is one of the many well known players who supposed that they held the rights to present "The Devil" in this country.

"The Follies of 1908," Mr. Ziegfeld's latest musical review, will shortly be seen here.

A factory girl is the central figure in "When Women Love," which will be one of the early attractions at the Grand Opera House. Labor troubles furnish the main theme of the play.

Mme. Chaminade landed at New York last Saturday. She was narrowly observed by a Sun reporter. According to his account she is a trifle below medium height, with a slight figure, sloping shoulders, "and she achieves that hipless effect, so very popular at present, without the slightest effort." Her hair is of a brown shade, inclined to curl and worn short, parted a little on the left side of her small, well-shaped head. Her arms are long, white and graceful. Her eyes are large, brown and expressive. She speaks no English. Her husband, Mr. Carbonnel of a large music selling house in Marseilles, died early in 1907. She loves the sea and finds Debussy's music gray. She prefers to work late at night. "I do all my composing then in the winter, near the sea." Her tour will not be a long one; it will include the chief cities in the East and the middle West, but she will not go beyond St. Louis. The programmes of her concerts will be made up exclusively of her own compositions. The mezzo-soprano with her, Miss Yvonne de St. Andre was born in Turkey and educated in Paris. She lives in London, and her mother was Welsh. The baritone, Ernest Groom, is English.

Miss Emery Destinn, it is now said, will create the part of the heroine in Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." The greatest joy of the composer is not over the music, but the introduction of horses in the last act on the plains. Why does he not use the old tune from the "Bronze Horse" which negro minstrels used to sing: "I hear the hoofs upon the hill"?

The New York World conceived the happy idea of having Mr. H. B. Smith, the librettist of "The Golden Butterfly," criticise Mr. DeKoven's music to the piece and having Mr. de Koven criticise the libretto. Mr. Smith praised the music, and incidentally remarked: "In no civilized country in the world is a musician heard in such dishonor as in America. A genius like MacDowell, after a few months of illness and incapacity, becomes an object of charity, although a million pianolas play 40 of his compositions, for which the manufacturers pay not one cent." Mr. de Koven said that Mr. Smith's libretto is his best work; that Mr. Smith is "the most graceful and facile lyric writer of this or any other country"—Jerusalem and Madagascar and North and South Amerikee! But Mr. de Koven was not delighted with criticisms of the piece. "With some notable exceptions the criticisms published in the New York papers about 'The Golden Butterfly' might have adorned the columns of the Squedunk Sentinel or the Cohasset Mercury." And he had something to say about "petty spite, professional jealousy, crass ignorance, personal vanity" reigning and wilfully misleading the public.

Pleasant reading was thus furnished for the Sabbath!

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give a concert in Springfield (Mass.) Monday, the 26th. Miss Lilla Ormond of Boston will be the singer. The Longy Club will give a concert in Springfield tomorrow night.

Mr. Homer Humphrey of the faculty of the New England Conservatory will give an organ recital in Jordan Hall on Wednesday night. He will play pieces by Vierne, Bach, Elgar, Guilmant and Widor.

A German-American orchestra led by Mr. H. D. Salins of Chicago is giving concerts in Berlin. The purpose is to introduce there the works of the best American composers.

Mme. Gadski gave her "annual" concert in New York last Sunday afternoon.

A sum amounting to $625,000 is given annually to the Royal Opera

[illegible] at Royal Theatre of Berlin; [illegible] of this sum comes from the Emperor's private purse, and bears the annual deficit, which ranges between $75,000 and $100,000. Furthermore, whenever he commands a performance he must buy the tickets for his personal guests and friends, he pays out about $1250 for the pleasure. Such are the joys of a royal impresario.

No one seems to recall the fact, apropos of the enormous hats worn now by women on the stage of London theatres, that Eleanor Gwynn sported a hat "as big as a coach wheel" at the Theatre Royal in Drury lane, when she appeared to speak the prologue. Charles II. was so deeply moved that a royal coach appeared to bear off Mistress Gwynn, together with her hat, to sup with the Merry Monarch by command."

Knapp's famous Millionaire band, with Florence Drake LeRoy, Leo Zimmerman, Otto Mesloh and Ulric Gingras feature soloists, and Charles E. Knapp and Carl Edouarde as conductors, will be heard in a carefully selected programme at the Colonial Theatre next Sunday evening. This will be the first appearance of the band in Boston.

Some may wonder what "The Sway Boat," the title of Mr. Wilfrid Terry's new play at the Kingsway Theatre, London, means. A sway boat is a swing boat arrangement seen at country fairs. In the north of England these boats are called "swiggy shoes."

Julia Marlowe arrived in New York last Saturday and said on landing that she "delighted in Shakespeare," but something should be sandwiched in between Shakespearian plays.

Mr. G. B. Shaw thinks that the libretto of "The Valiant Soldier," founded on his "Arms and the Man," will please the critics more than the original play did. And he makes the sagacious remark: "It can be appreciated without the slightest intellectual effort."

"Throughout the course of 'Miss Innocence Abroad' Anna Held will wear a simple white muslin frock in keeping with the ingenuous nature of the character she will play." It is not the material of the dress that tells; it is the manner in which it is worn.

Mme. Zelie de Lussan is filling vaudeville engagements.

The London correspondent of the Paris edition of the New York Herald says that Miss Ruth St. Denis, dancing Indian dances, was chiefly clad in walnut stain. "However she was thoroughly washed and so nobody could take exception," and her dances were "as modest as sunlight." Miss St. Denis, we believe, came from Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Martin Ballmann, a member of the Thomas orchestra in Chicago for 18 years, has been forced to resign because he took the directorship of an orchestra playing on Sunday afternoons in a Turner Hall. Mr. Stock, the conductor of the Thomas orchestra, told his men last week that they must stop playing in restaurants. "Men who play until after midnight are not in proper shape to attend the orchestra morning rehearsals," he said.

Elgar's new symphony, his first, will be performed for the first time in America by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Sir Charles Wakefield, once sheriff of London, said recently at a school prize presentation: "The works of some of even the greatest composers exercised a poisonous influence over people of a certain temperament."

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune finds that in "Israel" Mr. Bernstein has abandoned his former methods and sought to gain effects by "academic philosophy." "In this he has failed. 'Israel' lacks action. No one of the characters is sympathetic." The correspondent calls the play "an unpleasant surprise."

The Fifth of Opinion

PHILIP HALE.

(W. J. Henderson in the New York Sun.)

When all is said about these recent promulgations of the publishers the end is not reached. The most extraordinary of all new books in the field of music is published by "C. A. Ellis, Manager," and it has not even a title. It just starts off this way: "Symphony Hall, Boston, Huntington and Massachusetts avenues. Telephone, 1492 Back Bay. Twenty-seventh Season, 1907-1908. Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Karl Muck, Conductor. Programme of the First Rehearsal and Concert."

And then you realize that you have opened a bound volume of the Boston Symphony programme books for the season of 1907-08. This book contains the historical and descriptive notes written by Philip Hale. It is a handy little volume of 840 pages and it is no trite compliment to say that no musical library is complete without it. The truth is that it is a whole musical library in itself, for the mass of information packed in its pages is simply amazing. These bound volumes as they come annually from the press fill the reader with wonder at the prodigious industry, learning and literary skill of that remarkable man Philip Hale.

His fame as a brilliant, incisive and thoroughly equipped commentator on musical performance is very large and has been earned by years of brilliant service in Boston. These programme books let one into the secret of the boldness and readiness which enliven his critical writings. It is to be found in the stupendous scope of his reading, in the humorous character of his allusion. Mr. Hale is an ornament to the profession of musical criticism. Long may he continue to uphold the high standard of Boston.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Mr Emil Sauer, the pianist, talked affably with a reporter of The Herald, when he was in town last week. He resigned his honorable position as the head of the Master School connected with the Conservatory of Music in Vienna, because the duties were so confining. His pupils, advanced as they were, fretted his nerves. He shuddered at the thought of being obliged to hear repeatedly admired pieces, as Schumann's "Carnival," the "Waldstein" sonata and other famous battle-horses. Concert life is beginning to tell on him. He has been playing in public for at least 25 years, and he thinks he has earned future rest.

He talked modestly about himself and pleasantly about his colleagues. He thinks there is little in the piano music published recently that is worthy of performance. The sonata by Dukas has interesting pages, but it is forbiddingly long. When he was asked his opinion about the tendencies of ultra-modern composers, he contented himself by saying, in effect, that he was neither a hidebound conservative nor a wild-eyed radical. In a word, Mr. Sauer was as unfailingly amiable and suave as his own music.

Before he played with the Symphony orchestra he had questioned the wisdom of choosing one of his concertos. "It would have been better perhaps if I had chosen one that is familiar and well liked." His success at the Public Rehearsal reassured him.

The Sun (New York) found him "more grave and reverend of front" than he was when he first visited this country. "Time has touched his flowing locks with the autumnal haze of the Wienerwald and has reared above them a shining Schneeberg. But the inexorable scythe-bearer has written no wrinkle on the azure brow of his polite technic. He plays as he did of yore, with clear and fluent delivery of scale passages, with crisp enunciation of staccati, with shimmer of evanishing half-tints of the tonal palette, with well bred accent and with dainty mance. His is the wit of an elegant and accomplished pianist whom the riotous passions of tragedy have never driven from the serene poise of his artistic demeanor. Urbanity, courteous consideration for the emotional comfort of his hearers and a gentlemanlike respect for the keyboard were his of old, and the years have but deepened his veneration for the conventions."

The bill board pictures of Mr. Sauer do not do him justice. He has by no means that wild, dishevelled appearance. Such bill boards—that of Mr. Hartmann, the violinist, may well be included—need rigid censorship. They are, indeed, against public morals.

There is a report that Mr. Seymour Hicks of London, manager and actor, insists that chorus girls applying for positions at his theatre should sign an undertaking not to marry noblemen within the next 12 months. Mr. Hicks has denied the report, but Mr. G. R. Sims was moved to write the following verses:

THE SONG OF THE PEERS.

(In the Years to Come.)

O this is the song of the House of Peers,
It is sung with a lilting air
And goes with a swing, and a swing that cheers
The hearts of the nobles there.
"O we walk the floor with an airy tread,
And we're quaint little taking tricks,
For all of our mothers, when they were wed,
Were engaged to Seymour Hicks—
Were engaged to Seymour Hicks—
For all of our mothers, when they were wed,
Were engaged to Seymour Hicks."

When the great Lord Chancellor takes his seat,
Like the bubbles of bright champagne
The Peers keep time to their leader's beat
As they join in this gay refrain:
"O none of us speak, but we sing instead,
As the laws of the land we fix,
For all of our mothers, when they were wed,
Were engaged to Seymour Hicks—
Were engaged to Seymour Hicks—
For all of our mothers, when they were wed,
Were engaged to Seymour Hicks."

The story of mayors of cities visiting the Majestic Theatre in the course of Miss Gertrude Hoffmann's engagement to see for themselves whether her dancing would or would not corrupt the citizens of their respective homes is a delightful one.

It will be remembered that once upon a time an evil report concerning the fandango was borne to fathers of the church, who were about to proscribe the dance under penalty of excommunication when a cardinal suggested that it would be unjust to condemn even the guilty without a hearing. Two dancers were summoned, and they danced with all their grace and abandon. The souls of the fathers were stirred within them. Their eminences began to beat time with hands and feet, and soon they sprang up and danced the steps and imitated the gestures. The fandango was granted a full pardon.

The mayors, we understand, were more temperate in the manifestation of their enjoyment. It is hard to escape from a New England conscience.

Mr. Gordon Craig in his Mask attempts to show that a stirring play might be made out of a visit to a restaurant where two men are eating with 12 waiters to serve them. But could not the landlord come in? And should there be tipping in the climax?

Miss Lydia Kyaksht, a Russian dancer, followed Miss Genee at the Empire in London after the latter set sail for America. The Russian's task was not an easy one, but she gave pleasure by a performance in "Coppelia" even before Miss Genee left London. Miss Kyaksht is described as a dancer of less extensive experience and possibly of inferior technique, nevertheless, she won favor.

Mr. Gregori, who made the cowardly attack on Maj. Dreyfus, is the author of a military play in several acts, "La Bas au Maroc," which had been refused by several managers before the scene that made Gregori the talk of Paris. It is now said that he will have no difficulty in placing the drama.

Mr. Patrick Kirwan has been producing one-act plays of his own in the English provinces. One of them, "The Fotheringay," is an adaptation from incidents in Thackeray's "Pendennis." Dramas based on Thackeray's novels have, as a rule, met with failure or only moderate success. "Becky Sharpe"—there were two or three versions—succeeded, thanks to Mrs. Fiske. "Esmond" is forgotten, and "The Newcomes" had no long life.

"Do I think Bernard Shaw will last?" said Miss Ada Rehan. "Well, Mr. Shaw is a personal friend of mine," and Miss Rehan smiled. Did not Chaucer mention "The smiler with the knife under the cloak"?

A large number of orchestral scores left by Theodore Thomas have been given by his widow to the Newberry Library of Chicago.

The music critic of the Omaha Bee is again at his post, and he begins his work of the season by calling for "three hearty cheers for this glorious Nebraska climate." Thus braced—and who would be so churlish as to refrain from cheering?—he boldly says that Omaha should and could be one of the musical centres of the United States.

Mme. Cavalieri landed at Boston because it was more convenient for her to do so. "Messieurs the journalists do not come aboard the steamers of Boston." She thinks that if women had more liberty there would be fewer bad ones. She is not going to be married. "I have been married once. I shall not do so again. Shall I say that I am married to my art? No, I shall not say that. Every one says that." Great Hevings! Did she refer to Mme. Emma Eames? We learn from the American that Mme. Cavalieri broke her incognito in New York. A sad accident, but not necessarily fatal.

Mme. Sembrich, who is again delighted to see New York, will make her European home after this on Lake Geneva, half an hour from Mr. Paderewski's villa at Morges. She visited the Paderwskis recently and the eminent pianist played portions of his new symphony, which will be performed for the first time in Boston by the Symphony Orchestra—if Mr. Paderewski completes it to his critical satisfaction.

Norman Forbes is writing a play founded on the story of "The Man in the Iron Mask."

Mr. Frederick Harrison of the Haymarket, London, has courage. He is talking about revivals of Congreve's "Way of the World" and "Love for Love." The superb glitter and elegance of the dialogue is still untarnished. We all know how much George Meredith is indebted to this dramatist. The plays may still be read with delight. But would an Englishman or American of today be amazed or bored by them?

Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung" was produced at the Opera, Paris, last Tuesday night with great success. Van Dyck was the Siegfried. It is said that the mounting of the opera was magnificent. The destruction of Walhalla was represented by a cinematograph.

The New York Evening Sun went to hear Mme. Gadski sing and was highly pleased. "The star came in a Watteau gown which a woman said was flame color; its quietest note all gold lace, full royal bands of same, while a broad black velvet cheek bow hitched hat to chin with loops pendant to the knees, and a Marsovian coat of deepest imperial purple trailed half across the stage."

Miss Mary Garden told a correspondent of the New York Herald in Paris that she is tired of underdressed Salomes. "When I come on the stage I shall be wrapped in a long orange crepe de chine cloak. It is marvellously embroidered with peacocks, snakes and lotus blossoms. It is almost indescribable, so bewildering, so beautiful is it. The dress itself covers me completely from the armpits to below the knees after removal of the veils. In the dance I wear a garment of flesh tinted chiffon edged around the bottom with delicate gold tracery."

Oct 25 1908

MISS VERNE'S RECITAL.

English Pianist Plays for First Time in Boston in Jordan Hall.

Miss Adela Verne, an English pianist, played yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall and for the first time in Boston. There was a deeply interested and demonstrative audience. The programme was as follows: Bach-Liszt, organ prelude and fugue in A minor; Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Couperin, "Les Barricades Mysterieuses" and "Le Moucheron"; Handel, Minuet; Scarlatti, sonata, A major; Rubinstein, Staccato etude; Chopin, Sonata, op. 35; Alkan, "The Wind"; Albert Elkus, Barcarolle, op. 1, No. 4; Liszt, etude No. 2, F minor and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.

Miss Verne has been praised in London for several years. She has played in cities of the European continent, and last season she gave concerts on the Pacific coast, so that she did not come to Boston wholly a stranger. But a London reputation is not unquestioned here, nor is it necessarily a magnet in a Boston box office. They that had the pleasure of hearing Miss Verne yesterday were agreeably surprised, for she has many excellent qualities.

In Liszt's disarrangement of Bach's prelude and fugue—would that it were banished forever from the concert hall!—she made an excessive use of the damper pedal, and this was the fault most noticeable in the first movement of Chopin's Sonata. More than once in the concert her performance was unrhythmical, especially in the sonata and in the Hungarian Rhapsody. She here, and occasionally elsewhere, anticipated rhetorical effects, and in her desire to be emotional, or from ill-regulated but genuine sentiment, she clipped measures and distorted the rhythm.

Indisputably fine qualities almost led the hearer to forget these faults. Miss Verne is a brilliant player, but she is more than this. It is too late in the day to praise man or woman for feats of mechanism. These feats are expected, taken as a matter of course. But there is an individual charm in much that Miss Verne does, and this charm is not merely a matter of her personality as she sits, or rather stoops, over the keyboard. First of all, she differentiates in the character and mood of compositions. Thus her performance of the pieces by Couperin and Handel had an old-world grace.

The Watteau-like and vague subtlety of Couperin and the pomp and patches of Handel's time were well defined. Alkan's study was poetic, but the poesy had the elegance of French versifiers. The study by Rubinstein was played frankly as a bravura piece, and there was no attempt to disguise the rank sentimentalism of the middle section. The performance of the sonata was conspicuous chiefly by the impressive reading of the spectral finale, which as too often played, is a prosaic tour de force. For once we realized the truth of Kullak's saying: that this finale is "the autumn wind whirling away the withered leaves over the fresh grave"; that the music must rush by, "cold and unfriendly." Playing this finale, Miss Verne was at her greatest aesthetic height.

This virile and brilliant pianist, who can also be tender in expression, should be heard here again. She is well worth hearing.

First Performance of Posthumous Work of Edward MacDowell.

The programme of the third Symphony concert, given last night in Symphony Hall, Mr. Fiedler, conductor, was as follows:

"Heroic" symphony.....Beethoven
"Lamia" (after Keats).....MacDowell
Prelude to "The Mastersingers"....Wagner

Edward MacDowell's "Lamia," a symphonic poem suggested by the "Lamia" of John Keats, was performed for the first time. It was composed at Wiesbaden in 1888; it was published a few weeks ago by Arthur P. Schmidt of this city. The publication and the performance have already provoked discussion concerning the consequent effect on the composer's reputation. Some, before the performance and without intimate knowledge of the score, were sorely grieved and would not be comforted.

It is a fact that MacDowell, when he honored Boston by choosing it as his dwelling-place, spoke of "Lamia" as a work that he would fain revise; that he was not then willing to publish it; but at the same time he talked of rewriting his "Lancelot and Elaine" and certain other compositions; and he half-regretted that they had been published. All this was natural. Other composers, poets, essayists, novelists, painters, have at times wished to call back that which has gone forth and been accepted gratefully by the world. MacDowell had the noble discontent of the true creative artist. He toiled after perfection, and the fastidiousness of his self-criticism was perhaps at times a stumbling-block in the way of progress. Whenever he spoke of "Lamia," he showed a peculiar affection for it, as though it were as a favorite child.

Even though this symphonic poem had waited long for a performance, any reproach brought against Mr. Schmidt for publishing it or Mrs. MacDowell for allowing the publication would be unjust. I happen to know that Mr Schmidt was jealous for MacDowell's reputation; that he consulted musicians as to the wisdom of publishing "Lamia," that he showed the manuscript to them, lest by a rash act he might harm the dead man's fame. Mrs. MacDowell gave her reasons for wishing this publication. These reasons were published in the programme-book of the concert, and no one, even though he had not personally known the composer, could read her letter and remain unmoved.

Amply Justifies Publication.

"Lamia" performed amply justified its publication. There was much more than a sentimental interest in the performance. Higher feelings than that of curiosity were gratified. For this symphonic poem has fancy and color, and it was evidently written with the enthusiasm of youth. As it is today, unrevised by the composer, the music has more individuality than has "Lancelot and Elaine," and had MacDowell died shortly after the completion of "Lamia" the world might have mourned a musician of more than ordinary promise. It is easy to see why MacDowell was not satisfied with his score. He would no doubt have enlarged certain episodes, altered measures here and there that are according to pattern rather than significant, and I believe that he would not have been satisfied with the present ending. I also believe that he would have kept the general outline and that much of the orchestration he would not have bettered.

This symphonic poem is absolute music in the sense that it needs no programme whatever for enjoyment. The disbeliever in the ability of music to express any ideas save those that are musical—What's Lamia to him, or he to Lamia? The disbeliever might say with reason: "This is a

COMMENT BY THE WAY

How many who enjoy the dancing of Miss Adeline Genee know that she is a "joyous austerity"? Austere? Is this buoyant woman rioting in the joy of life "austere"? Yet Mr. James Douglas did not hesitate to apply the word, for he declares that "art is the austerity of joy." Mr. Douglas said less parodoxical things about Miss Genee in an article contributed to M. A. P. three months ago. His article was a rhapsody in two columns, and an Englishman or Scotchman in the cloak of a rhapsodist is a fine if surprising sight. "She is cool vitality without passion, sweet grace without innuendo, elfish mirth without ribaldry. * * * She is a virginal romp alight with the bright energy of Diana and the fleet witchery of Atalanta. She has the uncorrupted archness of Rosalind and the mischievous fun of Teazle. Her dancing is an ebullience of unsaddened youth, a spontaneous riot of girlish excitement woven into a lovely pattern of merry pirouettes and flowing arabesques, rounded limbs and airy attitudes, light leaps and sallies and twinkling entrechats." Two columns of this, and at the end Mr. Douglas is apparently fresh and still master of his breath.

Yet he insists that Miss Genee is a joyous austerity, for her art governs her life. "She is ascetic and severe." She practises for hours. "She dines frugally at three." O prosaic facts! We are also informed that she is a rigid teetotaller. Yet to the rapt spectator Miss Genee has no private life, austere or tumultuous. She is the incarnation of the dance. She is Terpsichore herself and when she is not on the stage she is with her sister Muses.

Though a Muse, she is more human than her colleagues who "illustrate" musical pieces played by orchestras, or personify paintings and statues or appear as Yogis in the forest, or squirm and pant over a papier mache head.

* * *

There is dispute over the question who first danced the dance of Salome. It is said that the present swarm of Salome dancers imitate Miss Maud Allan. There was a dancing Salome long before her.

A pantomime, "Salome," by Armand Silvestre and Charles Henry Meltzer, with music by Gabriel Pierne, was produced at the Comedie Parisienne, in Paris, in March, 1895. Loie Fuller was the Daughter of Herodias. The story is as follows: Herodias sees her daughter, almost a child, "with all the white and rose fragilities of childhood," dancing with her playmates. Herod also sees her, and falls in love, for he is pleased to call his passion by that name. The mother, ill at ease because Herod, under the influence of John the Baptist, wishes to put her away, insists that Salome should dance again, and the girl, frightened, obeys. The Baptist stands by and hopes to save her. She dances again, but now in greater terror. At the end Herod seizes her. The Baptist interferes and is led out by the guards. Salome begs that the prophet's life be spared. Herod makes a base condition, and the girl dances wildly, half-mad. Herodias enters bearing the head of John the Baptist and Salome falls as a dead body falls.

* * *

It is now the fashion for dramatists to tell how they write their plays. Mr. Percy MacKaye says he starts with an idea, and the problem then becomes one of eliminating all that is extraneous. Mr. Booth Tarkington says he studies the peculiarities of the man for whom he writes the play. Mr. Charles Klein admits that when it is possible he has in mind some definite effect. Mr. Clyde Fitch has "a basic idea." All this is instructive, but Mr. Eugene Walter says that his plots come to him, "and I write them because I have to—because the times demand them." But do "the times" imperatively demand any play?

* * *

Miss Annette Kellermann, as a dancer, is only a beginner, nor does she show promise of marked skill, yet she pleases by the rare beauty of her body, which is fully revealed when she swims and dives. Seldom does any one see so perfect a silhouette. An artist, loud in admiration, said that her neck is perhaps a trifle short and that the inside of her calf might be a little fuller, but, having paid this homage to his critical faculty, he was again ecstatic in praise.

Clothed in her swimming costume, she might be a princess of the Ebony Isles, ensorcelled by some envious and malignant blonde, turned to black marble, as was the mocked husband in the old legend. In the water she recalls the seamaid, the maighdeannmhara, for whom strong men have forgotten the judgment of the Lord and lived and died with the seals. And some, looking at her in her intimacy with the water, remember the girls of Typee, or the women of the Society islands, who, young and wholly beautiful, swam with the grace of sirens about the first English ships and looked with laughing eyes on the wondering sailors.

* * *

Mr. David Graham Phillips has published his play, "The Worth of a Woman," which was performed in New York last February. A short play, "A Point of Law," is bound up with it. The publishers are D. Appleton & Co. Mr. Phillips has added a preface that some might describe as vigorous and others as a scream. It might well have been printed in italics, with exclamation points in punctuation. Mr. Phillips has much to say about the sex relations, and he has decided that there are three ways of dealing with them—two are wrong, and one, his way, is right. "The Anglo-Saxon 'morality' is like a nude figure salaciously draped; the continental 'strength' is like a nude figure salaciously distorted. The Anglo-Saxon article reeks the stench of disinfectants; the continental reeks the stench of degenerate perfume." Yet all this has nothing to do with the merits of Mr. Phillips' play. The heroine Diana is certainly an extraordinary young woman, especially in her action prompted by the "higher morality." Her father, dressed in white linen and a presumably costly Panama, and sporting an ebony cane with a gold knob—was it given to him for faithful services as a committee chairman or as a bank director?—is still more extraordinary. The shabby hero, although a member of a haughty, cold-blooded Boston family, is the only ordinary mortal in the play.

* * *

They have settled the question of Shakespeare as a playwright, in Minneapolis, and apparently for all time. Mr. Frohman should read Mr. Winthrop Chamberlain's remarks published in the Journal of Oct. 11. It seems that Shakespeare's tragedies "no longer produce on the stage the illusion they once did, because the stage has advanced to new ground." "The new tragedy," says Mr. Chamberlain, "foreshadowed by Hugo, perfected by Ibsen, and adopted by the great modern dramatists of all nations, is based on the inexorable fact of environment." This is a fine phrase. There was no "inexorable fact of environment" in Shakespeare's years. Alas, poor Yorick! "It is extremely unlikely," continues Mr. Chamberlain, "that Shakespeare will ever resume his dramatic throne, from which so long he ruled the English-speaking stage." Yet, Mr. Chamberlain knows one actor, a "great" actor, who has "the versatility, the temperament, the industry necessary to recreate the great Shakespearian roles on the stage." There is one actor who might, could or should save us from the fate of losing "all playhouse acquaintance with the Shakespearian masterpieces." And his name is—Robert Mantell.

* * *

Mr. William Winter is sometimes described as a praiser only of things past. Yet the closing sentences of a short article on the third anniversary of the death of Henry Irving may well be pondered:

"The stage is said to be now at its meridian. Never has the Theatre been so well managed, artistically or materially: those who manage it say so, and so, accordingly, must it be. The positive voice of energetic youth, sure of everything and remembering the occurrences of at least 10 or 12 years, indorses the assurance. All geese are swans. All contemporary actors are superb. 'Old men must die, or the world would grow musty.' And being dead, their old associates should disparage them. Thus is 'justice' done, and thus does independent judgment triumph. It is a beautiful spectacle."

Mr. Winter's volume of reminiscences is entertaining reading. He is still the sworn admirer of Mary Anderson, still convinced that she was a great actress, and he lavishes on her his choicest purple phrases. This error in judgment may easily be forgiven in view of the pages of delightful invective against men, women, facts and theories that did and do not excite his approval. Mr. Winter has been characterized by flippant young men as a common scold. This is unfair, for when he girds up his loins for the task he is an uncommon scold, and his verbal lashings often excite sympathy and admiration.

* * *

To G. L. P.—No, the word, "headliner" is not necessarily slang. "Headline" was used as early as 1676 by printers to denote the upper line that bounds the short letter. Early in the 19th century it began to denote the line that is drawn across the top or head of a page. Twenty years ago the verb "to head-line" crept in, and in England the noun "head-liner," one who writes head lines, appeared about 17 years ago.

But the word "headliner," meaning an actor or acrobat who is named first in the list of attractions at a theatre, is at present a slang, or, rather, a colloquial term. The French use the expression "en vedette," and Mme. Yvette Guilbert wrote a mildly amusing and conventionally pathetic novel with this term for a title.

* * *

The record of "The Merry Widow" in New York is certainly a remarkable one. The run of a year less four nights ended Oct. 17. We are under the impression that "La Belle Helene" ran in Berlin over a year, but "The Merry Widow" in New York brought in much larger receipts. There are some who are passionately addicted to statistics; they judge a pianist's talent by the amount of money he takes with him to his summer palace in Europe. It may please them to know that $20,000 was spent in advance orders, and, after the opening night of "The Merry Widow," Oct. 21, 1907, $812,000 went into the box office. Mr. Savage says that he has sent to Europe for the piece $130,000 in royalties.

No doubt the future historian of the theatre will wonder at the enormous popularity of this operetta and tax his skill to search out the cause. Is this compelling cause the sensuous charm of the waltz scene, the climax frequently hinted at in the course of the play and eagerly anticipated?

* * *

There is an old and pathetic song which was once loudly applauded: "It's Very Different Just Behind the Scenes." The Chicago Inter-Ocean unconsciously bears testimony to the truth of this refrain, for it seems that Miss Des Roche and Miss De Voe, both "actresses" in "The Broken Idol," when in their dressing room at the Whitney Theatre, indulged in the following touch-and-go repartee:

"You're another."

"Why, you talk to me like that! You haven't been on the stage but a week. My mother put me in the business."

"Yes, and I'm keepin' you there."

"Well, I'd never been a actress if I'd a thought I'd have to associate with such people as you."

"Needn't worry. You're not."

"Not what?"

"An actress."

movement with an introduction and episodes. It contains effective measures. It is music that sets one adreaming. Pray tell me, you who insist on its connection with Keats' poem, how can music portray the change of a snake into a woman, or how can it express the detection of the sorcerers by Apollonius and the disappearance of the enchanted palace with plate and furniture of every kind?"

And, indeed, it would be difficult for the most prying inquirer into the "meaning" of symphonic poems to name beyond doubt and peradventure the pages of the score that might correspond to episodes in the poem of Keats. MacDowell himself never stood decidedly on the side of either programme or absolute music. A title was enough for him. This or that poem moved him to write music, not to furnish an interlinear translation in tones.

Mr. Fiedler is to be thanked for making the audience acquainted with this work of the lamented composer of the noble "Indian" suite. The performance had a more marked feeling of bodement; reading was broadly romantic. The first measures of the introduction might have had a more marked feeling of bodiment; there was faint light instead of haunted shadow.

Recalled with Enthusiasm.

The audience, which heartily applauded "Lamia," recalled Mr. Fiedler with enthusiasm for his unusually vigorous interpretation of the "Eroica." Vigorous was in this instance at times synonymous with boisterous; yet Beethoven, according to Mr. Apthorp's phrase, was on occasions given not only to shouting but to tossing his hat in the air in the frenzy of physical emotion, and sturdiness rather than finesse and a delicate sense of proportion, finds a host of palpitating admirers.

In "The Round Up," now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, there is a battle scene that has thrilled thousands. Mr. Bullock of the New York Press, commenting on the fights in "The Wolf" and in Mr. Selwyn's play finds that they are essentially undramatic because audiences are not sophisticated, and they know that in a fight between hero and villain the hero will surely win. "The fight is decided before it begins." But do the fights between Richard the Third and Richmond, Macbeth and MacDuff no longer stir the gallery? "Wake me up when Kirby dies!" was an honest cry. But in "The Round Up" cavalrymen, cowboys and Indians are hard at it. An entertaining essay might be written about stage fights from those of Shakespeare—"Alarum Without"—to those in "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The Soudan," "Burmah," "Shenandoah," and other dramas. Nor should the spectral scene on the battlefield in "L'Aiglon," years after the conflict itself was waged, be forgotten.

Edouard Fetis, who is now 96 years old, is still writing the dramatic feuilleton of the Independance Belge. Mr. William Winter could not accuse him of lacking experience.

Mr. George Riddle of Cambridge will give 10 readings at the Brooklyn Institute on Saturday afternoons and evenings beginning Nov. 21: "Oedipus Tyrannus," with Paine's music; "Lucrezia Borgia," with Donizetti's music; "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music; "The Mask of Comus," with Lawes' music for the original performance, obtained by Mr. Riddle through the courtesy of the British Museum; "Manfred," with Schumann's music. An orchestra of 42 pieces, a chorus and solo singers will be led by Arthur Claassen. The reading of "Lucrezia Borgia" will be Mr. Riddle's 125th before this institute.

They say of "The Sway Boat," produced in London Oct. 9: "It is dreary and hopeless, and shows little of the innate kindliness of average human nature. But it has the grand merit of sincerity, and it contains scenes that hold the audience as in a vice. Nothing so fascinating in a grim way has been seen in London since the first night of 'Irene Toycherly'; and once more an unknown dramatist, a Mr. Wilfred T. Coleby, has come to remind us that intellectual honesty is still one of the greatest qualities a playwright can have."

The critic of the Pall Mall Gazette from whom we have just quoted, describes Mr. Davies' "Lady Epping's Lawsuit" (Criterion Theatre, London, Oct. 12) as "three acts of dramatic whipped cream." "Thinly episodic as it is, there is a gayety about it that carries the audience along irresistibly charmed. As a work of dramatic art, it is miles behind 'The Mollusc,' but as an incitement to laughter and general good humor, it is worthy of the Criterion."

"Tire au Flane" has been running practically continuously at the Theatre Dejazet, Paris, since December, 1904. It was taken off early this month. The piece describes the amusing adventures of a young soldier during his military instruction.

A one-act play, "Bringing It Home," by a Manchester journalist, H. M. Richardson, was produced at Manchester, Eng., Oct. 12. We mention it here because it is believed to be the first tragedy which deals with the motor question.

Mr. John Drew, they say, will return to Shakespeare at the end of two years. He will play in "Jack Straw" for two seasons, revive "The School for Scandal" and "She Stoops to Conquer," and then take Shakespearian parts.

"No living British actor has anything like Mr. H. B. Irving's claims, both artistic and personal, to play his father's parts."—Pall Mall Gazette. And yet

L[illegible] correspondent of the New York Herald [illegible] three things [illegible] Mr. Irving. He [illegible] of his father, he [illegible] knows it. [illegible] cannot act [illegible] than his father.

Mr. Otis Skinner will give warning of the rise of each curtain in "The Honor of the Family" by three raps, according to the old French tradition. [illegible] Daily Telegraph says. "If the play is to be [illegible] knocked. Mr. Skinner reserves the [illegible] of knocking it himself."

Mr. Frederick Thompson of New York wishes to produce "the great American drama" by Mr. Roosevelt. [illegible] the President with his de[illegible]. Mr. Roosevelt has no time to [illegible] drama; he has been making it. But when he is in Africa, and wild beasts [illegible] sky, who knows? Who knows?

"Paid in Full," a play which many managers rejected and has proved a [illegible], will be performed here at the C[illegible].

Mr. Alfred Hudson, Jr., who is with Otis Skinner this season, is a son of [illegible] long identified with the old [illegible] Museum.

"The Merry Widow" is being introduced to New England cities near New York by the organization which has [illegible] this year's run at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

The innovation of beginning the afternoon performances at the Castle [illegible] at 1:15 has met with favor. [illegible] the change was made primarily to benefit high school pupils, it is also of advantage to ladies on shopping [illegible].

William Morris, Inc., has paid the [illegible] premium to the General Accident and Life Insurance Corporation of [illegible], Scotland, to indemnify the assured against accidents, injury, or death, of Henry McLennan Lauder, professionally known as Harry Lauder, of [illegible] House, Tooting, London S. W., Eng., in the sum of £13,300, or $66,500.

TIMELY DISCUSSION OF CHAMBER MUSIC

Chamber music is to many an acquired taste and there are composers who turn deaf ears to quartet, trio or quintet. The late Edward MacDowell [illegible] said that chamber music reminded him of cold veal; yet he sketched a string quartet, and worked on it, but he destroyed it, I understand, shortly before he was afflicted with his last and cruel sickness. Tschaikowsky gave many reasons why he should not compose a piano trio. His friend and benefactor, Mrs. von Meck, implored him to write one, but he for a long time refused. "To my mind," he answered, "the timbre of these instruments will not blend, and I assure you it is a torture to me to have to listen to a trio or sonata of any kind for piano and strings. Piano and orchestra—that is quite another matter."

The opponents, in this instance, he considered as equal. "On the other hand, how unnatural is the union of three such individualities as the piano, the violin and the 'cello. Each [illegible] something of its value. * * * A trio implies equality and relationship, and do these exist between [illegible] stringed solo instruments and the piano? They do not; and this is the reason why there is always something artificial about a piano trio, each of the three instruments being continually called upon to express what the composer imposes upon it, rather than what lies within its characteristic utterance; while the musician [illegible] with perpetual difficulties in the distribution of the voices and [illegible] of the parts." Nevertheless the death of Nicholas Rubinstein [illegible] Tschaikowsky to express his grief in music, and he chose for the [illegible] a piano trio, the form that he [illegible].

Chamber music should be heard in a chamber, in a small room. Nothing [illegible] than the sight of a [illegible] 'cellist and a pianist, la[illegible] in Symphony Hall remote from [illegible] as though they were [illegible] suburb. Jordan Hall, ex[illegible] it is for many purposes, is [illegible] for chamber music. Steinert Hall is of more appropriate size. [illegible] shrewdly in giving [illegible] this season in Fenway [illegible] any public hall of even [illegible] size there is no possibility [illegible] extreme intimacy that should [illegible] players and hearers.

[illegible] chamber concerts [illegible] given, and these concerts [illegible] delightful. It is not [illegible] ask whether the host [illegible] enjoy the music or [illegible] their [illegible] obliga[illegible] would it be worth while to [illegible] whether some of the guests [illegible] through the ordeal [illegible] thought of [illegible] champagne. The [illegible] the players are a [illegible] the hearers feel [illegible] close communion on [illegible] of the composer.

Mr. Dolmetsch's Plan.

[illegible] were suggested by [illegible] by Arnold [illegible] of Cambridge. He at first [illegible] of the 16th, [illegible] intended [illegible]. "The chamber music, in its literal sense, would describe it exactly, but its original meaning has become altered so that it no longer conveys the right impression."

This old and intimate music was designed for the pleasure of a prince or nobleman served by the composer, or, as in Bach's case, for family entertainment. And these compositions, whether they be delicate melodies "born of the words," to quote Mr. Dolmetsch's felicitous phrase, or solos and consorts for old string instruments, harpsichord or clavichord, suffer when they are heard at a formal concert even in a small hall.

Mr. Dolmetsch appeals to Thomas Mace, of whom Southey wrote lovingly in "The Doctor." The author of "Musick's Monument" said: "The 1st thing to be considered as to the advantage of good musick should be a convenient and fit place to perform it in; such I would call a musick room, and is considerable in a 4 fold respect, 1st in respect of the instruments, 2nd, the musick, 3d, the actors, and 4th, the auditors."

Now Mr. Dolmetsch says in his circular that he has a fitting and suitable music room in his new house in Cambridge. He designed this room. "It contains a priceless collection of instruments, music books and pictures, and forms an ideal place for intimate music. In this room I intend to give performances which should prove an intellectual treat of a high order." These are not uncertain words.

There is a difficulty in the fulfilment of these purposes, and if Mr. Dolmetsch is an idealist, if he lives and moves and breathes in the musical atmosphere of the past, he is also practical and a man of his generation. "The price of admission must be comparatively high, if the musicians are to receive some recompense for their labors. In the 17th and 18th centuries it was usual to charge a guinea a seat for such performances, which corresponds to about $15 in our time."

Here Mr. Dolmetsch is only historical and numismatical. No merchant traffics in his heart, for he hastens to add: "But those who can appreciate refined and delicate things do not always possess a well stocked purse." True, O noble lutist, likewise clavecinist! And if any one wishes to enjoy music in an intimate manner, for the number of tickets will be limited to 30, he should write to Mr. Dolmetsch for further and necessarily commercial information. The first concert will be on Thursday, Nov. 5.

We learn from the circular that the music will begin punctually at 8:30 P. M. "It is expected that no one will come late or leave early, and there should be no disturbance during the evening." Is applause a disturbance? It is in the minds of some, who would gladly have it prohibited at concerts of any nature, and especially at Symphony concerts after a noble or moving work. "The music will not last more than one hour and 20 minutes"—would that Mr. Kneisel and other givers of chamber concerts would make the same rule!—"which, with an allowance of 20 minutes for refreshments and conversation, will bring the close of the evening to 10 minutes after 10." Some may think 20 minutes all too short for conversation about music and topics of the day, with incidental bodily refreshment, but much can be achieved in 15 minutes by even the naturally sluggish.

Mme. Nordica in Richmond.

Mme. Nordica sang in Richmond, Va., Oct. 19. To say that the Times Despatch was delighted would be a cool and feeble statement of fact. The dithyramb of praise, a column long, should be read and pondered. A few extracts must now suffice:

"The great Nordica—the only Nordica—came, and, as always, she conquered. The audience at the academy last night was entranced and enslaved—nay, more than that. She uplifted her hearers as only a great singer can, and she, the greatest of the great, proved by her gorgeous and unequalled accomplishment that she is at the very apex of her glorious prime.

"It is impossible for the ordinary mortal to criticise Mme. Nordica, for she is above criticism, and one can only catalogue her gracious charm and her unapproachable achievements.

"Nature has been lavish in her gifts to her, for she has bestowed upon her temperament, majestic and yet betwitching presence, a glorious voice and dramatic ability of no mean order; but her crowning glory, her perfect art, she owes to her own high ideals and her untiring, intelligent, conscientious work.

"Unharmed by the cruelly trying roles, which she has made her own in the Wagnerian operas, her voice is nobler and richer and more beautiful than ever, and her technique is the despair of all who would be her rivals. In a word, she is Nordica.

"In majestic presence, dramatic fervor, purity and volume of voice and perfect art, Mme. Nordica has never been excelled even by the great singers of the past generation who created the Wagnerian roles, under the guidance of the master himself.

"And when, at last, she said good-bye with the matchless and inspiring 'Valkyrie Cry,' every musician in that great audience realized that she had run the gamut of the emotions, and that naught remained to be said or sung."

It may also be said that Mme. Nordica sang "that touching, homelike lullaby, 'Mighty Lak a Rose'"; the "mischievous and sprightly 'When Love is Kind,' which she has made so completely her own"; "Old Folks at Home" and "Dixie" and other songs, among them one by Grieg, which, according to the Times-Despatch, is entitled "I'm Kahn."

Opera in Chicago.

W. L. Hubbard of the Chicago Tribune believes firmly that Chicago has the opportunity to lead in grand opera. Neither the Metropolitan nor the Manhattan need apply. "That a company independent of New York is preferable to the one sent us from the Metropolitan is beyond question." Note this fine burst of rhetoric: "To accept the latter would be to make us subservient to the eastern city and dependent upon the whims and caprices of its wealthy magnates who promote grand opera for social purposes, and upon the moods and physical conditions of the unstable stars that form the Metropolitan company."

Nor is this all: "Furthermore, the establishing of such opera here would mean the intrenchment in Chicago of the star system in its most aggravated form. Our public would unavoidably become name and personality worshippers, just as is the one in New York, and the hope of educating Chicagoans to appreciation of opera for opera's sake would necessarily vanish."

What has Mr. Gatti-Casazza to say to this?

An Operatic Decline.

Mme. Nordica sees no hope for opera even in Chicago. For according to her there is a dearth of great singers. She discoursed thrillingly on this subject to an audience of two at the New Willard Hotel. "Her eyes flashed, her voice and gestures were those of the orator. As her ardor grew, the spirit of her famous revivalist ancestor, John Allen, was reflected in her words."

She praised the great singers of the past—and among them she numbered Mme. Lehmann, who, by the way, wishes to sing at the Metropolitan next season. She also spoke of modern composers. Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" is, it seems, "a new thing," and she says sanely: "It enables men and women to bring before the public a talent which does not require the highest vocal attainment, but calls forth their qualities as actors and actresses with more or less vocal equipment. A grand opera singer always had to be, and must be today, an accomplishedl vocalist, first of all." "Must be today"? But we have changed all that, dear madam!

"Modern composers err in leaving no pauses for the voice part. * * * I am independent enough to take my own time in some of these modern songs; and in some cases, to repeat a bar where it becomes necessary to make the context clear to the public." A go-as-you-please interpretation is often entertaining.

Richard Strauss is "a great offender" in that he often writes no prelude to his songs. Mme. Nordica is fond of them, nevertheless. She said so, and added: "I might" (this with distinct emphasis and with an upward inflection) "be interested in some opera of his. You notice I said 'might.' I like what is beautiful, poetic." But Strauss writes no preludes: "The vocal part begins immediately on the first note of the first measure, giving us no chance to stop out upon the stage, not even a three note limit. I do not understand what he thinks." And with this confession, she spoke enthusiastically of her 40-acre site on the Hudson. She already sees a "great university" for young and moral American singers; an opera house with a foyer larger than at Bayreuth or Munich, with the sculpture and paintings of American artists, with entranced persons strolling at ease during the entreacts, with an open-air theatre for Greek plays and Shakespeare's comedies, with trolley cars and steamboats arriving and leaving on schedule time.

Personal.

Miss Janet Spencer, contralto, now of New York but formerly of Boston, was invited by the Crown Princess of Germany to sing at a concert at the Royal Theatre in Berlin the 25th. Miss Spencer will sail for home on the 27th.

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, who will sing here for the first time in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Nov. 15, followed university courses at Munich, Berlin and Strassburg, and for three years he was a teacher at the Muenster Academy. He received the degree of Dr. phil. His father, Franz Wuellner, a celebrated musician, teacher and conductor, wished his son to pursue this peaceful life; but Ludwig studied music at the Cologne Conservatory and conducted there a church choir. In 1889 he appeared as a play actor in heroic parts at Meiningen. In 1895 he went about giving recitations, and in 1896 he began his career as a bass singer. He is famous for his interpretation, and is especially esteemed as a singer of songs by Brahms. Dr. Wuellner is now 50 years old.

Felix Weingartner conducted recently at the Vienna Opera House a ballet, "Cinderella," a posthumous work of Johann Strauss, contrary to the custom of his predecessors, and the ballet girls and audience applauded him enthusiastically.

A monument will be erected in the Meiningen churchyard to the late Richard Muehfeld, the clarinetist.

At the annual public meeting of the Academy of Fine Arts, Paris, Nov. 7, the secretary, Mr. Henri Roujon, will read a paper on the life and works of Verdi. This leads the Menestrel to say: "Our young artists will no doubt look at each other hearing the news and ask: 'Who is this Verdi?'"

The pianist Jacob Emile Hock died recently at Prague. He was 85 years old, and was said to be the last of the "Davidsbuendler" associated inseparably with the name of Schumann.

The Herald has already alluded to the fact that Mrs. Theodore Thomas has given many of the orchestral scores used by her husband to the Newberry Library of Chicago. The Tribune says: "The most interesting feature of the donation is contained in the 10 volumes of his own autograph and manuscript scores. The first is the score of Bach's 'Fest Reformationis' ('A Stronghold Sure Our God Remains'), as adapted by Mr. Thomas, a score which he considered so valuable that upon one occasion when it was borrowed by the Boston Handel and Haydn Society he sent his private librarian with it to that city with instructions not to let it go out of his sight."

The gift includes the master works of the German composers from Bach to Wagner, works by Berlioz, Boieldieu, Rousseau, Rameau, Gretry, Mehul, Paisiello, Palestrina, Piccini, Spontini, Cherubini, Corelli, C[illegible] and others. The fifth volume contains Thomas' arrangements from Schubert, La[illegible] and the 10th in his writing the arrangements from Chopin.

William Ludwig, the Irish baritone, on Oct. 20, gave in New York the first of a series of concerts throughout this country and Canada, concerts of Irish folk songs and Rapparee ballads descriptive of the political and agrarian struggles in Ireland.

The programme of the first concert of the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra, now led by Mr. W. H. Rothwell, whose talent was shown here when he conducted "Parsifal" and other operas for Mr. Savage, is as follows: Wagner's Kaisermarch, Smetana's "The Moldau," Beethoven's 7th symphony, and Mme. Fremstad is the soloist.

Mr. Joseph Goudreault, tenor of Haverhill and of the Church of the Advent in Boston, is now studying in Europe. Leaving Paris, he will spend the winter in Milan.

Two sons of the late Franz Rummel, pianist, gave a concert in Berlin, Oct. 2. They are grandsons of Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. William is a violinist and Walter a pianist and composer.

Works New and Old.

Alexis Davidoff's opera, "The Sunken Bell," based on Hauptmann's play, produced at St. Petersburg in 1903, was performed for the first time in Germany, at Mayence, Sept. 30. Davidoff is rather a romantic German than a Russian in this opera, yet he has not escaped French influence. The opera is said to be eminently melodious and the orchestration discreet and fine. The music is inclined to be lyric, not dramatic, but the third act is theatrically strong. This is the opinion of Mr. Schlemueller of Frankfort. Alexis Davidoff is a nephew of the celebrated 'cellist and he was his pupil.

Xaver Scharwenka's fourth piano concerto is analyzed at length in the Signale of Oct. 7.

A string quartet, C minor, op. 42, by d'Ambrosio, has just been published.

Balakireff's second symphony, D minor, is in the press.

A symphony, "Youth," by Waldemar von Baussnern, will be produced at a Guerzenich concert at Cologne this season.

About 10,000 people were in an open air theatre near Viborg, Finland, when an opera, "Pohjan neito," with music by Oscar Merikanto, was performed for the first time. The music is said to be characteristically melancholy, with occasionally grand effects.

The first performance in England of Debussy's early cantata, "The Prodigal Son," was at the Sheffield Musical Festival, Oct. 8. As The Herald has already stated, Debussy rescored the work for the occasion. The Pall Mall Gazette said as follows: "While it is always a matter of interest to hear the early music of a man who in later days has become famous, it is impossible to regard this cantata as more than a good example of student's work. Curiously enough, it shows very few traces of the peculiar style which we all know as Debussy; perhaps this was an additional reason for the composer being successful in obtaining the 'Grand Prix,' that there was the less to offend the examiners—it is more or less simple in character, very French, even Bizet-like in places, mildly emotional, and is generally surrounded by an air of tentativeness, the manner of a composer having something to say without the experience to express himself clearly.

"Seeing that there is nothing for the chorus to do, it has been rather a waste of 40 minutes altogether, but for the interest mentioned above and for the fact that Mme. Agnes Nicholls sang the music allotted to the mother, and Mr. Frederic Austin that of the father, with great taste and vocal charm; less satisfactory was Mr. Felix Senius' account of the Prodigal Son's solos, for, although there was fervor and artistic skill, it cannot be denied that his method of singing falls somewhat short of the English high standard of pure vocalization. For the sake of completeness it may be added that the text of this cantata is a simple and somewhat naive version of the biblical story; the mother finds her son, who had returned home dejected, repentant, and utterly worn out, recognizes him, pardons him, as does the father, the whole ending with a trio expressing thanks to God."

The H. W. Gray Company of New York has published F. S. Converse's "Hagar in the Desert," which will be performed for the first time at a concert of the Cecilia Society of Hamburg. Mme. Schumann-Heink will be the singer.

Symphony Concerts.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder, 'cellist, will for the first time in nearly six years be the soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the next public rehearsal and concert on the coming Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Mr. Schroeder will play Tschaikowsky's "Variations on a Rococo Theme."

Mr. Fiedler has found it necessary to make a decided change in the programme announced at the beginning of the season. For the public rehearsal and concert this week the first number will be Smetana's symphonic poem "The Moldau," the second of the series of compositions grouped under the general title of "My Country." It has not been played here for several years.

The second number will be Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade," which was produced here by Mr. Gericke.

The symphony will be Schumann's in D minor, No. 4.

Local Concerts.

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, assisted by Mr. Alfred Calzin, pianist, will give a concert in Jordan Hall Monday (tomorrow) afternoon. He will play Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor, Bach's fugue in A minor for the violin alone, pieces by Goldmark, Tschaikowsky, Zarzycki, Sauret, MacDowell, and his own rhapsody, "Eljen." Mr. Calzin will

[illegible] in G [illegible] Glazounoff and [illegible] will begin at 3 [illegible]

[illegible] will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Nov. [illegible] Tickets are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

[illegible] will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Nov. 6. Subscriptions, payable to Mr. L. H. Mudgett may be sent to Symphony Hall until Friday the 30th, [illegible] the regular box office sale will [illegible]

The Apollo Club will give its 200th concert in Symphony Hall on Monday evening, Nov. 9. Miss Geraldine Farrar will [illegible]. Although the reservation of [illegible] for associate members is unusually large, there are still good seats [illegible] and they will be for sale [illegible] Symphony Hall Monday morning, Nov. [illegible]

The Kneisel quartet will give its first [illegible] in Fenway court, through the [illegible] of Mrs. John L. Gardner, Tuesday evening, Nov. 10, at 8:15 o'clock.

Programme Haydn's quartet in E flat [illegible], op. 33, No. 2, Courtlandt Palmer's [illegible] quintet in A minor (MSS. First [illegible]; Beethoven's quartet in C major, [illegible] No. 3. The music room will be [illegible] to provide seats for 100 more.

Mr. Richard Czerwonky, violinist, assisted by Mr. Karl Lamson, pianist, will [illegible] recital in Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 11, when he [illegible] Handel's sonata in A, and [illegible], Vieuxtemps, Hubay, P. Scharwenka [illegible]

[illegible] Louise Willard, pianist [illegible], will give a piano recital in [illegible] Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. [illegible] She is a native of Erie, Pa., [illegible] graduating at Oberlin, studied [illegible]

The [illegible] quartet will give its [illegible] this season in Sleeper Hall, [illegible] street, next to the Public [illegible] on Monday evening, Nov. 16. [illegible] Mozart's quartet, D major [illegible] Max Reger, sonata, C major, [illegible] piano, first time (Messrs. [illegible] and Charles Anthony); Borodin [illegible] D major, No. 2. Works by [illegible] Beethoven, Schumann, Castillon, [illegible] and others will be performed [illegible] Messrs. Walter Spry of Chicago, [illegible] and others will assist. The [illegible] concerts will be on Monday evenings, Dec. 14, and Feb. 1.

[illegible] Ludwig Wuellner will give a recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Nov. [illegible] Subscriptions will be received [illegible] Mr. L. H. Mudgett until Monday, Nov. [illegible] the box office sale will [illegible]

The first concert of the Hess-Schroeder [illegible] (Messrs. Hess, Theodorowicz, [illegible] Schroeder) will be in Chickering Hall on Tuesday evening, Nov. 17. Programme, Mozart, quartet G major, No. 1, Beethoven, quartet, E minor, op. [illegible] No. 2, Haydn, quartet, C major, op. [illegible] The other concerts will be on Tuesday evenings, Dec. 22, Jan. 19, March 2. [illegible] The programmes will be selected from works of Beethoven, Brahms, Gabriel Faure, Glazounoff, Haydn, Paul [illegible], Hugo Kaun, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Reger, Sinigaglia, Schubert, Schumann, [illegible] The names of assisting artists will be announced later.

Mr. Albert Debuchy, assisted by Mme. [illegible] Calve will give a concert of French theatrical and romantic music in Symphony Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 17 at 2:30 o'clock. Mr. Debuchy will conduct an orchestra of 74. The orchestra pieces will be Reyer's overture [illegible] "Sigurd" chorus of spinners from [illegible] Erlanger's "Kermaria"; intermezzo from Widor's "Conte d'Avril" flute solo, Mr. Barrere); Chabrier's "Bourree Fantasque," orchestrated by [illegible]; suite from Bruneau's "Attaque du Moulin"; Saint-Saens' "Iota Aragonaise." Mme. Calve will sing the [illegible] from Gounod's "Sappho"; "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod (violin, Mr. [illegible]; harp, Miss French; organ, Mr. Harrison); aria from Bizet's "Pearl [illegible]rs.

The Czerwonky quartet (Messrs. Czerwonky, Kraft, Scheurer and Nagel) will give concerts in Steinert Hall Dec. [illegible] 1, March 14. The quartet will be assisted by eminent artists.

The Flonzaley quartet will return from Europe early in January to give [illegible] concerts. Three will be given in Boston, and subscriptions may now be sent to Mr. Mudgett, at Symphony Hall.

Delius and Whitman.

As Mr. Fiedler purposes to bring out [illegible] a work by Frederick Delius, the following quotation from the Pall Mall Gazette reporter who attended the Sheffield Music Festival may be of interest:

"The programme was completed by * * and the new work of Frederick [illegible], 'Sea Drift,' for baritone solo, [illegible]s and orchestra. Written in 1904, [illegible] comparatively short, but elaborate [illegible]osition, was produced at a musical [illegible]al held at Essen in 1906. The text [illegible]ken from Walt Whitman's 'Leaves [of] Grass': 'Once Paumanok, when the [illegible]-scent was in the air and Fifth-[illegible]th grass was growing.' Those who [illegible] the extraordinary atmosphere of [illegible] poem will understand something of [illegible]t Mr. Delius has endeavored to con[illegible] in his music; the sea, the sadness, [illegible]n holy, and passion of the deserted [illegible]. How far this has been done with [illegible]ess is a matter of some doubt.

"The pictorial aspect of the text has [illegible] realized with all the significance [illegible] which the composer's profound gift [of] orchestral coloring is capable. When [illegible] comes to examine the music more [illegible]ely, and get behind the veil of mere [illegible]or, less satisfaction is felt. Emotional [illegible] the words are, it was disappointing [illegible] get no quality of moving import, [illegible]hing much more than a highly fin[ishe]d commentary of harmonic complications, elaborate orchestral texture, [illegible] vague melodic phrases, leading one [illegible]where. Mr. Delius has written bet[illegible] more distinctive music than that [of] 'Sea Drift,' clever as it is in its bold [illegible]sp of color combination and descrip[tive] painting. Technically, though, it [ma]y be added that the composition tends [illegible] sadly toward the monoton[illegible] by [illegible]son of this very control over the orchestral forces. The car[illegible] of the sustained tone of the instrumental harmonic scheme when so persistently employed, and the vagueness of key-relationship is another matter where a little more relief is needed.

"The performance seemed to be thoroughly sound, and Mr. Frederic Austin struggled with the difficult solo part with great skill, making it, one would think, as effective as possible. The choral writing is by no means easy, but the singers worked hard, and evidently did their best with the many trying passages. The composer was called and warmly applauded at the end of the performance." The performance was on the night of Oct. 7.

CONCERT NOTES.

Miss Isadora Duncan will dance in Jordan Hall on the evenings of Nov. 11 and 12. There will be an orchestra.

The concerts of the admirable Flonzaley quartet will be in Chickering Hall on Thursday evenings, Jan. 7, Feb. 4 and March 18.

The second concert and recital of pupils of the Cambridge Conservatory of Music will be given in Durrell Hall, Y. M. C. A. building, Cambridge, on Thursday evening, Nov. 19.

Oct 26 08

BAND AT THE COLONIAL.

Millionaire Knapp's Soloists Make Good Impression at Concert.

City

Millionaires have long been given to patronizing art, literature and music, but the credit of giving to music lovers a brass band composed of 40 soloists belongs to Charles P. Knapp, a banker and publisher of Binghamton, N. Y. This organization, on its first concert tour, appeared at the Colonial Theatre last night, and before a good sized audience quickly won its way into favor.

Mr. Knapp has had the good fortune of securing Carl Edouarde, a graduate of Leipsic, as his conductor. The concert opened with the overture, "Il Guaranay," by Gomez, and as an encore the selection "Malta Commandery" was played. A cornet solo, "Air Varie," was finely executed by Otto Mesloh, and he responded to an encore. A hit of the evening was the rendition of the Ballet Egyptien. Two encores were demanded, the first being a humorous rendition of "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," and the second "Lucinda's Serenade."

Ulric Gingras gave a piccolo solo that was very meritorious. The first half of the concert ended with the selection "Invitation a la Valse," from Wagner.

A feature of the second half of the programme was the descriptive selection, "Phantom Brigade." Florence Drake Leroy sang "Carmena," by H. Lane Wilson, in a rich soprano voice, and responded to encores. The concert closed with the playing of Sousa's latest march, "Fairest of the Fair."

Oct 27 08

VIOLIN CONCERT BY ARTHUR HARTMANN

Mr. Arthur Hartmann, violinist, assisted by Mr. Alfred Calzin, pianist, gave a concert in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. A small audience was demonstrative in approval. The programme stated that Mr. Hartmann would play Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor, Bach's fugue in A minor for violin alone, Goldmark's Air, Tschaikowsky's Barcarolle, Zarzycki's Mazurka, Sauret's Farfella, the violinist's transcription of MacDowell's Cradle Song and his own rhapsody, "Eljen," and that Mr. Calzin would play Schumann's Sonata in G minor, de Schloezer's Etude op. 2 No. 1, Glazounoff's "Night" and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 15.

Mr. Hartmann, who gained his proficiency as a violinist by study in Boston, played here as a boy in 1895. After his marked ability had been recognized in Europe he returned to this country and gave a recital in Boston in April of last year. It is to be regretted that inasmuch as he is a violinist of distinction he has not yet played here with orchestra, for a modern concerto with a piano accompaniment is only half a concerto. We miss the anticipatory measures, the pompous announcement, the interludes that seem to shout "Bravo!" after a display of bravura or of emotion, the color of accompaniment, the passages for solo instruments echoing or answering the violin. All this is pale and insignificant heard from a piano.

The programme was too long and not skilfully arranged. It was poor judgment to put a piano sonata immediately after a violin concerto, especially when the sonata was Schumann's. Mr. Calzin accompanies with taste, but as a solo performer of such a sonata he is not engrossing, not inspiring, and without the wish to speak disrespectfully of his gifts, it may be said that there was too much for the pianist to do in the course of yesterday's concert.

Mr. Hartmann is a born virtuoso. Well trained and now experienced, he [illegible] pleasure in works of the modern romantic school and as an interpreter of the romanticism of Bach, for Bach was romantic even in his own day when it was the fashion for musicians to think, breathe and have their being in formal counterpoint. Mr. Hartmann's tone is both broad and tender. He has brilliance and warmth. He sings a melody frankly and with charm. He accomplishes a tour de force with becoming ease. Again we say, it is a pity that he is not heard here with orchestra.

ENTERTAINING AND VARIED KEITH'S BILL

Clayton White and Marie Stuart in Amusing Farce by George V. Hobart.

The bill this week at Keith's is an excellent one, varied and entertaining throughout. An audience that filled the theatre last evening was highly amused and gave no uncertain voice to its pleasure.

Miss Annette Kellermann was again seen in her exhibition of diabolo, in her mirror dance and in her fascinating feats of diving. Her proficiency in diabolo is marked. While she is not a dancer of distinction—in fact, her dancing itself is amateurish—the act serves to reveal a singularly handsome woman. The revelation is both frank and modest, for it cannot be too often repeated that modesty and immodesty are not merely matters of costume or absence of costume. In her diving dress Miss Kellarmann is even more fascinating. In de Goncourt's novel, "Renee Mauperin," the heroine is introduced at once as swimming homeward with a male guest at a country house, and the description of her grace might well be applied to Miss Kellermann, though in life poor Renee would have been only a sorry rival.

Clayton White and Marie Stuart with their company played in a most amusing manner George V. Hobart's farce "Cherie." The farce is, as all good farces should be, wildly improbable, but Mr. White drew deftly a true character sketch and his slang was as entertaining as his behavior. Mr. Bruce Ascot, whom he impersonated, could not have spoken and carried himself otherwise. Miss Stuart was capital as Cherie Bertman. The dialogue never flagged, there was no suspicion of slow "feeding," and the French song was delivered by Miss Stuart in a captivating way.

The Artois brothers, who performed feats on the horizontal bar, are described on the bill as "astonishing," and the adjective is not extravagant. Both in the old-time display of skill and agility that reminded us of the Levantine brothers in Lent's circus, and in eccentric and surprising acts they constantly excited admiration. The Picaro trio are also young acrobats of merit.

Miss Bessie Wynn would in times past and days of yore have been called a "serio-comic vocalist." Her comedy is preferable to her seriousness, although her sentimental ditty evidently touched the audience. Her comic songs were sung with archness and with an enjoyment that was contagious. Furthermore, Miss Wynn has personal charm.

Messrs. Ford and Swor, dancers and comedians, had some extra dry gags and wheezes in touch-and-go repartee that excited hearty laughter. Even the hardened vaudevillegoer shudders when he sees a comic policeman enter, but in this instance he was agreeably disappointed. There was a quaintness in the speech of these comedians that italicized the lines. Mr. Leo Donnelly told many stories, some of which were new and some were old. He told them all easily, in a conversational manner, and he had the tact to admit that his hearers listened with some degree of intelligence, for he did not hammer in the points, nor did he shout in climax.

Mr. Melville Ellis was described as a "peerless pianologist." This naturally aroused curiosity, and on the part of some, suspicion; but when he appeared, it was seen that he was an amiable young man who played the piano neatly, sang a few songs of light and jocose nature, and inspired whistling of refrains in the gallery.

Others on the bill were Messrs. Owley and Randall, juggling humorists; Hearn and Ruiter, dancers, and Mr. C. Grant Gardner and Miss Marie Stoddard in vaudeville vagaries. A series of motion pictures, songs by Miss Katherine O'Neil Kenney and Miss Frances Daly and a "Travel Talk" on "Our Presidents and Their Monuments," by Mr. Thomas McKaye brought a pleasant evening to a close.

MANAGER AND CRITIC.

M. Jules Claretie was highly pleased in 1885 when he was appointed general manager of the Comedie Francaise. He is an amiable man, interested in life and letters. He has been industrious. The list of his published works includes novels, books of travel, memoirs, histories and plays that have been produced. As an author he is often entertaining; his style has the clearness and grace peculiar to the French; the volumes of comment and gossip about the daily life of Paris, collected from his feuilletons are good reading for a rainy day, but neither in romance, history nor in the drama has he ever shown marked distinction. In 1888 he was chosen to sit in a chair of the Academy, and his chief competitor was J. J. Weiss, a writer of far greater force.

The years went by, and, as manager, Mr. Claretie began to find no pleasure in them. At last the societaires of the theatre refused to vote the money necessary for the production of a tragedy which he had accepted and was under contract to produce. The societaires, smiling at the popular belief that this famous playhouse exists only for art, believe that tragedy really spells ruin. Mme. Segond-Weber, a celebrated tragedienne, was not advanced, although her seniority entitled her to an increased share in the receipts. Her husband, Silvain, a veteran tragedian, naturally sulked. He resigned, and was with difficulty persuaded to return. Whether he resented the implied insult to tragedy, or to his wife; whether he mourned the loss of the deserved increase in her salary—all this is now immaterial.

The turbulent and bitter Octave Mirbeau sued Mr. Claretie for refusing to produce a drama which the latter had accepted and put in rehearsal. The refusal was based on the ground that portions of the dialogue put one of the characters, an academician and also a senator, in a most disagreeable and offensive light. The court decided in Mr. Mirbeau's favor. When Mr. Jules Bois, the author of the tragedy that had inspired the societaires to be niggardly in the matter of the budget, sued Mr. Claretie, the latter handed in his resignation; he accepted the position of dramatic critic of the Figaro. Now, lo and behold, it is stated that he has withdrawn his resignation.

The position of dramatic critic in Paris is an honorable one, but any deep and philosophic thinker might say that Mr. Claretie had had enough of the playhouse, playwrights, stage-folk. His criticism for Figaro of Mr. Mirbeau's drama and Mr. Bois' tragedy would naturally have been anticipated with pleasure, for although he is constitutionally amiable, he is, after all, human—and an academician. It would have been his solemn duty to defend the Immortals. Noblesse oblige! Would Mr. Claretie have missed the sense of authority, the adulation of expectant dramatists and ambitious actresses? Or would he not as critic have wielded a mightier power? He would at least have had constantly fresh material for feuilletons, and genuine sympathy for his successor at the Comedie Francaise.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

The biographical sketches of Sarasate, who died recently, all say that he was a pupil of Alard at the Paris Conservatory of Music. The statement is true, but letters published in the Paris papers lead one to doubt whether Sarasate learned much from him. Armand Parent tells an amusing story about Alard's methods of instruction. Alard, it appears, was of a proverbial closeness in money matters. He used to take letters to his class and ask the pupils to mail them, but the envelopes were never stamped. The pupils were supposed to buy the stamps and put them on. When it came Sarasate's turn—he was a poor boy—he would often skip his lesson. He did not escape, for Alard kept a strict account, and Sarasate was punished by being obliged to go to the postoffice two

days in succession. No wonder that the great violinist in his later years did not speak of his teacher in terms of respect. Parent adds that Sarasate was chiefly self-taught. "According to the opinion of his contemporaries, Sarasate displayed his individuality at the age of 13. He always preserved this, and I do not believe that any master, whoever he might have been, could have imposed his own manner on this unique musical nature."

Sir Charles Wyndham's dress suit in "Bellamy the Magnificent" must be a wonder. It is of light blue, and the Era thus describes it: The coat skirt is old-fashioned in cut; there is an outside breast pocket on the left-hand side, and from this pocket is shown the corner of a pink handkerchief. The crease-edge stands off from the collar, so that the lapels of the coat look rather like rolls of cloth. The waistcoat is white and cut V-shaped. A white stock takes the place of a cravat.

Mr. George M. Cohan, who to the wonder of a sane minority, as comedian and maker of musical comedies amuses thousands, has decided to absent himself from the stage for a year, after the end of this season. He will journey abroad, but he will write one more musical comedy before he sails. He says he wishes a year to himself, for he feels that it is about time for him to write a "real play," and there is nothing like travel to broaden the mind. He will see and hear things, and strolling in the Appian Way or gazing steadily at the Sphinx he will have constantly this "real drama" in mind. So they that refuse to admire Mr. Cohan's talent should cheer up: the worst is yet to come.

Mr. Charles Frohman has obtained for England and America a new play, "Arsene Lupin," by Francis de Croisset. The story tells of a man and woman, both thieves, who, meeting and loving, give up their lucrative career.

Meanwhile Mr. Roy E. Harding of Indianapolis says he has broken the world's record for long-time piano playing by pounding continuously for 36 hours and 1 minute. Mr. W. B. Kingston of Brooklyn, N. Y., another formidable pianist, had lasted 36 hours.

Mr. Toscanini, the famous conductor of La Scala and now of the Metropolitan, does not lead without a score for effect on the spectators, but because he is so near-sighted that he is obliged to memorize.

Mr. Haldane Macfall, writing about Yvette Guilbert in the Mask, remembers when, nearly 20 years ago, she made her appearance at the Paris Nouveautes in a one-act play and was unnoticed; how at the Eldorado Music Hall a little later she received about $120 a month and was so coldly received that at the end she was used "to play the audience in"—i. e., to sing to empty benches. Now she receives at least $1500 a week.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein is always a cheery soul. He has been sued for damages by a Philadelphian whose house is opposite the new Philadelphia Opera House. The plaintiff says that shade trees along the curb in front of his home were injured permanently by mules and horses owned by the contractors who built the opera house. Mr. Hammerstein wrote a letter to the plaintiff's lawyer, and from it we quote a paragraph: "Third, since your communication I have made inquiries regarding the 'disembarkment' of these trees. Some people, whether truthfully or maliciously, say that neither the horses of the contractors nor other animals in captivity have eaten the bark off these trees, but the owner of the building, your client and complainant, has, for economical and dietary reasons, and in the stillness of the night, gnawed at and devoured said bark with evident avidity and delight, leaving unmistakable impressions of his teeth on the unfortunate subjects. His own dentist will be made a principal witness. * * * Fifth, the trees having been skinned does not establish a justification of an attempt to experiment on me in the same sense."

"The Barber of New Orleans" is the title of Mr. E. C. Carpenter's new play for Mr. Faversham that has been produced with success at Chicago. "The Barber of Seville" and "The Barber of Bagdad" have won fame and money.

The Pall Mall Gazette's music critic says that the "style" of Verdi's "Requiem" is "of course, hopelessly bad in places." Why of course? Let us examine the gentleman's bumps.

A correspondent of the Musical Herald (London) asks anxiously whether the statement is true that distinguished singers never eat apples. The inquirer was told by his—or her—teacher not to eat apples, "if you wish to make the best of your really magnificent voice." The information was also given that "if Caruso were to eat a single apple, he would spoil his tone for at least a week." We are told by Suetonius that Nero, the Emperor, an eminent virtuoso in his day, abstained from all fruits, and certain old writers on the hygiene of the singer advised against both nuts and apples. But the latter are a wholesome fruit, and the singer fussy about his diet and his clothing has often a sore throat or some presenting ailment.

The People's Choral Union will open its 11th season with over 400 members, and for the first time in its history of 10 years with a new conductor, Mr. F. W. Wodell. The works selected for the first concert, to be given in January at Symphony Hall, are "Barbara Fretchie," a cantata for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, and Gade's cantata, "The Crusaders."

Mr. Frederick Hastings, baritone, of Boston, is now a member of Mme. Nordica's concert company, and is praised by critics of various cities.

Miss Gertrude Quinlan will be in a vaudeville sketch, "Zaza's Hit," which is now in rehearsal. The piece will be produced in Lawrence, and will be given here the week beginning Nov. 9.

Miss Billie Burke's engagement in "Love Watches" at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, has been extended, and the two months allotted to her in Boston will be taken by "The Thief" company.

Mr. Charles Frohman has accepted a new play, "The Happy Marriage," by Mr. Clyde Fitch, and it will be produced in New York with Miss Doris Keane. Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore will take part in it when it is produced in London. Mr. Fitch has adapted a comedy, "The Blue Mouse," from the German, and the Messrs. Shubert will produce it soon.

Mme. Patti will sing again. You can't stop her. It will be on Nov. 4, in the Albert Hall, and in Fr. Bernard Vaughan's charity concert.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, who was last heard here in a burlesque of "Lohengrin," will sing in London at Miss Marian Gilhooley's concert, Nov. 18. Miss Gilhooley, a daughter of Judge Gilhooley of New York, has been studying the piano with Mr. Harold Bauer.

Mr. James T. Powers will play the chief comedy part in "Havana," under the direction of the Messrs. Shubert.

Mr. Charles Klein's latest play, "The Third Degree," will be produced at Atlantic City Nov. 16.

The subject of the new ballet at the Alhambra, London, is borrowed in part from "Don Cesar de Bazan." A new dancer in it, Miss Britta, is applauded, although she is censured for not always carrying on the rhythm of movement in the pauses in her steps. She is a capable pantomimist, but the Telegraph sees in her no signs of "the greatness that transforms technique into creation."

Mr. William Bullock of the New York Press is distressed because American playwrights keep looking toward the Northwest for subjects. He would fain have plays of New York life. "Tragedy, comedy, satire, farce, fantasy, all the elements that enter the making of the drama spin before the eyes of our authors day by day, and not one of them sees it. * * * One is wearied of these plays pretending to preach that the cow-puncher, the gold-digger and the follower of the frozen trail are the lords of creation. Let our playwrights cease their globe trotting and give us plays of real people for a change." But are not the cow-puncher and the gold-digger real people? We should like to hear them answer Mr. Bullock in their own breezy way.

The Sicilian players, now in Berlin, will go to Vienna and then appear in New York at one of Mr. Charles Frohman's theatres. How will their grim plays with sordid or bloody subjects be received in the light hearted and light headed metropolis?

Mr. E. H. Sothern has taken to writing sonnets—a dangerous symptom.

Miss Bessie Clayton will dance in "Miss Innocence" with Miss Anna Held as the star.

Mr. Clemenceau as minister of the interior is custodian of good order in the Parisian cafe concerts, and he has approved the action of the artists' leading association in suppressing the collections of money by the women singers and comedians among the audience. A rival society objects on the ground that many of the minor houses have thereby been closed and humble performers have been thrown out of work.

Oct 20 1908

DRAMA A

Mr. Alwyn Schroeder's reappearance at the Symphony concerts this week will be welcomed by all. He will play for the first time at these concerts Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo theme. Strange to say, in the city of culture there has been a painstaking inquiry into the precise meaning of the word "rococo" in connection with this piece. Rococo in Italian simply means "old-fashioned." There is no need of talk about Louis Quinze or overelaboration in ornamentation. Tschaikowsky was a lover of Mozart, and the 'cello theme is after the manner of that composer.

Mr. Schroeder's last appearance here with the Boston Symphony orchestra as a solo player was on Jan. 10, 1903, when he played Saint-Saens' first 'cello concerto. At the end of that season he and his colleagues of the Kneisel quartet left the orchestra. The withdrawal of the four was thought at the time to be a serious loss—some spoke of it as irreparable—but the orchestra still exists, and when Dr. Muck left it was an almost perfect and most eloquent body of musicians. We say "almost perfect," for the first horn and the clarinets might have been bettered. Mr. Schroeder was not too happy in New York, and he was not at all happy in Frankfort, where he spent last year. He is indeed welcome back to Boston, and as a farewell concert was given to him in the spring of 1907, so there might now be a "greeting concert" to him, with another gift and another speech of presentation by Mr. H. G. Tucker.

Mr. Schroeder gave a concert Oct. 22 in Brooklyn and one of his daughters assisted him. The Eagle said that Miss Hedwig, a pianist, is "a young woman of distinguished appearance, with poetic features framed in masses of black hair." It also informed us that she was dressed in white and that she had "a facile touch and pure intonation." It is a pleasure to learn that she played in tune on the piano. The Eagle might have mentioned the tuner's name.

One of the characters in "The Great Question," a new play by Frederick Paulding at the Majestic, New York, remarks: "This is life, not a play." To which the Sun answers: "No, Mr. Paulding, this is a play, not life. The one touch of realism is in the masculine headdress. The two villains wear pearl gray derbies. Only a real villain would wear a pearl gray derby."

Arnold Daly is said to fit well in a vaudeville frame.

Miss Alice Nielsen is reported in New York taking singing lessons preparatory to her return to grand opera. "There is a rumor that Charles Dillingham would like to send her back to comic opera." Let no one be surprised that Miss Nielsen is taking lessons. She is an intelligent woman and she wishes to advance steadily in her profession. Would that some grand opera singers with even a greater reputation would follow her example! There is no reason why she should be tempted back to comic opera. There are lyric parts in grand opera that are well suited to her.

John E. Kellard will assist Marie Cahill in "The Boys and Betty," libretto by George V. Hobart, music by Silvio Hein, to be given at Wallack's next Monday night. Mr. Cowles will also be in the east. He is now described by the press agent as "that grand old basso." We hear him saying: "Not so old; not so old."

Mrs. Lionel Marks (Josephine Prescott Baker) said, according to report, when she heard that her play had been accepted by Otis Skinner: "The American people, I firmly believe, are capable of appreciating these things if they are put before them. They are far more appreciative than the English people, but the English people see better things as yet." The American people, now that the opportunity will soon be given, should crowd the theatre to show its appreciation of the compliment. Even the stony-hearted critics may not sniff as they twist in the seats of the scornful. But—supposing the play should fail?

Julia Marlowe will play here in Shakespearian parts in spite of Mr. Winthrop Chamberlain's expressed belief that Shakespeare will never "resume his dramatic throne." In order to arouse a keener interest, Miss Marlowe might impersonate certain male parts, as Cardinal Wolsey, Iago, Othello, Richard III., Richmond or Shylock. Other women have done it before her. Nor is it necessary to recall female impersonations of Hamlet and Romeo.

The London correspondent of the New York Herald says of "The Belle of Brittany," produced Oct. 24 at the Queen's Theatre: "Pretty scenery, pretty girls, pretty costumes and some good singing. Any blind man could write a better story with both hands tied, and the music is that 'la-la' style that you hum to yourself when you are thinking of something else."

The Referee of London tells us that Miss Ruth St. Denis, the "Indian" dancer, stains "all the numerous visible parts of her body the delicate coppery tint of the high class Parsee." It also says that she is a fascinating embodiment of a daughter of the glowing east. All will be delighted to learn that her movements are graceful and "refining," although "there is due suggestion at appropriate moments of slumbering elements."

Mr. George Hamlin has sung, Miss Adela Verne has played the piano and Mr. Hartmann has fiddled here without awakening any widespread popular interest. Mr. Hamlin was the most fortunate of the three in this respect, for he is a Christian Scientist, we are informed, and the members of this faith are commendably loyal to each other in all undertakings. The three were well worth hearing, yet the hall when Miss Verne and Mr. Hartmann played would have had a cheerless appearance had there not been a judicious distribution of "paper." The old excuses are given for the prevailing apathy: the unseasonably warm weather, absence from town of many interested in music, the recent financial panic and, of course, the coming elections. It looks, however, as though men and women in Boston no longer care for recitals unless a famous opera singer, or Paderewski, or De Packmann, or Kreisler give a concert.

A pianist of the highest rank, Mr. Emil Sauer, will play here next Monday afternoon. He deserves a full house, for his eminent ability has long been recognized and his programme is not a conventional one. He will play a concerto by Friedemann Bach and his own sonata in D, which are unknown here, and pieces by Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Grieg and Liszt.

Mme. Sembrich, who will sing here a week from Friday in Symphony Hall, will, of course, have a very large audience. Many go to hear her once a year as they open a summer cottage and give Christmas gifts. It matters not what her programme will be. They secure tickets long in advance and wait in rapturous anticipation. The public sale of tickets will begin tomorrow morning.

So, too, there will undoubtedly be a great audience in Symphony Hall on Monday evening, Nov. 9, when the Apollo Club will give its 200th concert, with the assistance of Miss Geraldine Farrar. The public sale of tickets will begin on Monday morning.

Mme. Fremstadt, fresh from Europe, says that King Edward VII., always devoted to art, was anxious to hear something from Strauss' "Salome," so she went through the finale for him. With the dance?

There is to be a new Yiddish theatre in Harlem. For some years there have been at least three Hebrew theatres in New York. The first one, on the Bowery, was open as early as 1882. Boris Thomashefsky has the credit of practically introducing Yiddish drama in this country.

Thomas W. Ryley is tired of the term "show girls." He wishes dramatic editors to speak of certain young women as "engaged for gown exhibit parts" in "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge."

That excellent conductor, Antonio de Novellis, has been engaged as director of "Peggy Machree," an opera in which Joseph O'Mara will be the tenor.

The Manhattan Opera House will open on Nov. 9 with a performance of "Tosca." Maria Labia of Berlin will then make her first appearance with Maurice Renaud as Scarpia. There will naturally be great curiosity to see this accomplished actor in a part that is played so differently and in each instance effectively by Coquelin and Scotti. Mme. Tetrazzini will make her re-appearance in "The Barber of Seville." Miss Gerville-Reache will be seen and heard soon as Delilah in Saint Saens' opera, while Miss Garden will first be seen this season as Thais.

Mr. Lee Harrison of the "Soul Kiss" company has been studying Boston as a sociologist for the benefit of the Daily Telegraph of New York.

"I have been trying all the week to get a waiter over in Boston to say thank you. I have tipped them all the way from 15 cents to $1, and they won't spring thank you. I am going to start tipping nickels this week and see what word in a Boston waiter's vocabulary expresses thanks or appreciation." Mr. Harrison does not understand our constitutional reserve.

The Orpheum Theatre management states that seats for the engagement of Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian, who will come to that theatre for the week of Nov. 9, will go on sale on Monday, Nov. 2, at the box offices, but mail orders, accompanied by check or money order, may be sent in advance and will be filled in the order of receipt.

Oct 31 1908

DRAMA AND MUSIC

This is not the first time that the betrothal of Miss Geraldine Farrar and Mr. Antonio Scotti has been announced, but the statement is now said to be authoritative. That Mr. Scotti has long been pursuing Miss Farrar is known to many, for Mr. G. B. Shaw's theory that the woman is always the pursuer is not yet accepted by all deep thinking anthropologists. A year ago last summer Miss Farrar, Mme. Samaroff, the pianist, and Mr. Scotti were together for a time in a village of the Bavarian Alps, and Mr. Scotti, forgetting the Baron Scarpia and Don Giovanni, then wooed Miss Farrar with the offer of both hand and heart, but Miss Farrar was then inclined to be a sister, a stage sister to him. A few years ago Mr. Scotti was supposed to be engaged to a lady in New York, who was fond of music and blessed with this world's goods, but the engagement was broken off by mutual consent.

Mr. Scotti is now 42 years old, if the records be true, for they say he was born at Naples in 1866. He studied singing with Mme. Paganini and made his debut at Malta in 1889 as Amonasro. After singing at Rome he went to South America with Tamagno. In 1890 he was engaged at the Scala, Milan, and in the summer of 1899 he appeared at Covent Garden. (He had sung at Madrid, Moscow and other cities). Mr. Grau engaged him for the Metropolitan Opera House. His first appearance in Boston was as Escamillo in "Carmen," Dec. 6, 1899, with Mmes. Calve and Suzanne Adams and Mr. Salignac. He has played many parts here, but his talent has been best displayed as Baron Scarpia, Tonio, Kyoto and Lescaut. His Don Giovanni lacks true elegance and imagination. He has sung here with Miss Farrar in "Mme. Butterfly" (April 3, 1907), "Pagliacci" (April 6, 1907), "Don Giovanni" (April 9, 1908).

Surely no one will blame Mr. Scotti for capturing Miss Farrar and many will envy him. There is no greater popular delusion than the belief that when celebrated singers marry among themselves they are necessarily unhappy. The mutual affection of Mario and Grisi is historically romantic. Nicolini and Adelina Patti were devoted to each other, but in this instance the husband's thrift was a constant source of delight to his wife and a firmly binding tie.

Miss Billie Burke will appear in London next June in a new play, "Love Watches." "An American First Nighter" cabled to the New York Herald that the title of the play baffles the average Englishman. "One of them said to me: 'Have heard of Elgin watches and Waterbury watches, but what the deuce are 'love watches'? Is it a watch a lover gives his sweetheart, or what? You Americans are too droll, don't you know?'" And this jest was cabled!

Mr. Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" will be produced in Berlin before Miss Maude Adams and her company are seen in it in London.

Mmes. Rapooldi and Ranza and Messrs. Bonci and Witherspoon form a quartet to be sent out for concerts by the Metropolitan Opera company.

Messrs. Stange and De Koven have written a one-act operetta, "The Magic Bottle," for vaudeville purposes.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri was asked in New York: "In a recent interview Edna Wallace Hopper said that she believed you had received over two millions of dollars' worth of diamonds in gifts. Is it true?" Mme. Cavalieri, according to the questioner, was scarcely interested, "her bored expression implying that a million one way or the other would hardly matter." At last she vouchsafed an answer: "Yes, I think so. Really, I never counted. This Miss Hopper of whom you speak—I never heard of her before—is doubtless correct, however." She promptly denied the charge that she uses adhesive plaster to keep her low-cut gowns in position.

One of the once famous Barrison sisters, the one known lately as Mme. Bettin, was killed by an automobile accident in Bavaria. The Daily Telegraph reminds us that the father of these Copenhagen girls—Lona, Sophia, Inger,

[illegible] umbrella maker, named Kyritz, who arrived in New York in 1891.

Lillian Russell is one of the incorporators of a corset and underwear company. She should now speak about woman's dress as one having authority.

Mr. Max Zach, conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, has announced the programmes of his first two concerts. The orchestral pieces of the one on Nov. 12 are Goldmark's overture to "Sakuntala," Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy," Wagner's "Waldweben" and the last movement of Tschaikowsky's suite No. 3. The second programme, Dec. 3, is devoted to works of Beethoven and the symphony will be the seventh. It may here be said that the programmes of symphony concerts in St. Louis under Mr. Zach's direction and of similar concerts in St. Paul and Minneapolis are generally well contrasted and of a high order.

Max Reger's violin concerto, op. 11, was played for the first time at a Gewandhaus concert, Leipsic, Oct. 14, with Marteau as the violinist. The correspondent of the Musical Courier, New York, informs us that the concerto takes an hour and two minutes for performance, and that "it constitutes one of the strangest musical messages that have been written. It may be easiest and most safely characterized as a legitimate evolution of Schumann, to whose music it seems closest related." The work is said to be extraordinarily difficult. Marteau occasionally looked at the notes.

The Musical Courier also states that the first movement of Emil Paur's new symphony "In der Natur" has a subtitle, though not necessarily written in the score. "Spring Mood; Entrance into the Forest." The second part is given over to more sombre thought and treats of the nocturnal mystery of the forest, with its fearsome dreams and visions. The third section is dedicated to the noonday [illegible] of the forest, the winging [illegible] of birds, and to dancing [illegible]. The finale depicts the triumphant youth over the dreary and [illegible] age." Mr. Paur began the [illegible] last year, and two movements were played experimentally at a private rehearsal of the Pittsburg orchestra. He completed the symphony in the Bavarian Alps last summer. Mr. Paur's [illegible] now live in Berlin. One is in business and the other is studying the piano with Dohnanyi.

Miss Marie Frances Connors of New York is known as the "table d'hote pianist" because she can play the piano with one hand while she eats, does up her hair and attends to other business with the other. She was discovered at Joel's on Forty-first street. If she were brought to Boston for a recital she might awaken the music-lovers of this city from their lethargy.

Miss Jessie Millward is again with the Frohmans. She will join Miss Ethel Barrymore's company and play Lady Mereston in "Lady Frederick."

Andrew Carnegie had a delightful talk with Miss Mary Garden on the Aquitania. "She comes of the good kind and kin of Scotland. One can help but admire her personal [illegible]." He therefore did not hesitate to be photographed with her as they were about to land, though by way of joke he said he ought to consult Mr. Carnegie. He promised enthusiastically to see Miss Garden at the Manhattan, probably both at the dress rehearsals and the undress performances of "Thais" and her other favorite operas. When Miss Garden asked about her engagement to sing Mavrocordato she exclaimed: "[illegible] shows the advantage of speaking French. If she were a New Englander she would have said: 'Now'."

O. L. M. O.: The Metropolitan Opera House will open the 16th with "Aida," and with Mr. Caruso as Radames.

"Algeria," music by Victor Herbert, has knocked out several singers in Chicago. The first of the Sultanas was Edith Brooks Hunt. She suffered a nervous breakdown and withdrew. Katherine Howland succeeded and gave way to Sophie Brandt. Then Giula Strada was engaged, but her throat did not stand the strain, and now Helen Bertram will take the part.

"Paid in Full" will leave New York Nov. 21. It will then have been played there 345 times.

Georges Marty, a prix de Rome man, composer of the operas "Le Due de Reare" (1899) and "Daria" (1905), and other works, conductor since 1901 of the celebrated Paris Conservatory orchestra, died Oct. 11. He was born Paris in 1860.

The performances of Wagner's music dramas at the Prince Regent's theatre in Munich last summer, ended with a deficit of $24,000.

The organist and director of the boy choir vesper services at the Central church, Boston, this winter will be George A. Burdette. The choir will be assisted by orchestra players and singers from churches of the Back Bay.

Nov 1 1905

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its fourth concert last night in Symphony Hall. The programme was as follows:

Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau".....Smetana
Italian Serenade.....Wolf
Variations on a Rococo Theme for 'cello, Tschaikowsky
Symphony in D minor, No. 4.....Schumann

Smetana's "Moldau" had not been played here for nearly 10 years. It was a pleasure to hear again this music by a Czech who for a time was underestimated out of his own land, if not ignored, while his fellow-countryman Dvorak was overpraised. Of the two, Smetana was the musician of the greater imagination. Dvorak made a more direct appeal to popularity. His earlier and better music was irresistibly tuneful in folk fashion. It had the impetuous dash and swing of the peasant dances. It sparkled and glowed with color, for Dvorak was a born colorist in tones. Like Antaeus of old, he refreshed himself by touching the soil. When he would fain soar in singing robes, his flight was labored and he was quickly weary.

A simple, wholesome man, he was musically ill at ease when he was not moved to compose by the thought of Bohemian songs and dances. An abstract idea, a poetic thought led him into contract labor. He wrote cantatas for English festivals. He wrote serious and perfunctory works. Lured to New York and at the head of a conservatory he was urged to found, forsooth, an American school of composition by writing a symphony and chamber music based on negro tunes, and some now insist that there will be no "American music" worthy the name until our composers use Congo, Indian, Creole, Mexican tunes for thematic material.

Dvorak was a picturesque apparition in the musical world, a composer of indisputable talent in his early and creative years, a name to be mentioned always with respect, but Smetana had a broader vision, and his flight was far higher and more sure. He, too, was a sturdy patriot, and he wished to serve Bohemia and extol her through his music, but as a "national" composer he was neither chauvinistic nor a bore. He and Dvorak wrote symphonic poems suggested by natural scenery, historical episodes or legends of their country, and in these works Smetana is disclosed as the more poetic, the more dramatic, the man of firmer grasp, of more skilful arrangement of detail.

"The Moldau" has an argument, but the title is enough to put the hearer in a receptive mood. The argument is minute; the music is something more than panoramic. The hearer is not obliged to identify this or that passage with a hunting scene, a rustic dance, moonlight. The music starts with the source and flows with the river. And now the citadel Vysehrad is passed. What wonder if Smetana bethought him of the motive of his first symphonic poem and introduced it, haughty and sonorous! "The Moldau" was finely played, and it deserved warmer approval.

Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade" is more effective in the quartet version. He was not a master of orchestration—his "Penthesilea," in other respects an amateurish composition, shows this. His ambition to construct works of breadth and importance o'erleaped his technical ability, and hence his enthusiasm seems now, in these instances, impotent. His talent—truly his own and conspicuous—was in setting music to songs. Give him verses, a voice and a piano, and he could express that which is tender, beautiful, noble. He was especially fortunate in his treatment of the piano accompaniment, so that Mr. Spanuth had good reason to protest when Julia Culp sang recently in Berlin some of Wolf's masterpieces with the piano accompaniment orchestrated.

The serenade gave opportunity for exquisite solo work, and thus it afforded pleasure.

Mr. Schroeder, who has not played here with the Symphony orchestra for over five years, was welcomed most heartily. The welcome was a tribute of respect and affection. There was the thought of his long and honorable service as a member of the orchestra; of his never-failing art, displayed as leader of the 'cellos, or in the incidental solo work, or in the triumphant performance of a set and appointed concerto. He chose last evening Tschaikowsky's variations on a rococo theme, which, dated the year of the same composer's "Francesca da Rimini," had not yet been played at these concerts.

The music is not characteristically Tschaikowskian, and when Tschaikowsky is not himself, his music is ordinary. No doubt he was moved to write these variations for his friend Fitzenhagen, the 'cellist, who perhaps importuned him for a display piece. The piece is dull. The theme is rococo by courtesy and the variations are for the most part toil and trouble. The most interesting portions are the orchestral interludes. Mr. Schroeder's tone was generally full and rich and the audience was generous with applause.

There were some fine moments in the performance of the Symphony, especially in the three last movements. On the other hand the brass was often coarse and blatant in the first movement and in the finale. There has been no truly memorable performance of this symphony here since Mr. Nikisch left the city. The music of Schumann appealed to him singularly. It awakened his better, and sincere musical nature. In those days he was too often inclined to read Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven after the Hungarian manner; to be intensely emotional when the music called for sobriety of treatment or a rapture that was only moderate; to be careless and indifferent when the composition did not interest him.

But certain performances led by him, as those of Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" and this symphony, still haunt and delight the memory, quicken the pulse, stir the innermost being. Never shall I forget the manner in which he interpreted by subtle control of the rhythm and by nuances of sentiment the trio of the scherzo, this trio charged with the indescribable tenderness of longing peculiar to Schumann, with passages of twilight romanticism that do not end in a despairing cry and yet at the climax are "wild with all regret."

In his reading of the Romanzo and the Scherzo, Mr. Fiedler came nearer the interpretation of Mr. Nikisch than did any one of his three predecessors.

There will be no concerts this week. The programme of the concerts of the 13th and 14th will be as follows: Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony. Three Dances from "Cephale et Procris," Gretry-Motl; Beethoven, overture to "Egmont." Miss Jeanne Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House will sing two arias.

REGINALD DE KOVEN IN STATE OF FRENZY

There are several subjects that invite discussion: the lack of interest shown thus far in recitals; the gradual revelation of Mr. Fiedler's musical character; Mr. de Koven's withering denunciation of his co-mates in criticism both in New York and elsewhere; the coming of that remarkable dancer, Miss Isadora Duncan, who, according to her own belief, has revived a Grecian art of 2000 years ago; the insignificance of the music to which the enchanting Miss Genee dances; and there are other subjects.

Mr. de Koven, the music critic of the World, wrote a long article "defining criticism," which was published in that journal last Sunday. In the World of Oct. 18 Mr. de Koven wrote bitter words about his colleagues. He went way back to the first performance of "Robin Hood" in New York and raked up a remark made then by Mr. Krehbiel: "It is well to drown the first litter of puppies, but in this case the authors, Messrs. de Koven and Smith, may be forgiven for their evident good intent." The deadly arrow stuck and sticks! Cannot Mr. de Koven forgive his brother in the bonds after all these years? And see how Mr. de Koven throws about firebrands. "As a commentary on some of the criticisms of Mr. Smith's work"—the libretto of "The Golden Butterfly," for which Mr. de Koven wrote the music—"published in New York, I might say that if several of the critics were not walking about with an unproduced play or opera libretto in their pockets, their opinions might have been very different. But why cavil at the mouthings of penny-a-liners whose musical taste and judgment, as evidenced by their writings, is about adequate to appreciate the shape of a chorus girl's leg in a Ziegfeld or Cohan extravaganza."

Mr. de Koven further remarks that there is a "behind the scenes"; that "petty spite, professional jealousy and prejudice, crass ignorance and personal vanity reign to defeat every purpose and function of legitimate criticism, so as to hinder the artists which it should help, and wilfully mislead the public which it should instruct." He complains that "the real" music critics of New York consider light opera as beneath their "critical dignity," unworthy of their attention, "and possibly shirk it so as to avoid the pitfalls that the 'Robin Hood' critics fell into." Thus he closed, as he began, with a delicate allusion to his colleague, Mr. Krehbiel. No doubt if Mr. de Koven were to die, "Krehbiel" would be found written on his heart.

I do not purpose to fight Mr. Krehbiel's battle. He is well able to take care of himself, and so are Messrs. Henderson, Aldrich, Finck. They will no doubt keep quiet and listen with mingled feelings of amusement and pity at the ravings of Mr. de Koven. The sight of any man in a rage is a pathetic one. Mr. de Koven is a man of a collegiate education. He has had many advantages. The editors of society columns number him in the ranks of "our best people." He himself says that he has produced 30 musical pieces, besides songs and other less pretentious works; that he has read some thousands of librettos; that he has served as a critic for several years, and about seven years ago he "laid down" his "critical pen" after writing his 87th criticism of "Carmen." Now he has again "taken his pen in hand" to write disagreeable things about his colleagues. A man of such prodigious experience should be more philosophical. What if penny-a-liners do not always like his music? He should say with Landor: "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife."

Mr. de Koven's subject last Sunday was criticism in general. He explained minutely the duties imposed on an ideal critic; he discussed the "psychological" aspect of criticism itself; he voiced the longing of every "honest artist" for "competent, intelligent, unprejudiced, constructive criticism"; he wondered why the public does not "insist on their rights in the matter." As I have said, the article is long. It is too long for quotation in full. Yet there should be room for the opening and beautiful paragraph:

"Before breasting the flood tide of music of every shade, stripe and variety which will soon sweep this metropolis out into a very sea of song, and before making any pronunciamentos or prognostications in musical futures, it seems to me pertinent and timely to discuss rather nearly the subject of criticism and critics."

The late Matthew Arnold might have sniffed at the style of this paragraph as being Corinthian; earlier English critics might have characterized it as Asiatic; but many of us like to think of Mr. de Koven breasting the flood tide with or without the aid of cork. He may yet be the Annette Kellermann of musical criticism.

Personal.

Joseph Bennett, for many years critic of the Daily Telegraph, London, has published his memoirs: "Forty Years of Music, 1865-1905." Mr. Bennett is the man who visited the United States in the middle of summer and found that our cities had no decent orchestras and that our musical taste was low, very low. Furthermore, he is an extra dry conservative.

Marcel Journet, a ponderous bass and logy actor, for some years at the Metropolitan Opera House, has signed a contract for three years at the Opera, Paris, and made his debut there as the King in "Lohengrin."

Miss Bessie Abott will sing at Monte Carlo for two months and also at Lisbon for a short season. It is a pity that this young woman has not been properly managed in her own country. Poorly advised, she has done little here. A European correspondent informs us of her recent sayings and movements. "I adore big hats," she said to him. "So does every woman in her senses. The attempts made by the milliners to introduce narrow brimmed chapeaux is destined to fail through the silent force of beauty." But a big flaring hat is never silent. It screams. Last summer Miss Abott walked 10 hours a day at St. Moritz. She lived a life of mountain climbing and meditation. There are other details of absorbing interest for her future biographer and the public now palpitating with curiosity.

"Senora Lopez, an operatic singer, well known in America, has decided to return to the stage." America? Possibly South America.

Alexander McArthur's novel, "The Levelier," gives descriptions of Rubinstein's home life. Mr. Leschetitzki's home, with four wives in succession, would afford a novelist more material. They say that the daughter by a predecessor gives her father pleasure by criticising the piano playing of No. 4.

We are constantly told that the German public likes opera for its own sake, and abhors the star system. It is a pleasure to note that the Berliners tumbled over each other in their mad rush to secure tickets for Mr. Caruso's three performances at the Royal Opera, and that the regular charge of $6 apiece for the best seats (raised prices) was advanced by speculators to double the sum.

Miss Mary Garden by patient study has now perfected herself in the dance of Strauss' Salome, for she will do the dance herself. The modest Paris correspondent of the New York Times thus describes her costume: "When she first enters she wears a manteau of bright orange silk embroidered with startling green and blue flowers and sparkling with spangles. Later she removes this mantle, under which appears a tight-fitting garment of netted gold, with designs in rubies and rhinestones, which falls from somewhere above the waist line to her ankles. For the dance itself this also is removed, and Mary appears in a small piece of nearly transparent flesh-colored silk. Her feet are bare, her arms are bare, and—really it is impossible to describe this costume." Go on, sir; go on. "She wears a red wig, her hair falling about her shoulders, and only two jewels in rings on her little fingers—one a ruby and the other an emerald. The seven veils are of soft organdie. She begins to dance at the back of the stage, swathed in these veils; only her eyes are visible; and then, always terribly slow, she walks forward, swaying gracefully, and the dance proper begins. The dancer rapidly divests herself of the veils as the dance becomes wilder." No wonder that Mr. Messager was "intensely pleased" at the rehearsal. Even operatic managers are human.

Miss Marguerite Lemon is singing at the Mayence Opera House as Elsa, Marguerite, Nedda. She will appear as Juest in several German cities. Henry Hadley is conducting at Mayence, and in January he will lead his Symphonic Fantasia at Monte Carlo.

Mr. William R. Lester of the North American, Philadelphia, says that Mr. Pohlig of that city "towers far above other American orchestral directors in interpretative ability and breadth of artistic sympathy." The Public Ledger is generous. It remarks editorially: "It must in all candor be admitted that in Boston and New York there are orchestras of the highest degree of artistic excellence."

According to Mr. Hubbard of the Chicago Tribune, audiences in Orchestra Hall are forced, through absence of ventilation, "to endure something near akin to asphyxiation." They listen to the concerts of the Thomas orchestra in a state of "mental and spiritual dulness, if not actual drowsiness."

The Herald spoke last Sunday of a concert given in Berlin a month ago by two sons of the late Franz Rummel, the pianist, and grandsons of Morse, whose name is associated with the telegraph.

George Hamlin recently sang here a song by Walter, which showed the influence of the ultra modern French school. Mr. Spanuth said in the Signale that William's technique is not yet mature, but he is musical and emotional. A violin sonata by William was played. It seems that the composer is in the "Sturm und Drang" period through which every composer of talent must pass. Nor is he in this sonata original, for there are echoes of Goldmark, Grieg, Puccini and others. "What of it?" asks Mr. Spanuth. "The invention of something new comes only through a new combination of material at hand." Mr. Spanuth adds that the composer hears music with modern ears and delights in dissonances that jostle each other and are at times extravagant. He finds that the young man has genuine talent.

Richard Strauss conducted the first symphony concert of the Royal orchestra at Berlin, and the programme consisted of symphonies by Haydn, Mozart (in A major) and Beethoven. It was as though he said to the audience, according to Mr. Spanuth. "You have often heard these masters and yet the last word has not been spoken about them. Nor should you believe that what you have heard is always right or must be so. I shall throw another light on their works and bring to life much that was dead in them by the force of my glowing fancy." As a result the concert was an engrossing one, although Haydn bore a slight resemblance to Till Eulenspiegel.

A jubilee festival will be held in St. Petersburg next December in honor of Leopold Auer, who has worked there as violinist and teacher for 40 years. There will be a grand concert and an Auer-Stipendium will be established at the Conservatory of Music for the annual help of the best pupils in the violin class.

Mme. Katharine Goodson is playing the piano in Australia. She will give concerts on the Pacific coast in January.

Miss Mary A. Case, a contralto of Portland, Ore., who has been studying singing for two years in Paris, has been chosen to assist Mr. Harold Bauer in his tour through Great Britain. The pleasing intelligence is given that she is tall, slim, black haired and 23. Absit omen!

Calve in Topeka.

Mme. Calve, who will sing at Mr. Debuchy's concert of French theatrical and romantic music in Symphony Hall Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 17, has at last appeared in Topeka. The State Journal of that city gives a thrilling account of the eventful night:

"A beautiful woman, used to admiration, adulation, in whose ears the plaudits of the world's capitals have sounded, was singing before a comparatively small audience in 'the Opery House in Topekar, Kansas.'

"As a chill blast swept in from the wings she shivered, put a jewelled hand to her wonderful white throat, hunched her shoulders—a hideous word for those perfect shoulders, but it was certainly not a shrug, like the Carmen shrug, for instance, in her Habanera—cast a glance of mingled annoyance and despair at her accompanists—kept on singing. And as she sang, melodiously, mellifluously, the audience gradually 'came out of it'—forgot that they were the creme de la creme of local fashionable and high-browed circles; that they had paid from one to two and a half dollars for their seats; that they were there to see and be seen, and to be able to say that they had heard Calve—forgot everything, in fact, except the one momentarily vital thing, that a marvellous woman, of rare gifts and exceeding attainment, was singing to them across the rapidly narrowing chasm that separates the people behind the footlights from the unsympathetic or coldly curious out in front, until finally, when she had finished her first number, there was no chasm at all. Queenly, capricious, disdainful, perhaps, and maybe partly because of all this, for it is our hungry human way to want the unattainable, she had bridged the chasm and touched—their hearts? Hardly. But she had appealed to their imaginations, their senses. They paid her the homage due a beautiful woman and a galvanic personality, and, if the stage was draughty, the temparature of the audience was rising to fever point.

"How absurd for us barbarians out here at the jumping-off place to pretend to sit in critical judgment on an artiste like Calve. Supposing it had turned out that she squawked, her first appearance deserved an ovation. We accord it to any fat man whom the chances of politics have thrown into a race for office. But here was Success—the American ideal—typified in a woman of compelling charm and astonishing beauty, whose name has echoed around the world. Her very presence was an honor and a privilege, yet her audience greeted her with scanty enthusiasm. However, Mme. Calve didn't squawk."

Mr. Carl Klein, violinist, was with Mme. Calve. "He looked under 25, and has those vital gifts of personality which make women rave about him."

Mme. Gadski's Gown.

The Daily Evening Telegraph of Philadelphia was much impressed by Mme. Gadski's gown when she sang in Philadelphia [illegible]. "The musical reviewer [illegible] customary critical patter might say that the gown was a brilliant opus [illegible] the bravura in style and highly ornamented with very coloratura effects. * * * Nothing quite so elaborately gorgeous in the matter of caparisoning the 'female form divine' has hitherto appeared on our concert stage. Founda[illegible] of satin of a soft pile and lus[illegible], a color betwixt old rose and Pompeiian red (some ladies held to one, others to the other), the construction [illegible] effect along empire lines, although there was an admixture of the [illegible] from the scapula. The bodice, [illegible] old gold thread embroidery, [illegible] at the square-cut decolletage by some soft, shimmering [illegible] silk mull. Over this was worn a transparent drapery of some [illegible] stuff, also cut a l'Empire. But that wasn't all! for to complete the costume Mme Gadski donned a wonderful over-garment, [illegible] in front but [illegible] the back, of Tyrian purple [illegible] with Pompeiian red chiffon [illegible] with gold embroidery matching [illegible]. Her hat, elabo[illegible] elaborate, according to the dictates of one's mode of [illegible] 'tastefully' embodied the [illegible] of the poke-bonnet and [illegible] Watteau shepherdess style as to [illegible] of stiff gold lace, [illegible] to that of the bodice [illegible] as to material, was [illegible] ostrich plumage—Prince of Wales [illegible] denomination—[illegible] from the right side [illegible] of black ribbon velvet, coquettishly crossing beneath the chin. The whole effect was altogether 'nifty,' the color combination was outre, yet harmonious, and, needless to add, the cantatrice looked not only tastefully arranged but very charming."

Concerts of This Week.

There will not be a Symphony concert here this week. The orchestra will leave tonight on the first of its monthly trips to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Brooklyn and Washington and will not return till the 11th. On Monday night, Nov. 9, it will give for the first time in its history a concert at Princeton, N. J., and on Nov. 10 the first of three concerts in Hartford, Ct. The programme at all these concerts except that in New York next Saturday afternoon will be that of the first concert in Boston. The second programme in New York will include Rimksky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony.

Miss Jeanne Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House will sing in Boston at the Symphony public rehearsal and concert the 13th and 14th.

Mr. Emil Sauer will give his first piano recital here this season in Jordan Hall tomorrow afternoon. The concert will begin at 3 o'clock. The programme is an interesting one. Mr. Sauer will first play a concerto in D minor by Wilhelm Friedmann Bach, who is known in Boston as the wild son of Johann Sebastian rather than as a composer. This concerto was transcribed for the piano by August Stradal, who in turn is known chiefly as a transcriber for the piano of Liszt's orchestral works. Mr. Sauer will then play his own sonata in D major for the first time in Boston. The other pieces on the programme are: Schubert, Impromptu, op. 142, No. 3; scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Chopin, Ballade, op. 38, No. 2, Nocturne, op. 27, No. 2; etude; Grieg, Nocturne, op. 54, No. 4; Liszt, "Gnomenreigen"; Tarantelle, "Venice and Naples."

Mme. Sembrich will give her annual recital in Boston Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in Symphony Hall. Mr. Luckstone will be the accompanist. Mme. Sembrich at this recital will not begin with old Italian songs, as has been her custom. The first group will be of German songs: Schubert, "Der Lindenbaum" and "Rastlose Liebe"; Schuman, "Dein Angesicht," "Die Soldatenbraut," "Er ist's"; Bráhms, "An die Nachtingall" and "O liebliche Wangen." The second group will be thus composed: Sinding, "Rosenbluethen"; Reger, "Waldeinsamkeit"; Grieg, "Ein Traum"; R. Strauss, "Die Nacht," "Morgen"; Schuett, "Einen Sommer lang"; Ries, "Es muss was Wunderbares sein"; Rubinstein, "Neue Liebe." The songs of the third group will be Debussy's "Les Cloches" and Aquarelle No. 1, "Green"; Faure, "Les Berceaux"; Paderewski, "My Sweetheart"; Arensky, "Lately in Dance I Embraced Her"; Cui, "The Waves Rush"; Luckstone, "A Love Symphony"; Foote, "The Nightingale Has a Lyre of Gold."

Apollo Club.

The Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, will give its 200th concert on Monday evening, the 9th, in Symphony Hall. The club will be assisted by Miss Geraldine Farrar and a complete orchestra. The public sale of tickets will begin tomorrow morning.

In June, 1871, Messrs, John H. Danforth, John H. Stickney and Charles J. Sprague, talking together, proposed the organization of a male club for singing. The club was organized and the first rehearsals were conducted by one of the three or Dr. S. W. Langmaid until the interest warranted an increased membership and the election of Mr. B. J. Lang as conductor. The club at the very beginning was formed of prominent singers of that time, among them Messrs. Aiken, Barnabee, Cooke, Fessenden, Fitz, Langmaid, Loring, Powers, Ryder, M. W. Whitney, the Winches and others. Mr. Allen A. Brown, whose gift of a musical library to the city of Boston—a collection that he is constantly enlarging and enriching—is one of the chief features of the Public Library, was also an original member.

Monthly rehearsals were given with printed programmes toward the end of 1871, but the first formal concerts given by active to associate members were on Jan. 10 and 16, and a newspaper of Jan. 11 noted the fact that at the concert of the night before Music Hall was "packed with an audience composed of the elite of Boston." The programme of this concert was as follows: Beethoven's overture, "Men of Prometheus," played by an orchestra; Fisher, "Spring Night"; Gade, "Trooper's Song"; Mendelssohn, "The Voyage"; Gade, "The Roe"; Beethoven, Chorus of Dervishes; Mendelssohn's overture, "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage" (orchestra); Kinkel, "Soldier's Farewell"; Chopin, scherzo, B flat minor (Mr. Lang, pianist); Lachner, "Hymn to Music"; Kuecken, Loyal Song; Storch, "Prayer Before Battle"; Mendelssohn, "To the Sons of Art."

After 30 years of service Mr. Lang, much to the regret of the Apollo Club, resigned his position as conductor, and Mr. Emil Mollenhauer was chosen as his successor, and he led the club for the first time on Nov. 15, 1901.

The Apollo's programme on the 9th will include A. W. Thayer's "Song of Prince Rupert's Men," written for the occasion, with piano and orchestra; the "Soldiers' Chorus," from "Faust"; "Laudate Dominum," Converse; "Silent Recollections," Pache, with strings of orchestra; the "Slumber Song" and "Prayer of Thanksgiving," from Kremser's "Ancient Folk Songs of the Netherlands"; the "Greek War Song," Lund, with solos by Miss Farrar and Mr. Wilson, orchestra, piano and organ, and other compositions for male voices as well as orchestra numbers. Miss Farrar will sing an aria from "Mephistopheles" and other arias and songs.

Concert Notes.

Miss Isadora Duncan will dance to the accompaniment of an orchestra in Jordan Hall on the evenings of Nov. 11 and 12. By her dancing she will illustrate three movements of Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 and waltzes, mazurkas and preludes of Chopin. There are notes on Miss Duncan's extraordinary career in an article published in the magazine section of this Sunday Herald.

Miss Dorothy Temple Brown, soprano, will have a complimentary concert in the Town Hall, Winchester, on Wednesday evening, the 11th, Mrs. Berenice A. Mallory, pianist; Miss Helen Reynolds, violinist, and Miss Marguerite Gorham, pianist, and Mrs. J. C. Hindes, pianist, will assist.

Subscriptions may now be sent to Mr. Mudgett for Mme. Chaminade's concert in Symphony Hall, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12.

Concerts in Steinert Hall: Nov. 11, afternoon, Miss Caroline Willard's piano recital; evening, Mr. Richard Czerwonky's first violin recital. Nov. 25, afternoon, piano recital by Louis Bachner. Violin sonata concerts by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, Dec. 11, Jan. 29, Feb. 19. Dec. 10, song recital by Heinrich Meyn, baritone.

There are still a few tickets for the 100 seats in the room adjoining the music room of Fenway Court, where the first Kneisel concert will be given Tuesday evening, the 10th.

Works New and Old.

Sir Charles Stanford's music to Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was performed for the first time at the Bristol music festival Oct. 14. The work is written for soprano and baritone solos, chorus and orchestra. The reviewers on the whole speak respectfully of the work, but without enthusiasm. The Glasgow Herald says that Stanford has not materially advanced his reputation; the music is "more remarkable for clever workmanship than for wealth of invention or for sustained loftiness of mood." The London Times says that Stanford treats the text descriptive of Wellington's achievements in the manner of the choral ballad—the chorus declaims in imitative phrases while the orchestra has a descriptive accompaniment. "The total effect is hasty and unsatisfactory, and this is the least interesting portion."

W. H. Bell's prelude to "Agamemnon" was produced at a promenade concert, London, Oct. 13. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "There are two ways in which a piece of programme music may be examined; how far the music successfully illustrates the subject, or how good it is in itself. From either point of view of Mr. Bell's prelude to Agamemnon, some dissatisfaction must be expressed. In seeking to convey some of the spirit of the great Aeschylus tragedy, Mr. Bell has done little more than touch upon the fringe: one did not feel any of the elemental force, dignity, and breadth that was to be expected. The general character of the music struck a note of a somewhat shallow kind; and this brings one to the objections from the absolute music aspect. Take away the title of the piece and dismiss all thought of Grecian character, one could admire the skill with which Mr. Bell's music is composed—its homogeneity, its clever orchestration, and surety of expression; but its style affected the hearer as being lacking in distinction, the themes obvious in pattern and without the inevitableness which is inseparable from work of real inspiration. Mr. Bell has proved before now that he has something to say, the more disappointing, therefore, that this prelude cannot be regarded in the same light. Advance there may be in construction and close handling of the material, but, as said, the thought is weak, both in itself and as a reflection of a fine text." Mr. Bell, by the way, is the composer of a "Walt Whitman" symphony.

Dr. Herbert Brewer's "Age and Youth," two short pieces for orchestra, were produced at a Promenade concert, London, Oct. 15. They are described as fluent in expression and "neatly" written, but without any depth of thought or striking originality. The first piece is a minuet, the second a jig.

HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND

Clever Incident Noted in New Drama at the Theatre Antoine, Paris.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote, dating the letter Oct. 16: "In 'L'Oreille Fendue' ('The Cleft Ear), being played for the first time tonight at the Theatre Antoine, one of the cleverest incidents is the scene between Gen. Desarcons and his daughter Lucile, when the former elects to write his memoirs. One of his old friends has suggested this method of utilizing his leisure moments. The general is delighted at the idea. He begins solemnly with the sentence: 'I was born in 1846'; then he proceeds to speak of his early garrison years. He tried to cut a figure with the ladies; he passes lightly over the details of military duty. But the secretarial pen is unoccupied. He rattles on—but there is no response from his biographer. Finally, he asks what she has written. 'Je suis ne en 1846,' she says, and that is all. He realizes it is useless to write his memoirs." The whole play is a sad one. The general has a daughter and no money. A young merchant loves her, but is rejected by the family because he is a merchant. The general, retired, is bored. The daughter is 27 and unmarried. When her courage is at its lowest a shameful proposal is made to her, but she resists. Her brother, a lieutenant, wants money, and marries a divorced woman with a furious past. Lucile is shocked and leaves the house. Penniless, she becomes one of "the army of the unacknowledged" and is soon famous.

Father Comes to See Her.

"The father, innocent of her method of existence, comes to see her. He has reached his dotage, and reproaches himself for having led her to leave his house. One day there was a little scene about a hat he remembers. He criticised it rather maladroitly, and she took it in bad part. 'It really became you very well,' he says. Lucile is overcome. The lieutenant arrives to claim his father, and there are hard words between brother and sister. 'If I had a million,' she said 'you would count my reputation as a virtue'—in allusion to his own wife's past. 'Oh,' he ejaculates, 'we do not talk to women like you.' 'No, but you marry them,' is the answer. Finally the quarrel proceeds to such a point of violence that the father intervenes. In the heat of the moment a dreadful word escapes the son, who brands his sister as a social outcast. 'Unspeakable scoundrel!' cries the old man, grappling with the denunciator. They struggle. The young man leaves the house. The old man loses his reason. He prattles of his army days. Then he falls senseless to the floor. One of his friends who had come to his side says, 'C'est la retraite.'" They say that Gemier, who impersonated the general, was superb.

The London critics agree that Mr. H. B. Irving's new Lesurques and new Dubosc in "The Lyons Mail" have not the magnetism of the old, but that he was more successful as Lesurques. "We saw enough," said one, "to convince us that there is only one man before the present playgoing public who has the artistic right to play the parts which Henry Irving made his own, and that that man is his elder son."

Lew Fields, now playing at the Majestic, has undertaken to feed all the squirrels and pigeons on the Common. Every day he can be seen there with peanuts and other dainties for his friends.

Ernesto Novelli made his first appearance in "Dante," by Mrs. Helen D. Rose, an American, at Verona, Oct. 22. Mascagni wrote music for the drama.

The Shuberts have accepted for Mary Mannering a play, "Everywoman," by Walter Browne. It is said that the idea of the play was suggested by "Everyman."

Mr. Hammerstein, who has engaged Miss Odette Valerie as one of the first dancers for the Manhattan Opera House, says that her method of dancing is novel and startling. She was in London last season and talked as well as danced.

Richard H. Davis' play, "The Dictator," is to be transformed into a musical comedy for Seymour Hicks of London.

Mrs. N. Archibald Shaw says that problem books and plays do good. "If the reading of these books will make one woman stand for the fair name of a sister woman, whose good name has been slurred and sneered at, then what is termed immoral in literature is the greatest moral force in the world today." Then the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs applauded vigorously.

Mme. Alba known as "the female Samson," will appear next week at the Olympic Theatre, New York, for the first time in America. Is there "a male Delilah?"

An original sketch, "Brother Jack's Kid," by Gertrude Blanchard, was produced in Hathaway's Theatre, Malden, Oct. 28. Miss Fannie Hase took the part of the kid.

Mills Miller is novelizing the "Merry Widow" for the G. W. Dillingham Publishing Company. Some protest against the use of the words "novelizing" and to "novelize," but Sir Walter Scott used the latter in 1828, and Blackwood's the former three years before.

Louis Mann is said to have the evil eye, to be a "jettatore." Offenbach enjoyed the same reputation.

John R. Rogers is again Minnie Palmer's manager, and he has secured for her a little play, "A Woman's Curiosity," by J. M. Barrie, which will be produced in Philadelphia tomorrow night.

Francis Wilson will begin his season at New Rochelle, N. Y., the 5th in "When Knights Were Bold."

Miss Ethel Barrymore's engagement at the Hudson Theatre, New York, in Mr. Maugham's "Lady Frederick" will begin the 9th.

Harry Woodruff will appear in vaudeville tomorrow night in one of William Morris' theatres.

Thomas A. Wise and Walter Hackett are at work on a series of short plays,

COMMENT BY THE WAY

When Mr. Joseph Weber and Mr. Lew Fields parted company there were ominous shakings of heads and there was shrugging of shoulders. There was also a dispute as to which one was the funnier. Which was the more amusing, the dryness of Mr. Fields or the unctuousness of Mr. Weber? Some, perhaps of a naturally morose disposition—they were lonely in a minority—asserted that the two were funny only when they were together, and that was the long and the short of it.

Each comedian went and is still going his way, and each one has shown that he is inherently amusing. Certainly Mr. Fields in "The Girl Behind the Counter" is something more than merely Mr. Fields. His Henry Schniff is a well conceived, carefully composed, consistent impersonation. It is not too extravagant even in moments of pure farce. It is grotesque, yet reasonably grotesque. And there are moments of tender sentiment, as in the expression of feeling toward his stepdaughter Winnie; moments of genuine emotion, as in his revolt against the wastefulness of his foolish wife.

Some cry out against the irresistible soda water fountain scene on the ground that it is an "old trick," and they refer you knowingly to Mr. Dixey and "Adonis." But the two scenes are different. There is a bacchantic fury in Mr. Fields' management of the fountain that is original and beyond comparison. The carpers might as well point back to "The Tourists in a Pullman Palace Car" and the use of a siphon as a deterrer of bores and untimely eloquence. Was it not Mr. Mestayer who often and vainly endeavored to recite impressively "Her Father Loved Me" with humorous use of a trick waistcoat, and never got beyond "oft invited me," discouraged, choked by a discharge of gaseous water?

Miss Connie Ediss might have stepped out of Mr. Leonard Merrick's picture gallery of boarding house keepers. How well the tone of vulgarity is maintained! Perhaps it would bo as well if there were not recourse to misapplied and mispronounced French words and phrases, for this method of exciting laughter was shopworn some time ago, and few have the amazing aplomb that characterized Mrs. Florence in "The Mighty Dollar." But as a sharply drawn sketch, the impersonation of Mrs. Schniff is memorable. Miss Ediss' management of the tipsy scene is excellent in its discretion. As Mrs. Schniff herself might have remarked, she was no more intoxicated than a lady should be. Her defiance of the giggling and insolent shop girls might well be called superb. It was a case of Greek against Greek.

* * *

In musical comedies the good little girl who resists temptation and marries the duke or the American millionaire is given to sentimental songs and duets. Audiences evidently like this entertainment, otherwise the good little girl would not "oblige." Miss Pearl Lund, as Winnie, sings prettily, and her songs are of a sweetly irreproachable character, but we much prefer the extraordinarily frank declaration of Miss Daisy Dumont, "I want to be loved like a Leadin' Lady." Miss Dumont proclaims her desire with a personal conviction that incites the enthusiastic sympathy of every manjack in the house. And there is really no reason why she should remain disconsolate. Miss Daisy Dumont! An admirer behind us the other night was heard wondering whether that were her real name. Perhaps he is under the impression that there is a bureau of ingenious persons who give names to parlor cars, steamships, tooth powders and chorus girls.

There must be one more reference to Mr. Fields. Even the most sour-visaged could not help laughing and admitting gladly his power as a comedian after the scene between Mr. Schniff and the waiters. Mr. Fields' facial play in endeavoring to advise the waiter that looks like the third murderer in "Macbeth" is masterly.

It is a long time since we have seen as amusing an eccentric as Mr. Castle, either as a noble lord or as an impossible waiter. Mr. Richard Carle's Lord Lavender in "The Lady Slavey" a dozen years ago was more elaborate, but the expression of vacuity and of futility was not more evident.

* * *

Many will rejoice at the opportunity of seeing Miss Lillian Russell again in "Wildfire." She is a remarkable woman in many ways. Many years ago a Bostonian who signed brilliant articles "The Man Who Laughs" described her as distinctly "edible." This term of appreciation was deserved, whatever operetta she figured in. What has not Miss Russell seen and experienced since she sang "Kiss Me, Mother, Ere I Die," at Tony Pastor's little theatre? Mr. Angelo de Novellis, the accomplished conductor, tells in a Neapolitan and melodramatic manner of the great night when he encouraged Miss Russell as an American singer to triumph over Miss Camille d'Arville, who had been imported. The two appeared together in "The Queen's Mate." Miss d'Arville was Anita and Miss Russell took the part of Inez. But it is not possible to give Mr. de Novellis' description. He should write his memoirs; and so should Miss Russell, who now prefers to play in legitimate comedy, a laudable ambition and not a presumptuous one. The story goes that when Miss Russell and David Warfield were in Weber and Fields' company, the latter said that he would not be content until he had played Shylock, and Miss Russell agreed that when that time would come she would play Portia. It is now announced that Mr. Warfield is studying the part of Shylock. Why should not Miss Russell deliver the famous speech with its reference to the quality of mercy? She has had far greater experience than many young women who leap on the stage without preparation and, by dint of that much abused word "personality," have at once hysterical followers who shout to the heavens that this one or that one is "a born actress." "Study would spoil her"; and they prate about the evils of "academic formulas and routine." Miss Russell is more than a personality. She is a national institution.

* * *

Mr. Max Beerbohm, reviewing Miss Ellen Terry's "Story of My Life," says she has "a great power of detachment." It is not likely that he uses the word with reference to her domestic adventures; but, unfortunately, he does not make his meaning wholly clear. Mr. Beerbohm thinks Miss Terry would have made a good dramatic critic. He said this before he could possibly have read Mr. Richard H. Davis' ferocious denunciation of critics now openly and unblushingly plying their nefarious trade. ("What's your business?" asks the comic policeman at Keith's. "I'm a burglar," answers his mate with honest pride.) Furthermore, Mr. Beerbohm is convinced that Miss Terry is first of all an extraordinary woman, and an actress afterward. "I do not say she is not a born actress; merely that the born woman in her preponderates." She is not only a born woman, a born actress, a born critic. According to Mr. Beerbohm, she is also "a born writer," and "if she gave her mind to it," she might perhaps become "a really beautiful writer." All of this is respectfully submitted to Mr. William Winter for his earnest consideration.

* * *

Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett of the Chicago Record-Herald cannot understand why a sedate college professor "when stirred by a passion for the stage immediately reaches for his copy of the Scriptures and a book on versification and proceeds to write a biblical drama—usually in five acts—long acts." It might be said that a college professor, like Habbakuk, is capable of anything. But how bitter Mr. Bennett is. He quarrels with Prof. Richard Burton, the author of "Rahab," not, forsooth, because he has anything "agin" the eminent professor as a man, but because the latter is the representative of a dilettante class, whose attitude toward the drama is intolerably patronizing." "Let them come down off the high horse in their remarks on the degeneracy of the American stage." Mr. Bennett whacks a head wherever he sees one. For instance, he censures "the attitude of Prof. Matthews of Columbia, who to save his soul cannot write a play that will reach the soul of the people." Mr. Bennett should write this last word "pe-nul."

And now mark Mr. Bennett's fiery conclusion: "There is more good-will toward man, more humanity, more zest, more sheer skill and cleverness in one of the little musical plays of Mr. Cohan, than there is in 'Rahab' or in any other 'poetic drama' the university pundits of America had ever given the native stage, until Prof. Moody wrote 'The Great Divide.'" Thus Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, whose mere name for months to come will flutter the university dovecotes and cause Mr. Brander Matthews to quake in his professorial chair.

> His name was a terrible name, indeed,
> Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
> And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
> He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

There's only one thing now for the universities to do. As The Herald stated last Tuesday night, Mr. George M. Cohan will journey in Europe next year. He feels the need of a whole year "to himself," he says that the time has come for him to write "a real play" and there is nothing like travel to broaden the mind by observation and meditation. Perhaps he might be persuaded on his return to give a course of lectures on "The Art of Writing Plays" at the various colleges and universities of the land. Or why should there not be a Cohan chair at Harvard?

Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan and Adeline Genee Go Back to Greece and Old Testament Days for Inspiration

By PHILIP HALE.

DANCING began with the appearance of human beings. It served in religion, war and courtship. If it be true that the dance was first of all for religious worship—and this statement is seriously made—the return of Miss St. Denis in London to this form of terpsichorean adoration and prayer may be likened to the deep interest of apparently hardened New Englanders in the Hindu mysteries, and was there not a fine crop of American Yogis in Illinois and Indiana last year? It is true that the dancing of Miss St. Denis is described as a sacrifice of charm to unflinching realism, as austerely symbolic, and yet the public, for a consideration, is admitted to witness the sacrifice.

In the course of the last 10 years certain women have won steadily growing fame by their dancing, based, in some instances, as they say, on old Greek theories of pantomimic expression; or by attempting to follow the liturgy of bayaderes who offered to their god the human body shown fully in various evolutions; or by imagining the dance of the Daughter of Herodias, who, according to a mediaeval legend, instead of being an innocent an gamesome girl, was devoured by a passion for John the Baptist, who had spurned her. (And now the ingenious Mr. Marcel Reja informs us that the story of Salome is the glorification of th virtual omnipotence of the dance. "Salome did not seduce Herod by woman's wiles after the manner of Delilah; she danced, and she pleased him.")

There are, then, women, as Miss Isadora Duncan, who, successors in theory to the Greek dancing mimes, attempt to express in their dancing the spirit of a musical composition, as Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Chopin's "Funeral March," or even a whole symphony with its four movements; or the spirit of a picture, as Botticelli's "Return of Spring." There are others, as Miss Maud Allan, who thus follow the Greeks and extend their scheme of operation by miming haunted Salome, as male dancers in the ancient amphitheatres expressed by dancing Hercules in the poisoned shirt, Oedipus after he had learned his fate, or other tragic conditions or acts of heroes pursued and caught by Fate. There are others, as Miss Ruth St. Denis, who give in halls thick with pungent incense and adorned in eastern style, dances of oriental devotion. Then there is a mob of "Salome dancers," white black, yellow black and tan, whose dance is a combination of the Egyptian "danse du ventre," which has been described as "the superbly cynical expansion of handsome animals," and of the savagely passionate chica once loved by the Moors.

When Miss Duncan first danced in this country, she was looked on as a freakish, but deserving, person, and she was allowed to show her art in private houses or for the amusement of garden parties. In September, 1898, she gave on "the lawn of a residence" at Newport a "dance recital" of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam. The verses of the poet were "done into dance." Some one read the lines of the poet—possibly one of the patronesses, for there were 17 of them—and, of course, there was accompanying music. The programme breathed this aspiration of Miss Duncan: "Let us have the dancer before us—with the lightness of body resultant from years of devotional application, with study of music and thought, understanding the influence of rhythm and the message of words. As the meaning mingles from music and poem to the dancer, she gives expression to it, creating a deeper impression, bringing to us realization of greater life and an appreciation of what we may attain. Thus the world is quickened by the dance."

Miss Duncan heeded not the jibes of the irreverent. She elaborated her art; she endeavored to turn her dancing into mute rhetoric, for this was true dancing, according to the Greeks. (Thus today men and women in the streets of Boston leap into the air with wild gesticulation when a street car passes without notice of their previous vocal imprecation or entreaty.) She went to Europe, talked of her art, and danced. To her, this dancing was as something sacred. As a commentator on the Scriptures remarked of King David's celebrated pas seul before the ark, for which he was rebuked by his sour wife: "The excess of his joy and of his leaping testified his attachment and sensibility for holy things."

The peculiarity of Miss Duncan's costume soon made her famous, for her sole garment was a peplum when she danced in Paris four years ago. There were no tights, no tutu; and from the beginning Miss Duncan danced barefooted. Thus was she peculiarly courageous, for few women like to show their feet, in spite of the fact that poets represent clover blossoms kissing the feet of sweethearts; in spite of the famous passage in "Aucassin and Nicolette"—where the daisies looked black against the feet of the girl escaped from prison. A contributor to Putnam's, speaking of photographic reproductions of Miss Maud Allan's feet, says they are flat and ugly; that in his younger days a singer in New York appeared as Aida with bare feet, stained brown, and the sight was not pleasing. (Was she Torriani, Ambre, or still another?) Nor did he admire Miss Annie Russell playing a scene without her stockings.

But Miss Duncan insisted on bare legs and feet and gave this reason: "The movements of the body can be natural only in a state of nudity; there is a religious expression of beauty in the human foot, for the form and the faculty of the foot mark triumphal progression in the development of man." However this may be, she was praised in European capitals for her freshness and youth; her grace, discretion, simplicity. And of her Mr. Jean d' Udine wrote: "That which bewilders the spectators is precisely the Greek character of her art; the costume, which, veiling absolute nudity with a simple tunic of gauze, triumphant and chaste, without fleshlings, without make-up, amuses those who are easily excited to foolish laughter; the movements, which, always harmonious and supple, often contrast by their ardent angularity and breadth with the finical affectation of modern choreographic art in which a small leg, like a small mouth, is, forsooth, 'more distinguished'! For my

[illegible] from mouths, frank [illegible] with zest into good things and cry out loudly in joy or [illegible]. And I like large and well [illegible] legs which rush boldly and loyally toward vengeance or pleasure."

As for Miss Duncan's triumphs, her strange life in Athens, her appearance at Bayreuth, her school in Berlin, and her conquests in New York—are not all these written in the chronicles of the daily press? She does not like to be photographed. She said: "One cannot photograph an idea, still less a thought, a sentiment; then why should one wish to photograph my dances, since they are the reflection of my sentiments and thoughts?" Painters have glorified her and a picture of her by von Kaulbach is of singular beauty.

Miss Duncan is a Californian. Miss Allan, a Canadian by birth, went to California. There she studied the piano. She saw Sarah Bernhardt, and one day, as the girl was playing the piano, her mother asked her of what she was thinking. "Of Sarah Bernhardt's wonderful talent, of the beautiful movements of her body. She seems to express more with it than with her lips." Miss Allan, however, kept on studying the piano until, in Italy, she saw Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" and "The Return of Spring." Then, as Mr. W. C. Courtney says in a dithyramb published recently in the Daily Telegraph of London, the idea which was to animate her career dawned upon her in its most lucid and convincing form. "Art as a method of expression, the expression of feelings and thoughts through beautiful movements, beautiful shapes and sounds; the effort to express in movement the emotions and thoughts stirred by melody, beautiful pictures and sculpture became the ambition of Maud Allan." She studied the Greek dancing girls on old Hellenic pottery; she owed much to a Belgian musician, Marcel Remy; is it not possible that she also studied the art of Miss Duncan? It was five years ago that Miss Allan appeared for the first time—in the theatre hall of the Conservatory of Music, Vienna, but she was famous from the moment she first danced in London, March 6 of this year.. Her costume, Greek in its simplicity, aroused admiration by its frank revelation of beauty; her arms spurred rhapsodists to rivalry. Has she not written or at least inspired a book in which she tells of King Edward and the Queen admiring her; to which she contributes a chapter on the position and duties of woman?

It has been said of Miss Allan that she is "utterly and entirely Greek"; that she must in an earlier incarnation have heard the idylls of Theocritus. Even Mr. Courtney is aroused by her to a flight of rhetoric: "As Greek maiden, covered with flowers, we can easily picture her to ourselves, in the blossom-laden valleys of Sicily, while Thyrsis and Daphne pipe on their flutes beneath the great stone pines, and the bees are murmuring, and the doves are cooing, and the deep blue waves of that southern sea are lapping the shore. * * * When she dances she strikes upon the harp of life and sets us dreaming. She is, above all, the interpreter of strange, half-remembered thoughts."

To many Miss Allan is best known by her "Vision of Salome." Note that she does not call this scene "The Dance of Salome," for in her version this fatal dance is a thing of the past. The child, now left to herself, hears again the music and lives again the strange experience. She is in a dream-like stupor, and her imagination calls up the ghastly head. Perhaps it can fill her with "large thoughts about life and truth." She is fascinated; she is repelled. The head disappears, and the girl, haunted by the remembrance of her unconsciously murderous dance, falls to the floor overcome by the morbid experiences crowded into a day. We are far from the "Dance of the Seven Veils", far from the danse du ventre and chica; very far from the labored posturing of Miss Julia Marlowe.

Costume has much to do with the reputation of these ultra-modern dancers. Miss Duncan's costume is a peplum, Miss Allan's is an arrangement of jewels; and that of Miss Ruth St. Denis, they say, is a matter of paint stain. The early years of Miss Allan's are fast becoming legendary. Some say she was born in Boston, the City of Churches; others say that she was born and bred on a farm and then sent to Boston for study. She danced in Boston two years ago, but she attracted greater attention early in last October. Her aim, it appears, is to present a vivid picture of India. "To obtain the Indian atmosphere, I have a company of Indians, who, with special scenery and costumes, serve as a frame or background for the dances, which tell the story of each scene." Her programme is in five acts: "Purda"—the Indian woman offering incense to her audience; "The Street"—she represents both the snake charmer and his snakes, and this scene was "created" by her in the Indian shop of the Bhumgara Company in New York; "The Palace"—a Nautch girl in the dancing hall of a Rajah; "The Forest"—the dance of the Yogi, the Indian ascetic; "The Temple"—in which Radha, the wife of Krishna, is enshrined; Radha is awakened, and she gives the message of renunciation to the priests.

It is said that the style and beauty of Miss St. Denis are oriental; that she has marvellous suppleness; that her arms undulate curiously; that her pantomime is graphic; that she is graceful and impressive. Some think her dancing or rather posturing is too symbolic, too austere. Others are charmed by this symbolism: "The mysticism of the Far East runs rampant through it all."

Meanwhile, Miss Adeline Genee is faithful to the traditions of the grand style of the ballet. She does not find it necessary to strip off her hose to express emotion, or to bare herself under gauze to be symbolical. She is a dancer as Camargo, Guimard, Taglioni, Cerito, Elisler were before her. She is necessarily a mime as well as a dancer, for perfect dancing includes pantomime. Her great art makes her irresistibly spontaneous. She is the incarnation of youthful joy. Her coquetry is that of innocence, and therefore the more fascinating. Her mirth is contagious; it is that of the Golden Age. Her swiftness is as the flight of a sun ray. In this country she has not had full opportunity for the display of various sentiments in the dance. A formal pantomime ballet is needed to reveal the perfection of her art. Yet we have all become acquainted with the lyricism of her steps; the eloquence of her bravura and her repose. When she pauses, the rhythmic movement is preserved. In all her gestures, which are the inevitable accompaniment of thought, there is ravishing harmony. She is more than rhythmic; she is the goddess of rhythm.

Nov 3 1908

LILLIAN RUSSELL IN HOLLIS THEATRE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "Wildfire," a comedy in three acts by George Broadhurst and George V. Hobart, played by Miss Lillian Russell and her company, managed by Joseph Brooks.

John Garrison.....Thurston Hall
Doctor Woodhurst.....Howard Missimer
John Duffy.....Franklyn Roberts
Ralph Woodhurst.....Joseph Tuohy
Matt Donovan.....Frank Sheridan
Fred Sanderson.....Sydney Booth
Bertie Almsworth.....Gilbert Douglas
Chappie Raster.....Ernest Truex
Bud .....Will Archie
Peter Johnson.....T. Hayes Hunter
Myrtle Wentworth.....Ellen Mortimer
Janet Sterling.....Mary Elizabeth Forbes
Hortense Green.....Annie Buckley
Mrs. Henrietta Barrington..Lillian Russell

It was again a pleasure to see Miss Russell and others of her company in the pleasant comedy in which the horse, though unseen, like the Maid of Arles in Daudet's piece, is ever in the thought of the audience and controls the fates of the characters on the stage. The comedy might be described, to use the once familiar phrase of a celebrated manager, as a drama of contemporaneous human interest, and the excitement on the stage over the passage of the anti-betting bill had peculiar significance on the eve of a state election that awakens national interest. But "Wildfire" has already been seen here and applauded, and it is not necessary now to tell the story or inquire too curiously into its construction. It is enough to say that its interest is both equine and human; that the chief characters are such as we meet daily, with the possible exception of the villain book-maker, who needs only a glossy plug hat, a cigarette instead of a cigar and a more staccato laugh to figure in piping-hot melodrama.

Miss Russell plays the part of the widow with marked discretion. She avoids, and with apparent unconsciousness, doing that which is unnecessary, and she keeps gracefully within the frame. She neither exaggerates nor strikes too low a key. She is a horsewoman, but she is not horsey. That her interest in horses was not assumed for theatrical purposes; that her knowledge of the track and its vocabulary was not feigned; this was at once established in the breast of the spectator. Her lines in dialogue were delivered quietly and neatly, and her one long speech, the one in which she gives the jockey his final directions, was spoken effectively, without trace of elocution as it is taught, and without suggestion of the lyceum platform. Not the least charming feature of Miss Russell's impersonation is the quality of her voice. There are singers whose speaking voices are ironically contradictory. Miss Russell's is as pure and well modulated in speech as it was in song.

Mr. Hall and Mr. Booth, as the rival lovers, were both seen and heard to best advantage in the third act. In the first they were inclined to be vocally bolsterous and their action was without distinction. In the third act they both played with more authority and Mr. Booth's final lines were read with a subdued emotion that aroused sympathy. Mr. Sheridan's impersonation of Donovan was excellent throughout, a carefully composed character sketch, free from extravagance, realistic, but with a realism controlled by art. Excellent, too, were Mr. Truex and young Mr. Archie as the jockey and the stable boy. The latter is indeed remarkable, both for facial play, for bubbling humor and for a mastery of slang that would have delighted and at times perplexed the late W. E. Henley, a lover of these "footpads and loafers of speech." Mr. Roberts was indeed a desperate villain.

The play was well mounted, and the costumes of Miss Russell interested the men as well as the women in the audience. There was much laughter throughout the performance and there were several curtain calls after the second act.

EMIL SAUER GIVES FIRST PIANO RECITAL

Mr. Emil Sauer gave his first piano recital here this season in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The programme was as follows: Friedemann Bach, Concerto in D minor; Sauer, Sonata No. 1, D major; Schubert, Impromptu, op. 142, No. 3; Mendelssohn, Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Chopin, Ballade op. 38, No. 2, Nocturne op. 27, No. 2, Etude; Grieg, Nocturne op. 54, No. 4; Liszt, "Gnomenreigen," and Tarantelle, "Venice and Naples."

Friedemann Bach is known chiefly to readers about music and concertgoers by the stories of his irregular life and his reputation as a valiant toss-pot. Yet he wrote music that has life today. A good many years ago J. W. Davison, the London critic and husband of Arabella Goddard, the pianist, edited a set of Bach's sonatas and fantasias. H. Riemann selected and edited pieces of this Bach for a volume of the Steingraeber edition.

The concerto played yesterday is not one of Bach's several concertos for piano, or two pianos, with quartet accompaniment; it is the organ concerto written by Bach when he was organist in Dresden. It was composed some time between 1733 and 1747. His great father thought so highly of it that he wrote it out with his own hand, and the chief manuscript bears the inscription in Friedemann's handwriting, "Manu mei patris descriptum." Griepenkerl edited it for the use of organists.

Mr. Sauer played a transcription by August Stradel, who, born at Teplitz in 1860, studied at Vienna and afterward with Liszt, and is known best by his transcriptions for piano of Liszt's orchestral works, although he has composed some songs. His transcription of the concerto is, of course, not literal, but the spirit of the original is preserved and there is no exasperatingly incongruous addition or elaboration. The work is thus an effective one. The introduction and fugue have character, and the Largo is romantically beautiful. The peformance was an engrossing one.

Mr. Sauer's sonata was also played here, I believe, for the first time. It is a virtuoso piece, one well calculated to interest the average hearer by its melodic appeal and graceful sentiment. The first movement is the most solidly constructed and the musical thought is of a higher nature than that of the other movements, but the Scherzo and the Intermezzo, as played by Mr. Sauer, give immediate pleasure, and the theme and variations bring a brilliant close.

Mr. Sauer has been at times reproached because he has, as some say, no "important message"; he does not "sound the depths of emotion," etc., etc. Yet it is his habit to play music that interests and often charms his audience. He himself takes his art seriously and surely he should be respected for his conspicuous talent, even if his programmes are not "educational," not "massive and concrete," not formidable, not to be avoided by those who believe that the mission of music is to give pleasure, to soothe or thrill, to induce meditation, to bring forgetfulness of the grinding routine and pricking cares of our too daily life. Mr. Sauer yesterday displayed both elegance and sentiment. His fleetness and brilliance were legitimately employed; his sentiment was healthy, not mawkish. He sang his melodies, he did not dawdle with them. His tenderness was not saccharine. He did not sacrifice rhythm in the endeavor to be emotional, nor did he pound to show that he has strength. All in all, his performance was one of a high order.

The hall should have been completely filled. As it was, the audience was appreciative; its applause was spontaneous and hearty; and there was enthusiasm after the group of pieces by Chopin.

[illegible] at Keith's Theatre this week abounds in variety and has several unusual features. Not the least of these is Miss Kellermann's triple performance in diabolo, dancing and diving, a performance already familiar here, which has entered upon its final week. The chief novelty last evening was naturally the appearance of Miss Virginia Harned in a sketch entitled "The Idol of the Hour," written by herself and presented with the support of Margaret Gordon and Shelley Hull. The little play has a surprise for those who expected to see her in a wholly emotional or romantic piece, a surprise even to those who thought they foresaw the general manner in which the short story was to be worked out.

Even in these days of vaudeville extravagance and excellence nothing yet presented has surpassed in merit the 45-minute act of Miss Amelia Bingham, presented to two deeply interested audiences at the Orpheum yesterday.

Miss Bingham is the latest recruit in vaudeville. Only three weeks ago, in New York, she made her debut as a vaudeville star. At the Orpheum last night she repeated her metropolitan triumph.

Miss Bingham has in her "Big Moments from Famous Plays" a most trying task. She has surrounded herself with a well balanced company, whose selection has evidently been made to

Norris as Lucifer Mephisto in "Saul Kin

Katherine Grey in "The Thief"

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Miss Ruth St. Denis, whose dances were described in The Herald of last Sunday, was not wholly unknown in Boston before she went to London. Some time ago and when she was living in New York, she danced at Mrs. John L. Gardner's invitation at Fenway Court to the amazement and the edification of the assembled guests. Miss St. Denis has made money during her engagement at The Scala, London, and this has encouraged her to prepare another set of dances. "The idea she has in mind," she says, "is so strangely beautiful that its materialization will certainly create a profound impression."

Miss Mary Garden keeps on talking. Having discussed modern music and put the living composers of opera each in his fitting and eternal place, she now describes the man, the plain human man—or men—of her choice. "What appeals to me most of all is intellect. I am cerebral, purely and simply cerebral when it comes to judging men. Let me meet a man—no matter what his position, wealth, any of those things—and if I find that there is not an intellectual response between us I kiss my fingers to him. He is finished as far as my interest in him goes." In other words Miss Garden hungers after intellect. She simply adores it. She wishes to talk only with men who have "pursued art, music, language, letters" and have caught at least one or two of them.

Mr. Henry Bernstein says that his system of writing dramatic plays is that of the Greek dramatists "adapted to modern conditions." He wrote "The Thief" in three weeks, but he never takes his dialogue from conversation heard in parlors or in the street. Such an attempt at realism would set an audience a-yawning.

New York reporters have courage. They asked Mme. Emma Eames, leaving the steamship Lorraine, whether she will be reconciled to her late husband, Mr. Story. "Do I look like a woman who would alter her determination?" answered Mme. Eames, in a play-acting voice. But the Countess Labia, dramatic soprano, who was on the same steamer, is of an old and warranted Venetian family. One of her ancestors was a member of the Council of Ten. She has "soulful eyes" and much dark hair. "I owe my musical training," she said, "to my m-m-mother." Her mother is now with her. To go back to Mme. Eames. She, too, is of proud lineage, of Maine stock. Again asked about Mr. Story she tossed her head and said with a flashing nostril—to borrow Artemus Ward's phrase: "I no longer know Mr. Story, and perhaps like many women who marry young, I never did know him." All newspaper jests on "but that's another story," are barred.

Mme. Sembrich's programme for Friday afternoon is of an unusually interesting nature. The old Italian, German and English composers are dropped for once, and more modern composers are represented.

Messrs Shubert have accepted a new play by Mary Johnston, "The Goddess of Reason," and Miss Marlowe will produce it here next month. The heroine, played by Miss Marlowe, is a Breton girl, the daughter of a Baron Henri de Morbec and a peasant mother. The time is that of the French revolution. The ending is magic, for heroine and lover are bound together, "bound heart to heart" and thrown into the Loire.

[illegible] Swinburne's "Les [illegible]." Miss Marlowe thinks [illegible] "I am convinced that 'The Goddess of Reason' is the [illegible] poetical drama yet written by an American." Let us hope that there is more drama than poetry. "Jeanne d'Arc," in which Miss Marlowe appeared, was chock full of poetry, but it did not play."

A Hungarian nobleman has been engaged as a principal for the new musical comedy "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." This is eminently fit and proper. In the palmy days of the Moulin Rouge Hungarians were to be seen there, likewise Bulgarians, Roumanians, Croatians, Turks and even Americans and Englishmen.

Messrs Klaw & Erlanger will soon produce "A Mountain Boy," by Misses Pauline Phelps and Marion Short. The subject is a feud in the mountains of Kentucky.

Much has been written about Mr. Jerome's new play, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," but as yet we have not seen any reference to Thomas Hardy's novel, "The Hand of Ethelbert," in connection with it. The London Times finds fault with the play. "He (Mr. Jerome) has a perfect right to his postulate, and his situation is a good fantastic situation. But he has not treated it appropriately—that is to say, his fun is not fantastic. The difficulties of Fanny's position are represented as real difficulties, not as difficulties 'pour rire.' * * * You expect all this to be a study in the school of Gilbertian humor, but Mr. Jerome and all the personages of the play keep their countenances. In [illegible] if they are unconsciously comic and Mr. Jerome, like a certain historical personage, is 'more amusing than he had supposed.' Some items get on one's nerves, e. g., the needlessly noisy irruption of a bevy of music hall ladies, the artless conventionality of the contrasts between 'upstairs' and 'downstairs,' and the gross and crude exaggeration of the whole affair. But, then, there is a section of the public which is not repelled, but strongly attracted, by the boisterous and crude."

The New York Evening Post said of Frederick Paulding's new play, "The Great Question," performed "after a fashion" at the Majestic Theatre, New York—the first performance was Oct. [illegible]: "It is chaotic in construction, violent in action, preposterous in its presentment of life and primeval in manners. There is no offence in it except on the score of its general impotency." This is the play in which a supposedly legitimate daughter finds out that she is a natural child whose great grandmother was an octoroon. Her father, a justice of the supreme court of the United States, is told that he must give a decision in favor of a gang of land thieves or have the disgrace of his daughter flaunted as she is about to be married.

Miss Amy Leslie of the Chicago News was greatly stirred by Mme. Nazimova in "A Doll's House." "There is a trainante, racial, melancholy, vibrant and intense, in Nazimova's voice, there is a look of wounded centuries in her prophetic eyes." But she hands our old friend Dr. Ibsen one: "Ibsen, with his whole phantasmagoria of uprooted decencies, properties and degeneracies bawled bluntly into the dull minds of believers in stage rables and social vulture hunts, never grows finer for the giving of great art into his artar of ugliness."

It is announced that Miss Ann Murdock, who is only 17 years old, after experience on the stage for 21 days, has been chosen as leading woman for Robert Edeson in "The Call of the North." In these days of "born actresses" and "irresistible personality," a stage experience of 21 days before having a leading part must seem a dreary, Sahara-like stretch to the truly ambitious. Murdock is of a theatrical family. Her father was John J. Coleman and her mother Therese Deagle, one of the first actresses ever employed by Charles Frohman.

Henry B. Harris will give "The Third Degree," the new American play by Charles Klein, its first public performance in Atlantic City on the 16th.

"Secret Service" was last played at the Castle Square in November, 1905, with John Craig as the hero. Previous to that Mr. Craig had also appeared in the same part there as leading man of the stock company under a different management.

The appearance of Zelie de Lussan at Keith's Theatre next week will recall the days when the Boston "Ideals" was one of the leading musical organizations of the country, and she was the particular star.

"Paid in Full" is being played by a number of companies which Wagenhals & Kemper have organized to cover the leading cities of the country. The Boston engagement will be played at the Colonial Theatre.

Alan Dale well says: "Vaudeville used to be a delightful institution before it was invaded by fractious people from the 'legitimate' and bombarded by the so-called 'sketch.'" He was consoled last week at the Colonial, New York, by the "refined, artistic, subtle and distinctly amusing" imitations of Miss Clarice Mayne, "a lissome young person." It is she who should get the $2,000,000 a minute, he says, "which is, after all, a modest salary for a vaudeville artist, when you come to think of it—two shows a day and Sunday!" Miss Mayne's gift is this: "The imitative artist does not want to steal anybody's thunder, but just to show that she knows the exact flavor of that thunder."

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To G. H. J.—Onaip's name as a citizen is S. A. Grubbs.

Our old friend Mr. Rigo, the passionate Hungarian violinist, looks forward to the pleasure of introducing the Prince Chimay to his wife, the late Mrs. Robinson of Philadel- [illegible] that the [illegible] the Sam of [illegible] breathing out threatenings and slaughter, talks of a breach of promise suit against the virtuoso, but he smiles and says that if they meet they will be good friends, as in the past. Mr. Rigo has a pleasant disposition.

Mr. Jules Claretie who, it was reported, would become the dramatic critic of the Figaro if he held fast to his resolve to resign the management of the Comedie Francaise was on the staff of Figaro in its famous days under de Villemessant. He was a singular contrast to the Bohemians of the time. When his colleagues invited him to an inaugural dinner, he refused on the ground that he was going to dine with his family. "What! He has a family!" was the comment of the bewildered.

"The Blackmailers," a melodrama, by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor and R. Henderson Bland, produced at Kingston, Eng., last month, must be a howler. There are many familiar joys—the blackmailer, the serious and the comic detectives, the safe that is broken into, the hero accused of theft, an atrocious murder, and the rest of them. The Pall Mall Gazette of Oct. 23 remarked that in good melodrama the doctrine of probabilities should be recognized, as in comedy or sound drama. "When we see a lady of 40, the wife of an adored husband and the mother of a beloved daughter, accepting as her illegitimate son an unknown youth at the bidding of a man whom she knows to be a scoundrel, and promptly lavishing love and money on the young man and admitting him and his introducer into her home as honored guests, we feel that we are in the presence of a situation demanding a profound psychological analysis; and when that analysis is not forthcoming, and these amazing incidents are offered as 'all in the day's work,' something says that this is not melodrama, but very bad drama, crude and artificial."

Miss Alice Nielson has signed a contract with the Mexican National Opera company, at Mexico City, and will begin Jan. 2. She says that her engagement with the Boston Opera company is "virtually settled." It is said—and she would not probably deny the statement—that she was offered $2500 a week to return to comic opera, but that as she "has sacrificed half a million dollars to sing only in grand opera," she will still be faithful to high art.

Organ recitals will be given at the Arlington Street Church until further notice every Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock by Mr. Benjamin L. Whelpley, assisted by Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent, bass. These concerts are free and the public is cordially invited.

And how does King Edward purpose to entertain the King and Queen ofg Sweden at Windsor Castle the 20th? He has commanded Lewis Waller and the Lyric Theatre Company to appear there in "The Duke's Motto," and Mr Waller as the Duke will say, "I am here."

Arthur Foote's tone poem "Omar Khayyam" was played by Sousa's band at a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, last Sunday night for the firemen's fund.

Lillian Blauvelt will give concerts in the United States this season. "She tells me that she has had quite enough of the operatic stage." It appears that she was invited to appear in a new opera by Carl Rosa's daughter and in a new version of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Miss Blauvelt was seen and heard here last in a theatrical show in March of last year, when she took the part of Elsa in "The Magic Knight," a dull burlesque of "Lohengrin." She then sang with great confidence and with defiantly false intonation.

We are now informed that Miss Maud Allan covers 300 yards when she dances Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and 1000 yards when she dances her "Vision of Salome." This is important, if true.

How quickly traditions fade, even in operetta! Whenever one of Offenbach's pieces is revived in Paris, the old theatregoers shake sorrowful heads. And now, even at the Savoy, the home of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas, the performances of their works are reproached for departures from the traditions, although Gilbert is still living. "Iolanthe" was revived last month, and we find a critic complaining of a rough and boisterous method. The Herald some time ago commented on the fact that there was a certain amount of gagging allowed, or at least tolerated, in these revivals at the Savoy, in spite of the remonstrance of the critics of the older generation.

Did the exchange that published the following paragraph appreciate the humor of it? "'I can't see "The Servant in the House,"' said George Cohan. 'I think it's sacrilegious, and I went twice, too, trying to convince myself it was all right.'"

This sensible criticism of an infant phenomenon, Martha Marcelli, who fiddled for the first time in London Oct. 20, was published in the Pall Mall Gazette: "Her playing is hardly startling enough in any respect to warrant her doing public work. The truth is there have been so many 'prodigies' of late that a very high standard is expected now, and so, although one can say of Miss Marcelli that she plays quite well, there are others as good, and we do not fancy that there is any outstanding feature such as will bring her success at all out of the way. Better, perhaps, if this prove to be the case; for, if she is talented and there seems to be no reason to doubt it, she will surely develop into something really good, all the better and all the sooner, possibly, for having to go through the strain and stress of recital-giving."

Martial informed us that young Roman maidens in his day wore live snakes for necklaces and found them cool in hot weather. Miss Odette Valery, who will dance here for Mr. Hammerstein, used a live snake in London last summer when she danced the death of Cleopatra and she is n[illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] Miss Lola Lee, who appeared at the Canterbury, London, 10 days ago, combines dancing with snake charming.

A new tenor, Tamini, who has recently been applauded in Vienna, was, up to a few years ago, the manager of a bank in Mannheim.

"The Treasure," a new one-act piece by Miss Elizabeth Kirby, produced recently in London, has an original motive. The treasure is a plausible and smooth-tongued butler. He tells his master that he must leave him, for by nature he is a thief; he is fascinated by the sight of glittering things; it is impossible for him to resist. It turns out that before, in his pretended remorse, he returns stolen jewels, he thoughtfully removes the stones and substitutes imitations. The master, a sympathetic soul, runs the risk of being accused as an accessory after the fact and a receiver of stolen goods, and he has to pay for the weakness of his butler.

There are no Symphony concerts this week, for the orchestra is on its monthly trip abroad. Mme. Sembrich will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on Friday (tomorrow) afternoon. It is said this season will be her last at the Metropolitan Opera House and that at the end of it she will live in her villa on "clear, placid Leman," with occasional appearances in European opera houses. We have all learned to be distrustful of statements made by prima donnas, especially about the delicate matter of withdrawal from the stage. Mme. Sembrich's admirers will hope that her determination is not fixed. Her programme for tomorrow will include songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Sinding, Reger, Grieg, Strauss, Schuett, Ries, Rubinstein, Debussy, Gabriel Faure, Paderewski, Arensky, Cui, Luckstone, Foote. The concert will begin at 2:30 o'clock.

Miss Gerville-Reache of the Manhattan Opera House was announced as the soloist at the Symphony concerts next week, but as she will take the part of Delilah at the Manhattan next Friday night she cannot sing here. Either Mme. Rappold or Mrs. Homer will probably be substituted.

And now Miss Farrar and Mr. Scotti and Miss Geraldine's mother poohpooh at the story about the betrothal. They all live for art alone. Miss Farrar, by the way, wore "a mushroom creation" when she landed.

Mr. Charles E. Byrne of Chicago has written a sonnet, "The Popular Play Recipe."

Gazzazzle up a bunch of slangy talk!
Elect—get wise?—to spill some sassy shots,
Of brilliant bunk! Be long on novel plots!
Race in a chorus gang—no ten-flat walk!
Give every man his cue! Sidestep the gawk!
Explode three acts! Let ragtime splash in spots!
Make millionaires hook up with servant dreams!
Cop out a name to clamp upon the dope!
Of course proclaim it as the "scream of screams!"
Hand out that it's all to the heliotrope!
And now, to make it quite the gladsome gag,
Nose in a jingle on the grand old flag!

Furthermore, the sonnet is an acrostic in honor of Mr. Cohan, who is taken seriously as dramatist and comedian in Chicago.

Miss Mary Shaw will head the company which will perform the Rev. Henry Knott's play, "The Revelation," the first play of a cycle.

The London Standard says that Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "Dolly Reforming Herself," produced Nov. 3, is entirely lacking in distinction. The Chronicle says it is the best and brightest comedy Mr. Jones has written for at least 10 years.

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SEMBRICH PLEASES LARGE AUDIENCE

Mme. Sembrich gave a recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Isidore Luckstone accompanied her. The programme was as follows: Schubert, "Der Lindenbaum," "Rastlose Liebe;" Schumann, "Dein Angesicht," "Die Soldatenbraut," "Er ist's;" Brahms, "An Die Nachtigall," "O liebliche Wangen;" Sinding, "Rosen bluethen im Grunde;" Reger, "Waldeinsamkeit;" Grieg, "Ein Traum;" R. Strauss, "Die Nacht," "Morgen;" Schuett, "Einen Sommer lang;" Ries, "Es muss was Wunderbaressein;" Rubinstein, "Neue Liebe;" Debussy, "Les Cloches," Aquarelle No. 1, "Green;" G. Faure, "Les Berceaux;" Paderewski, "My Sweetheart Darling;" Arensky "But lately in Dance;" Cui, "The waves rush and roar;" Luckstone, "A Love Symphony;" Foote, "The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold."

There was a very large audience, which by its applause remembered the past glory of the singer and acknowledged the present pleasure given by certain interpretations. It is true that Mme. Sembrich showed yesterday in an unmistakable manner the ravages of time. Too often there was not a perfect control of breath in a sustained phrase; too often phrases were cut in two when they should have been sung in one breath; the upper tones were without power or brilliance; the intonation was not always pure; all this is true, and more that would also be true might be said. The wonder is that Mme. Sembrich sings today as well as she does; she has been on the stage since 1877. In spite of the march of time, she is still a lieder singer of high rank, and in the purely [illegible] interpretation of certain songs she is still [illegible].

She was yesterday the Sembrich of the golden period in her singing of "Der Lindenbaum," "Dein Angesicht," Schumann's "Nussbaum," which she added to the first group in response to the compelling applause; "Die Nacht" and Arensky's song with its singular mixture of banality and melodramatic sentiment. In these songs true womanhood vitalized mere notes and art directed and controlled emotion. In these songs she gave pleasure that was deep and satisfying, that put the hearer in contemplative mood, a pleasure that persuaded him to silent enjoyment rather than to the cheap handclapping that is now bestowed on every occasion on the just and on the unjust; that greets a newcomer before there is any exhibition of art or individuality; that is given to the incompetent, the trickster, or the mature artist, and is, therefore, a reward of little value.

The programme was a long one and it evidently taxed the vocal strength of the singer, for at the end her tones lacked quality, and management of breath was an effort. Mme. Sembrich prudently refrained from singing florid arias, arias of the character with which her name was once associated. The songs that demanded fleetness yesterday were the least effective. There was simply the thought of a woman singing at such a quick pace that either the text was almost unintelligible or words were clipped in the anxiety to save the phrase. There was animation that was well nigh breathless. The songs by Schuett, Paderewski and Cui seemed hardly worth the attention of a singer like Mme. Sembrich. Gabriel Faure's "Les Berceaux" is more effective when it is sung by a lower voice, and although Mme. Sembrich took the tempo at a faster pace than is customary she was obliged to divide phrases to the injury of the musical thought.

At her recital in Symphony Hall Jan. 14, 1905, Mme. Sembrich sang Debussy's "Romance," which is not one of the characteristic songs of this composer. She made little out of it. Yesterday she sang both "Les Cloches," which is of a style akin to that of "Romance," and "Green," which, published originally as No. 5 of the "Ariettes," was composed as early as 1888 or 1889. These "Ariettes" were published by the composer at his own expense, but after "Pelleas and Melisande" made him famous he revised them, not always happily, and they were printed five years ago by an orthodox publisher. Mme. Sembrich sang the two songs effectively, and she was obliged to repeat "Romance," which, inferior as a work of art to "Green," has the more obvious beauty. It would be easy to say that the singer did not give a full idea of the vaporous atmosphere which the composer breathes in company with his poets. Mr. Luckstone was more successful in this respect with the accompaniment. His accompaniments throughout the concert were most musical and delightful.

Other songs besides "Romance" were repeated. After the second group Mme. Sembrich sang Strauss' "Serenade" and Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark." At the end of the programme she sang Mrs. Beach's "The Year's at the Spring" and the too familiar song of Chopin.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

August Vianesi, once a famous operatic conductor, died in New York last Tuesday afternoon. He was well known in Boston, where he conducted several unusually brilliant performances. He led the orchestra when Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau first brought the De Reszkes to this city in March, 1892. The company was an extraordinary one. The sopranos were Mmes. Patti, Albani, Marie Van Zandt, Eames, Tavary; the contraltos were Giulia Ravogli, Fabbri, de Vigne; the tenors, Jean de Reszke, Montariol, a singer of great promise, who died too young, Campanini, Valero; the baritones and basses were Lassalle, Ed. de Reszke, Novara, del Puente, Carbone, Magini-Coletti. One of the memorable nights of this engagement in Mechanics' building was that of March 16, when Jean de Reszke gave an inimitable performance of Romeo and Mme. Eames sang here in opera for the first time. Vianesi was an Italian by birth, but when he became conductor at the Paris Opera he was obliged to be naturalized. He was 81 years old.

The Cecilia Society will give three concerts this season; in Symphony Hall on Dec. 9, in Jordan Hall on Feb. 2 and March 25. At the first, Parker's "St. Christopher" will be performed with the aid of Mrs. Kilduff, Miss Williams, Messrs. Lawson, Townsend and Werrenrath. The programme of the second concert will be of a miscellaneous nature. At the third Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova" will be performed here for the first time with the aid of Mrs. Francis Wood and Mr. Cartwright.

Arnold Daly and Liebler & Co. have parted company. "Mr. Daly, it is said, at rehearsal is imaginative and vehement." The play which he was directing has to do with the South and the time is about 1829. The Daily Telegraph says: "There is a mention of the Goddess of Liberty in one act, and Mr. Daly insisted that this should be eliminated. Mr. Goodwin was thunderstruck and demanded the reason.

"'Why,' said Mr. Daly, 'the thing is absurd. There was no mention of the Goddess of Liberty until the American Revolution, and as this didn't occur until 1863 it would be manifestly out of place to mention it in a scene that is supposed to take place in 1829.'"

Miss Emma Janvier will join the "Miss Innocence" company.

An Italian journal, I Teatri, published recently a story that a Miss Lilian G. Berbours, "with that freedom that characterizes the North American girls," had telegraphed Mr. Caruso and offered him her hand and heart. "She is very beautiful, and she does not lack the capital that is adequate to her matrimonial desire; she also is unhappy over the unmerited loneliness of the

... song." The journal further stated that Mr. Caruso was deeply ... ed and the wedding would soon take place. The story was absurd on the face of it, and Mr. Caruso, now in New York, is highly indignant. With the sublime egoism of a spoiled tenor, he has no thought for the young woman whose name was so recklessly used; he thinks only of himself. "It is just a plot to blacken my character. * * * It must be stopped. I have married no one. Cannot they let me alone a minute?"

Cohan and Harris have finally begun their suit against Eugene Walter, the author of "Paid in Full" and "The Wolf." Mr. Walter takes it coolly, and is reported as saying: "It is a matter of gratification to me that Messrs. Cohan and Harris have finally proceeded with their dispute into the respectable and dignified environment of a court of law, where the frantic waving and frequent osculation of the American flag by one whose patriotic ambition is to have it pasted on a billboard as the private escutcheon of his immediate family will probably have no appreciable effect."

There is talk of a revival of Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" for New England and the southern states with Miss Mary Shaw, that excellent actress, in the leading part.

David Belasco is at work on a play for Miss Frances Starr.

The Sun and the World did not look kindly on Mr. Fiedler and the orchestra in New York last Thursday night, while the Herald approved. The Sun found that there was excess of emphasis. "Clarity, elegance, delicacy, refinement and polish of detail were too often sacrificed to power, vigor and the all too startling explosion of kettledrums. Yet it must not be supposed that there were no merits in this conducting. It had a certain rude strength and an air of academic study." The Sun took this photograph of Mr. Fiedler: "Mr. Fiedler is a little less under the influence of the pantomimic school than he was three years ago, but he occasionally paints pictures in the air even yet. Perhaps his most dramatic action is the Parthian expression of his back when he raises his shoulders in passionate sighs over the pathetic passages. On the other hand, his indications of entrances for the various instruments must be comforting to the players, and his beat is so decided that there can never be any doubt as to his wishes in the matter of tempo and accentuation."

Perhaps the Sun and the World will express a more favorable opinion after the performance of "Scheherazade" this afternoon.

Mr. J. E. Dodson will have one of the chief parts in "The Sins of Society," a Drury Lane melodrama, which will be produced in Chicago April 11. The return of Mr. Dodson to the stage will be welcomed by many. Of late he has been more interested in bridge whist than in the drama. He is an expert in bridge whist, and some of his associates, who are influential in Wall street, have given him valuable tips about operations.

Although the associated members of the Apollo Club are many and therefore the prices asked outsiders for the concert next Monday night in Symphony Hall are unusually high, there will hardly be a vacant seat. Nor is it the drawing power alone of Miss Farrar, who will assist the club, that will fill the hall. There has been for a long time a desire to hear the Apollo in Symphony Hall, and the programme is one of more than ordinary interest.

Many, too, will be pleased to learn that there will be at least half a dozen Sunday afternoon concerts in Chickering Hall this season. Mr. Tucker will have charge of these concerts, as in the past.

Miss Maria Gay, who is to be the Carmen at the Metropolitan this season, says: "I am a native of Barcelona, the city in which Carmen lived." Some have labored under the delusion that Carmen was a cigarette girl in Seville. ... probably every Spanish town and village has its Carmen.

Miss Mary Garden persuaded Massenet to arrange the music of his "Juggler" for her. Originally the opera had no part for a woman, but Miss Garden, who dressed as a boy in Massenet's "Cherubin," had her way. It is said, and we are inclined to think she ad... the truth of the statement, that, dressed as the Juggler, she is most attractive. "Instead of trousers she wears tights and a long tunic that comes nearly to her knees. She will dance and do real juggling in the opera." And perhaps she will also do some singing.

Charles Manners of the Moody-Manners Opera Company gave a lecture on voice production recently at Glasgow. He laid stress on these points: "Breathe correctly; chin down; be natural; begin at the bottom of the ladder." He ... that much of the elaborate theorizing about singing is farfetched and ... .

Mme. Calve has telegraphed to Mr. ... De ... y that the report of her ... is exaggerated, and she will ... appear at his concert in Symphony Hall.

A new version of the story of "Salome" was produced in operatic form at Lyons, Oct. ... Marriotte, a Lyonaise composer, founded his work on Wilde's tragedy. He was a naval officer until he resigned to study musical composition.

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STRAUSS' 'SALOME' DEBASED BY PRUDES

The Dramatist's Picture of Herodias' Daughter and Mary Garden's View of Her.

By PHILIP HALE.

It is a great pity that Richard Strauss' superb "Salome" is debased in the minds of those ignorant of its true character by the fact that women in various stages of undress posture, wriggle, pant and swoon on the stage as the Daughter of Herodias. In Strauss' work the Dance of the Seven Veils is not the one dominating feature any more than it is in the tragedy by Oscar Wilde which moved Strauss to write his wondrous music. Observe the reticence of the dramatist: "Salome dances the dance of the seven veils." All that is said about the precise character of this dance in the play is the speech of Salome to Herod: "I am waiting until my slaves bring perfumes to me and the seven veils, and take from off my feet my sandals." The slaves do this for her. And Herod says: "Ah, thou art to dance with naked feet! 'Tis well! 'Tis well! Thy little feet will be like white doves. They will be like little white flowers that dance upon the trees. No, no, she is going to dance on blood! There is blood spilt on the ground. She must not dance on blood. It were an evil omen." After the dance the only ejaculation of Herod is: "Ah! wonderful! wonderful!" And then he endeavors to break his promise of the reward.

I speak of "Salome," apparently at this late day, for two reasons: because a clergyman in Philadelphia has expressed the opinion that the performance of Strauss' opera in that city would be "sacrilegious," and also on account of the chatter of Miss Mary Garden, who, as the Sun remarked recently, is "one of the best talkers among singers." This might also read, "an interesting singer among talkers."

Why, pray, is a performance of "Sálome" necessarily "sacrilegious"? Because persons who figure in the New Testament are represented on the stage? Herod, Herodias, the daughter of Herodias are all historical characters. They appear in the history of Josephus, the learned Jew. John was also a historical character, and in Strauss' opera he is a most impressive figure. Should there be no liberties taken with any person mentioned in the Bible? Were the tableaux vivants at church fairs that relieved the monotony of village life in our youth sacrilegious? Which one of us does not remember Rebekah at the Well of lemonade? She was, of course, the brunette of brunettes in the church. She was of the odalisque type, plump to pleasing fatness, and with a heavily shaded upper lip. Even the sternest deacon drank more than once at that well, nor was there objection to the oriental costume that both hid and revealed. Think of the biblical men and women represented in oratorio, no longer, as a rule, in stage costumes as in former and more reasonable years, when the partition that divided opera from oratorio was thin, but in irreproachable swallow-tails and ... becoming gowns.

Even the Handel and Haydn society has looked approvingly on Mr. Dubois' gay view of Paradise Lost with Adam and Eve cooing in sugary ecstasy, with Mr. de Gogorza as a melodromatic Satan sadly in need of red fire and a vampire trap. Are not the words of the Lord himself often sung wofully out of tune either by a solo singer or a timorous choir? It is not necessary to go back to the days of miracle plays and mysteries acted grotesquely in public squares.

Was not the oratorio "Elijah" performed as a stage play with scenery and costumes at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, May 8, 1901, without protest on the part of clergymen; on the contrary with their approval? Has any clergyman ever thundered against a performance in this country of "Samson and Delilah" either as opera or oratorio? Why this pother about "Salome"?

The Herald has stated more than once that the withdrawal of "Salome" from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House was a sop to prurient prudery and to hypocrisy; it was also a move in a game of operatic politics. A cruel injustice was done at the time to a daughter of Mr. J. P. Morgan. It was said, and the story was published broadcast, that she was shocked by the performance of "Salome," and persuaded her father to use his influence in preventing further representations. No one resented this report more bitterly than did Miss Morgan herself, for there was not an iota of truth in it. As a matter of fact, she was sick at the time, confined to her room. Anxious to see the performance, she was thus prevented.

The spectators did not object to the dance in "Salome" either at the dress rehearsal or at the one performance of the opera at the Metropolitan. Some did object to the long address of the Daughter of Herodias to the papier mache head of the Baptist. Mme. Fremstad and the stage manager violated brazenly and inartistically the directions of both the dramatist and the composer. The head should not have been brought down to the footlights; the stage should not have been fully lighted. Salome should have been near the cistern. There was a moon the night of the tragedy, and when a ray fell on Salome, then Herod saw her in her amorous soliloquy. He had already said to Herodias: "She is monstrous, thy daughter, I tell thee she is monstrous. In truth, what she has done is a great crime. I am sure that it is a crime against some unknown god." When he saw her illumined by the moon he gave the order to his soldiers: "Kill that woman."

Now comes Miss Mary Garden, who purposes to dance the dance of the seven veils in this opera. And how she chatters about what she will do! To one reporter she says: "Salome, as I present it, will have nothing offensive about it. I do not believe in the nude. The Salome I intend to give will appeal only to clean-minded people looking for an artistic performance. I think if I am clothed in my right mind and other things besides, I will appear as billed in the City of Brotherly Love with my beautiful Salome., And they won't die of heart failure or shock if they choose to see it, either. Americans are too prone to be materialistic, anyway. They all went to see 'Trilby' just because of that 'altogether' report about it. 'Salome' and other things they go to see in the same way. * * * There is nothing so ugly, to my way of thinking, as the obviously nude. Imagination, the subtle suggestion of nudity, as I will show in my costumes in 'Salome,' is far more attractive. I am no prude; for artistic reasons I would not appear in the nude or half-nude. It is vulgar, where art is concerned. * * * The dance as I intend to give it will be most poetic and wonderfully sinuous and rhythmic."

All this is reassuring, in spite of the fact that either Miss Garden or the reporter was reckless in the use of "will" and "shall," "would" and "should," but this is a minor matter, when grave subjects of art are concerned.

Miss Garden has made other remarks since her arrival, remarks that may disturb the timid. She told Miss Dorothy Richardson of the New York Evening Telegram what she really thought about poor Salome. "To my mind Salome is a paradox. She is vice—the very incarnation of vice, and yet she is, at the same time, what I might call archtypal of woman as a sex. In other words, the world is full of Salomes, just as the world is full of Hedda Gablers and Noras and Rebecca Wests. Salome's character can only be adequately analyzed by an Isben. She is complex. What woman is not complex? She is vain. What woman is not vain? She conceives a wild infatuation for John the Baptist. What woman so shallow, so vain, so out and out vicious that will and may not fall madly and passionately in love with a man of anchorite habits and lofty ideals. * * * Salome is a child of nature. She represents natural woman. The vicious daughter of a vicious mother, she knows no self-control. And then she is so young. Ah! so young."

We are informed that Miss Garden's Salome will be furiously red-headed, but she will not be immodest or sensational.

"I shall show Salome as merely the helpless victim of the age and civilization in which she lived. Likewise, I shall show her clothed as a daughter of her race and social standing in the time of the Herods would have been clothed. This means, of course, that it was more or less scanty, but it doesn't follow that scantiness means necessarily immodesty. For instance, poetic tradition has it that in the finale of the dance of the seven veils the original Salome appeared before Herod in a state of nudity, having cast aside the veils one by one. Now, while I intend to give this much discussed and sadly misinterpreted dance, and while I intend to cast aside my veils one by one, you may depend upon it that there will be no shocking finale."

Miss Garden also talked freely with Mrs. Nixola Greeley-Smith. Salome's wig will not only be a red mop, but it will have a bang. "All the women of that day dyed their hair to fantastic shades." Miss Garden is indeed a tank of curious oriental information. There has been nothing like her since the Baron, in "Erminie."

> My friend the Baron's quite a feast
> Of phrase and customs of the East.

She will wear short skirts, very short skirts—"they did not wear long skirts in those days." Salome, she said to Mrs. Nixola Greeley-Smith, is vicious, but she is also free, careless, "insouciante." "Of course, her trouble is cerebral in a measure."

O daughter of Herodias, what chatter is spoken in thy name! And how the great opera of Richard Strauss suffers from the restless egoism of certain interpreters.

I remember when there was much silly talk about performances of "Sapho," the play founded on Daudet's novel, chiefly because a young man carried a light-of-love up a staircase, a conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra had announced the performance of Goldmark's overture "Sappho" in concerts on a trip. He withdrew the overture, fearing there might be a storm of moral indignation in either Philadelphia or New York.

Personal.

Mme. Emma Eames disapproves the "absolute fundamental change," as she calls it, in woman's costume. "I am set against this undignified rushing after fashions." Those that saw her as Iris can well appreciate her disapproval. The new costumes are trying to mature prima donnas. In the same interview Mme. Eames exclaimed: "God has made us as we are." True, too true; the dressmakers should recognize the fact and cut accordingly.

Young Mr. Smallweed in "Bleak House" was adamant in the matter of gravy when he was ordering in an eating house. Mme. Eames is adamant in the matter of hats. "I have more consideration for men," she says, "than to wear the huge and hideous creations that are now called the fashion. They strain the muscles of the throat and injure the vocal cords. The dressmakers create fashions for mercenary reasons, but the truly cultured woman makes her own fashions." Mme. Eames, who frowns on cruelty to animals and sings at concerts in aid of the Anti-Vivisection Society, wore on landing a long coat of squirrel skins and a little toque of the same fur, "made striking by the bright yellow bird that perched on the crown." This bird is a fine specimen of the curucul, found in Brazil, where the nuts come from, and other parts of South America. Ah, these prima donnas!

Miss Lilla Ormond will sing with the Boston Symphony orchestra at Providence Tuesday evening, the 24th.

"London," says the Daily Telegraph of that city, "is to be introduced shortly to a young American pianist who, it is pleasant to be assured, 'has forsaken social gayety for a professional career.'" This young woman who has turned her back on the pleasures of life for the sake of art is the daughter of Judge P. Hamilton Gilhooly of Washington, D. C. London is also assured that "'she spent several seasons in London, Paris and Berlin, and was presented at court two years ago." She must therefore be a pianist of great charm and distinction.

This Miss Julia Allen, who has been gaining applause as an opera singer with Abramson's company, comes from Whitney Point, N. Y., and she studied in Boston with Mr. Rotoli. She made her first appearance on the stage at Milan in March, 1906. She then sang in other Italian cities, at Nice, Amsterdam, The Hague, Havana. She also sang in concerts with Mr. Caruso in western cities.

A reporter of the New York World met Mr. Caruso when he landed. He complains of Mr. Caruso's reticence. "Caruso was shy about speaking of his wife, who earlier in the season had eloped with another singer or a chauffeur, and taken with her some jewels of which he was very fond." What did the reporter expect? That Mr. Caruso would kiss him on the brow and ask him to sit on his knee that he might tell him all about it? But dry the starting tear. "Caruso was in fine humor and at luncheon amused himself by playing with $500 bills." Mr. Caruso has announced his intention of becoming a British subject.

Mischa Elman, the famous young violinist, will arrive in this country Dec. 4.

Sir Edward Elgar has resigned on account of poor health his duties as professor of the Richard Peyton Chair of Music, at Birmingham. He was appointed to this office in 1905.

"The plot motive of 'The Paradise of Mahomet,' the French operetta which the Messrs. Shubert are to do in this country, is the problem of what a widow shall do in the hereafter when she meets two or more of her husbands." This operetta by Planquette was produced in Paris in 1906 three years after the death of the composer. The motive recalls a short story by Halevy, in which a widow arriving in heaven is asked which of her two husbands she would prefer to live with. She is silent for a long time, and then says: "If it is the same to you, dear Lord, I think I should like to take neither of them, but that little gentleman seated over there on a cloud."

Concerts of the Week.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 200th concert of the Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. The club will be assisted by Miss Geraldine Farrar and an orchestra. The club will sing: A. W. Thayer, "Song of Prince Rupert's Men," with piano and orchestra (written for the occasion); Gounod, Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust"; Converse, "Laudate Dominum"; Pache, "Silent Recollections," with string accompaniment; Warren, "Slumber Song"; Kremser, "Prayer of Thanksgiving" from "Ancient Folk Songs of the Netherlands"; Lund, "Greek War Song," with solos by Miss Farrar and Mr. Wilson, orchestra, piano and organ; Osgood's "In Paradiso"; Herbeck, "The Maid in the Valley." Miss Farrar will sing an aria from "Mephistopheles" and these songs: Aubert, "The Letter"; Hahn, "Paysage"; Wolf "Wenn du Mein Liebster"; Tschaikowsky, "War ich nicht ein Halm."

TUESDAY—Fenway Court, 8:15. First public concert of the Kneisel quartet in this music room. Haydn, quartet in E flat, op. 33, No. 2; Courtlandt Palmer, piano quintet in A minor (MS); Beethoven, quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3. Mr. Palmer, who will be the pianist, was born in New York. He has studied the piano with Leschetitzki, Breitner, Paderewski and others, and composition under Marechal, Sgambati and others. His first appearance in public as a pianist was at Paris with Colonne's orchestra. This quintet was performed for the first time last winter at the Theatre des Arts Paris.

Steinert Hall, 8:15. Pianola recital given by the M. Steinert & Sons Company. Pieces for the pianola played by C. Alfred Wagner: Scharwenka, concerto, op 32; Moszkowski, etude, op. 24, No. 1, and "In Autumn," op. 36; Leschetitzki, "Two Skylarks"; Meyer-Helmund, Nocturne; Chopin, etude, op. 25, No. 9; Liszt, polonaise, No. 20. Arthur Hadley, 'cellist, will play with pianola accompaniment the allegro agitato from Grieg's 'cello sonata in A minor, op. 36; aria by Bach, Davidoff's "At the Fountain" and Popper's "Hungarian Rhapsody."

WEDNESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15, violin recital by Richard Czerwonky; Handel, Sonata in A; Vieuxtemps, Fantasia Appassionata; Viotti, Adagio; Hubay, "Zefir"; P. Scharwenka, Alla Polacca; Ernst, Airs Hongroises. Carl Lamson will be the accompanist.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M.: Grand ballad concert of English, Scottish and Irish songs under the management of Louis H. Ross. The Elliot quartet (Miss Josephine Knight, soprano; Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto; John E. Daniels, tenor; L. B. Merrill, bass); Miss Mary Ogilve, soprano; Joseph Judge, tenor; Charles K. North, flutist; C. F. Porter, 'cellist; Claude Fisher, violinist; Frank Donahoe, organist; Carl Lamson, pianist, and J. L. Gilbort, pianist, will take part.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30. Fifth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler, conductor. The orchestral pieces will be Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony; Three Dances—Tambourin, Menuet and Gigue from "Cephalus and Procris," Gretry-Mottl (first time in Boston; Beethoven, overture to "Egmont." Mme. Rappold

will be the ...

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Coming Concerts.

William Wolstenholme, a distinguished London organist and composer for the organ, will give a recital in Jordan Hall on Tuesday evening, the 24th.

Mr. Ernest Schelling will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall, Monday afternoon, the 30th.

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, who will give a song recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, the 16th, will include in his programme songs by Schumann, Brahms, Wolf and Strauss.

A testimonial concert will be given to Miss Mabel Going in Chickering Hall, Thursday afternoon, the 19th, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child will sing songs by Arthur Foote, among them "Love Guides the Roses." Mrs. Jeanette Bell Ellis will sing songs by Miss Going, among them "Lullaby." Stephen Townsend will sing a group of drinking songs, by Foote. Mr. Foote will play the accompaniments for Mrs. Child and Mr. Townsend.

The Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich conductor, will give three concerts this season. The first in Symphony Hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 9, when H. Parker's "Saint Christopher" will be performed with the assistance of Mrs. Kilduff, Miss Charlotte Williams, Messrs. Lawson, Townsend, Werrenrath and an orchestra; the second in Jordan Hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 2, when part songs will be sung and with assisting soloists to be announced; the third in Jordan Hall on Thursday evening, March 25, when Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova" will be performed here for the first time, Mrs. Francis Wood soprano, Mr. Cartwright, baritone.

Mr. H. G. Tucker announces six Sunday Chamber Concerts to be given at Chickering Hall, Sunday afternoons during January and February, 1909. Organiatiozns and artists taking part will be announced later.

Isadora Duncan.

An unusual event of the present season will be the two evenings of dances which Isadora Duncan will give in Jordan Hall, next Wednesday evening, the 11th, and Thursday evening, the 12th. This country as well as England has had within the last year a flood of dancers who are to a large extent followers and imitators of Isadora Duncan. Miss Duncan is a California woman.

Some years ago she went to New York, announcing that she was reviving the dances of the ancient Greeks, and in Greek costume she gave exhibitions of her art. The few that saw her discovered at once that she was something unusual, but as a whole she made no impression. She went abroad, and, settling in Berlin, found at once a kindlier public. Her exhibitions drew huge audiences and she became the sensation of that season. Later she went to Bayreuth, where she took the part of the first dancer in the Venusberg scene in "Tannhaeuser."

Paris followed the example of Berlin. Among the results of her dancing has been the establishment of a school located in one of the suburbs of Paris and the establishment of a colony of Germans, seeking the simple life, not far from Athens.

Miss Duncan has not confined herself to Greek dancing. She finds inspiration in the masterpieces of music. She dances for example, the last three movements of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. She dances music by Chopin and Schumann. She dances and mimes Gluck's opera "Orpheus" and "Iphigenia in Aulis." Her dancing is a series of gestures and poses, each one of which has its own special significance.

She is a woman of extraordinary grace, and Ellen Terry has said of her that she has discovered "the lost beauty of the old world art."

At her appearance in Jordan Hall, Miss Duncan will have the assistance of an orchestra under the direction of Mr. Paul Eisler. On Wednesday eveuing she will dance Gluck's opera "Iphigenia in Aulis." The following is the programme:

PART 1.

Overture .... Orchestra
Air Gai, Lento. A greeting to Iphigenia in Aulis.
Air Gai .... Orchestra
Moderato. Allegro. The maidens of Chalkis play at ball and knuckle-bones by the seashore.
Menuet .... Orchestra
Allegro. Menuett. Andante, Passe Pied. Air Gai. The maidens see the Greek fleet in the distance and dance for the joy of sight.

PART 2.

Passacaglia, Gavotte .... Orchestra
Choeur des Pretesses. Danses des Scythes Musette. Sicilienne. Bacchanale.

On Thursday evening will be seen her "Dances Idylles," with the following programme:

PART 1.

Overture .... Orchestra
Primavera.
Musette .... Rameau
Tambourin .... Rameau
Angel with Violin.
Musette .... Orchestra
Narcissus .... Novin
Pan and Echo.

PART 2.

Music from "The Orpheus" of Gluck.
Lamento, Scenes from Champs Elysees Gavotte. Bacchus and Ariadne.

Tickets for both of these evenings are now selling at Symphony Hall.

Works New and Old.

A Miss Christine Brooks sang in London recently five songs by Rudolf Ganz, known here as a pianist. The Pall Mall Gazette found them "quite pretty in a conventional style, except in the case of 'To a Dog' and 'Sweethearts,' which gave an impression of a studied attempt to be original."

A new Suite de Ballet by Aime Lachaume was played at Victor Herbert's concert in New York last Sunday night. Mr. Lachaume is known in Boston as a pianist in chamber music performed by Ysaye and others and as the pianist in the performance of that delightful pantomime, 'L'Enfant Prodigue' ... Mr. Lachaume was the husband of Mlle. Pilar-Morin, the Pierrot of that pantomime. She did everything within her power to advance him in this country and made many sacrifices. He deserted her in a most heartless manner. She is now living in New York.

Mme. Carreno played recently in London MacDowell's three "Orientals." It is a wonder that "Clair de Lune" in this set, a little "tone poem" based on Victor Hugo's poem of the Sultana looking over the moonlit waves disturbed by sacks containing beauties of the harem thrown in by reason of their infidelity, is not played more by pianists, for it is one of MacDowell's most imaginative and effective pieces.

The Royal Opera House of Berlin lost about $100,000 by the sumptuous and archaeological revival of "Sardanapalus."

These new works of Emanuel Moor will soon be published: Rhapsody for 'cello and orchestra; Rhapsody for violin and orchestra; Second Aria for violin and piano or quartet; Piano Suite; Theme and Variations for piano; Ten Sketches for piano.

Maurice Reuchsel, a violinist of Lyons, has written a concert piece for violin and orchestra.

"The Belle of Brittany," text by Ledham Bamock, P. J. Barrow and Percy Greenbank, and music by Howard Talbot and Marie Horne, was produced at the Queen's Theatre, London, Oct. 24. The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "One knows well enough that little is expected in the direction of coherency in this class of entertainment, but surely the latest example is quite the mildest in every respect that has been seen for a long time. The thinnest of plots, slenderest dialogue, feeblest lyrics and most commonplace music have been joined together, making a whole in which only the least exacting of the easiest-going public can possibly find attraction. There would appear to be so little backbone in the piece that it is difficult to see where it can be strengthened.

"Mr. Passmore impersonates a French chef betrothed to the daughter of a miller (Miss Ruth Vincent), who, however, eventually marries Raymond (Mr. Lawrence Rea), the son of a marquis (Mr. Graves). The miller has a hold over the last-named, having advanced him money, with the estate as security. The money not being forthcoming when due, the miller is about to assert his claims when he loses the agreement.

"The document is found, is given back to him, and he destroys it on discovering that his daughter is in love with the marquis' son, the marquis then being glad enough to relinquish other plans he had formed for his son's union with a lady of wealth, his ward, a colorless character sustained by Miss Lily Iris. * * *

"The slender story is developed in the baldest way. * * * The music throughout is sadly lacking in distinction and has none of the qualities of spontaneity and freshness associated with the really good light opera. The best that can be said of it is that it is not too unduly reminiscent."

Mr. Thomas J. Kelly of the Omaha Bee regrets that he cannot sing in Omaha the songs he prefers. "The present writer has a great desire to present for the consideration of his friends some of the beautiful songs of Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, Reger, Strauss, Sinding and others. But when an audience assembles after hard work or the management, said audience wants, not the greater things, as a rule, but wants something in the way of regalement and—shall it be said—entertainment." Mr. Kelly adds that there is much in the way of "quiet humor in the realm of singing and in piano literature there is a regular prairie of humor in print." Then why does not some pianist let us hear a comic sonata or a side-splitting theme with variations?

Mme. Felice Kaschowska, dramatic singer, is again in New York. She sang in Boston at a Symphony concert April 22, 1893. She is now probably ripe.

Jean Perier, who acted well the part of Pelleas at the Manhattan Opera House, recently impersonated Scarpia in "Tosca" at the Opera Comique, Paris. His conception of the part was highly praised: "A dilettante both in mental and physical torture, sensual and also cold, with imperious passions under a restraint."

"Havana" has been performed in Berlin at the Operetta Theatre, formerly the Bellealliance Theatre. The piece was censured as being the stupidest that has ever been presented to a Berlin public.

Felix Woyrsch's symphony in C minor op. 52, performed for the first time in Berlin Oct. 19, is said to be a solid work which shows earnestness, a high purpose, skill in construction and—that's all. "It is all honorable labor, but unfortunately only labor."

Xaver Scharwenka's new piano concerto, the fourth, was produced in Berlin Oct. 31. Miss Marta Siebold was the pianist and the composer conducted.

Mme. Calve Again.

The Herald published last Sunday a remarkable criticism of Mme. Calve which appeared in the State Journal of Topeka. It is a pleasure to quote from another account of the concert:

"Last night Calve sang to little more than a handful of people at the Grand. Possibly the difference in the price had something to do with it, for we provincial people are still rather prone to weigh our art with the dollar mark. But, at any rate, we are not 'falling' for the song bird in concert as we once fell.

"Calve appeared for her first number in a bad humor. The stage was cold and she shivered through Gounod's 'Stances de Sapho.' Probably the handful of people who sat before her chilled her spiritually. Once or twice she made what seemed to be satirical remarks in an aside to her accompanist. Once she swung viciously—swung is the word—at a weary, frostbitten fly which wove its way waveringly across

COMMENT BY THE WAY

Loie Fuller may well plume herself on the tribute paid her by Anatole France. He met her at a luncheon, and when she talked "her expression was always changing like the landscapes which come into view on a fine road. * * * The astonishing artist proved herself to be a woman of common sense and delicate appreciations, endowed with a marvellous penetration, knowing how to discover the profound significance of things apparently unimportant, and knowing how to appreciate the greatness often hidden in simple souls." Furthermore, Miss Fuller delights especially in conversation of a deeply religious character. "She seeks the divinity in all things," this "chastest and most expressive of dancers." For Mr. France recognizes the fact that she is, after all, a dancer. "You admire from afar off, in a dream, an airy figure, comparable in grace with those dancers one sees in the paintings of Pompeii, floating in diaphanous veils. One day you meet that apparition in all the reality of life, dimmed and hidden beneath the heavy veils of our mortal everyday world, and you perceive that the dancer is a woman full of good sense and good heart, of rare intelligence, a soul inclined to mysticism, to philosophy, to religion, a noble and lofty soul under a laughing form."

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Who, seeing Miss Fuller dance 16 years ago a "serpentine dance" in "Uncle Celestin" at the Boston Theatre, would have dreamed of this tribute from Anatole France, a tribute that, as Thackeray said of Gibbon's reference to Henry Fielding, is like having your name written on the dome of St. Peter's. Anatole France has taken a gently ironical attitude toward the theatre and the race of actors. His "Histoire Comique" abounds in satire and raillery at the expense of venerable theatrical traditions, and also of modern "trues" and tendencies. He has not gone so far as Baudelaire, who began his opinions about dramatic art by saying: "The thing I have always found most beautiful in the playhouse, when I was a child, and now, is the chandelier—a beautiful object, indeed, luminous, crystalline, complex, circular, symmetrical." But more than once Mr. Thibaut, known to the world as France, has praised the facial expression, the diction and the emotional display of marionettes, at the expense of the sumptuous actresses and the intense or polished play-actors of his own time.

And so he once wrote, after he had seen the marionettes of Signoret, addressing the chief puppet: "A beautiful marionette like you surpasses actresses of flesh and blood. You are a little thing, but you seem great because you are simple; while in your place a living actress would appear small. A truly artistic idea, an elegant or noble thought would enter more easily into the wooden head of a marionette than into the brains of a fashionable actress." And again he wrote: "If I must say all I think, actors spoil comedy. I mean good actors. I could accommodate myself to others, but they are the excellent actors, as those at the Comedie Francaise whom positively I cannot endure. Their talent is too great; it covers everything. There are only the actors. Their personality effaces the work they perform. They are important, and I like an actor to be important only when he has genius. I dream of masterpieces played in thunder and lightning fashion in barns by strolling comedians. But perhaps I have no idea of what the theatre really is."

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It is to be regretted that Anatole France, in his latest work, "The Isle of Penguins," a satire on the history of his country, does not discuss the present condition of the Parisian drama. The only allusion is a prophetic one. In the Paris of the future, before it is destroyed by Anarchists, he sees the theatre, which once had flourished, reduced to pantomimes and comic dances. "Even plays for the exhibition of women were abandoned. The taste for beautiful figures and brilliant costumes was lost. Somersaults of clowns and negro tunes were preferred, and the sight of figurantes marching on the stage with diamonds around their necks and bearing bars of gold in triumph no longer aroused enthusiasm."

Yet Mr. France does allude to critics. When he went to consult the late lamented Fulgence Tapir, the learned author of "The Universal History of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture," he found him at work, and, as Mr. Tapir was exceedingly near-sighted, his long, mobile nose, endowed with an exquisite sense of touch, put him in contact with art and beauty. "It is to be observed that in France music critics, as a rule, are deaf, and critics of art are blind. This permits the necessary reception of aesthetic ideas. Do you believe that, with eyes skilled in perceiving the forms and colors in which mysterious nature envelops herself, Fulgence Tapir would have raised himself on a mountain of manuscripts and printed documents to the height of doctrinal spiritualism and conceived that powerful theory which makes the arts of all countries and periods to converge in the Institute of France, their supreme end?"

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The terminology of the playhouse is constantly enlarging. We observe that an ingenious writer, speaking of "Fluffy Ruffles" as a play "written around a title," commends the work of the "plotsmith."

There are plays that are described as tailor-made for this actor or that actress. There are playwrights who are said to erect scaffolding on which comedians proceed to build. Why, after all, should there not be "plotsmiths"? But it should be remembered that every blacksmith is not necessarily a dramatist.

The word "vehicle" is being overworked this season, and it may yet drive out "offering." Miss Bungstarter appears at Hockanum Ferry "in the premier" of a new play and the news is telegraphed that her "latest vehicle" is a great success. Thus is Miss Bungstarter borne to the fame of a day or possibly a week on "a contrivance fitted with wheels or runners."

"Playlet" is bad enough, but "tabloid play" is worse. At present estimable women are appearing in vaudeville theatres in "tabloid plays." The adjective "little" is often prefixed to "playlet" so that there can be no possible mistake as to the nature of the piece. We confidently expect to see "tabloid" prefixed by "compressed," or "reduced," or "concentrated."

And pray what does this sentence mean? "Miss Doro's part is said to be particularly susceptible to her exotic charm."

* * *

The programme of "The Thief" has been strengthened by the addition of Miss Katherine Grey to the company. The drama should be seen by all who appreciate a skilfully constructed and admirably written play of intense and human interest. Yet there are some who complain because, forsooth, "there is no action on the stage." They wish to see with their eyes Marie stealing the money or the detective shadowing Fernand. As though there were no "action" in the accusation of Fernand and its consequences; no "action" in the wife's confession and the husband's suspicion!

This is the last week of "The Girl Behind the Counter," an excellent entertainment that provokes laughter of which no one need be ashamed after the final fall of the curtain. This is also the last week to see Miss Genee. Not to see her is to remain in ignorance of the utmost finesse, grace and enchantment that lie in dancing worthy of the name.

Next week Mr. Otis Skinner, Miss Maxine Elliott and Mr. Robert Edeson are to be seen respectively in plays that will be performed for the first time in Boston. Mr. Skinner's play, "The Honor of the Family," is an adaptation of "La Rabouilleuse," a piece by Emile Fabre, which, based on Balzac's "Un Menage de Garcon" was produced at the Odeon, Paris, March It was performed at the Odeon 100 times in that year and 14 time

Gemier was the original Philippe Bridau and Mme. Andree Megard, the original Flore Brazier. Miss Elliott's play is by Rachel Crothers.

Miss Russell will be here this week with her "Wildfire," a play that appeals irresistibly to all lovers of horses. Miss Russell, as the the owner of the stable and a widow to be wooed, Mr. Sheridan as the trainer, and Mr. Ar... as the stable boy, are worth seeing. The performance would be better if there were a different conception of Duffy, the book-maker. Our friend and valued contributor, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, is on his way to Africa to gather with Mr. Roosevelt additional material for his colossal work: "Man as a Social and Political Beast." If he were here, he might correct our opinion concerning the manners and habits of book-makers. Without word from him we shall persist in the belief that no book-maker, even though he were loose as ashes in money matters, would behave as Mr Duffy is represented in his violent courtship.

* * *

Both Mr. Richard H. Davis and Mr. Reginald De Koven have been inveighing against the critics. Mr. Davis has written plays and Mr. De Koven has composed music to operettas. The latter is by courtesy a critic and his discourtesy toward his colleagues in New York is therefore the more marked; but here we have only to do with Mr. Davis and the best thing to do is to let him rave and pass unheeding by. For the benefit of those who have not seen Mr. Davis' diatribe it may be said that he divides dramatic critics of newspapers into two classes: misanthropes and low comedians. The misanthropes go into the playhouse without hope of enjoyment, not even steeled against the worst. The latter are happy only in wounding the feelings of playwrights and comedians, or in raising a laugh that may send "a leading lady into hysterics." "It is his business by ... to send chorus girls sobbing to bed"; of course, without the consolation of a bird and a bottle.

Mr. Davis invokes the names of Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Lamb. They were true critics. They went to the playhouse for enjoyment. Mr. Davis should have looked over his Hazlitt before he extolled him to defame men now living. For while Hazlitt had a genius for appreciation, he was often savage in his remarks about plays and actors. It would be easy to quote examples that might persuade Mr. Davis into the belief that Hazlitt as a dramatic critic was now a misanthrope, and now a newspaper comedian.

* * *

Mr. Davis' article might have been stronger if he had been parliamentary. He called Mr. Walkley "an ass." This method of reasoning would not have delighted either Socrates or Jevons; but it leaves Mr. Walkley helpless. He can only say: "You are another," and as he is a busy man and has a pretty sense of humor, he will undoubtedly be silent. Horrid thought! He may never even see Mr. Davis' article, unless the latter took the precaution to send his colleague in London a marked copy of the week in which his unanswerable criticism appeared.

* * *

Mr. William P. Eaton is the author of a volume, "The American Stage of Today," published by Small, Maynard & Co. The volume consists chiefly of articles contributed by Mr. Eaton to the New York Sun, as critic of that journal. He shows courage in his endeavor to give life to that which is necessarily ephemeral. But dramatic criticisms written for newspapers by Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Lemaitre, Walkley have passed into books and why should not those of Mr. Eaton? Furthermore, Mr. Eaton feels it his solemn duty to give his ideas as wide a circulation as possible, for he went to the theatres in New York "fired with an ardent desire to find there truth and passion," and he found "too often a stale conventionality." "The bold actor, the bold dramatist, and, o'er above all, that perhaps not impossible He, the bold manager are needed. The innovator is the real hero; the idol-smasher is on God's side." It will, therefore, be seen that Mr. Eaton's book was also sadly needed, not only in New York, but throughout the country. We suspect him of a wish to "elevate the stage"—possibly by jack-screws or some other meohanical appliance.

her line of vision. But as the evening wore away she warmed physically and spiritually, and at the end was coquetting with her audience. With each number she added some additional garment to her costume. She sang her first number in an evening gown and ... fur neckpiece. When she cut one of her closing selections and brought the concert to an end she was carrying enough clothing to stock a small store.

"Two of her encore numbers were common or garden selections—'Suwanee River' and 'Dixie.' 'Suwanee River' passes current with any American audience, but 'Dixie' was an unhappy choice. 'Dixie' is a thing for the fife and drum corps and not for prima donnas. And it appeals only to the proletariat. People who pay $2.50 per seat do not want to hear 'Dixie.'

"Her clothes might make any other woman a frump or a dowd, but they invariably look well on her, and she might wear a porous plaster on one shoulder and a strawberry mark on the other and still retain all of her fascination and distinction. Studied closely, Calve is not beautiful. But she has marvellous eyes, wonderful hair and her birthright, and no woman ... more."

HERE AND THERE IN STAGELAND

The New Theatre of New York is ready to receive plays and consider them for production during its first season, which will open a year from the present fall. Manuscripts should be sent to postoffice box 227, Madison square, New York. They will be read and passed upon as speedily as is consistent with careful judgment.

The Sicilian Players will make their first appearance in New York in "Malia," a tragedy of peasant life by Luigi Capuana, professor at the University of Catania, a poet and novelist.

Alfred Sutro's new play, "The Builder of Bridges," a story of the London of today, will be produced in London by Mr. Alexander next Wednesday night. Irene Vanbrugh will be the heroine.

"Lady Frederick" was played at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on Oct. 26, for the 415th time, and Miss Ethel Irving ... completed a year of appearances as the gay young Irishwoman.

Mr. Comyns Carr is busy writing five plays and a book. He is writing two of the plays, a new version of the "Fool's Revenge," and an Italian play, a legend of Siena, with Mr. Stephen Phillips. The latter is tragic and in blank verse, and it is hoped that Mr. Tree will produce it. Then there is a modern comedy, "The Age of Youth." The story shows that the well preserved elderly man can hold his own against a flabby young fellow. The fourth play, a poetical piece, "The Lonely Queen," anticipated recent events in the Balkans. The fifth is a fairy play, "The Lady of the Land." In Mr. Carr's book, "Some Eminent Victorians," there will be much about Irving and Toole, and about Tennyson and Browning as dramatists.

The Paris correspondent of the Referee (London) remarks: "I have been reading about 'Fanny and the Servant Problem' in the London papers, and I notice with some amusement that everybody was particularly struck with the originality of the idea of Fanny having relations for footman and butler. The idea is not quite original. I remember a sketch by Gavarni in which a darling, beautifully garbed, is stepning into a cab, when her attendant cavalier suggests another one because the cabby has been looking on the absinthe when it was pearly green. 'Ca ne fait rien,' says the dear child, 'montons tout de meme. Le cocher, c'est papa!' And, Refereaders, in that naughtily delightful 'Occupe toi d'Amelie,' which has now run over 200 nights at the Theatre des Nouveautes, Amelie is seen kissing her footman, and the footman is her brother. I am not accusing any one of plagarism, mind you, and I dare say Mr. Jerome has never seen 'Oceupe toi d'Amelie.'"

So Sir Charles Wyndham, at the request of friends, has changed the ending of "Bellamy the Magnificent." He does not now commit suicide at the end. Sir Charles is not the first thus to yield to friends. Dickens was persuaded to spoil "Great Expectations" by marrying the haughty heroine at the end. In the original version she remained haughty and solitary. It seems that Sir Charles' friends complained that the suicide put them in low spirits and they left the playhouse depressed. Were no bracers to be had on the way home?

Mr. Fred Wright, who has been playing in London, thinks that a fortune awaits the American or English manager who will give Parisians the simon-pure musical comedy. "I saw the 'Belle of New York' in one of its revivals, and it was no more like the real thing than I am like Hamlet. In the 'Prince of Pilsen' we had a great deal of the original atmosphere, but still—the 'book' was turned and twisted to a certain extent. I noticed that the public liked best the parts that were left intact—such as the songs and 'business' by Miss Madge Lessing and myself. That proves, I think, my contention. There is a reaction in Paris against the ordinary type of show, which simply appeals to the cafe lounger. That person belongs, after all, to a narrow circle. The public wants something clean and wholesome. Look at the success of the Chatelet, which is the Drury Lane of Paris. It taps a big family public, untouched by the music halls. While the 'Prince of Pilsen' was running people came to the Boulevard house in which it was given who had never been to a cafe concert before and have never been since. They came because the entertainment was sound and good and not suggestive. I tell you there is a fortune awaiting the man who will attract the French boys and girls. I wonder where they get amusement from now? There is hardly any place to which they can go." According to Mr. Wright, 'Peter Pan' is a closed book to the Parisian. "He does not get the picture—even those who understand English quite well—of a soulful boy, wistfully longing for something which he has not realized, resisting his impulse to return home—really a pathetic and poetic figure. Nor does the Boulevard playgoer fare much better with 'Pantaloon,' which is extending its visit to Sunday next. In France there is no pantaloon; the genus does not exist; and a sausage, well—is simply a sausage and nothing more, to a French child; it does not speak of Christmas and harlequinade."

At the head of affairs in the front of the Castle Square is George E. Clark, who has been promoted to the post of Mr. Craig's business representative.

Otis Skinner's home in Cambridge contains many mementos of his apprenticeship under Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. He has the old prompt books of Lawrence Barrett, carefully marked and annotated by their former owner.

For the annual course of illustrated lectures which Dwight L. Elmendorf delivers at Tremont Temple an attractive programme has been arranged. The general title of tho five lectures is "From the Polar Sea to the Garden of Allah," and the dates are Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons, beginning Nov. 20.

Tho Edward G. Bates orchestra, reassembled for the season of 1908, is booked to take part in a concert at Steinert Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 18.

We aro now informed that Miss Amelia Bingham dotes on "handsomely bound volumes by masters of French literature"; that David Warfield gives his days and nights to Shakespeare, Shaw and Ibsen; that Miss Marlowe has none of Shakespeare's plays in her library, "because what I love most in them is in my head"; that Francis Wilson divides his spare time between Shakespeare and Eugene Field. It should not be forgotten that Mr. John L. Sullivan in his play acting days was also a great reader, so indefatigable a student that he contracted the pernicious habit of reading in bed.

Mr. Maurice Baring in "Russian Essays and Stories" thus speaks of the Russian stage: "The Russian stage simply aims at one thing—to depict everyday life; not exclusively the brutality of everyday life, nor the tremendous catastrophes befalling everyday human beings; nor to devise intricate problems and farfetched cases of conscience in which human beings might possibly be entangled. It simply aims at presenting glimpses of human beings as they really are, and by means of such glimpses it opens out avenues and vistas on to their lives. * * * The public finds this kind of play interesting in the extreme and flocks to see it. * * * The secret of this possibly lies in the fact that these plays are true pictures of life, and not would-be pictures of life which are in reality false, and that the former cannot help being interesting and the latter cannot help being tedious."

Nov 9. 1908

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Victorien Sardou was, in the strict sense of the word, a playwright. He made plays as a wheelwright makes wheels. Many objections have been brought against his art as a dramatist, but no one ever disputed his theatrical instinct or his knowledge of stage effects. He was a master of "la science des planches."

Singularly productive—he wrote about twenty-five pieces which were played during the first ten years of his career—he devoted himself at first to comedy, yet there were French critics who denied him wit in his dialogue. Then, as later, his art was shown iu construction, in drawing and maintaining the spectator's attention by the ingenious management of the intrigue. He was not a creator of characters. He did not show a deep understanding of human nature, nor did he shine as an acute observer of life and manners. His literary style was neither robust nor varied, nor had he the laugh of the sympathetic satirist, whose compassion and pity provoke indignation and compel him to apply the lash to the backs of hypocrites and all those that are mean and low. Yet when "Nos bons Villageois" was first played, in 1866, he was ranked by the Parisian public among the leading dramatists of the centuries, and a critic of reputation did not hesitate to write: "Such a triumph simplifies criticism by suppressing it."

Sardou triumphed later with his "Rabagas," "Dora," "Daniel Rochat," "Divorcons"; but the Sardou known throughout the world to this generation is the author of "Fedora," "Theodora," "La Tosca," "Cleopatra," "Thermidor," "Mme. Sans-Gene," "Gismonda," above all the author of the plays in which Sarah Bernhardt was passionate and feline. In these dramas there is an utter lack of character drawing, there is no subtle or deep study of nature. Barbey d'Aurevilly said of Sardou's "palpitating comedies": "In them he puts anxieties, breathless moments, poignant surprises, tears, shudders, pistol shots." In his melodramas Sardou added to these attacks on the nerves of the audience the sensation of horror at the sight of physical torture. The wily dramatist developed a taste for blood, so that for this taste and for his revelling in thoughts and deeds of physical pain Jules Lemaitre dubbed him, and not unjustly, "The Caligula of the drama."

There are plays in which Sardou is descried as a tailor clothing Sarah Bernhardt, but those plays also have clothed stage women inferior to her—so that it cannot be said of the later dramas, as of the early comedies, that the true authors were the comedians who took part in them. Some of these comedies might still give pleasure by the neatness, the skill shown in the contruction. The later and elaborate dramas that call for gorgeous scenery and carefully chosen accessories, and also for a highly emotional actress, may live for a time in spite of their inherent artificiality and emptiness. The men and women in them are not creatures of flesh and blood, however they may shriek and roar and moan. The historical characters introduced in some of them are as unreal as that bugaboo, the Baron Scarpia. Sardou's name, however, will long be remembered as a consummate master of stage craft, and will long serve to identify a particular form of dramatic entertainment.

Nov 10. 1908

APOLLO CLUB GIVES ITS 200TH CONCERT

The Apollo Club, Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conductor, gave last night in Symphony Hall its 200th concert since its organization in 1871. The club was assisted by Miss Geraldine Farrar, soprano; the Boston Festival orchestra with Mr. Crowley concert master, Mr. Carl Lamson pianist and Mr. Grant Drake organist. The programme was as follows: Gounod, "Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust"; Osgood, "In Picardie"; Herbeck, "The Maid in the Valley"; Converse, "Laudate Dominum"; A. W. Thayer, "Song of Prince Rupert's Men," composed for and dedicated to the Apollo Club on this occasion; Pache, "Silent Recollection"; Warren, "Slumber Song"; Kremser, "Prayer of Thanksgiving" from Six Ancient Folk Songs of the Netherlands; Lund, "Greek War Song" (with solos by Miss Farrar and Mr. Wilson).

Miss Farrar sang the air from the prison scene in Boito's "Mefistofele," and these songs: Aubert's "La Lettre," Hahn's "Paysage," Tschaikowsky's "Wa ich Nicht ein Halm" and Massenet's "Ouvre tes Yeux bleus." She also sang songs in response to applause, among them "The Lass with the Delicate Air."

The seats were filled; many stood; and the audience was in holiday mood. It was a pleasure to note the loyalty of the old members of the club, also the loyalty of the old friends and the appreciation of the new. Some one should write a statistical and anecdotical history of the Apollo Club, if only for private distribution and as a matter of record: for this club, in spite of the fact that the scope of music for male voices is necessarily limited, has had much to do with fostering and spreading a love of good music in the city. The programme of last night made an allusion to the more important works performed in the course of 37 years. The list is a noteworthy one. The list of assistants at these concerts would also be interesting. Among the singers were Mmes. Brema, Rio, Julie Wyman, Gadski, Trebelli, Sara Anderson, Messrs. Plancon, Gogorza, Campanari, Evan Williams, Bispham, Williams, Mills; among the violinists, Camilla Urso, Maud Powell, Marie Nichols, Halir, Musin, Franz Ondricek and his brother, Kneisel, Adamowski; among the pianists were Mmes. aus der Ohe, Szumowska, and Edward MacDowell; the 'cellists, Giese, Hollman, Schroeder—names taken at random from the programmes.

[illegible] for ex[illegible] to say that t[illegible] club display[illegible] vigor and finesse, that the quality of [illegible] was fine, that the parts were well balanced, and that the interpretation was musically intelligent. In compositions demanding robust expression and in more delicate pieces, as Osgood's charming "In Picardie" and Herbeck's old but ever welcome Styrian song, the Apollo Club gave great pleasure to the audience, and this pleasure was manifested heartily. Mr. Thayer's "Song of Prince Rupert's Men," a sturdy composition relieved by episodes of a more sombre sentiment, was performed in a stirring manner and the composer was obliged to acknowledge long continued applause.

Miss Farrar, like nearly all opera singers of dramatic reputation, is more effective in an operatic part than in concert. The Air from "Mefistofele" is thrilling in its place. As a poignantly dramatic stroke, it is far above any page of music given to Gounod's Marguerite in prison. The florid passages are then, when sung by a great lyric tragedian, as the wild [illegible]les of madness; they come from a disordered brain, as comes incongruous laughter; they are the very essence of lunacy; they weight the awful sadness, the intense tragedy of the sustained song. This superb air is beyond Miss Farrar's present grasp. She slighted the impressive opening measures, taking them at too fast a pace. The florid passages were sung with the precision of a sane and painstaking student conscious of a task to be [illegible]ed; nor was the [illegible]sing phr[illegible] spairing cry that [illegible] On t[illegible] hand, the music [illegible] the display of Miss Farrar's low and haunting tones. In the group of songs Miss Farrar was most effective in the sad melody of Tschaikow[illegible] Aubert's song is not worth the singing. "The Lass with the Delicate Air" was sung in a charming manner and without exaggeration. Miss Farrar was applauded enthusiastically [illegible] everything she did. It mattered not whether she were true or false to the pitch, whether her tones were pure or throaty; whether her upper tones were free or pinched.

After the intermission the president of the Apollo Club, Mr. Courtenay Guild, made a graceful and humorous little [illegible], in which, after having paid tribute to the past services of Mr. [illegible], and to Mr. Mollenhauer, the present conductor, he presented a loving cup to Mr. George C. Wiswell, the only original member of the club who is now actively connected as a singer, who [illegible] the organization has sung at all [illegible] of the concerts.

nov 10

HARRY LAUDER WINS AUDIENCE AT START

Laughter and Applause Greet Scotch Comedian at Orpheum.

BILL AT KEITH'S

Mme. de Lussan, Charles E. Evans and Walter C. Kelly

DRAMA A

The manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra proposes and the managers of the Manhattan and the Metropolitan Opera Houses dispose. Mr. Ellis had a contract with Mr. Hammerstein for the services of Miss Gerville-Reache at the Symphony concerts in Boston this week, but lo and behold, Mr. Hammerstein wishes her to sing in "Samson and Delilah" next Friday night, therefore she will not be able to sing here.

Mme. Marie Rappold has been engaged in her place. She is a Brooklyn girl who sang from childhood, and it is said that she sang in concerts in London when she was only 10 years old. It was intended that she should be a professional, but she married a physician of Brooklyn, and was content for a time to sing only privately. About [illegible] she began to take lessons of Oscar Saenger with a view to a public career. She sang with the German societies in New York and Brooklyn, and at musical festivals, and she appeared in performances of light operas given by the Brooklyn Arion and the New York Liederkranz societies. Mr. Conried heard her first at the Schiller celebration in the Montauk Theatre, Brooklyn, in May, 1905, and said that he should like to hear her in the Metropolitan. In the fall he sent for her; she sang for him; he offered her a contract for three years; and she made her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House as Sulamith in a revival of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," Nov. 22, 1905. Edyth Walker, Heinrick Knote, Van Rooy, Blass were the other chief singers. Her first appearance was eminently suc-

[illegible] she has sung at the Metropolitan as Elsa, Elisabeth and the Forest Bird.

The Kneisels will play for the first time publicly in Fenway Court this evening. The quartets are by Haydn and Beethoven. Cortlandt Palmer's piano quintet will be played here for the first time. The composer will be the pianist.

Mr. Czerwonky's first violin recital this season will be given Wednesday night in Steinert Hall. It will be remembered that he was second concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last season and as a solo player he gained at once an enviable reputation. The string quartet that bears his name will give concerts in Steinert Hall later in the season.

Mr. Carl Hauptmann is visiting this country to deliver lectures and recitations. He is not to be confounded with Gerhart Hauptmann, the author of "The Sunken Bell." Among Carl's recent works for the stage are "Moses," "Einhart der Laechler" and "Graf Michael." He started out to be psychologist, studied at Jena under Haeckel, and published in 1892 "Metaphysics in Modern Psychology."

Mme. Alexandre Guilmant, wife of the distinguished organist, died at Meudon, Oct. 23. She was a woman who devoted herself to the advancement of her husband. The Trocadero concerts given by Mr. Guilmant were organized by her and through her wealth and influence his path was often smoothed.

Arthur Hartmann, violinist, will play at the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society this week. The biographical sketches that accompanied this announcement in the New York journals stated that after playing as a wonder-child "he returned to Europe for further study, remained abroad for 11 years and took lessons from Ysaye and Auer; but in the main he is self taught." As a matter of fact, Mr. Hartmann studied in Boston with Charles Martin Loeffler and when he went to Ysaye he was told that he had nothing to learn technically.

The Public Ledger of Philadelphia wishes that the names of the members of the Philadelphia orchestra should be printed in the programme books, as is the custom of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The Philadelphia "contains certain players of the first rank, whose names deserve to become household words among us," as Biddle, Cadwallader, Rittenhouse and other unwearying eaters of pepper-pot and scrapple.

The New York Evening Sun looks forward to trouble both in New York and Boston. "There is going to be a big fight for and against this man Fiedler here and in Boston. His superbly clear beat, his angular agitation, his roaring climaxes, are good for a free people to see and hear. What the shrieking sisterhood of poets and the apostles of pose will say to him is another story. With the psychotherapy of pretending culture, as with the scented, dusty atmosphere of courts, he is likely to raise as particular hob as any Independence day firecracker. The Boston Symphony has needed such a master. We frankly doubt if Boston knows yet how desperately it needed him." And why, please, did it desperately need him?

Henry Bernstein has cabled to New York saying that there is no other purpose behind his plays than an intention to entertain and stimulate mentally an audience. Who, pray, had thought otherwise? Did any one suppose that "The Thief" was written as a covert attack on dressmakers, milliners and dealers in "lingerie intime"?

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel seeing Miss Isadora Duncan dance to the music of Beethoven's symphony said that "one possessed of artistic sensibilities cannot see her without feeling some of the enthusiasm which fired the mind of Charles Kingsley at the mere imagining of what the ancient dance was: 'In which every motion was a word, and rest as eloquent as motion; in which every attitude was a fresh motion for a sculptor of the purest school, and the highest physical activity was manifested, not, as in coarse pantomime, in fantastic bounds and unnatural distortions, but in perpetual, delicate modulations of a stately and self-sustained grace.'" Miss Duncan will dance in Jordan Hall on Wednesday and Thursday nights.

Mr. Hammerstein says that New York this season will pay $5 and hear $10 opera. Maurice Renaud, by the way, is paid $1200 a performance by Mr. Hammerstein and guaranteed 40 performances. Some years ago Mr. Grau engaged Mr. Renaud for the Metropolitan and then agreed to pay him $400 a night, with a guarantee of about 25 performances.

Miss Marie Dressler has taken a lease of the Shaftesbury Theatre in London and will appear there in a new musical comedy. Meanwhile Seymour Hicks has advertised that women wishing to join his comedy must send photographs with name, address, height, color of eyes and hair. A committee will choose a dozen from these photographs. The first four will receive $25 a week and their engagement will be for three years; the next four $20 a week, and the last four $15, but the engagement will be also for three years. This moved George Edwardes to invite the public to vote through the Daily Mirror for candidates for his company.

Charles Frohman has the manuscript of a new play by Hubert Henry Davies, author of "The Mollusc," and he will produce it in London and New York. He has also accepted a play by Harry Esmond.

In Charles Eddy's new comedy "Mrs. Bailey's Debts," produced Oct. 27 at the Garrick, London, a man pays the debts of a widow so that he can have her in his power and marry her. To make his hold surer he allows her to be slandered in low class society journals. The widow dislikes him and loves another. When she finds how she has been treated, she orders the one who paid her debts to marry her at once or defend a breach of promise suit.

A memorial to Ristori is organizing and the Italians in London have formed an English bra[illegible] of it. An entertainment will [illegible] given at His Majesty's Theatre the 30th in aid of the fund. Beerbohm Tree, W. S. Gilbert, John Hare, Charles Wyndham and Squire Bancroft are in charge.

Florence St. John reappeared in London the last week in October after a successful tour in the provinces. She had not been seen in London for a long time in anything worthy of her reputation.

Richard Strauss' "Electra" will be performed in Vienna soon after the production in Dresden, and it will be performed in Rome next March. It will also be performed at Milan in Carnival time.

The London Times of Oct. 23 was unnecessarily sour about Mr. Paderewski as a composer. Isador Epstein played the solo part of the Polish Fantasia at a promenade concert and the Times solemnly remarked: "If an example were needed of the sad results which follow when an instrumental virtuoso mistakes himself for a composer, this work would give one. But since Liszt gave that example half a century ago, Paderewski's work is not even useful as a warning. No one expects to find great beauty or profundity of thought in the composition of a virtuoso, but it is remarkable that so little of Paderewski's instrumental experience should make itself felt in this work. Herein lies the difference between Paderewski and Liszt; for however trite and valueless the musical ideas of the latter sometimes were, his compositions were the means of giving us an invaluable practical treatise on the technique of the piano in combination with the orchestra. This fantasia draws on the resources of Liszt, but adds little or nothing to them, and in some places the piano is so covered by the orchestra that Mr. Epstein's efforts could have very little effect."

nov 1. 1908

FIRST CONCERT BY KNEISEL QUARTET

The Kneisel quartet (Messrs. Kneisel, Roentgen, Svecenski and Willeke) gave the first concert of its 24th season last night in Fenway Court. This was the first time the quartet played publicly in this hall. Mr. Courtlandt Palmer of New York was the assisting pianist. The programme was as follows: Haydn, quartet in E-flat major, op. 33, No. 2; Palmer, piano quintet in A minor (MS., first time in Boston); Beethoven, quartet in C major, op. 59, No. 3. There was an appreciative audience that filled completely the music room, and overflowed.

The quartet by Haydn gave pleasure by reason of the performance rather than by the inherent qualities of the music. It is a good thing to hear one of these compositions occasionally; to enjoy the workmanship, for Haydn's skill in this respect was almost always admirable, whether he wrote a perfunctory and florid mass, chamber music for his Prince, or a symphony for Paris, London, and now and then for himself. Yet to enjoy thoroughly this music the listeners should have the ears and the minds of those that first heard it; they should have the same naivete, the same ignorance of that which might stir the soul or awaken a profound contemplation.

Sir Thomas Browne, long before Haydn's time, found that profound contemplation of "the first composer" was inspired in his breast by the vulgar and tavern music that made one man merry, another mad. But we are not all Sir Thomas Brownes, and much of Haydn's music today might justly be described as agreeable chatter, the chatter of an accomplished person that has seen men and cities. In the quartet played last night the sentiment is on the surface; if it had been deeper, it would not have been understood at the time, and Joseph Haydn would have been looked on with suspicion by prince, impresario and fellow citizens as a dangerous pestilent fellow. So too our ideas of what Artemus Ward called first class humor are not those of Haydn's period. The little surprises at the end of the finale of this quartet no longer seem irresistibly amusing. The men and women of this generation do not think it to be the mission of music to amuse. This is probably the reason why the tunes in musical comedies are generally boresome and therefore serious unless there be that insistent rhythm that the African savage loves, the savage amorous of his drum by day and by night.

Mr. Courtlandt Palmer has had many advantages. The list of his teachers, though not so long as the catalogue of the ships in the Iliad, is nevertheless formidable. He has studied in various countries, he has played the piano in his own land, in France and in Germany. He is not an indefatigable professional, yet he is more than an amateur of talent, for he has played in public with orchestras. Look over the records, and he seems to be a vague, mysterious pianist, who suddenly appears and as quickly disappears. It is said that he was born in 1872 and that his first public appearance in his own land was with Mr. Damrosch's Symphony orchestra 16 years ago. It is also said that this new piano quintet was first played in Paris last spring.

The prettinesses of this quintet are as obvious as its weaknesses. Mr. Palmer is inclined to be idyllic, and at first his themes of gentle sentiment please and reassure those sitting in dread of the ultra-modern composer. They say to themselves: "We need not be afraid. A composer of such amiability will not take any liberties with our ears; he will not perplex our minds"; and they settle themselves comfortably to be soothed and to think of moonlight and the nightingale. Suddenly Mr. Palmer [illegible] a platitude with the fury [illegible] thunderbolt, and the confidence of [illegible] hearers is shaken. They are so [illegible]turbed that they do not recognize [illegible] platitude, but the composer is mer[illegible] and they breathe easier, hearing so[illegible] another or the same sweet strain from the sobbing 'cello while the piano trickles and tinkles.

Yes, there are pretty passages in this quintet, and the scherzo has a nimble grace and a dainty arrogance. Mr Palmer is weakest in his thematic development, and when he prefers passages that merely connect thematic expositions or repetitions, these passages are after all only padding. He evidently has a sense of color and he at times uses the strings to produce charming effects by his choice of harmonies and by the distribution of the parts. But as a whole the quintet is pretty rather than emotional, although the pianist played as though his feelings were too deep for even musical utterance.

The quintet evidently pleased, and the applause for the composer and the performance was enthusiastic.

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nov 12, 1908

CZERWONKY RECITAL.

Young Violinist Appears as Soloist at Steinert Hall.

Richard Czerwonky gave his first violin recital at Steinert Hall last evening. The young violinist is favorably known to Bostonians because of his connection with the Symphony orchestra and because of his solo work, and an audience of fair size greeted him warmly.

He included in his programme the "Sonata in A," Handel; "Fantasia Appassionata," Vieuxtemps; "Adagio," Viotti; "Zefir," Hubay; "Alla Polacca," Scharwenka, and "Airs Hongroises," Ernst.

The sonata by Handel is admirably suited to the tender, sympathetic method of expression of the artist, and its sweet melodies were exquisitely played. He is undoubtedly possessed of much magnetism. His tones are pure and rich. In the Vieuxtemps number he displayed a good degree of fire and passion, and his technique throughout was excellent.

The programme was one well calculated to entertain, and the various numbers were well applauded. The Hungarian airs especially gave pleasure, and they were superbly performed.

Mr. Czerwonky announces a second recital for Jan. 27.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Mme. Marie Rappold, who will be the soloist at the Symphony concerts this week, sang at Cleveland Nov. 9 with the Pittsburg orchestra the aria from "Der Freischutz," which she will sing here, and her voice and artistic instinct were praised by the Leader. She will sing here, in addition to the aria, Richard Strauss' "Allerseelen," Mozart's "Violet" and Grieg's "A Dream."

The New York critics are not wholly agreed about Mme. Labia, who made her first appearance at the Manhattan Opera House last Monday night in "Tosca." Two or three were disappointed in her personal beauty, which had been trumpeted in advance, but perhaps they were too exacting. The Tribune spoke favorably of her voice and acting. The Times missed "overmastering personality." The Sun was inclined to sniff in a patronizing manner and found her "style distinctly lacking the aristocracy of Tosca." But was Floria Tosca, an opera singer, also an aristocrat? She was a woman of the people. The Evening Post was warm in praise. "Miss Labia is already a good singer and she promises to be one of the greatest. Her voice is pure and has feminine charm; it has also the true dramatic quality—that is, one does not listen to it for its own sake and its execution, but as an embodiment of feeling, as an integral part of the musico-dramatic performance."

Another original "Florodora sextet" girl has married a swell. About this time expect the death of another last survivor of the charge of the Light Brigade.

"A new play, 'The Struggle,' by Edwin B. Tilton, was produced Nov. 7 at New Rochelle." This piece was produced last season in San Francisco and it was then entitled "Memory and Tomorrow." The title was afterward changed to "His Brother's Wife."

Marie Cahill again swears that she will not have chorus girls in tights. She told Mr. Darnton of the New York Evening World that it is not human. "No girl can keep on wearing tights and keep her health. I know what girls suffer when they wear tights. Of course, Lazy Gertie, who hags at the knees and sits down when she feels like it, isn't in any great danger of becoming an invalid; but the girl who wears tights as they should be worn is sure to pay for it at the end of a few years. She can't sit down, poor girl, and if she looks well she feels otherwise. The girl who presents an unwrinkled front to the audience is more to be pitied than dined, believe me. It's even worse in Paris. Why, those poor, skinny creatures who hop about at the Moulin Rouge, the Alcazar and other places make me feel like rubbing them with cocoa butter."

Mme. Melba thinks that woman's beauty will be more refined in the future. "The greater use of her brain will spiritualize the future woman. Her face will be alight with intelli-

[illegible] does she see hope for [illegible]gers. Furthermore, a hundred years from now there will be, Mme. Melba prophesies, "rich color blending and sweeping graceful effects. There will be harmony in dress, daintiness of manner and speech and a shunning of all hollowness and affectation." Mme. Melba, by the way, has joined the Suffragettes.

Schiller's once revolutionary play, "The Robbers," was revived at the New German Theatre, New York, last Tuesday, the anniversary of Schiller's birthday. Any mention of "The Robbers" always recalls "The Rovers," the burlesque play by Canning, Ellis and Frere, with the superb lines of Matilda: "Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not! It returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of tomorrow will succeed to the mutton of today, as the mutton of today succeeded to the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another." Then there is the famous scene in which Matilda cries to Cecilia: "A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear an eternal friendship!" and there is Rogero's song about the University of Gottingen. But Casimere's entrance is not so well known. "Here, walter, pull off my boots and bring me a pair of slippers. And, hearkye, my lad, a basin of water and a bit of soap—I have not washed since I began my journey." The stage directions are unrivalled even by Mr. G. B. Shaw. Take that to scene first: "Represents a room at an inn at Weimar. On one side of the stage the barroom, with jellies, lemons in nets, syllabubs and part of a cold roast fowl, etc. On the opposite side a window looking into the street, through which persons (inhabitants of Weimar) are seen passing to and fro in apparent agitation. Matilda appears in a great-coat and riding habit, seated at the corner of the dinner table, which is covered with a huckaback cloth. Plates and napkins, with buck's horn handled knives and forks, are laid as if for four persons." Kotzebue and Schiller together were too much for these Englishmen.

"The Submarine" was produced at the Colonial Theatre, New York, last Tuesday, and naturally Mr. Winter did not have a pleasant time. He quoted Aristotle on the purpose of tragedy and added: "A tragedy that is only horrible can only cause shock and consternation."

Mr. Erik Schmedes, the tenor, who will sing at the Metropolitan, is a brother of the Mr. Schmedes who was for a year one of the first violins of the Boston Symphony orchestra. In November, 1904, Mr. Hakon Schmedes was announced as soloist at a Symphony concert in Boston, but after a rehearsal he was so nervous that he was really sick and Mr. Hess took his place. The tenor is said to have skill—and nerve.

The Daily Telegraph of New York states that Mr. R. C. Herz will go back to "The Soul Kiss" company, and Mr. Norris, now taking his place, has been "tentatively engaged" to succeed George Grossmith, Jr., in "Fluffy Ruffles."

The Washington Times was sorely disappointed in Miss Gertrude Hoffmann's "Vision of Salome." It found it neither "beautiful," nor "thrilling," nor "lecherous." Nor did it find it even "sensational." All in all, a wasted evening had it not been for her dancing as the Spirit of Spring. The Times was also disappointed in "The Devil" as a play.

The Boston Symphony orchestra returned from its first trip in time for rehearsal yesterday morning. The gross receipts for the six concerts were within $50 of what they were on the corresponding trip of last year. The orchestra played Nov. 9 in Princeton, N. J., for the first time in its history.

Eugene Walter's one-act melodrama, "The Flag Station," was produced at the Aldwych Theatre, London, Oct. 29, with marked success. This is the play in which a telegraph operator on a mountain railway has had no sleep for three days and three nights; he sends two trains to what seems certain destruction, and as he has been suspected unjustly of causing one accident, he looks forward to imprisonment or, "according to Canadian law," to death. There is one chance. If he hears a whistle at 11 P. M. one train may have passed the other on a siding. If not, then he will kill himself and his wife. The two watch the clock. This play was performed by Arnold Daly company at the Berkeley in New York, but Mr. Walter's name was not then put on the bill.

The Adamowski trio will begin the series of Sunday chamber concerts in Chickering Hall in January.

Nov 16 1908

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Miss Tina Larner, pianist, of Moscow, who played her first time in America with the Russian Symphony Society in New York, last Thursday, is said by the enthranced conductor to be the "facial double" of Anna Held. If Miss Larner's photographs do not flatter, she is far handsomer, and her type of beauty is much finer. The New York Sun said of her performance of Rachmaninoff's second concerto on Thursday: "Her performance was of a mild and soothing nature. She may indeed be regarded as a great player in Russia. She may be the Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler of Yakutsk, or the Teresa Carreno of Vladivostok; but those places are far, far from old Broadway."

Three Americans will sing for the first time in Covent Garden in performances of the "Ring" in English, next January. Mrs. M. Saltzmann-Stevens, as Brunnhilde, will make her debut. She is said to have won a name in America in oratorio. "Saltzmann-Stevens"? She has studied with Jean de Reszke. Let us hope that she will have better luck than other de Reszkian pupils heard in this country. Mrs. Rachel Green, another pupil of Jean de Reske, will be the Sieglinda and the Eva. Miss Marcia Van Dreser, engaged at the Dresden Opera House, but a guest at Dessau, will also sing in Covent Garden, and Miss Florence Easton, now of the Berlin opera, where Francis McLennan, her husband, sings, will be the Mme. Butterfly at Covent Garden.

Alfred Sutro's now play, "The Builder of Bridges," produced in London, Nov. 12, met with a lukewarm reception. Thursfield, chief engineer in a great firm, is nearly 50, and he has not bothered himself about women. He suddenly falls in love with Dorothy Faringay, who is betrothed and has a brother in the cashier's office of the great firm. Brother has speculated and stolen from the firm and, to escape detection, he has charged the sum to Thursfield's accounts. This brother, Arnold, has confessed to his sister. She conceives the plan of making Thursfield fall in love with her, so that he will shield Arnold. Then she purposes to throw Thursfield over. Charles Frohman will probably produce the play in America.

Miss Annie Russell will begin an engagement in Weber's Theatre, New York, the 23d, in "The Stronger Sex."

The Sun thus spoke of Miss Mary Garden's reappearances as Thais in Massenet's opera: "It is in this scene that Miss Garden makes her entrance robed in pink and looking just the sort of person to cause trouble for an ascetic soul. * * * When she threw off her outer robe and seared the spirit of Athanael with one great blaze of her charms, the audience entered fully into the excitement of the scene and called her out over and over again. But at each recall she appeared with the outer robe restored. It was a sad disappointment. So also was not her singing, for that was about the same as usual."

Mme. Emma Eames says she will not sing at the Metropolitan Opera House next year. "I want to do something different. * * * I have been so long and so continuously before the public that I think it is best for them and myself to separate for a little while." Not forever, but for a little while. "Besides this, I want the younger ones to have every chance." Is this noble or patronizing?

Miss Ginnett's wonderful spotted horse at Hengler's Circus, London, skips a rope with his mistress on his back, plays football and does other "abnormal and astonishing things with unfaltering sagacity." Furthermore this animal is highly moral, though spotted. We refer to this, remembering the fate of the Sawtelle family in Artemus Ward's "A Romance—Only a Mechanic." (Isabel Sawtelle spurned a young man because he told her with honest pride that he was a cooper). Isabel married a miserable aristocrat who died of delirium tremens; old man Sawtelle became a raving maniac and wanted to bite little children. "Isabel's sister Bianca rides an immoral spotted horse in the circus."

W. W. Jacob's short story, "The Boatswain's Mate," in a dramatized form produced some months ago, has been revived at Wyndham's Theatre, London.

This Miss Frances Alda, who will sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, was born in New Zealand, they say. She made her debut at the Opera Comique, Paris, as Manon, Feb. 23, 1904. Her maternal grandmother was a Parisian and her aunt is Mme. Saville, who sang here in Mechanics' building, a pretty woman on whom Van Dyck, the tenor, looked kindly. Miss Alda had sung in concerts in Germany, Austria and Russia before she arrived in Paris in 1903, not knowing a word of French. She studied a short time with Mme. Marchesi. From Paris she went to the Monnaie, Brussells. She has sung in Parma, Milan, Buenos Ayres. As soon as she landed in New York she remarked that she and Mr. Gatti-Casazza are not betrothed.

Dr. A. M. Willner of Vienna, the librettist of "The Dollar Princess," an operetta that is most successful in Europe, says that the story is very modern. It is that of a rich American girl who finds a man different from others, because he will not obey her, but tames her. This is indeed modern; it is in fact a story of the future. It is said that Brahms several years ago advised Dr. Willner to write a libretto based on "The Taming of the Shrew," with the heroine an American. "The Dollar Princess" will be produced at Daly's Theatre when a successor is needed to "The Merry Widow."

The people of Denver, Col., are put out because Mr. Bonci did not sing there in a church for the Tuesday Musical Club of that city. He had been engaged, he had agreed to go; but when he landed in New York he was still suffering from the voyage, and he really did not feel like rushing out to Denver and back again.

There is a story—it seems to us a wild one—that Mr. Hammerstein has refused an offer of $6000 for the services of Mme. Tetrazzini at a charitable entertainment in Boston.

There is another child-wonder, this time at Allentown, Pa. The Philadelphia Record begins a description of her with a fine rhetorical burst: "Music, heavenly maid, has many handmaidens for her deliverance and interpretation. Some acquire her precious gifts only by slow and painful process, while others seem to be born with the gift divine, as if Music had whispered into their ears at their very birth the secret of her harmonies and her harmonics."

The "wonder" is 6 years old. Her name is Mary Gerhart. She is noted, like her two sisters, for "exquisite personal beauty," but she has taken only seven lessons in music. "Suddenly one day she sat down to the piano and soon issued forth the more or less classical strains of 'The Merry Widow Waltz.' There were a large number of false notes in the first rendition, but these her acute musical ear and sense of harmony soon corrected, and now she plays it perfectly, in time, shading and pedal work. Her attitude at the piano, the position of her hands and her digital dexterity are remarkable."

The Pall Mall Gazette set off fireworks in honor of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who recently played Paula Tanqueray in London. It found her impersonation just as enthralling as it was in 1893. "It is, of course, a comparatively small matter that in its plastic beauty the figure presented is as magnetically attractive as ever, and that the voice has all the former witchery. More important is it that in its revelation of the restless workings of an unhappy and doomed woman's mind the impersonation is still a supreme one."

Maurice Donnay's new comedy, "La Patronne," produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, Nov. 6, pleased greatly because it is a satire on Parisian society. The fashionable women are lashed for their immorality, and they no doubt are the ones that especially enjoy the lines and situations.

Rutland Barrington, for years associated with the Savoy operettas, has written his life and reminiscences. Mr. G. R. Sims says it is a highly entertaining book. Barrington's real name, by the way, is George Rutland Fleet. He made his debut at the Savoy as the Vicar in "The Sorcerer" in 1877, but before that he played at the Olympic and toured for some years with Howard Paul.

Andre Messager has been appointed conductor of the famous Conservatory concerts in Paris to succeed Georges Marty, who died recently. Mr. Messager will continue to hold his position as a director of the Paris Opera House.

The Pall Mall Gazette excuses the appearance of Adelina Patti for the sake of charity after a positively last farewell. "She is not given to 'farewell' and 'positively the last farewell' so much as are some artists of the concert platform. The greatest offender in this way was Sims Reeves, who 'farewelled' for about 20 years. 'May I have the gratification,' he wrote to 'my dear Antoinette Sterling,' 'of numbering you among the contributors to my 'farewell' at the Albert Hall on May 11? I need not say how pleased I shall be with an answer in the affirmative.' The date of writing was March 29, 1891; Sims Reeves died in 1900, and the interval of nine years was not spent by any means in silence."

1908

FIFTH SYMPHONY CONCERT IS GIVEN

'Pathetic' Symphony in Commemoration of Tschaikowsky's Death.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its fifth concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mrs. Marie Rappold of the Metropolitan Opera House, soprano, was the soloist. The programme was as follows:

"Pathetic" Symphony.....Tschaikowsky
Scene and aria from "Der Frieschuetz" Weber
Three dance pieces from "Cephalus and Procris"; Tambourin; Minuet, Gigue Gretry-Mottl
Songs with piano: Strauss' "Allerseelen"; Mozart's "Das Veilchen"; Grieg's "Ein Traubl."
Overture to "Egmont".....Beethoven

Tschaikowsky died 15 years ago this month (Nov. 6) and Mr. Fiedler conducted the "Pathetic" Symphony in memory of him. When this symphony was first performed at St Petersburg about a week before its composer died, it made little impression on the audience and the critics were cool. Before this performance, Tschaikowsky expressed himself as sure of the first three movements but he was doubtful about the finale and thought he might write a different one. After the performance, and when his brother had given the title "Pathetic" to the work hitherto known only as "No. 6," Peter wrote: "This symphony met with a singular fate. It has not exactly failed, but it has incited surprise. As for me, I am prouder of it than any other of my works." Tschaikowsky was ever alternately dejected and enthusiastic over his important compositions.

The history of this symphony is familiar to all. It made a sensation in city after city. Whenever it was announced for performance the hall was crowded. Its popularity was ominous to its life. It became a battle horse for virtuoso conductors. Rhapsodic critics, who heard in the symphony an excuse for a memorable article, quoted from "Adonais" and wrote prettily about death, the grave, and the tragedy of annihilation. Yet there were doubters in those perfervid days.

Some had the courage to say that Tschaikowsky's fourth symphony is a more individual, original work and that the fifth is a superior composition in structure and in aesthetic contents. One man in Boston had the audacity to declare that much of the "Pathetic" was to him "obscene." He did not mean by this that the Watch and Ward Society should interfere with proposed performances; he used the word in the old somewhat archaic sense "offensive to taste or refinement, disgusting, abominable." He had no thought of likening the symphony to John Cleland's masterpiece or to pictures sold under the cloak; but indignant letters against him filled columns of space in the evening journal of which he was an ornament, and for a time he considered the advisability of taking his outdoor exercise after sundown.

The years have passed, and neither admiration nor dislike is so hysterical. The symphony remains, though Paris has never accepted it. It will undoubtedly live as long as the younger generation that first heard it—much longer, probably—for if it has the hysteria and the hopelessness that characterized the period in which it was conceived, it also contains much that will appeal irresistibly to human beings of periods to come, so great is its virility, so appealing is its tenderness, so overpowering are its barbaric rhythms and colors, so eloquent is its summing up the life and the end of man.

Mr. Fiedler's reading of the symphony was interesting even when open to discussion, and as a whole it was unusually effective. The chief objection that might be made to it was the deliberation in preparing the entrance of the song theme in the allegro of the first movement and the slow pace of the first section of this theme. In the slow introduction Tschaikowsky's adagio was for once a true adagio and the music gained thereby in impressiveness. It was also evident that the conception of this whole first movement had been most carefully thought out. The slowness of pace allowed free speech to inner voices; passages in imitation were clearer; the music as a whole was both nobler and more dramatic. The interpretation of the second and third movements was admirable.

In the trio of the second movement the monotony of the drum was not unduly accented, and the nerves of the hearer were thereby the more keenly fretted. The final lamentation was read and played superbly. This adagio is hurried as a rule, and the mighty lament that should gain steadily in weight of woe then becomes merely a scream. I repeat, the performance was on the whole singularly dramatic, noble and impressive.

Dance tunes from an old opera by Gretry—a heroic ballet was the description of "Cephalus and Procris" when all sorts of titles were given to the form of entertainment we now call opera—have been arranged, elaborated, especially the gigue, and orchestrated to please modern ears by the ingenious Felix Mottl. It might be a pleasure to hear the naive tunes, as they were originally scored, played in a small hall by a little band, and not only for the pleasant associations with the stage women of too joyous and wildly extravagant life and with the great and arrogant Vestris, who danced to these airs. And yet, thus played, the dances might sound thin and vapid, for we are not men and women of the 18th century. Mr. Mottl's arrangement and improvements are discreet and musical. The menuet is particularly charming, and it displayed the art of Messrs. Longy and A. Maquarre. The three little pieces, played here for the first time, gave much pleasure.

The scene and aria from "Der Freischuetz" present serious difficulties to capable singers, either in opera house or concert hall. There are problems in phrasing that are not easily solved, if both text and melodic flow are to be respected; there are phrases that demand the utmost attention to the taking and the maintaining of breath; and many passages of the jubilant allegro are instrumental, rather than vocal, essentially un-vocal, as awkward for a voice as are famously clumsy phrases in Tannhaeuser's boisterous song to Venus. It might also be said that the scene from Weber's opera is of live interest only in the theatre, were it not that the prayer of Agathe is dear to many by reason of its adaptation for choir and congregational use.

Mme. Fremstad was the last to sing this extract from "Der Freischuetz" at a Symphony concert, and she made a sad mess of it, for the simple reason that the music is on the whole above her effective range; but Mme. Fremstad, as Miss Edith Walker, not content with her rare natural gifts, would fain be a soprano.

Mrs. Rappold, who sang here for the first time, made a favorable impression by her singing of this music, and this impression was strengthened by her interpretation of the songs. Her voice is a pure and agreeable soprano, and she uses it for the most part skilfully. Her intonation was good, she did not force tone, and although now and then an upper tone was not so full as it might have been, the voice was effective, both lyrically and dramatically. In the songs Mrs. Rappold occasionally accented in succession first beats of measures without reference to the true rhetorical emphasis. She should guard herself against this, for it easily becomes a habit which is pernicious and distressing.

CALLS AND ECHOES FROM STAGELAND

Pierre Weber's "Monsieur Mesian," a farce produced in Paris late in October, has a pleasing plot. Mesian is secretary to a distinguished author whose books he writes; he is ugly and has never been loved. Young Mr. Bouzin, married only three months, is bothered by an old sweetheart whom he cannot shake. A professor of hypnotism advises him to mesmerize her and will her to love somebody else, Mesian for example. Bouzin begins practice and he is at work when the parlor maid comes in. He mes-

COMMENT BY THE WAY

[illegible] "the Family," the play in which Mr. Otis Skinner will [illegible] part of Philippe Bridau, is an adaptation of "La Rabouilleuse," [illegible] by Mr. Emile Fabre on Balzac's "Menage de Garcon," or "[illegible] Establishment." It would not be pertinent now to discuss [illegible] between the plot of Balzac and that of Mr. Fabre, or to [illegible] dissimilarities between the French drama and the English [illegible]. It is enough to say that "La Rabouilleuse" was performed [illegible] times in 1903 at the Odeon, Paris, where it was produced on March [illegible] of the year.

A correspondent, referring to a note published in The Herald last [illegible], asks the meaning of "Rabouilleuse," and says he cannot find [illegible] in his French dictionary. He evidently has not read Balzac's [illegible]. Old Dr. Rouget saw one day a young girl at the edge of a [illegible]. She was a miracle of beauty, and her short and ragged petti[illegible] became her. She was wading in a brook, and she said to the old [illegible] who gaped in admiration: "I 'rabouille' for my uncle Brazier, [illegible] is over there." "Rabouillier" is a dialect word. It is the action of [illegible] the water of a brook with the branch of a tree. Crayfish are [illegible] frightened; they endeavor to go up stream and they rush into traps [illegible] have been set conveniently. This girl, Flora, the baleful heroine [illegible] Balzac's tragi-comedy, was known in the village, especially by the [illegible] blades who followed Maxence Gilet, a bully and wild practical [illegible] as "La Rabouilleuse."

* * *

Balzac, unlike Dumas the elder, who was both a great writer of romances [illegible] epoch-making dramatist, had no success in the playhouse. Yet he longed [illegible] this success and the theatre always exercised a fascination over him. [illegible] Sainte-Beuve left on record that Balzac one evening declared his wish to [illegible], with the aid of certain dramatists, all the theatres in Paris, even [illegible] humblest, as the Porte Saint Antoine and the Bobino. But Balzac was [illegible]st, a psychologist; whereas all that Dumas wanted was "four trestles, [illegible] two actors and a passion." Dumas said this, and as Henley re[illegible] is "the briefest, the most comprehensive, the most luminous state[illegible] of the essentials of drama that ever was made." It fits the "Oresteia" [illegible], it fits "Othello"; as it fits "Antony" and "La Tour de Nesle."

[illegible] of Balzac met with no success, except "Mercadet," which was [illegible] by d'Ennery, as a tailor bushels a pair of trousers, and not played [illegible] after the death of the novelist. "Vautrin" was forbidden to be played [illegible] first performance; "Les Ressources de Quinola" stirred up a riot at [illegible] "Pamela Giraud" and "La Maratre" were bitter disappointments [illegible] author. Some think, as Mr. Albert Soubies that Balzac might have [illegible] into a skilful dramatist. His early novels gave little promise of [illegible] masterpieces. "Vautrin" and "Les Ressources de Quinola" [illegible] the public taste, but "Pamela Giraud" did not differ materially from [illegible] melodramas of the early forties.

* * *

Although Balzac's greatest novels are chiefly psychological studies, with [illegible] observation of manners and customs, architecture, art, politics and [illegible], dramatists have more than once gone to them for material. The [illegible] year that saw the production of "La Rabouilleuse" saw at the Theatre [illegible]toine "Colonel Chabert," based by Mr. Louis Forest on the grimly pa[illegible]etic short story of the same title. The story itself is most moving. Yet, [illegible]ough Mr. Antoine was picturesquely tragic as the old man dying mis[illegible]bly under a false name, although Miss de Fava was said to be "Balzac-[illegible]" in her part, the drama did not thrill the spectators. In 1905, Messrs. [illegible]ourcelle and Granet essayed a still more difficult task in turning "La [illegible]ousine Bette" into a drama for the Theatre du Vaudeville. The piece was [illegible]escribed as singular and vigorous, but the public did not care for it and it [illegible]as withdrawn after about 30 performances.

"The Honor of the Family," however like or unlike the novel it may [illegible], has been a successful play, and Mr. Skinner's impersonation of the [illegible]ramatist's, not Balzac's, Bridau has been highly praised by those whose praise is of value.

* * *

Mme. Odette Valery is the last comer among the dancers. She arrived on the same steamer with Miss Maud Odell, the "physical culture beauty," who will "do living pictures in colors." The two were welcomed impartially in New York. It appears that Mme. Valery is "Grecian in her face and form and eastern in her great black eyes and hair." Her first question was a practical one, "Do you have good rats in America? I am most anxious about that for I must feed them to my snakes." There used to be a vulgar saying that a drunken man "tried to give a snake exhibition in his boots." Mme. Valery, in her dances, is afraid that her snakes will curl too tightly about her neck. Miss Odell's measurements were at once reported after she had landed. Perhaps they were printed neatly on her card; perhaps the reporters took them then and there with the aid of a tape. This we know not, but the minuteness of the measurements is such that any dressmaker could fit her neatly at a distance. Nor are we told whether Miss Odell has the 30 things necessary to perfection of beauty, the things by which Helen of Troy triumphed over the women of all time. Even the ingenious Mr. Bayle hesitated about naming them all, but a commentator thought it his agreeable duty, and for the benefit of the world, to fill in the blanks with which Bayle whetted curiosity.

Mme. Valery's snakes prefer delicate heliotrope rats with pink feet and pink eyes, especially imported from the island of Formosa; but in New York they are willing to come down to plain, ordinary, white rats. The New York Times gives this information, and as it publishes only the news that is "fit to print," we feel it a privilege to give the statement a wider circulation.

The World reporter found Miss Odell "unaffected, charmingly naive and sincere." Miss Odell loves the simple life. Is she a vegetarian, a fruitarian, a cerealist, a Grahamite? Is she granivorous, nucivorous or graminivorous? Does she eschew all crackers save those that are educated? Does she go without breakfast, or climb a tree for a healthful and nutritious meal? No. She eats whatever she likes; "she drinks not spirits, but what she wants of claret, burgundy or champagne, and smokes one, two or three cigarettes a day—because she likes to." Burgundy—h'm. That way danger lies, for burgundy goes to the nose and toes. Miss Odell is not a "classic dancer," so she need not be unduly careful of her toes that might blush unseen, but not even among barbarous or semi-civilized races, who black their teeth or wear nose jewels for ornamentation, is a red nose, whether fiery or a faint auroral flush, regarded as an indisputable mark of beauty.

That no curious soul may go unsatisfied, we give prosaic figures. Miss Odell's proportions are as follows: Neck, 12 inches; bust, 42 inches; hips, 43 inches; chest, 38 inches. She weighs 145 pounds. Her height is 5 feet 8 inches. She is 24 years old. As today is Sunday, there is time for reflection and comparison.

The immigration officers would not allow the peerless Miss Odell to leave the ship, because she is unmarried, until a chaperon was guaranteed.

We have dwelt on the arrival of these women, for it appears to have been the most important dramatic event of last week in the metropolis.

* * *

The late Henry A. Clapp, speaking of a dramatic performance by some young woman, said: "The deadly trail of the elocutionist was over it." Nevertheless, we have enjoyed looking over "The Speaking Voice: Principles of Training Simplified and Condensed," by Katherine Jewell Everts, published by Harper & [illegible] "I am 'stung' by the [illegible] of a sudden [illegible]; I desire to share it with you, the desire causes me to take a deep breath, a column of air rises, is converted into tone, passes into the mouth, and is moulded into the words which symbolize my thought." And all this comes from being stung!

We are also informed that "we must choose between the alleged beauty of a disproportionately small waist and the charm of a beautiful and alluring voice. We cannot have both. Then off with tight corsets." Not that the author is against all corsets. "A properly fitted corset is an absolute necessity, except in the rare instances where a perfectly proportioned and slender figure is also under the control of firm, well trained muscles." And here is her last word: "See that your corset brings out what is best in the figure God gave you." Golden words!

The rules for the relaxation of the lower jaw invite discussion, but we are at present more interested in passages on pages 53 and 54: "When I close my eyes and think of Mme. Nazimova's voice, I see a grove of soft maples in early October with the sun playing upon them; while Miss Marlowe's tone carries me at once into the pine woods, where a white birch now and then shimmers its yellow leaves. Again the voice of the Russian actress suggests a handful of diamonds, and the American instrument a set of turquoise in the matrix."

And so shrewd, pompous Mr. Lumley, a once famous opera manager, had a friend who always found colors in singers' voices: Patti's voice was a light and dark drab, with occasional touches of coral; Mario's was a beautiful violet, more like satin than velvet; then there were voices that gave pain, that "caused an appearance of the colors of snails, stale beer, sour milk, curry powder, rhubarb, mud splashes, and tea leaves from which the water has been strained."

But Lumley's friend, unlike Miss (or Mrs.) Everts, did not immediately take to the woods, hearing an actress in an emotional part.

* * *

It is a pleasure to note that melodrama still has friends in Boston, and that theatres here find it profitable to foster it. Melodrama has always interested from the earliest times, and thin is the partition that divides melodrama of the highest class from tragedy that is now called classic. One class of plays seems dead: the kind that might be described as romantically spectacular or spectacularly romantic. Yet the dialogue in some of these plays, the stilted speech, would surely be more amusing to the judicious than the lines in many modern comedies. Is it not one of Moncrieff's plays that the hero introduces a ballet with this purple phrase: "Now let the Almehs with their feat steps beguile awhile my soul from moody care"?

Would any audience today sit through a performance of "The Stranger"?

Francis to the Stranger—This old man's share of earthly happiness can be but little. Yet mark how grateful he is for his portion of it.

The Stranger—Because, though old, he is but a child in the leading string of hope.

Francis—Hope is the nurse of life.

The Stranger—And her cradle—is the grave.

Or would revivals of Elizabethan plays draw any but the curious and those that clamor for "the elevation of the drama"? About a month ago—Oct. 18—Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Maid's Tragedy" was revived at the Royal Court Theatre, London, by a band of enthusiasts, The Play Actors. (An adaptation of the drama entitled "The Bridal" was seen in London about 70 years ago and Macready was the Melantius). But even this society did not venture to give all the lines as they are written. The modesty of the expungers often worked serious harm to the piece.

* * *

An interesting word in the present vocabulary of the playhouse is "classy." The press agent or manager wishing to recommend a musical comedy or a comedy without music or a vaudeville sketch, recommends it without reserve to the public as "classy." The word is unknown to orthodox lexicographers or to compilers of slang dictionaries. In English slang "class" is used to denote the highest quality or combination of highest qualities among athletes. "He's not class enough" means "he's not good enough." Is it possible that this is the origin of "classy"? Whoever invented the word, whenever it was invented, the term itself is a vile one.

merizes her by mistake and she falls on Mesian's neck. He mesmerizes his wife by mistake and she falls on Mesian's neck. And now he tries a third time and mesmerizes the author's wife, who at once rushes toward Mesian. He finally succeeds in mesmerizing the old sweetheart, and she joins the three. What can be done? The professor says, "Blow in their faces." The mesmerized in turn come to their senses until only the parlor maid remains. "Leave me this one," says Mr. Mesian, who has never known love, and the parlor maid is left mesmerized upon his knee.

A strange play was performed before this farce at the Theatre des Arts the same night, "The Awakening of Spring," translated by Robert d'Humieres from the German of Frank Wedeking. The chief characters are German children about 15 years old, with a few silly parents and odd school teachers. The children suffer from "Weltschmerz." Girls ask their mothers awkward questions. Boys stop playing games to ponder eternal problems. The play is in 15 pictures, some of them charming, as boy and girl love-making in field and wood, boys studying by the home lamp, etc. We quote now from the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph (London):

"One boy is plucked at his exam, and kills himself. Another turns out a precocious rake, and ruins a girl, who dies, and he is sent to a reformatory. Most of the last scenes happen in graveyards. The boy suicide is buried during a downpour of real rain, which soaked the actors, and later reappears as a ghost, holding his head under his arm, to the precocious rake, who has escaped from the reformatory. 'Come with me and have peace,' says the ghost. 'No; come with me, and see life,' says a masked gentleman in black, with white gloves, who suddenly appears around a tombstone. The ghost and the masked gentleman argue, and the ghost is defeated and has to confess that he would much rather not be dead. This makes up the precocious rake's mind, who goes off with the masked gentleman to see life. We were left wondering whether the masked gentleman was Mephistopheles or not. They seem to have sad awakenings of spring in Germany."

Still another singular play—it is produced at the Athenee, Paris—is "Arsene Lupin," by Francis de Croisset and Maurice Leblanc. A gentleman has a passion for burglary. He steals the name and papers of a duke who died in the Arctic sea, becomes the accepted lover of a charming and rich young woman, and, to keep his hand in, steals a valuable collection from his future father-in-law. Arsene is brought in contact with a French detective. There is a stirring struggle, but Lupin escapes, stealing the automobile of the detective.

Mme. Sada Yacco is at the head of a school of dramatic art in Tokio. The Mikado grants an annual subsidy of about $1500. Rich theatre-lovers have agreed to pay all the expenses of instruction, which will be given gratuitously to the pupils.

The London World explains the disappearance of Mrs. Kendal's audience in England by saying that America robbed her of delicacy of style and over here she became too emphatic in her acting. Mr. William Bullock makes the unkind reply: "At 60 an actress is not young, as even Ellen Terry showed us when she was here two seasons ago."

BALLET MUSIC AND ANCIENT PASTIMES

Isadora Duncan and the Game of Knucklebones Com-

Many were disappointed, not seeing Miss Isadora Duncan dance last week. The word "many" is not here an idle term, for the hall would have been crowded each night. The pleasure, however, is only deferred. We shall soon see Miss Duncan dancing a greeting to Iphigenia in Aulis, the dance of joy at the sight of the Grecian fleet, and above all the pantomime of maidens of Chalkis playing at knucklebones by the seashore. For maidens of old times played at huckle-bones, knuckle bones, dibs, jack-stones.

The game is a venerable one. Was it invented with dice and ball and other amiable amusements by the Lydians in time of famine when Atys ruled? Or did Palamedes think it out? Plato says it was invented by an Egyptian god. We know this: That when Ganymede, caught up to the skies by Zeus in the shape of an eagle, whimpered, regretting his comrades on Mt. Ida, Zeus brought out his set of knuckle bones and set the boy playing with Eros, nor did Zeus himself think it beneath him to toss the bones. Patroclus and Achilles used to play this game together, so did Ajax and Achilles. The bones were given to diligent schoolboys, as an epigram of Asclepiodotus informs us: "First among his comrades in a rewarded task, Connaios bore away 80 knuckle bones." Sometimes pebbles, beans, nuts, acorns were used. There was a game of odd or even; there was the game of the circle, a modification of our schoolboy "duck." Then there was the "tropa," where the boy tried to throw the pebbles or nuts into a hole from a certain distance.

Women were especially fond of taking five bones, pebbles, or nuts, throwing them into the air and catching them on the back of the hand, as boys still throw jackstones. Five goddesses, Latona, Niobe, Diana, Aglae and Hilearia, were thus inveterate players. There is an old picture of Medea's children playing at

[illegible] knuckle [illegible] their [illegible] to put the knife to their throats. [illegible] from the foot of a [illegible], goat or calf were used, one [illegible] was convex, the other [illegible], one smaller side was [illegible] a little and one was smooth. [illegible] a specific value, and [illegible] player that threw the highest [illegible] knuckle bones of his antag-[illegible]. Or they threw for augury; [illegible] would be the first to de-[illegible]. Greek children [illegible] with knuckle bones today.

Grown [illegible] in old Grecian days [illegible] complicated game. They [illegible] knuckle bones and threw [illegible] with the hand or from a cup. Each [illegible] had only four sides on [illegible] it could rest, and the sides were [illegible] respectively at one, three, four, [illegible]. There could then be 35 combina-[illegible]. The different throws had names [illegible] gods and goddesses, heroes, kings, [illegible] men, celebrated courtesans, as [illegible] Midas, Alexander, Euripides, [illegible], but we do not know the value [illegible] to a Midas throw, for example, [illegible] majority of the throws, but [illegible] Euripides was 40, so that knuckle [illegible] with six faces must in this in-[illegible] have been used. Nor is it clear [illegible] how 40 was thrown. The poorest [illegible] was called by the Greeks and [illegible] "the dog," and it was 1, 1, 1, 1. [illegible] was gambling encouraged from [illegible]. Throwing dice for the drinks, [illegible] dead," and the pleasing varia-[illegible] in value have the sanctity of hoary [illegible]. No doubt free lunches were known to the Egyptians before the Pyramids.

And Miss Duncan will soon dance the knuckle bones. Speed the night!

[illegible] will dance to good music, and [illegible] her pantomime, postures, move-[illegible] she will have the advantage over [illegible] Genee, that perfect flower of legiti-[illegible] terpsichorean art. The music to [illegible] the latter danced in Boston was [illegible] insignificant. Who remembers a phrase of it? It was composed, the programme said, by Mr. Cothbert Clark of London. Was "Cothbert" a misprint for "Cuthbert"? What is it to the Infinite? The fact that Mr. Clark composed this music was stated appropriately on the page that identified the makers of the wigs, shoes and hats.

This commonplace music was no worse, however, than that to which Miss Gertrude Hoffmann whirled and sprawled and wriggled and panted as poor Salome. La Sylphe the dancing contortionist, at Keith's this season, was better cared for in this respect. The music that prepared her entrance aroused anticipation. It not only had an exotic character in accordance with the stage setting, it was like the music that De Quincey often heard in dreams: "a music of preparation and of awakening suspense." Thus it resembled the introduction of the old-fashioned concerto, the measures that ushered in either pompously or mysteriously the distinguished virtuoso. The music that followed for La Sylphe was excellent of its kind.

In the opera houses of the 18th century the dancers, and they were among the most important persons of the state, generally danced to the music provided for them by the composers of the operas. It was the rule at the Opera, Paris, that each lyrical tragedie or pastoral should have ballet scenes, as Wagner found out when he took "Tannhaeuser" to Paris. But ballet music strictly so-called and without reference to opera was not conspicuous until Adolphe Adams' "Giselle" was produced with Carlotta Grisi, Adele Dumilatre and Miss Forster, at the Opera, Paris, in 1841.

It is true that in 1831 the ballet music in "Robert le Diable" made a sensation, but the scene was only one in an opera. There was talk, too, at the time about the sacrilegious nature of this ballet scene, where the abbess and her nuns, too joyous in their life, arise from their tombs to tempt Robert by wine, dice and love. This ballet music was long famous. Thackeray in "The Newcomes" describes an old duke and an old countess meeting and talking confidentially. "Old scandals woke up, old naughtinesses rose out of their graves and danced, and smirked, and gibbered again, like those wicked nuns whom Bertram and Robert le Diable woke from their [illegible] while the bassoon per-[illegible] a diabolical incantation." The [illegible] in "The Huguenots" and "The Prophet" is far inferior. Even [illegible] admired Skating ballet in [illegible] latter opera is pale and common [illegible], while the ballet music in "The Huguenots" is vulgar and contemptible.

Let us go back to "Giselle." Theophile Gautier wrote the book of this ballet [illegible]. He took the story from a [illegible] in Heine's "Germany," and he [illegible] with Heine about it. Gau-[illegible] delighted with the music, and [illegible] the world. He wrote that it was [illegible] to the ordinary ballet music; [illegible] in themes, in orchestral ef-[illegible] even contains a touching atten-[illegible] to [illegible] of difficult music, a well [illegible] out fugue. The second act re-[illegible] the musical problem of [illegible] and plentiful melody." [illegible] authoritative when it is [illegible] that Gautier invented the [illegible] and of all [illegible] expensive and the [illegible]." Some insist that [illegible] but in his "Les [illegible]" he declares that at poetry and [illegible] of being [illegible] are an-[illegible] he quotes Hugo and Lamar-tine as detesting music. Then Hugo must have been a humbug in his praise of Beethoven and Weber." Gautier adds, after saying that Dumas the elder sang no better than Miss Mars, the great actress, or Louis XV., "as for myself, I should admit that a saw in operation and the rasping of the G string by a most skillful fiddler produce on me exactly the same effect." And yet this same Gautier, hearing "Tannhaeuser" at Stuttgart, in 1857, wrote a letter to the Moniteur in Paris, in which he appreciated Wagner's musical intentions and the better pages of the operas even if, technically ignorant, he at times used terms grotesquely.

For a long time the music to "Giselle" was regarded as ideal ballet music. It was quoted admiringly 30 years ago, especially by those who had not heard it. I saw this ballet and heard Adam's music in Munich nearly 25 years ago. There was a revival of "Giselle," and of Auber's "Gustave III" at the opera house. Adam's music seemed hopelessly old-fashioned and even the galop in Auber's opera, the galop that once was the talk of Europe, seemed an ordinary tune.

For a man named Delibes had composed "Coppelia" and "Sylvia" and had shown what ballet music might be.

Since "Coppelia" there have been musically fine ballets at the Paris Opera. Perhaps Lalo's music to "Namouna" is too good. But take the run of music for the ballets produced in Italy or at the Empire and Alhambra in London, and it is quickly forgotten. How many remember one tune in "Excelsior," or in "Brahma" ballets that were gorgeously mounted, at first in Italy, ballets that crossed the Alps?

On the other hand there is delicious ballet music in certain operas. In Gounod's "Queen of Sheba"; in Goldmark's opera of the same title; in Ponchielli's "Gioconda"; in Massenet's "Cid"; Saint-Saen's "Henry VIII." The list is a fairly long one. Even the pious Cesar Franck wrote ballet music for his "Hulda." Then there is the dance music in Rubinstein's "Feramors", that is a masterpiece of oriental color and sensuousness. The dance of the Bayaderes in this ballet moved Miss Alice Brown to a poetic rhapsody, "Dreams," which begins:

Oh, for the tinkle of castanets!
The castanets!
When the twinkle of myriad lanterns frets
The languorous air, and over the tents
The lantern stars are burningly bent.
Chink! Chink! Chinkachink!
See every link
Of my burnished bangles beat and glance
Over my wrist where the pulses dance!

But the Candle Dance of the Brides of Kashmire in "Feramors" is the finer music.

Not long ago Glazounoff, the Russian, announced that in future he should compose only ballet music, for he considered the ballet pantomime the highest form of art. Perhaps he said this; perhaps he never said it. He composed ballets for St. Petersburg, and we have all heard some of the music from these ballets put in the form of concert suites. This music has a gorgeous orchestral dress, and it is tinkling or thunderous, but it is really no better in what might be called "ballet musical thought" than music written in years past by Jacobi or Wenzel for the elaborate productions in London; in fact, not so good. Then there are the ballets with music by Tschaikowsky.

The Americans seem to have lost their taste for ballet. Would "The Black Crook" or "The White Fawn" make today a prodigious stir? There are many who remember the sermons preached against these spectacular ballets at the time they were produced, against the dances and against the dancers and their costumes—sermons from the pulpit and in the press. Olive Logan wrote a furious article against these entertainments, an article that was much more indecent than any scene in either ballet. The theatres were crowded, and orthodox deacons from the country and church members in good and regular standing saw the shows with a fearful joy, or thought to escape detection by donning false and luxurious whiskers. We have changed all that. If "The Black Crook" were to be revived exactly as it was first produced, it would be considered a harmless, rather dull entertainment, and the dancers would be thought too decorous. Scenes and lines from "The Black Crook" still haunt me. How ran the dialogue between the Black Crook and his diabolical master? Something like this:

Zamiel—A single soul, a single year; a hundred souls, a hundred years; 'tis in your power to live forever.

The Black Crook—Forever?

Zamiel — Aye, forever (in a voice like the groan of a bassoon in agony). But if at the appointed time, no soul comes wailing to the gates of hell, thy soul is lost.

The quotation is not letter perfect, but this dialogue was one of the chief joys of adventurous youth. And the tune for the March of the Amazons is still fresh and a delight: "I am Stalacta," etc. It is better to have a vague and joyous remembrance than a present disappointment. Revivals are too often a snare and a delusion.

Personal.

The manager of "Peggy Machree" has at last discovered Mr. Joseph O'Mara, and he is whooping like Wordsworth's plough boy. It is as though Mr. O'Mara had never visited this country or as though he had never been heard in London in grand opera. For several years Mr. O'Mara has been highly esteemed in London and in other cities of Great Britain as an accomplished opera tenor, nor is he by any means a stranger in America. He was brought over here to sing in Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," an opera that gave great pleasure in London and fell dead in the United States. Mr. O'Mara sang here as far back as October, 1897, in De Koven's "Highwayman" at the Hollis Street Theatre. He was in Boston again in De Koven's "Three Dragoons" at the Boston Theatre (May, 1899). On each occasion Mr. O'Mara was fully appreciated as a manly, delightful singer and as a graceful actor.

LUDWIG WUELLNER; BARITONE

Who Will Give First Song Recital in This City in Jordan Hall Tomorrow

Mr. George W. Chadwick will read a paper on "The Ideal School of Music" at the 30th annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association at George Washington University, Washington, D. C., Dec. 29.

The London correspondent of the Glasgow Herald said of Mme. Carreno, who played recently in London: "Mme. Carreno, one of the greatest of living pianists though she be gave a splenetic and hard performance of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques. There was a period in her career when that was a very general mood, and Mme. Carreno was then labelled by the critics as a powerful technical virtuoso. Of recent years that label has no longer been a true description of this great pianist. She has developed deep musical insight, always colored by her magnetic and uncommon temperament. The Schumann tonight was in the old manner, and Chopin's Etude in A flat, Nocturne in C minor, and the Barcarolle were merely remarkable for the clear-cut technique of the pianist. She seemed purposely and perversely to avoid all sentiment, all romance, all emotion." And of Mr. Charles W. Clark, who sang at her concert, he said: "What a very great singer he would be if he would sometimes forget all about his singing and express the emotions of his songs with deeper and more intense poignancy."

Mme. Gadski said jauntily in Detroit: "Why hasn't America produced more grand opera stars? Blame American customs. Here in America it's ever a rush, turmoil, hurry and worry and scurry." She made no allusion to Clara Louise Kellogg, Zegury-Harris, Annie Louise Cary, Mme. Nordica, Edyth Walker, Miss Farrar, Mme. Eames, Mme. Doria, Mme. Homer, the young invaders of the Berlin Opera House, tho American women in the opera houses of Kiel, Mayence, Leipsic and many other foreign cities, not to mention American tenors and basses now singing in European opera houses. The Detroit Free Press assures us that Mme. Gadski has "all the repose of a highly cultivated woman in private life, as well as the powerful attraction of an unrivalled artiste"—artiste with an "e," not a plain, ordinary garden artist.

The editor of the Ledger of Philadelphia put on his singing robes and soared to a lyric height considering the case of Mme. Chaminade: "As she dresses simply and soberly, and as she sits amid the orchestral harmonies she herself has evoked by her creative art, awaiting the moment for the piano to begin, it seems incredible that the little, fragile woman is the composer of music that includes in its broad range the heights and depths of heaven and this goodly frame, the earth. * * * Chaminade translates into the notation of music the orchard in the spring, the mountain torrent, the sombre days of autumn and the turning of the leaf, the gray and tossing seas beneath the driving rain cloud, the fields and meadows and 'great spaces washed with sun.' Her music is connotative. Its inspiration is 'the light that never was on sea or land.'"

The Sun (New York) said, apropos of the recent performance of MacDowell's "Lamia" in New York by the Boston Symphony orchestra: "It is a delicate matter to approach any composition of Mr. MacDowell with critical intent. He has long been an object of adoration among a certain set of music lovers, and his music is by them held sacred. Persons who venture to apply to it the calm consideration bestowed on the productions of other recent writers and to measure its worth by the common standards of criticism are fortunate if they escape bitter words sent by express in a letter. This attitude of Mr. MacDowell's admirers has been for years a great obstacle to his success. It has followed him into the grave and bids fair to work him posthumous injury. He has an honorable place in music, but it is not just the one his adorers would award him."

The Record-Herald of Chicago remarked with reference to the opening concerts of the Thomas orchestra: "No soloists are engaged for any of the first four concerts. This will be a pleasure to many patrons of the orchestra, for there seems to be developing a definite feeling that the most satisfying of all the higher forms of this art is concerted music." And the Chicago Tribune said of the finale of Mr. Emil Sauer's concerto—the one we heard here: "The rondo is as neat a bit of ragtime cake walk as has been heard in a long time."

Wilhelm Kes of Coblenz was chosen to conduct the first of the Hamburg Philharmonic concerts which Mr. Fiedler has been in the habit of conducting.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann has given the Theatre Society $2500 to aid actors in need.

An Accordion Contest.

Few of our music lovers attended the contest between accordion players for the championship of New York. Messrs. Luke Burke and Herman Leddy performed on their "pleated wind crushers" for five hours. "For varied selection and excellent technique, and variations to boot, both players were declared equal by the referee." They then began "to play at once," not to say together. Alas for Mr. Burke. "His machine suffered a puncture." "The referee decided that it was no contest."

England is the true home and nursery of accordion and concertina. A year ago this month Miss Christine Hawkes gave an entertainment in Steinway Hall, London, "An Evening with the English Concertina," and this concert was treated most respectfully by the dailies. Nor should it be forgotten that there are concertos by Molique and Regondi for this instrument; sonatas, quintets, trios, all sorts of chamber music for it with piano or with strings and piano.

And now let us read Mr. Geoffrey Penworth's "Lay of a Dials' Musician," published 10 years ago in the Sketch. It is a thing of beauty, therefore not stale.

Pack me up mi Consertyna; for the summer's ere at larst,
And the mellow-'earted trippers, they are leavin' London farst.
Hi must katch 'em whilst they're 'oppin', for it's then the rhino flies,
Moosick's horf 'ere in the city, orl hi gets is "Old yer nise."
But they'll tike it on like Christians when they're by the sad sea waives,
An' they'll jine the bally choris — City Fathers an' th'r wives,
But it's 'ere lies orl the difference—Jack is John in London Tahn;
Turn 'im loose beside the hoshun, an' 'e doesn't care a brahn.

Pack me up mi Consertyna, hi must serenhard the gals,
Giv' 'em just a breath o' Vagner, an' a dash o' "Dear Old Pals";
Mike 'em think o' d'ys departed, when their moosick marster stood,
With the glimmer o' the sunlite glitt'rin' from 'is dymine stud.
That's the hobjec' 'o good moosick; it should strike a tender chord;
Mike folks arsk if life's wuth livin'—touch a coster or a lord

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

[illegible] Hall, 3 P. M.: Dr. Ludwig Wuellner will give his first song recital. Schubert, "Der Wanderer," "Du liebst mich nicht," "Der Doppelgaenger," "Die Taubenpost," "Die Forelle," "Ainde," "Eifersucht und Stolz," "Das Lied im Gruenen," "Der Musensohn"; Brahms, "Auf dem Kirchhofe," "Verrat"; Wolf, "Verschwiegene Liebe," "Der [illegible]"; R. Strauss, "Das Lied des Steinklopfers," "Caecilie"; Schumann: "Mit Myrthen und Rosen," "Der Soldat," "Waldesgespraech," "Die beiden Grenadiere." [illegible] Wuellner, whose recitals in Germany [illegible] are crowded, is a son of the [illegible] Franz Wuellner, conductor, com[illegible] teacher. He was born at Muen[illegible] Aug. 19, 1858, studied in the universities [illegible] Strasbourg and Berlin; was given [illegible] of Dr. Phil, and from 1884 till [illegible] lectured at the University [illegible]. He then studied music at the [illegible] Conservatory, conducted a church [illegible] in 1889 he joined the Meiningen [illegible] company as an actor of heroic [illegible]. In 1895 he traveled as a reciter and [illegible] he began his remarkable career as [illegible] singer.

[illegible] New Jacob Sleeper Hall, 688 Boylston [illegible] 8 o'clock—First concert of the [illegible] season of the Hoffmann quartet [illegible] Hoffmann, Bak, Rissland, Barth). [illegible] quartet in D major (K. 499); Max [illegible] sonata in C major, op. 72, for violin and [illegible] (Mr. Charles Anthony pianist); [illegible] Quartet No. 2, D major.

[illegible]DAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., [illegible] Albert Debuchy's orchestral concert [illegible] French romantic and theatrical [illegible]. Mr Debuchy will conduct an [illegible] orchestra of 74. Orchestral pieces: [illegible] overture to the opera "Sigurd" [illegible] Erlanger, Spinning Chorus from [illegible]a," an idyl of Armorique in [illegible] acts and a prelude (Opera [illegible], Paris, Feb. 8, 1897); Widor, [illegible]o from "Conte d'Avril," an [illegible]n by Auguste Dorchain of [illegible] Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" (Odeon, [illegible] Sept. 22, 1885)—two suites from [illegible] were played at Colonne con[illegible] 1891, Chabrier-Mottl, Bourree [illegible]; Bruneau, suite from "L'At[illegible] du Moulin" (opera produced at the [illegible] Comique, Paris, Nov. 23, 1893); [illegible] Saint-Saens, "La Jota Aragonese" fan[illegible] op. 61 (composed in 1880); Mme. [illegible] will sing the Stanzas from [illegible]'s "Sapho", Bach-Gounod, "Ave [illegible] with violin, organ, etc.; Bizet, [illegible] "The Pearl Fishers."

[illegible] Hall: 8:15 P. M. First [illegible] in Boston of the Hess-Schroeder [illegible] (Messrs. Willy Hess, Theodo[illegible] Ferir and Schroeder). Mozart, [illegible] in C major, Schumann, Quartet [illegible] A major, op. 41 No. 3, Beethoven, [illegible] in G major, op. 18, No. 2.

[illegible]NESDAY, Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. First [illegible] recital here of Miss Carolyn Louise [illegible]d of Chicago. Loeilly-Godowsky; [illegible] E minor; Bethoven, sonata op. 101; [illegible]nn, "Ende vom Lied," "Des Abends"; [illegible] Preludes, G major, A major, C [illegible] minor, A flat major, Scherzo in C [illegible] minor: Hutcheson, andante tran[illegible]lo; MacDowell, Hungarian op. 39, No. [illegible], Liszt, Eclogue; Liszt-Busoni, Heroic [illegible].

[illegible]ert Hall, 8.15 P. M. Grand society [illegible]. The Weber Male Quartet and the [illegible]rd G. Bates orchestra will take part. [illegible] Essex, a distinguished interpre[illegible] of English coster songs and Scottish [illegible]rous songs, will appear also as an [illegible]personator in "From Lauder to Cheva[illegible]." Miss Mary Ogilvie, "Scotland's re[illegible]ned soprano," will sing Scottish songs [illegible] pathos and emotion. Mr. Fred E. Ken[illegible], singer and humorist, will also take [illegible]rt in the varied entertainment.

[illegible] School, East Boston, 8 P. M. [illegible] Concert by the music department of the [illegible] of Boston. William F. Dodge, con[illegible]tor; Louis C. Elson, lecturer. Orchestra, [illegible] Loud, first violin; R. Huxley, second [illegible]; J. Benevente, viola; C. W. Dodge, [illegible]; H. Butler, double bass; F. H. Eaton, [illegible]; E. C. Gatey, clarinet; H. Woelber, [illegible]bone, T. Mauch, cornet. Orchestral [illegible]es: Mendelssohn, overture to "Ruy [illegible]"; de Seve, "The Dancer's Dream"; Puccini, selection from "La Boheme"; Wagner, prize song from "The Master[illegible]s," introduction to act III "Lohen[illegible]"; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2. [illegible] Capelloni, baritone, will sing the [illegible] to "Pagliacci" and Leoncavallo's [illegible]mata." C. W. Dodge will play the [illegible]etto from Saint-Saens' 'cello concerto No. 1 and Popper's "Papillons."

[illegible]HURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 3 P. M.: Testi[illegible]al concert to Miss Mabel Going under [illegible] auspices of the Professional Women's [illegible]. Songs by Arthur Foote and others will [illegible] sung by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child and [illegible] Townsend. Mrs. Jeannette Belle [illegible] will sing songs by Miss Going, Chad[illegible] and others. Felix Fox will play pieces by Chabrier and Chopin. Mr. Foote will play the accompaniments to his songs.

Roxbury High School, 8 P. M.: Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Thomas, overture to [illegible]; Massenet, "Last Dream of the Virgin"; Ponchielli, selection from "La Gioconda"; Grieg, "To Spring"; Volpatti, [illegible]; German, three dances from "Nell Gwynn." Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto, will sing "O Love, Thy Help," from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah," and Parker's "The Lark Now Leaves." Mr. L. C. Elson will lecture.

[illegible]RIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.: Sixth [illegible] rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Sibelius, "Finlandia" and "Spring Song" (first time [illegible]); Bruck, violin concerto No. 3 (Mr. [illegible], violinist); Beethoven, Symphony No. 7.

Dorchester High School, 8 P. M.: Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Thomas, overture to "Mignon"; de Seve, "The Dancer's Dream"; Ponchielli, selection from "La Gioconda"; Massenet, "Last Dream of the Virgin"; Volpatti, "Nicoise"; Liszt, Hungarian Concerto No. 2. F. Morse Wemple, baritone, will sing Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" and [illegible] Kaun's "The Victor." Mr. Benavente, saxophonist, will play a fantasia on themes from "La Sonnambula." Mr. Elson will lecture.

[illegible]ATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.: Sixth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Programme as on Friday afternoon.

Coming Concerts.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. [illegible]ier conductor, will give its second concert in Cambridge in Sanders Theatre, Thursday night, at 8 P. M. The programme will include Brahms' Symphony No. 1; Tschaikowsky's piano concerto in B-flat minor (Mr. George Proctor, pianist); the prelude to "The Mas[illegible]."

The Longy Club will give three concerts in Potter Hall, Monday evenings, Nov. 23, Dec. 21 and Feb. 8. The programme of the first concert will include Fauconi's sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano (first time here); Handel's oboe concerto, with strings (first time at these concerts), and Caplet's Persian Suite for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons.

Mr. William Wolstenholme, organist and choir master of All Saints in London, well known as a composer of organ pieces, will give a recital in Jordan Hall, Tuesday evening, the 24th, when he will be assisted by Mr. E. Blum, tenor.

The programmes of Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes' sonata for violin and piano recitals in Steinert Hall, Dec. 4, Jan. 29 and Feb. 10, will include sonatas by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Corelli, Grieg, Leken, Locatelli, Mozart, Nardini, Schumann.

Mr. Ernest Schelling will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, the 30th.

Mme. Johanna Gadski will give a song recital in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon, Dec. 4.

Mr. George Copeland, Jr., will give a piano recital in Chickering Hall Tuesday evening, the 24th, when he will play Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau," Cortege et air de dense, "Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut," Chabrier's Habanera, Ravel's Alborada and pieces by Bach, Chopin and Gluck-Saint-Saens.

Mr. Heinrich Meyn at his song recital in Steinert Hall Thursday evening, Dec. 10, will sing songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Jensen, Brahms, Kaun, Halle, Hermann, G. Smith, Hammond, Schlesinger, Nevin, Johns and Diaz.

The Adamowski trio will begin the series of Sunday chamber concerts in January.

At a dramatic recital given at the New England Conservatory of Music—Jordan Hall—under the direction of Mr. C. D. Gilbert, pupils will appear in a scene from "Pagliacci," "My Blossom Maid," pantomime, and "Pabolo," operetta, music by Hope Temple.

In the performance of "San Toy" to be given by the Boston Operatic Society in Jordan Hall, Dec. 14, 15, Miss Louise Wood will take the part of San Toy, Miss English that of Poppy, Miss Fortin that of Dudley and Miss Cote that of Fo Fan. Other parts will be taken by Messrs. Handy, Bowen, Bigelow, Skinner and Thornton.

OTIS SKINNER AT COLONIAL THEATRE

First Performance in Boston of "The Honor of the Family" Given.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Honor of the Family," a play in four acts, being an adaptation of "La Rabouilleuse," based by Emile Fabre on Balzac's novel, "Un Menage de Garcon." Produced by Charles Frohman.

Col. Philippe Bridau........Otis Skinner
Jean-Jacques Rouget........A. G. Andrews
Commandant Max Gilet........Francis Carlyle
Joseph Bridau........Harry Burkhardt
Borniche........Russell Crauford
Gen. Carpenter........Walter F. Scott
Capt. Potel........Frederick Sargent
Capt. Renard........Harry Barfoot
Commandant Mignonnet........R. V. Ferguson
Ors'anto........Alfred Hudson, Jr.
Kouski........Harry Burkhardt
Flora Brazier........Percy Haswell
Mme. Bridau........Mrs. Woodward
La Vedle........Sarah Padden

It has often been said, and justly, that when a play is based on a novel, this novel should not exist so far as the audience witnessing the performance of the play is concerned. The men and the women on the stage are then only the creatures of the dramatist. Yet when the novel is a masterpiece or even one of ordinary worth, how difficult it is to efface the impressions made by the novel, to seo and listen with a blank and receptive mind! Nine out of ten seeing Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharp or Tess at once say, "Is this the woman of Thackeray? Is this the 'pure woman faithfully presented' by Thomas Hardy?"

When the novel is one chiefly of action, the play is at the best a series of episodes. When the novel is a psychological study, the drama based on it almost inevitably disappoints. Compare, for instance, a dramatization of "The Scarlet Letter" with the grim romance itself, or any of the plays founded on Dostievsky's "The Crime and the Punishment" with that long and terrible analysis of diseased souls.

Mr. Fabre, whose piece, "La Rabouilleuse," was produced at the Odeon, Paris, March 11, 1903, did not hesitate to take all sorts of liberties with Balzac's novel, yet his drama, with Gemier as Philippe and Mme. Andree Megard as Flore Brazier, was performed 109 times at the Odeon in the year of its production. Mr. Fabre simply took names, a few scenes and portions of the dialogue which he amplified, from the last third of Balzac's novel. In the novel Flore, the deserted and depraved wife of Philippe—deprived deliberately and fiendishly by him—dies horribly in Paris. Philippe, rich, then stripped of the greater part of his wealth by fellow-financial sharpers, granted the title of Count of Brambourg, is killed, 10 years after the death of his wife and long after he had slain Max in the duel, by Arabs in a skirmish in Algeria. So in turn Mr. Potter has departed in certain instances from the play as planned and written by Mr. Fabre. In the French play Philippe is assassinated. In Mr. Potter's adaptation he is cock of the walk when the curtain falls, and he looks forward to meeting Flore in Paris.

Balzac's novel is a study of social conditions and also a psychological analysis. There is a sociological inquiry into the state of French cities and especially villages, overrun by officers of the fallen first empire, bitterly disappointed, wolfish in their inaction. There is psychological study of characters; the senile amorist; the crafty peasant girl with the instincts of the courtesan; the fond mother who cannot be persuaded that her Philippe is a monster; Max, the village hero, rough practical joker, designing, dangerous; the good brother and the bad one; Philippe towering above them all, of close kin to Balzac's cousin Bette and Valerie Marneffe, a scoundrel without one redeeming quality, "an exemplary presentation of active, motiveless and militant wickedness," as Henley said of Iago. It is true that Philippe had evil motives, but even when his brain was not concocting an enormity, he was wicked without volition. If he could have been persuaded to do some good action of a trifling character, he would have accomplished it through robbery, arson and murder. Mr. Fabre was wise and far-seeing in shaping his play without scrupulous deference to Balzac. It would be impossible thus to base a stirring drama on the novel as it stands. The hero, if Balzac were followed literally, would be most antipathetic to even a careless and tolerant audience.

The play in which Mr. Skinner impersonates Philippe might be described as a romantic comedy that at times is melodrama. It has this merit that the interest is maintained from start to finish. Although in the matter of style, the dialogue is, no doubt, far inferior to that of the French play, and although many of the lines are slipshod in construction, nevertheless the speeches tell. The drama would be much stronger if the last act had been preserved in its integrity, but in that case Mr. Skinner would have been killed and Flore would have had the last bitterly malignant word. An audience prefers to think of Mr. Skinner going on his way rejoicing.

Philippe Bridau as impersonated by Mr. Skinner is a roaring blade, a sad dog with a keen sense of humor, without illusions concerning women, and in his treatment of them a Petruchio raised to the highest power. From the moment he swaggers into Rouget's house the sympathy of the audience is with him. This Bridau has even a soft spot for his mother, and he is exquisitely sensitive about the honor of his family. Mr. Skinner acts the part admirably, with amazing assurance and dash, with an authority that is never questioned, with a humor that is now broad, now fine, but always irresistible. His make-up recalls at once the pictures in the famous octavo edition of the novelist illustrated by Garvani and others. A picturesque, alluring, lovable Bridau, a Bridau that is chiefly the creation of Mr. Skinner. His unflagging vitality, his constant flow of animal spirits, his heroic confidence in himself give life to a play that would otherwise, in the adaptation, be an ordinary comedy with a touch of melodrama and also a leaning toward farce. With Mr. Skinner as the scoundrel in his coat of whitewash, the play is both interesting and amusing.

The part of Flore calls for a woman of far more dramatic ability than that possessed by Miss Haswell. The character of Flore is vile, yet it suggests easily a dramatically impressive impersonation, in scenes of malice, seduction, hatred and revenge. The other supporting comedians played together without individual force, except in the case of Messrs. Andrews, Hudson and Burkhardt, whose impersonations had character. The play was received with many demonstrations of pleasure and approval by a large audience. There were many curtain calls, and Mr. Skinner made a short speech after the third act.

ROBERT EDESON AT HOLLIS THEATRE

Admirers of the Actor See Him This Time in a Drama of the Canadian Woods.

At the Hollis Street Theatre, for the first time in Boston, "The Call of the North," a play by George Broadhurst, founded on Stewart Edward White's story of the Canadian woods, "Conjurors House," with the following cast:

Ned Trent........Robert Edeson
Galen Albret........Stephen Wright
Rodman Rand........George Spelvin
Dr. Cockburn........Lawrence Eddinger
John MacDougall........Spotteswoode Aitken
Sandy McTavish........Seymour Stratton
Achille Picard........Harrison Ford
Rev. Archibald Crane........Percival Aylmer
Me-En-Gan........Joseph Rawley
Matthews........John Fox
Placide........Edward Sherman
Virginia Albret........Ann Murdock
Mrs. Brockton........Maude Knowlton
Julie Bagneau........Beatrice Prentice
Wishkobun........Agnes Mark

MAXINE ELLIOTT AT THE MAJESTIC

MAJESTIC THEATRE — "Myself-Bettina," a play in four acts, by Miss Rachel Crothers; The cast:

John Marshall........Julian L'Estrange
Lennox Marshall........Ed. Mathurin
Charlie Hope........Grant Mitchell
Ben........Thomas J. Kelley
Christine Marshall........Gertrude Berkeley
Annabelle Greenleaf........Suzanne Perry
Abbie........Lois Frances Clark
Mamie Dean........Rene Kelley
Bettina........Maxine Elliott

FIRST SONG RECITAL BY DR. WUELLNER

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, assisted by Mr. Coenraad von Bos, pianist, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. He sang here for the first time. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Der Wanderer," "Du liebst mich nicht," "Der Doppelgaenger," "Erlkoenig," "Die Taubenpost," "Die Forelle," "Alinde," "Eifersucht und Stolz," "Das Lied im Gruenen," Der Musensohn"; Brahms, "Auf dem Kirchhofe," "Verrat"; Wolf, "Fussreise," "Der Gaertner"; R. Strauss, "Das Lied des Steinklopfers," "Caecilie"; Schumann, "Mit Myrthen und Rosen," "Der Soldat," "Waldesgespraech," "Die Beiden Grenadiere."

Dr. Wuellner is a remarkable personality and a remarkable interpreter of songs. His presence is both commanding and magnetic. His face is mobile. By a singular use of individual force he prepares the hearer for each song, nor is the song wholly finished with the last word, the hearer is under the spell until the singer awakens from his own mood.

It has been said of Dr. Wuellner that he has no voice; that his success is due solely to his intellectual conception of poet's and composer's intention and to his ability to impress this conception on the hearer. It has even been said that Dr. Wuellner boasts of his lack of voice. I do not believe this, for Dr. Wuellner does not look, he does not act like a boaster. Nor is it true that he has no singing voice. He has a virile organ that is capable of varied expression, a voice that can be robust and resonant, tender and moving, that can run the gamut from simple joy to terror, from amorous ecstacy to black despair. This voice in itself is not sensuous. We have here no perfumed baritone singing his sweet romanza. We have a man who appeals irresistibly when the appeal itself is to the deeper human emotions.

The personality of this singer is so extraordinary that no one thinks at the moment to ask whether he sings by the card or to inquire curiously into the purely technical side of his art. He is not a singer that will please the teachers of the "only genuine Italian method." He does things that would no doubt distress them. He is by no means an example for younger singers; in fact, he may be dangerous to them; for coveting his success they may easily be led to ranting and roaring or to sheer lyceum elocution and thus give pleasing illustrations of the old fable of the frog and the ox.

Dr. Wuellner was most impressive when the songs themselves were the most eloquent of those on the program; when they were sharply dramatic, superbly ecstatic or profoundly tragic. Thus, in his interpretation of "Der Doppelganger," "Auf dem Kirchhofe," the two songs by Richard Strauss; Schumann's "Waldesgespraech" and "Die beiden Grenadiere," he reminded one of Swinburne's characterization of Coleridge: "A figure more utterly companionless, more incomparable with others than any of his kind."

In Strauss' "Song of the Stonebreaker," which might well lead to strikes and fights in barricaded streets, the voice of the singer was that of the wretch, who, half starved, toils on with the patience of the abused horse in the brickyard, toils with the hammer bequeathed him by an equally miserable father and is at last conscious of the irony of working for a "Fatherland." And immediately after this masterpiece of musical declamation, Dr. Wuellner sang the same composer's "Caecilie" with such glowing passion that he aroused the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm seldom witnessed in a concert hall.

In songs that are of a lighter lyrical nature Dr. Wuellner was interesting. Even when a few of them signed with Schubert's name are not far from being inherently commonplace, he was interesting in a less degree. There were delicate touches, there was rhetorical finesse, but there was also at times the evidence of deliberate lightness.

The accompaniments of Mr. Bos added materially to the aesthetic worth of the concert.

It is a pleasure to state that Dr. Wuellner will probably give two more recitals here. The dates will be announced as soon as possible.

HOFFMANN QUARTET.

Opening Concert of Season Given in New Jacob Sleeper Hall.

The Hoffmann quartet (Messrs. Hoffmann, Bak, Rissland, Barth) gave the first concert of its seventh season last night and its first concert in New Jacob Sleeper Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, quartet in D major (K. 499); Reger, sonata in C major, op. 72, for violin and piano, first time (Messrs. Hoffmann violinist and Charles Anthony pianist); Borodin, quartet in D major, No. 2.

The program was an interesting one. The comment of Otto Jahn on the quartet by Mozart to the effect that the composer in this work attempted deliberately to please the public's taste and not stray too far from traditional lines, as he was accused of doing in the set dedicated to Haydn, seems amusing to us in 1908 who are nursed on false relations and lulled to sleep with warring dissonances. Although Reger has written a mass of chamber music, little of it has been played here. Messrs. Marteau and Goellner performed the extraordinary sonata in F sharp minor two years and a half ago, and a pretty serenade for flute, violin, viola was played by the Boston Symphony quartet at about the same time.

It was a pleasure to hear Borodin's quartet again. The Kneisels played it three times, but dropped it, as far as Boston is concerned, about seven years ago. It is not too much to say that this posthumous quartet is one of the most charming works in modern chamber music. It has both beauty and strength; its originality is without affectation or extravagance. The first movement, with its suave flow; the ingenious, brilliant, yet spontaneous scherzo; the romantic nocturne that breathes the perfumes of a warm and moonlit night—these are all admirable and entrancing. The finale is not wholly the equal of the preceding movements, and the innumerable reappearances of a theme chiefly conspicuous by reason of rhythm almost irritate.

The sonata by Reger is a curious work. When it was played in Hamburg two years ago many in the audience laughed, if the correspondent of the Signale is to be believed. This was discourteous toward the players and it did not improve the quality of the music. Last night the reception by the audience was far different, and, in fact, the whole concert was much enjoyed.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

The Herald spoke Sunday of Miss Maud Odell, the winner of the $10,000 prize in a beauty competition shown at Albert Hall, London, and it also gave her measurements. She is now known to New York. It appears that she is somewhat sensitive. She took a particular pose at the undress rehearsal of "The Chameleon" to vindicate her figure. "Lots and lots of people say I pad, and I want it to be understood in America right at the outset that I don't. I may not take this pose at all the public performances of the play, and I won't under any circumstances be photographed in it." She admits that she has little fortune in her face; "but when it comes to my figure I will yield the palm to none." After saying that her lines and measurements had been pronounced absolutely correct by artists, she added: "I don't think any one even pretends to compete with me. Of course I ought to have a perfect figure, because I have been working steadily on the development of it for 10 years. You can punch me most anywhere, and it won't hurt me a bit, and yet when I don't draw up my muscles I am just as soft as can be." Miss Odell's arrival in Boston is eagerly anticipated. The reception committee of the Society for Physical Research will meet her at the railway station, possibly with a band.

Miss Isadora Duncan, who will dance in Jordan Hall on the evenings of Friday, the 27th, and Saturday, the 28th, now says that she never attempted to imitate the Greek dances or to revive them: "only to show my own interpretation of what those dances were. It is the same way with the music. I do not say that I am interpreting what was in the mind of the immortal masters Beethoven, Gluck, Grieg, or even such a wonderful writer of modern harmony as Ethelbert Nevin, to whom I am indebted for one of my most satisfying inspirations, his 'Narcissus.' I am giving my own interpretations of what they mean." We knew that Ethelbert Nevin had indisputable musical talent and a rare instinct for melody, but we had never thought of classing him with "wonderful" writers of "modern" harmony.

William Gillette has completed the scenario of a new drama based on "actual incidents taken out of the annals of the civil war." Cannot he get away from this war? At any rate, it is said, he will not act in the drama.

Another "famous" Scottish singer and comedian is coming across the Atlantic, and her name is Jessie Preston.

Edouard de Reszke has given up his singing school in London and opened one in Warsaw. "The climate of London did not agree with him." Edouard never approached his brother Jean in vocal accomplishments. He was impressive because he was big and because he had a big voice. In his own land they called him the singing cannon ball, and that described him exactly.

A Chicago pianist, Miss Carolyn Louise Willard, will play in Boston for the first time tomorrow afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her program will include a sonata by Beethoven, op. 101, pieces by Chopin, and these pieces that are not familiar: gigue by Loeillly, arranged by Godowsky; Hutcheson's Andante Tranquillo, and Busoni's transcription of Liszt's Heroic March. Miss Willard has been closely associated with Mme. Teresa Carreno.

Letters written by Bizet when he lived in Rome (1857-1858) and during the Commune have just been published in a volume. Some of them have already been printed. They were all written by Bizet to his parents. The late Ludovic Halevy arranged, edited and annotated them.

Elizabeth Parkina, the soprano, has recovered her health and will start on a tour of the world. "After its completion she will accept an engagement with Oscar Hammerstein." Yes indeed, if Mr. Hammerstein makes her the offer.

Mme. Gerville-Reache was highly praised for her impersonation of Delilah in the revival of Saint-Saens' opera at the Manhattan Opera House last Friday night. Mr. Meltzer, who is writing entertaining accounts of singers now in New York, says that when she first appeared at the Opera Comique, Paris, she was praised extravagantly by all the critics save one. Leon Kerst "praised her warmly as a delightful personality, but told her she was not ripe yet for the stage and advised her to leave it for a time. Improbable as you may think it, Gerville-Reache did not rebel against that criticism. She pondered it, saw that it was right and withdrew from the Opera Comique to complete her studies." It was a pity that this engagement in New York prevented her singing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but Mme. Rappold pleased many, although her voice is naturally less dramatic—she is a pure soprano—and her interpretation is not so passionate.

A factory girl is the central figure in "When Women Love," which will be one of the early attractions at the Grand Opera House. Labor troubles furnish the main theme of the play.

Edmund Breese, who will be at the Hollis, Nov. 30, in "The Third Degree," has been playing Ready Money Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse" almost without interruption for three seasons.

A special "Balzac night" will be celebrated at the Colonial Theatre during Otis Skinner's engagement. On this occasion the Cercle Francais of Harvard University will be invited to attend in a body.

A new adaptation of Charles Reade's novel, "Griffith Gaunt," by the Rev. Freeman Wills and the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, was produced at Margate, Eng., Oct. 19. The announcement calls up many memories. How bitterly and foolishly the novel itself was censured for its "coarseness"! Then there was the superb letter of Reade in which he coined the phrase "prurient prude." Augustin Daly made a drama out of the novel, and it was produced in New York in 1866, with J. K. Mortimer and Rose Eytinge as the two principals. Among the other Griffiths in this country were W. H. Whailey, D. H. Harkins, Joseph Wheelock. Reade himself made an adaptation entitled "Kate Peyton's Lovers," which was produced in 1873. Daly's play was seen here at the Boston Theatre, Dec. 10, 1866, when Charles R. Thorne, Jr., was Griffith and Mrs. Agnes Perry, Kate.

Henry Arthur Jones is fond of clerical heroes, as will be seen in his "Judah" at the Castle Square this week. "The Hypocrites," soon to be given again in Boston, is another of his dramas centring around a clergyman. Booked for early production at the Castle Square is also "The Evangelist," by Mr. Jones, and never before played in this city.

Blanche Bates has prepared a novel from "The Fighting Hope," the play in which she is now appearing in New York, and it will appear first as a serial and then in book form.

"The Follies of 1908," Mr. Ziegfeld's latest musical review, will shortly be seen here.

Henry Miller has just returned from abroad, and one of his first engagements in "The Great Divide" will be played in Boston at the Colonial Theatre.

The Boston Browning Society is sponsor for Katherine Jewell Everts' reading of Browning's poetic drama, "Pippa Passes," at Steinert Hall, on the evening of Nov. 19.

Paul Rubens, who has been identified with many musical comedy successes in London, is the composer of "Hook of Holland" in which Frank Daniels comes to the Park as a star next week.

A production of Sudermann's "Honor," or "Die Ehre," as it is called in the original German, is also booked at the Castle Square.

"The Pedler," in which Joe Welch is to appear Thanksgiving week at the Grand Opera House, was written for him by Mal Reid, after the playwright had travelled with Dr. Welch for 10 weeks.

At Tremont Temple on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20 and 21, Dwight L. Elmendorf will give lectures on "Norway: The Land of the Midnight Sun," and "Holland, Switzerland, Italy and the Desert of Sahara."

Miss Marie Franchonetti danced as Salome in Memphis recently and the Commercial Appeal assured the citizens that she was "a nymph of nakedness," but not "the biblical Salome." It was reserved for Memphis to decide definitely just what sort of a woman the daughter of Herodias was. Furthermore, the Commercial Appeal declares that a dancer looks "far better in $40 worth of false hair and her artistic make-up. A well groomed and well gowned woman is far more attractive to the eye than the one with four ounces of silk gauze hanging loosely over her shoulders and six-inch tights covering the remainder of her person. There are not two women in 10,000 of the women of today who can stand the critical demand of undressed exposure. * * * The little travelling fly-by-night Salomes that are besieging small towns with their timorous imitations and their sparsely clad and badly formed figures are getting very far away from the remnant of art which makes the dance tolerable at all." "By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words."

Mme. Cruppi, wife of the French minister of commerce, wrote a play, "Repudiee," which was produced at the Theatre Gemier in Paris. The story was of the love adventures of a young and fascinating professor, whose wife worshipped him. The professor, alas, turned from her—perhaps the incense choked him; he wandered from his own fireside, and she killed herself after he had divorced her to marry the siren.

"Le Grand Soir," produced at Terry's Theatre, London, has a suicide in the first act, a passionate love scene in the second, and the destruction of a Russian governor by means of a bomb in the third; though, to the disappointment of some, this killing is "off." The play is a violent and bloody melodrama, the London critics say, not without dull scenes, but Miss Sergine as the heroine was praised. "She is a brunette, with a handsome face, a graceful figure and a musical and expressive voice; and her tenderness in the love scenes of the second act and her abandonment to a revolutionary ecstasy in the finale of the third made a deep impression. It is certainly a performance worth seeing, though the range of emotions which it calls upon the actress to portray is too limited to justify us in placing it in the highest rank of histrionic art—a place which has, we believe, been assigned to her by some of the Parisian critics." Thus the Pall Mall Gazette.

Constantino Bernardi has made a hit at the Palace, London. The programme describes him as an "artiste universel." He impersonates widely differing public characters with an amazingly quick change of costume, and these changes are often made in full view of the audience, for transparent scenery is used. He gives a trio in which he is bass, tenor and soprano. There is a music hall burlesque. In the first act there is a long procession to see the manager, who is Mr. Bernardi, as is also the procession. The second act is a music hall performance, and he is in rapid succession a clown, hypnotizer, American eccentric, Parisian star, conjurer, ballet girl and Chinese illusionist.

Nov 18 '08

ALBERT DEBUCHY

Mr. Albert Debuchy conducted a concert of French "romantic and theatrical music" yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were: Reyer, overture to "Sigurd"; Erlanger, spinning chorus from "Kermaria"; Widor, Intermezzo from "Conte d'Avril"; Chabrier-Mottl, Bourree-Fantasque; Bruneau, suite from L'Attaque du Moulin"; Saint-Saens, La Jota Aragonese. Mme. Emma Calve sang the Stanzas from Gounod's "Sappho"; Ave Maria, Gounod; an air from Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," and in response to applause Gounod's "Serenade" with the flute obbligato of Mr. Barrere, the "Habanera" "from Carmen" and a folk song of her province. There was an orchestra of about 75. Mr. Louis Eaton, the concert master, played the violin solo in Gounod's transcription. Mr. E. W. Harrison was the organist; Miss G. French the harpist. Mr. Barrere played in a charming manner the flute solo in Widor's Intermezzo. The second balcony was filled. There were many vacant seats on the floor and in the first balcony.

The overture to "Sigurd," the excerpt from Erlanger's operatic idyl, and the suite from Bruneau's opera "The Attack on the Mill," are not familiar pieces here. The overture to "Sigurd" is planned elaborately. The chief themes, the motives of Attila, Hilda, Sigurd, the condemnation of Bruennhild, are developed; there is even a fugato passage in Weberian manner, but the most striking page is that of the slow movement, in which the strings sing the chorus of elves and the oboe has the song of Sigurd before he attempts to subdue the Valkyrie. The chorus of spinners from Erlanger's idyl of Armorique that was performed only nine times and was voted dull, perhaps on account of the mystical libretto, has a monotony that is not displeasing, and the composer was successful in escaping from any reminiscence of spinning songs or choruses preceding. Bruneau's music no doubt suffers from being taken out of the opera house, but "The Forest" has mood and the Betrothal scene contains a theme that is both piquant and meloncholy. Saint-Saens, journeying Portugal and Spain in 1880, brought back to Paris "A Night at Lisbon" and this Jota. The latter seemed pale in comparison with Chabner's "Espana," but the performance was not spirited.

Mr. Debuchy has the honorable ambition to be a conductor. He has had a sound musical training and there can be no doubt about his enthusiasm. He is learning to conduct by experience, and it may justly be said that he was more successful at this concert that at preceding ones. He should first of all strive to have a more decided and significant beat, and he should acquire a finer sense of rhythm. Yesterday Reyer's overture was performed effectively, and a fair idea was gained of Bruneau's Suite. The Bourree was played badly.

Mme. Calve sang Sappho's stanzas in the grand style with both dignty aud passion. Her performance of the "Ave Maria" was poor indeed. Her intonation was distressingly false, and there was an utter lack of rhythm and artistic phrasing. Possibly for these reasons she was warmly applauded and obliged to repeat the air. She recovered herself and was better in the aria from "The Pearl Fishers." In her encores she delighted the audience by her pianissimo high notes and by the swing and diction of the "Habanera." The exquisitely sensuous quality of her voice often charmed in the afternoon, even when she forgot or ignored art.

HESS-SCHROEDER.

Program of Familiar Compositions at First Concert in Boston.

The Hess-Schroeder quartet (Messrs. Willy Hess, J. Therodorowicz, Emile Ferir and Alwin Schroeder) gave its first concert in Boston last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, quartet in C major (K. 465); Schumann, quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3; Beethoven, quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2. There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

The new quartet was welcomed heartily. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Schroeder again, for 'cellists like him in chamber clubs are few. It was a pleasure to welcome a club made up of such unusually fine material.

The program in a certain sense was a representative one. It was an excellent one for an opening concert, dignified and at the same time familiar, so that without thought of strange music to be heard and liked or disliked, the audience could appreciate easily the merits of the new organization. The program was also too long, as the programs of nearly all chamber concerts are: Three quartets in succession are too much for even unjaded ears. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Hess and Schroeder will consider this point. A movement or two movements from a chamber work in sharp contrast to the quartet that precedes and the composition that follows; a group of pieces for the piano or a group of songs, gives a better balance, furnishes variety, and dismisses an audience that is not surfeited.

The new quartet was heard to better advantage on the whole in the music of Schumann than in that of Mozart. In the quartet of the latter the famous one with the false relations that even now sound ultra-modern and with the heavenly adante, there was a lack in the quick movements of the calm, the serenity in fleetness that should characterize an ideal performance of Mozart's chamber music. Furthermore, there was not always a sense of due proportion—the first violin too often dominated without just cause—and there was too often a lack of euphony. The finale was played so that the hearer was conscious of feverish agitation, of speed that approached dangerously near a scramble, of phrases and passage-work that were almost rasped. And themes in the music of Mozart were at times sung by the first violin with an exaggerated use of the portamento.

The performance of Schumann's quartet, on the other hand, was appropriately romantic and impassioned. Schumann was often feverish in melancholy contemplation and in brooding as in his agitation. The wondrously beautiful adagio was played with true eloquence and the performance of the quartet as a whole made a deep impression.

The second concert will be on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22.

CAVALIERI TO SING HERE.

Artists Engaged for Mrs. Hall McAllister's Musical Mornings.

Mrs. Hall McAllister's Musical Mornings will be three in number this season and they will be given as before at the Hotel Somerset. The dates are Monday mornings, Dec. 14, 28, and Jan. 11.

These artists are now engaged: Mmes. Melba, Lina Cavalieri, Germaine Schnitzer, Tina Lerner, Ada Sassoli and Mr. de Gogorza. The names of others will soon be announced. Mme Cavalieri has sung in Boston only once, in the memorable performance of Puccini's "Manon Lescault," last season at the Boston Theatre, when her rare beauty and the charm of her impersonation aroused enthusiasm. This season she is singing in the United States exclusively in concert. Miss Germaine Schnitzer, a pianist of unsual ability, who has been engaged for concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, is already favorably known in Boston. Miss Lerner, a young Russian pianist, who has been highly praised in European cities and whose personality is most attractive, will play here for the first time. Mme. Melba will give comparatively few concerts in the eastern states.

MME. GADSKI.

The song recital of Mme. Johanna Gadski announced for Friday afternoon, Dec. 4, has been indefinitely postponed. Dr. Muellner may give a song recital on that date, when the Symphony orchestra will be away on its second trip.

Nov 19 '08

BEN GREET PLAYS PART OF BOTTOM

Mr. Ben Greet's Players gave a performance of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" last night in Symphony Hall. Mendelssohn's music to the play was performed by 50 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestera, led by Mr. Gustav Strube. The audience filled the hall completely.

Many were pleased at the opportunity of hearing Mendelssohn's music in connection with the play, not read, but performed on a stage. The play has before been given here with music, but not with an orchestra of so great reputation. And to some the music was ample compensation for sitting through the performance of the version used.

There are two ways of enjoying "A Midsummer Night's Dream." One is to read the play and see the characters in the mind's eye; to be with Duke Theseus in his palace; to watch the cross-purposes of the lovers and the play of the hard-handed men of Athens; to side alternately with Oberon and Titania. The

[illegible] Now, for Hippolyta, [illegible] draws on apace," takes [illegible] away from the city of too [illegible]. The other is to see the play [illegible] with pomp and ceremony as [illegible], with gorgeous scenery, [illegible] fairies and full orchestra, as at [illegible] Royal Opera House. It is very well to say that as scenery was [illegible], or non-existent, in the time [illegible]kespeare, it is not necessary now. [illegible]tunately, or fortunately, in 1908 we [illegible] not all Elizabethans and we cannot [illegible] ourselves in the mood of those first [illegible].

[illegible]ether the scenery be elaborate or [illegible]ordance with Elizabethan cus- [illegible] "A Midsummer Night's Dream" [illegible] in the playhouse is stripped in [illegible] measure of its poetic charm. It [illegible] likened under these conditions [illegible] pantomime. Is it true, as [illegible] said years ago, that the ideal [illegible] place upon the stage? "Bottom's [illegible] the play is a fantastic illusion, [illegible]ed by magic spells; on the stage [illegible] ass' head, and nothing more; [illegible] a very strange costume for a [illegible] to appear in." Even the [illegible] fairy on the stage weighs a [illegible] number of pounds. Titania is [illegible] into a woman whose voice may [illegible] or shrewish, it matters not; [illegible] certainly not the fairy queen [illegible] in the imagination, as real [illegible] as any modern suffragite or [illegible] of a woman's club. On the [illegible] whole business of the four [illegible] is absurd and tedious.

[illegible]ld have ben as well had there [illegible] scenery at all in Symphony Hall [illegible]. Titania and Noah's Ark [illegible] Puck and potted plants! Puck [illegible]larly aggressive, by the way. [illegible] somersaults, his cracking of [illegible]gether thrice in air, his rasping [illegible] and staccata laugh that recalled [illegible] Delmore in "The Span of [illegible]. Let us not insist on this, how- [illegible] the part no doubt was played [illegible] to Elizabethan traditions. Only [illegible] prudent would dispute with Mr. [illegible] on this point. Nor is it necessary [illegible] of the performance in detail. [illegible]reet's players are known here and [illegible] their methods. Nor would it be [illegible] while to discuss at length Mr. [illegible]'s conception of Bottom. It amused [illegible] in the audience, but Bottom, [illegible]gh he was an ass without the head, [illegible] a wise ass; a man highly respected [illegible]'s own walk of life. Not from sheer [illegible] of paradox did Maginn contrast him [illegible] Romeo the Unlucky.

[illegible] enough to say that the poetry of [illegible] of Shakespeare's lines was felt; [illegible] many were reminded pleasantly of [illegible]play and promised themselves to [illegible] again at their leisure; and that [illegible]joyed the music.

LYDIA THOMPSON.

It was forty years ago that Lydia [illegible]hompson first played burlesque in [illegible]s country with a grace and a [illegible]intiness that the most applauded [illegible]medians now on the American [illegible]age might well envy. As Richard [illegible]rant White exclaimed in his once [illegible]mous dithyramb: "It was as if [illegible]enus in her quality of the goddess [illegible]f laughter had come upon the [illegible]tage." Her voice was all gold, and [illegible]he spoke lines vapid or witty, puns [illegible] an atrocity inconceivable in this [illegible]ay, with a charm that was poetic, [illegible]o that it would have been a sen- [illegible]ious pleasure to hear her recite the [illegible]phabet. It might have been said [illegible]f her as Charles Reade said of Peg Woffington: "She placed her foot [illegible]pon the ground as she might put [illegible]er hand upon her lover's shoulder."

She made her first appearance in [illegible]his country with her "Company of [illegible]ritish Blondes" at Wood's Museum [illegible] New York, Sept. 28, 1868. With [illegible]r were Lisa Weber, who married, [illegible]rew too stout for the stage, and [illegible]ed at Buffalo in 1887; Ada Har- [illegible]nd, who married Mr. Brander [illegible]atthews; Pauline Markham, "who [illegible]und the lost arms of the Venus of [illegible]llo," and, according to report, is [illegible]ill living, but quietly, somewhere [illegible] Greater New York; and with her [illegible]as the inimitable Harry Beckett. [illegible]he play was "Ixion," a foolish piece [illegible] doubt, a burlesque of the kind [illegible]ng dear to English audiences. Yet [illegible]ho that saw "Ixion" and its suc- [illegible]ssors as played by Lydia Thomp- [illegible]n and her companies would ex- [illegible]hange one of them for a wilderness [illegible] musical comedies now in fashion?

Trained as a dancer, Lydia Thomp- [illegible]on was known in 1856 as a guest in [illegible]erman opera houses, and old-fash- [illegible]ned prints of her may still be [illegible]und in the second-hand book and [illegible]rint shops in German cities, repre- [illegible]nting her with elaborately pre- [illegible]ed side curls, with a flowery bodice [illegible] a rakish hat, with a lorgnette [illegible] her hand. She had danced before [illegible]s in the ballet at London, and before she visited the United States, she had won a reputation in comedy and burlesque. She played here several seasons, with changes in her company. The names of the women who were once the toast of the town, Camille Dubois, Lena Merville, Alice Atherton, are unknown to the younger generation. Willie Edouin, who was seen here early last year in Mr. de Koven's "Snowman" is no more, yet he will always be associated with Lydia Thompson as the Man Friday to her Robinson Crusoe.

And many will remember her as Crusoe with the superbly fantastical dress. When she last came here, fifteen or sixteen years ago, she was playing in light comedies. She was still graceful; her voice was still seductive, her laugh contagious; but in one scene she donned the dress of Robinson, "for old times' sake" she said, and this she said with true emotion, for she remembered her youth and her fascination, her glorious nights, and the plaudits of crowded theatres.

She honored herself as a woman, and she was honored by all who knew her. Her burlesques were clean and wholesome shows in spite of the inevitable puns. There was never an appeal to low instincts. The period was one of tights. She and her stage sisters wore them modestly as the expected and appropriate dress; and like the first woman, they were not ashamed. The performances were excellent of their kind. They gave thousands innocent amusement. Their fashion passed. Whether the entertainments that succeeded them are any better is a question for academic discussion. This is, however, true: that the long reign of Lydia Thompson was never seriously disturbed by any aspirant; no usurper drove her from her throne. In her own line she was incomparable. She left the stage, not peevishly, but as one contented with her triumphs. The news of her death will call forth tributes to the woman and the actress, and will awaken in the minds of many delightful recollections shadowed with the melancholy that must accompany the thought of past years.

MISS WILLARD'S RECITAL.

Chicago Pianist Plays for the First Time in Steinert Hall.

Miss Carolyn Louise Willard gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. She played here for the first time. The program included Godowsky's transcription, or rather elaboration of a gigue in E minor by Loeilly; Beethoven's sonata op. 101; pieces by Chopin and Schumann; Hutcheson's Andante Tranquillo, MacDowell's Hungarian op. 39 No. 12; Liszt's Eclogue and Busoni's transcription of Liszt's Heroic March.

Miss Willard, we are told, lives in Chicago and is a pupil of Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler and Leschetitzki. She no doubt has studied diligently. Whether she is yet fully prepared for concert giving in these exacting days is another question. She is certainly not ready either technically or aesthetically to play pieces that make such demands as Beethoven's sonata. Too often in her performance of this work there was chiefly the evidence of careful intention to accomplish a task. And so in lighter works the interpretation was that of a conscientious pupil. Miss Willard should pay attention to quality of tone; to rhetorical rather than to temporal accent. At present her tone is apt to be dry and her regularly recurring accentuation destroys beauty of phrasing. There was a friendly audience.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Amy Leslie continues to be impressed by Mme. Nazimova. She saw the actress in "The Comet." We have room, alas, for only two extracts from her masterly review: "Such might as lies within the meshes of the intolerably ponderous and erotic play is of the most highly charged mysticism, and the sinuous human touch comes through torrents of degeneracy all the sewers of familiar immorality and emotional excitements, and in these Nazimova is matchlessly artistic, with a genius alert as phosphorescent light and a keenness for the banquet of destruction she offers for ethical contemplation." Perhaps the other is still finer: "Nazimova chills and entices vividly with a kind of crystallized vampire of a woman all tingling agony and cursing fires within, a silent, fiercely raging carcass of great beauty and repulsive frigidity."

Miss Henrietta Crosman, an admirable actress, will play for 10 weeks in vaudeville and then return to the legitimate drama. The play she has in preparation is "The Bargain Counter," once known as "Sham," and played for a short time in the West.

Mr. Booth Tarkington confessed to a reporter in Columbus, O., that "Cyrano de Bergerac" bored him when he said it on the stage.

William Wolstenholme of London will give an organ recital in Jordan Hall next Tuesday evening, when he will play pieces by Bach, Boellmann, Hollins and some of his own compositions. Mr. Wolstenholme, whose music is known to all organists and many church choirs, is blind.

Louis Bachner, now of Baltimore, Md., will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall next Monday afternoon and will play pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Scriabone, Schumann and Chopin.

The program of the Symphony concerts next week will include Richard Strauss' "Heldenleben," which has not been performed here since 1901, and the Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Gabrilowitsch will play Tschaikowsky's first piano concerto.

Mr. Sousa and Mme. Chaminade have been talking together about music. Mr. Sousa has positive ideas about national music. He says there's no such thing. "It is nothing but imitation. If Wagner had been born in New York he would have written in the American style." And pray, Mr. Sousa, what is the American style? Mr. Sousa went on to say that Mme. Chaminade's music is not French; it is "Chaminadic." "What is called nationalism, anyway, is only prenatal influence and environic suggestion. In Germany, when a father comes home to his family, it is ten to one that he will talk of the symphony of the evening before. But when an American father and brother come home to dinner father says, 'Did you read about Donovan's three-bagger in the eighth?' and the brother says, 'But it didn't cut any ice, since Merkle never touched second.'"

They say that Clyde Fitch's adaptation of a French play will make a sensation. "The story revolves around a young woman who has lived the most disreputable sort of an existence in the Montmartre district. One day a man—doubtless a born speculator—comes along and marries her, with the idea of regeneration uppermost in his mind. The author proceeds to show how the love for the vileness and viciousness of the gutter overcomes the husband's influence and how eventually she returns to the old life."

We are told many entertaining facts about Miss Nettie Black, who is acting in "Marcelle." "Youth is always beautiful," she said to a reporter of the Daily Telegraph. Others have made this observation; but do not accuse Miss Black of platitudes; her remark was only a starter. Asked if she liked home life, she answered: "Not I; I like the social whirl. I like hotel life. I love to be served. To be waited upon is the breath in my nostrils." No wonder she said in the same breath that she would be willing to leave the stage if a millionaire should ask her. "She has a strong personality, and fairly teems with magnetism."

Brooklyn Life hopes that the people of the City of Churches will dress up to their new Opera House. They failed to do this when the building was opened with the Schumann-Heink recital. "While the occasion called for full evening dress, or at any rate, that agreeable compromise on the part of women that they know so well how to make, it seemed like being back in the Baptist Temple again if one took his eyes off the walls and ceiling for a moment. The same was true when 'The Creation' was sung a week later, excepting that there was a refreshing note in the white dresses of the women's chorus, the members of which had a proper sense of the fitness of things."

According to Mr. Comyns-Carr's volume of reminiscences just published, "Some Eminent Victorians," Sarah Bernhardt once said to Ellen Terry at a Lyceum supper, "My darling, there are two peoples who shall never be old—you and me!" Mr. Comyns-Carr should not be so pessimistic over modern journalism: "Reporting has almost taken the place of criticism, and the modern newspaper office, ordered on popular lines, more nearly approaches day by day to a powerful agency for private inquiry and detection."

To go back to the divine Sarah a minute. She has been playing in Vienna. The homage of the critics there is said to be reminiscent of the glorious days when she was first there—was it in 1881?—when noble dames offered to buy tickets from men with kisses, and Andrassy, who had been turned out of the foreign office, said he did not mind what seat was given to him so long as he got one for a Bernhardt performance.

Commend us to this expert opinion of a New York police captain concerning art apropos of the exhibitions of Maud Odell, "the most beautifully formed woman in the world": "I would draw the line between indecent exposure and art thus: If a woman is scantily clothed and wriggles she is guilty of indecent exposure; but if a woman is scantily clothed and does not move, then she is artistic. Therefore as long as Miss Odell does not move she is artistic."

DRAMA AND MUSIC

May Irwin is not pleased because her sister Flo likes to appear in "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse," and Mr. Kurt Eisfeldt has brought action against Sister Flo to show cause why she should not be permanently restrained.

Hal Reid says that his new play, "The Kentucklan," produced at Red Bank, N. J., the 19th, is the best of his 130 dramas. He should know. The hero is a young mountaineer who is in love with a girl whose father murdered his father, and according to the code in Kentucky, as in Corsica, he is bound to avenge him.

A semi-political play with scenes laid in Washington, D. C., is being written by M. J. Hurlbut and Burt Sayre for George Fawcett.

The Messrs. Shubert have engaged Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven to write a grand opera based on an incident of life in America. Miss Courtenay, formerly of the Opera Comique, Paris, and Miss Gertrude Darrell have already been engaged for the production, which will be at the Lyric Theatre next season.

Miss Farrar took the part of Mme. Butterfly at the Metropolitan Opera House last Thursday night. Mr. Krehbrel said of her: "The familiar charm of Miss Farrar's impersonation was still there, though threatened with a destruction of some of its freshness and bloom by her obviously uncontrollable impulse to fill every second of the play with pose or gesture or facial play."

An automobile play, "Panne"—which means "tire puncture"—by Richard Skowronnek, was produced at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, last Thursday night. The New York Times gave a description of it: "Roessicke, a rich merchant, his sister and daughter, and the young man to whom the latter is engaged, get a punctured automobile tire on their way to Berlin to celebrate the daughter's marriage. Stranded in the forest on the estate of Rodo, a young count in financial difficulties, the male members of the party leave the young women to go in search of assistance. Night coming on, Rodo, who finds the women, invites them to his castle. There he makes love to Fraenze, the bride-to-be, a part charmingly played by Erna Nitter. A heavy rain causes a washout, the automobile is seized by the sheriff for debt, and all sorts of complications ensue. Fraenze finally accepts Rodo, throwing over her other lover, and Roessicke, enamored of the prospects of good hunting which the entailed estate affords, buys it and bestows his blessing upon his daughter and the lucky count."

They have been debating in London the all-important question: "Do we take Shakespeare too seriously?"

Milton's tragedy, "Samson Agoniste," will be performed in London the middle of next month.

The foreign newspapers have much to say about Sardou. In 1860 he was terribly hard up, and his bad luck culminated in an attack of typhoid fever in a garret. His neighbor, Miss de Brecourt, heard of his sickness, went to him and nursed him. He married her the next year and through her he met Mme. Dejazet, who was just about organizing the Theatre Dejazet. This gave him his chance. When his wife died in 1867, he was rich and famous. His second wife was a Miss Soulier, daughter of the conservateur of the Museum at Versailles. It was said of Sardou long ago that his regular program was one new play on the stage; another being revived elsewhere, and a third on the stocks.

They say that there is a reaction in Paris against the problem play. The present successes have little to do with the woman question.

"Arsene Lupin," "Le Passe-Partout," "Israel," and "L'Emigre" are without a marked love interest. It is the period of the actor rather than of the actress. The correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, however, is more interested in the discomfort of Parision playhouses. He writes: "It is odd that the French, being the greatest theatregoers, are contented with the worst theatrical accommodation. They sit without murmur in airless theatres, on hard and uncomfortable seats, and submit to a series of petty exactions from elderly harpies which would drive any other people to an eager protest. With a single exception—the theatre consecrated to the genius of Sarah Bernhardt—there is no temple of Thespis where the conditions approach those of English houses. In between the acts the public passes cheerfully over your toes, and during the progress of the piece your personal comfort is absolutely sacrificed to the desire of the management to crowd as many seats into a given space as possible without absolutely causing the rows to touch. It must be because of this that the French acting is so superior—otherwise the theatres would be empty. Just as nurseless surgery seems to have produced brilliant surgeons—otherwise the patients would die if left to the tender mercies of Sairey Gamp—so comfortless theatres have produced the actor who holds the audience in its seat 'malgre lui.'"

Miss Sergine of the Theatre des Arts, Paris, talked freely with a London reporter. She at once made a good impression by praising the English ballets. "You have the genius of the dance, you English," and she never choked when she said it. Miss Sergine admires the talent of Henry Bernstein, the author of "The Thief," "Samson," and "Israel," but she regrets his tendency to paint the "low and sordid" side of life, the grip of money, etc. She took the part of Candida in the performance of Shaw's play in Paris. "You know it was not understood by the audience. Did they not call it 'Ibsen buffooned'? But for

me it meant this: Candida is perfectly chaste—a coquette, if you will, but a coquette without knowing it. She feels herself attracted by another, and falls in love. She is horrified at the result; her maternal instincts come to her rescue—the instinct to protect the weaker. She goes to her husband's side because he is the weaker."

There is a rumor that Miss Julia Marlowe would like to display her art at 10 cent matinees for the artistic elevation of the public, and she cannot understand why managers do not sympathize with her. We are also informed that Francis Wilson cannot tolerate a noisy, rudely clamorous city, while Miss Olga Nethersole would have each nation establish and maintain a hospital for disabled and indigent cats.

A new one-act play, "Tilda's New Hat," by the woman who signs herself George Paston, was produced by the Play Actors in London, Nov. 8. "It tells a story of humble life, of love and of jealousy, of maternal affection, of East end 'culture,' and of the power of a feathered hat and a frilled bodice over the heart and imagination of the golden youth 'out 'Endon way.'"

A vaudeville to be produced in London Dec. 1 includes six quartets called "Beverage Quartets," designed to celebrate the virtues of (1) Somerset cyder, (2) potheen (Irish), (3) port (three old cronies drinking), (4) the health-giving waters of Harrogate wells, (5) rum (four jolly sailor boys), (6) tea (Japanese men waited on by Geishas).

"The World and His Wife," Mr. Faversham's play, was produced at the Shaftesbury, London, several years ago and it was then called "Calumny."

We learn from her press agent that Miss Blanche Bates is employing her spare moments collecting data for a book on facial expression.

One more story about Sardou. In his youth when water was carried through the streets of Paris for domestic youth, Sardou owed a carrier 60 francs. "I cannot pay you," he said, "and I do not know when I can." The carrier answered: "Never mind; I know you will succeed, for I see your industry every time I call. Pay when you can." Sardou finally was able to pay him and to be generous besides.

Nov 22 1908

SIXTH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON

Two New Pieces by Sibelius —Violinist Hess Plays Dull Concerto Finely.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its sixth concert last evening in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. Mr. Willy Hess was the solo violinist. The program was as follows:

"Song of Spring" and "Finland"....Sibelius
Concerto No. 3 for violin and orchestra
Bruch
Symphony, A major, No. 7.....Beethoven

The two pieces by Jean Sibelius were played for the first time in Boston. We had already heard two of the three symphonies by this composer and also his violin concerto, played admirably by Mme. Maud Powell. The first symphony, peculiarly rugged and melancholy music, made a profound impression. The second symphony, produced here at an earlier date, was considered at the time a good deal of a bore. It would be interesting to hear it again, to see if there might not be a change of opinion. While the violin concerto is not of a nature to be immediately popular, while it was probably not the composer's intention to delight the easy-going and "knowers of what they like," the work as played by Mme. Powell appealed to the imaginative as austerely poetic, a northern and bardic rhapsody. Enough had been heard of Sibelius' music before the performance of the two pieces last night to win respect for the composer. His music is certainly not commonplace. It does not belong to a school; it does not show evidences of a direct descent; it is by itself.

It has been said that this music is unintelligible to the hearer who has not some understanding of Finnish history, religion and temperament, and the hearer must also be versed in the racial origin, and "the deeply influencing mythology" of the Finns. The hearer must know that these people are a mixture of Mongolian and western stock, "defying from the west vigor and self-reliance, and from the east languor and mysticism." Above all, the hearer must know by heart the "Kalevala," the collection of songs and folk lore. All this, and no doubt more, if the hearer is to relate with the proper emotion when music by Sibelius is playing. If Sibelius' music is thus narrowly national, it is parochial, music of the parish belfry so far as the great world is concerned. The music, then, in reality is a serious music, music that appeals to humanity as emotional in spite of the composer's accidental nationality. It is not strange that the Finns should be moved as they are by the work of a Finn.

It is said that "Finland," or "Finlandia," although it was composed as long ago as 1894, evokes such enthusiasm among the composer's native land that performances were forbidden recently by the oppressing Russian. The question is, Does "Finlandia" evoke enthusiasm in Madrid, Dresden, Boston? For after all it is something more than a national document.

"The Song of Spring" is a long, sustained, melodious song. Darkly colored at first, it is as though the Finnish composer had wished to say with Coleridge: "And the spring comes slowly up this way." Whether the bells introduced at the end have a peculiar significance is not important. The music is agreeably sonorous, and was in effective contrast with "Finlandia," which is picturesque, with suggestions of prayers and hymns, revolts and revolutions. It is stirring music and it was stirringly played.

Bruch's third concerto was produced here at a Symphony concert in 1892 by Camilla Urso. It has not been played here since then at a Symphony concert and it has been seldom played in Europe. The neglect of the concerto has been praiseworthy. Mr. Hess, however, in the course of last season played the concerto in two or three foreign cities, among them Berlin, at the express wish of the composer. He gave a fine performance of it last night. His tone was rich and full and brilliant. He played with breadth and authoritative fluency, but it was a pity that he chose this prolix, dull, bombastic empty concerto for the display of his indisputable talent. Hearty applause rewarded the violinist.

Mr. Fiedler gave a sane reading of the symphony. The music for the most part demands a strangely rhythmed performance, and the danger lies in over-emphasis and in undue prominence given to merely decorative passages. Mr. Fiedler avoided these pitfalls and the noble music spoke for itself.

Eugene Tompkins Issues Volume Covering Life at the Boston from 1854 to 1901.

The History of the Boston Theatre (1854-1901) has been written by Eugene Tompkins, its manager from 1878 to 1901, with the assistance of Quincy Kilby, its treasurer from 1886 to 1901.

The volume is published in handsome form by Houghton, Mifflin Company. It is illustrated with a great quantity of portraits of actors, actresses, opera singers, negro minstrels, dancers, pantomimists—in short, all sorts of stagefolk; of prominent persons who lectured in the theatre, as several clergymen, George William Curtis, Robert J. Ingersoll and others; of President Arthur, because he attended a performance of "Youth" in the theatre in 1882; of Eugene Tompkins, his father, and Mr. Tompkins' associates in business, whose faces have long been familiar to the public. There are carefully prepared indexes of the illustrations, plays, operas, miscellaneous entertainments and men and women named in the text.

Mr. Tompkins well says in his preface that a true history of the Boston Theatre would furnish material enough for an encyclopaedia. In order to bring the work into a volume of reasonable size, criticism and biography were necessarily omitted; but there are occasionally biographical notes and the book is much more than a mere catalogue of pieces played, with dates of performance.

Mr. Tompkins says that he has tried to be accurate. It would seem after a practical use of the volume that his endeavor was successful beyond expectation; for in books of this nature inaccuracies must creep in. Any student of theatrical history knows too well that no even the nrograms of a house, not even the programs published in newspapers the morning after a performance are always trustworthy. No matter how careful an author may be a certain amount of inaccuracy is almost inevitable. The most diligent proofreaders—and printers and proofreaders are often experienced theatregoers, with long and keen memories—will allow some statements to go by uncorrected, unquerfed. Then there is the matter of names. As Mr. Tompkins says: "Actors in the course of years sometimes change the spelling of their names, or drop a superfluous name or initial, and actresses often marry." Hence confusion. Mr. Tompkins has followed the wording of the programs at the time of performance.

Theatre Opened Sept. 11, 1854.

Col. Clapp's "Record of the Boston Stage"—incomplete and not always accurate, yet entertaining and valuable—was published in 1853. In the final chapter he quoted from a letter written to him by Thomas Barry: "You will have sooner or later a first-class theatre in Boston, and if properly built and properly conducted it will prove a boon to the public and a fortune to the manager."

Mr. Tompkins begins his record with these words: The Boston Theatre was opened Sept. 11 1854. The two plays that night were "The Rivals" and "Loan of a Lover." August Sick, who played the 'cello at the first performance, was also connected with the anniversary 50 years later. The prize address was by Thomas W. Parsons. Mr. Tompkins describes the construction and the appearance of the theatre with a pride which the city itself may share, for "in beauty of line, in acoustic properties" and in other respects the Boston Theatre has long been a model for other large theatres built in this country.

There are many interesting pages in the book to the general reader, even though his own reminiscences of the playhouse do not go back many years. Among the pages are those that tell of Forrest's ravages, stored of John Gilbert, of early costumes and rules and regulations of the theatrical world of past years, of the appearance of "Lola Zovara," whose real name was Oliver Kingsley, and whose daring exploits as a female rider no doubt suggested to T. B. Aldrich the motive of one of his most amusing stories of historic events connected with the theatre. Open the book at random, and there is almost always something to entertain or to lead to pleasant recollection. Mr. Tompkins says he been obliged to avoid criticism, yet here and there he did not refrain from a word of praise. When it is stated (page 446) that the performance of "Aida" by the Imperial opera company, managed by Col. J. H. Mapleson, Nov. 30, 1896, was the best ever seen in Boston, few who heard that performance would dispute the statement; but surely "Lucia" that followed was not also "exceedingly well done." Neither the Lucia, Josephine Huguet, nor the tenor, a certain Randaccio, was at all satisfactory.

The Illustrations.

The illustrations are from photographs owned by Mr. Tompkins and loaned to him from the collections of others. They are in themselves a history of the stage for half a century. To choose from them for the purpose of giving a fair idea of the volume is a difficult task. The Herald has made a selection chiefly to show the variety in interest.

Two Booths are here portrayed, Edwin as Hamlet, and Junius Brutus, his brother. In 1866-67 Edwin and John S. Clarke were billed as lessees of the Boston Theatre, and J. B. was the acting and stage manager. Edwin's first appearance in Boston as a star was in 1857, when he was not 24 years old. His last appearance at the Boston was Feb. 1, 1890, as Richelieu. He was then playing with Mme. Modjeska. Otis Skinner, now at the Colonial, was their leading man.

Charles Matthews, one of the most elegant and vivacious comedians ever seen on the stage, was at the Boston the year of the great panic, when the prices at the theatre were lowered to suit the times. First floor seats were sold at 50 cents, and in the gallery at 15 cents. Matthews made a three weeks' stay, and among his plays were "Cool as a Cucumber," "The Captain of the Watch" and "London Assurance."

W. J. Le Moyne, that excellent actor, was in Mrs. Barrow's "great comedy combination" in 1863, and in the course of the engagement William Rufus Blake died suddenly. Lotta, now in retirement, made her first appearance here in 1868 in "Little Nell." F. S. Chanfrau appeared as Sam in 1870, and he also first presented his famous play, "Kit, the Arkansas Traveller," which was performed at the Boston in 13 consecutive years.

Fechter as Hamlet.

A few days after (Feb. 21, 1870) Charles Fechter, the greatest romantic actor of his period, gave his first performance here of Hamlet. Many no doubt remember the hot discussion that followed, the academic disputes, the articles of Kate Field in almost hysterical praise of the actor. The years have passed, yet the memory of Fechter's Hamlet and of E. L. Davenport's widely differing but admirable conception of the same part is dear to hundreds of playgoers, who perhaps never saw "Yankee" Locke in "Captain Kydd" (1871). But who that ever saw Eliza Weathersby has forgotten that charming woman? She came to the Boston Theatre with the late Lydia Thompson in 1871. She was seen again at the Boston as late as 1877, when a benefit was given to the relatives of Harry Murdoch, and in the piece were her husband, Nat Goodwin, W. H. Crane, Richard Golden, H. A. Cripps, E. E. Rice and others.

The Herald spoke recently of Kate Santley, who, as Stalacta, led the march of the Amazons at the Boston in "The Black Crook" (1872). Charlotte Cushman began in 1858 an engagement "prior to her return to Europe and her Final Retirement from the Stage." Mr. Tompkins adds slyly in parenthesis: "She continued to retire from the stage for 18 years after that." Her last appearance at the Boston was as Meg Merrilies, Dec. 13, 1873.

Notable Singers.

The record of the singers that have appeared at the Boston Theatre from Louisa Pyne in 1854 to Lina Cavalieri in 1908, would of itself make a substantial volume. Pauline Lucca came here with Max Maretzek in 1873. Clara Louise Kellogg, Mme. Sanz, loved by a Spanish King, Abrugnedo, Jamet, Ronconi and Clara Doria, now Mrs. H. M. Rogers of this city, were associates. Christine Nilsson was here in 1871 with Anna Louise Cary, Caponi, Brignoli and Jamet.

Adelaide Neilson came in 1873 with Joseph Wheelock as her Romeo and H. S. Murdoch as her Orlando and second Romeo. No one who has come since as Juliet, Rosalind or Viola has effaced her; no one has even approached her. Lawrence Barrett, as L. P. Barrett, was at the Boston as early as 1869 in "The Hunchback." Not till 1875 was he seen here, perhaps in his greatest part, Jamie Harebell, in "The Man o' Airlie."

Harrigan and Hart came as members of Josh Hart's company from the Theatre Comique, New York, in 1873. Think for a moment of the members of this company: John Hart, Johnny Wild, Cool Burgess, Larry Tooley, Budworth, Queen, Mrs. Yeamans, Jennie Yeamans, Jennie Hughes, and others, who alone would give distinction to a company today. Or who does not remember with pleasure James S. Maffitt as pantomimist and comedian? He was last seen at the Boston in a benefit to George W. Howard in 1893. He then appeared in a minstrel show with Neil Burgess, G. W. Wilson and others.

Otis Skinner and Master Harry Woodruff were together in the company of the Boston Theatre in 1889, when Eugene Tompkins was first billed as manager.

And what might be said about Dan Maginnis, for years a favorite with the Boston public. He made his first appearance at this theatre in 1865 in a stock company that included Charles B. Thorne, Jr., Louis Aldrich, Agnes Booth and Rachel Noah. He began his career with the Morris brothers as a tenor, but he lost his singing voice. The first year at the Boston he received $20 a week, but when he "played demons" or parts where he ran the risk of being injured his salary was $30 a week. He was in the service of the management when he died, in 1889. The year before he made a hit as Daniel Groodge, a venerable villain in the melodrama "Mankind."

The Herald also reproduces portraits of Messrs. Tompkins and Kilby, and one of H. A. McGlenn, for many years the business agent of the theatre, who died suddenly in 1894.

Brilliant Seasons.

There were many brilliant seasons at the Boston Theatre. That of 1895-96 was especially noteworthy, and Mr. Tompkins' statement that the number of stars then appearing has probably never been equalled in a single season at any other playhouse in the world is not ill-founded. Among the stagefolk were Irving, Jefferson, Bellew, Sothern, Crane, Herne, the Hollands, Barrymore, Taber, Mmes. Duse, Modjeska, Crosman, Drew, Potter, Annie Clark. Among the singers were Mmes. Ternina, Kilafsky, Alvary, Gruening and Fischer. There was a host of lesser stars in both plays and operas.

BOSTON OPERA.

Never in New York since the fiery and adventurous Manuel Garcia brought his family troupe in 1825 has there been so great excitement over operatic performances as now at the beginning of the season. The newspapers devote column after column to announcements and reviews of performances; the life of this or that singer is chronicled as in the case of royalty and court journals. Philadelphia has its new opera house, erected by Mr. Hammerstein, and on the opening night hundreds, the Philadelphians say thousands, were unable to gain admission, either to this theatre or to the Academy of Music, where the Metropolitan Opera House Company put Mme. Sembrich and Caruso on the stage, as though to dare Mr. Hammerstein to do his best. In New York and in Philadelphia there seem to be audiences and glory enough for the rival houses.

Boston has been dependent on the disposition, the caprice, the business expectations of foreign managers. Managers in New York have brought good opera here and poor opera. Wandering companies have tried their fortune. For many years the local operatic season, as it has been called with unconscious irony, has been a week or a fortnight, except once, when the engagement of a company followed accidentally close on the heels of another's season. The result has been an operatic debauch of eight performances a week that jaded the subscribers and brought on the indigestion that waits on surfeit.

This city is eager to see the completion of the Boston Opera House on Huntington avenue. Citizens have shown their interest and confidence in the plan of a permanent opera here, a plan due to the generosity and the initiative force of a fellow-townsman. Now that the opera house is building, another opportunity has been given for those who wish to subscribe, an opportunity that is heartily appreciated.

Viewed on every side, aesthetic, educational, commercial, permanent opera should be of great benefit to Boston and its citizens. The time is ripe for long operatic seasons at reasonable prices. Boston, a city that has prided itself on being the dwelling house of culture and the favorite abode of the Muses, will at last have both a building dedicated to opera and a company identified with the town. Hitherto this city has been only a convenience to the purposes of managers, who have given it what they could afford to give, and given it as they pleased.

Nor is the interest in this opera house only local. Singers of international reputation, musicians of

Plays and Players

Would "The Honor of the Family," now playing at the Colonial, gain in effect if the ending of the original drama, "La Rabouilleuse," had been respected by the ingenious Paul M. Potter, in whose hands novelists and French playwrights are as the biblical clay?

In "La Rabouilleuse" the swashbuckler Brideau is about to leave the house as in "The Honor of the Family." The Corsican lies in wait for him outside. Flore, frightened, and also thinking of a possibly luxurious life in Paris, now that Max is dead, begs Philippe to stay. The death bell is heard and hatred swells again in her breast.

And now in the original version, after she has let Philippe go to his doom, she reproaches old Rouget for having brought about the duel, she pours out her contemptuous wrath on his head, she makes him promise definitely that he will marry her, take her to Paris and bequeath to her his entire fortune. Suddenly Philippe enters, his face all bloody, the stamp of death upon him. The Corsican has avenged his master Max. Philippe has time only to beg his uncle not to marry Flore. And he hurls at her the insult: "Garce!" Then he dies in hideous agony. There is a moment of awe and terror. Flore, recovering her nerve, gives this order: "Go look for his mother. This is the last sorrow he will cause her."

* * *

When "La Rabouilleuse" was performed in Paris some of the critics objected to this ending. Did they find it not in keeping with what had gone before? Of course, there was no question of Balzac's novel. In Mr. Potter's adaptation, as The Herald stated Tuesday morning, Philippe kills the Corsican, enters the house gayly, Flore leaves in a snow storm even without a bandbox, and Philippe, with jaunty malice, and possibly with amorous expectation, calls after her that he will meet her in Paris.

Which ending would a Boston audience prefer? Which ending is the more in keeping with Mr. Skinner's conception of the part? Here are subjects for academic discussion.

The Herald said last Tuesday that the audience would not bear the thought of Mr. Skinner assassinated after his triumph. If Mr. Skinner had impersonated the Brideau of Balzac, the Corsican would have been called before the curtain. The fact that the audience accepts Joseph's last victory as inevitable and his disposal of the assassin as a gracious act is a tribute to the splendor of Mr. Skinner's performance.

* * *

An editorial article in the Sun of New York concerning the life work of Sardou moved Miss Jeannette L. Gilder to a reply. She wrote, addressing the editor of the Sun: "You say that his name is 'inevitably linked with that of the genius of Sarah Bernhardt—as the chief opportunity of 'Sarah's degradation.' On the contrary, it was Sardou's plays that made Mme. Bernhardt, and when she ceased to play them she lost her grip on French audiences."

How easy it is to write without understanding!

Mme. Bernhardt's fame was established long before she played in a drama by Sardou; by her appearances at the Odeon in "Phedre," "Le Passant," "Ruy Blas" and other plays in the sixties; in "Le Sphinx," "L'Etrangere," "Hernani," "Ruy Blas" at the Comedie Francaise in the seventies.

When she first visited America in 1880, were her plays by Sardou? Not at all. She made her debut at Booth's Theatre as Adrienne Lecouvreur. Her repertory then consisted of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Frou Frou," "Le Sphinx," "L'Etrangere," "La Dame aux Camellas," "Phedre" and "Hernani." Would Miss Gilder insist that Mme. Bernhardt was not then famous? Judge paid her the honor of caricaturing her as a cat on a roof.

Mme. Bernhardt created the part of Fedora in 1882. She had then been 20 years on the stage, which she still adorns.

And what does Miss Gilder mean by saying that Mme. Bernhardt "lost her grip on French audiences" when she ceased to play Sardou's dramas? How about her appearances in Paris in "Magda," "Izeil," "La Femme de Claude," "Lorenzaccio," "La Samaritaine," "Lysiane," "Medee," "L'Aiglon," "Francesca da Rimini," "Theroigne de Mericourt," "La Vierge d'Avila," not to mention her revival of Hugo's "Angelo" with 68 performances in 1905?

* * *

Miss Gilder also wrote: "One might think from the editorial that money-getting and what money gives afforded him (Sardou) his greatest pleasure." Sardou was often reproached in the course of his career by Parisian critics, who respected the noble traditions of the French stage, for his inordinate hankering after pecuniary success, for constructing plays with a main eye to the box office. As far back as 1869, when Sardou's "Patrie" was produced, Barbey d'Aurevilly said in a remarkable review of the drama and the performance: "He (Sardou) did not come before the curtain. The audience left, calling him Corneille. 'How much money and how many performances!' all said enviously. Well, let us give him a crown of 5-franc pieces and say no more about it."

* * *

The Herald remarked in a review of a play performed lately in Boston, that the stage newspaper reporter is, as a rule, an absurdity. There is a reporter in "Fatinitza" with a song: "A Reporter Is a Man," and the librettist proceeds to tell at great length what sort of a man he is. The verses are a glorification of a reporter's life. It is strange that so few in or out of the city room troll it merrily in pursuance of duty. Mr. W. H. Fessenden used to sing it sweetly as he bustled about on the stage with an impressive, if impossible, note book.

We were reminded of plays in which reporters figure by reading the accounts of Georges Thurner's "Passe-Partout," produced at the Gymnase, Paris, late in October. The play is a satire, "terrible, yet, in many senses, amusing," on the modern newspaper owner, on the controller of a great press syndicate.

"I am identified, young man," said the editor of the Bugle-Horn of Liberty, at a war meeting in Baldwinsville, which Artemus Ward attended, "with an Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail; "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, $2 a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch."

The editor, Regis, in the play, owns 10 newspapers, but his pride is the Passe-Partout, an organ that sets ministers a-shivering, and inspires awe in the breast of the most intrepid financier. Yet he is human. One of his staff comes to him and asks for an increase of salary. Regis shows him how rich he really is on about $40 a month. "Why, my dear sir," he says to him, "that makes your salary 2400 francs a year! You have no debts, no encumbrances, no position to keep up; what a fortunate man you are!" And he becomes confidential and tells him of his own enormous expenses. The employe is deeply touched. He goes away smiling. His salary has not been raised, but at least, his services are appreciated, and if times were better, he would be drawing more pay.

One of Regis' women friends, a particularly intimate friend, is interested in a young man. She wishes a position for him. "What can he do?" asks Regis. "Oh, nothing; but I thought he would make a splendid journalist." The young man is engaged at 25 louis a month to assist either the sporting editor or the financial department. Incompetent as the young fellow is, he is muscular, also a skilful fencer. A rascally financier, who has been shown up, calls to demand satisfaction. Regis introduces the young man. The financier looks him over and proposes an understanding. "Do not speak of money to me," says Regis, but on his way out the slandered man calls on the business manager.

Regis employs spies in conducting his affairs. He discovers that a man who is paid a high price for his feuilletons is putting out his work and gives the hack only a third of what he receives.

* * *

Again we look forward to the West. The dramatic critic of the World-Herald, Omaha, received a letter that read as follows: "What is a dramatic critic for? Does he serve any useful purpose? I make the inquiry because in following the theatrical reviews I have found them unreliable, inconsistent and unworthy of serious consideration."

He did not throw the letter with a muttered curse into the waste basket. He did not flippantly say that a dramatic critic is for the purpose of entertaining press agents. He answered like a man: "The chief function of the critic is to cultivate, if possible, a better appreciation of histrionic wit." We can see him now, as he thought this sentence, with a finger or two touching his brow after the manner of Laurence Sterne in the portrait.

When Artemus Ward made his memorable visit to Boston he called on the writers of the Atlantic Monthly. "I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin."

* * *

The Herald quoted not long ago the glowing tribute paid in Chicago to Mr. George M. Cohan. It seems that in that city he is taken most seriously, looked on as the Moliere—or, is it the Aristophanes of the American stage? Probably the Aristophanes, for the parabasis, or digression, sung by the comic chorus in plays of Aristophanes is in reality a topical song. But Ibsen is also appreciated in Chicago. It would be a pleasure to give in full Amy Leslie's review of "Hedda Gabler." The gifted critic begins with a quotation from Marcus Aurelius Antoninus and then sketches the character of Hedda: "A snaky woman with angry eyes and an eloquent animalism, a woman who feels murder skimming about in her heart with bat wings that beat in thrills. A wolfish, archaic and beetle creature whose virginity meant hate, whose laugh dripped chills and infamy, and whose deceit hurt her more than any sort of childish tempest she concealed within her furious young breast. To wound, to strike, to kill, to brag and tyrannize. Hedda had learned and inherited. Passionately to adore and run away in fierce emotional abandon she had grown to form her own tumultuous femininity and her sullen grasp of all the vicious, black and vindictive skeins of fate.

"Ibsen unqualifiedly makes this abandoned bride the creature of all his own venomous outlook on the ugly things of life. Not a note of joy, a clean or wholesome melody, a lark's song, or a white star shivering in ether; only the murky, dismal, decrepit and gnarled windings of life, hideous, unkempt, sensual and mercenary."

Some may miss in this the "certain shade of unconcern, the perfect manner of the 18th century," which Pater mentions as marking complete culture in the handling of abstract questions, but Chicago is a live town.

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The appearance again in Boston of Mr. Neil Burgess reminds us that an entertaining little book might be written concerning male actors who have played female parts, and audacious women who have insisted on playing melodramatic or tragic parts. Years ago Charles Bishop amused audiences as the Widow Twanky and other grotesque characters. Harry Becket was a delightful Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Burgess won fame as the Widow Bedott and as Mrs. Puffy. There is a long list of comedians appearing in comic or burlesque female parts. A straight melodramatic impersonation of an adventuress, or a malignant chamber-maid, who was in reality a man, might be made fascinating or sinister.

On the other hand, women have had extraordinary courage. Charlotte Cushman played not only Hamlet, Claude Melnotte and Romeo, but also Cardinal Wolsey. Think of the women that have played Hamlet, from Anna Dickinson to Sarah Bernhardt, from Charlotte Crompton to Louise Pomeroy. Mme. Judith played the part on the French stage in a version by Dumas the elder and Maurice, 40 years ago. Women appeared as Iago, Ingomar, Othello, Richard III., Richelieu, Shylock, Verginius, William Tell. Did any woman within the last 100 years ever play Falstaff?

* * *

We spoke recently of the delight of all sane persons in melodrama, especially when it is piping hot. They will sympathize in the disappointment of the audience at the Elephant and Castle Theatre when "The Beggar Girl's Wedding" was recently produced. There was, of course, a villain, cheered on his way by an energetic and seductive adventuress, but he committed only two murders: He strangled a lawyer who impudently threatened to put him in prison for forgery, and he shot a "fence," the father of the beggar girl heroine. The villain, however, had many murderous intentions. He lured the rich hero and the heroine to a physician's house. This physician was a homicidal maniac, and he put the bride and bridegroom into a "cage of death." They were rescued by low comedians, who no doubt obliged with a song and dance after the rescue and the incarceration of villain and maniac in the lethal cage.

high degree, all interested in art, are watching with approval the growth and the development of the plan. Two singers have already shown their good will by offering sums of money to found scholarships that students of talent may be carefully and thoroughly trained for the stage. Such encouragement is needed, and it is to be hoped that others will follow their example, for not the least of the advantages attending this operatic plan is the outlet that will be provided for the musically dramatic talent that has been allowed to go to seed or has sought recognition in European cities, sought it too often with tears, and found in the end, after patient struggling, only foreign prejudice that thwarted and crushed.

No observer of arts that entertain and at the same time cultivate taste and develop aesthetic understanding will deny the mighty influence of opera when it is a part of the daily life of a people. The Boston opera is designed to enter into the daily life of Bostonians; to attract others to the city; to encourage young singers of talent, and composers of stage instincts; to make for general musical righteousness. Nor need any one fear that the establishment of opera will be injurious to other musical organizations, of which Boston is justly proud. The success of the opera will, on the contrary, awaken additional interest in music as an art, whatever its form may be.

SINGING BY DIVINE GRACE MISNOMER

Singer Thus Hysterically Lauded Often Wails as an Emptying Bathtub.

BY PHILIP HALE.

It is sometimes said of a man that he is "a singer by the grace of God." This is also said of women. The phrase is thought to be a high compliment, but as a matter of fact it is meaningless. It may even be considered a reflection on a singer's art. Young men come from the

North, South, East and West, specially from the West, and are drawing room lions, roaring gently at first, not to frighten the ladies, feeling themselves at home and gathering courage, they sing formidable ballads with what might be called a menagerie voice, or amorous and intimate songs with "great expression." In summer they flit along the cottage and casino-lined shore, and are close to hostesses in their entertainments. The report of them is spread. Have you heard Mr. Bimbinger? You must hear him. He is really wonderful. His interpretations are so soulful. He is a singer by the grace of God."

At last the hysterically-lauded singer comes out in the open. He gives a public recital. The cool and experienced hearer then finds out that the young man has naturally a good voice; he has musical and interpretative instincts; his tonal emission is extremely faulty; he has never studied intelligently the fundamental principles of singing; his intonation is often impure; when he would be particularly expressive he bellows or he gurgles; he shouts an alarm of fire or his wail is that of an emptying bathtub. And this is the singer "by the grace of God"! The phrase, then, being interpreted, may mean that the Lord in his infinite goodness permits him to sing.

For this reason the phrase should not be applied, as it has been, to Dr. Ludwig Wuellner. In the first place he is not a singer in the exact meaning of the word. Judged by a reasonable and pedagogic standard, he would often be found wanting. It is not necessary to call attention to this or that vocal fault; the frequent absence of legato when the phrase should be sustained, the abuse of the portamento, etc., etc. No doubt, Dr. Wuellner himself would be the first to disclaim a mastery of "bel canto." Nor is he to be judged and enjoyed as a singer of sweet romanzas and polished arias. He is an extraordinary personality who is dramatic in heightened speech that follows more or less melodic lines and is accompanied by music. He takes a song that would not appeal to many, as Schumann's "Der Soldat," and gives the hearer a full idea of the horror of the execution and the agony of the comrade whose ball pierced the heart of the condemned. As he recites this grim song, he is not a looker-on, a sleek narrator; he might say with Walt Whitman: "I am the man, I suffered, I was there."

The more intense the song, the more overpowering is Dr. Wuellner's interpretation. In songs of a purely lyric nature he is intelligent, but not so effective. In a pleasing and conventional setting of music to amiable strophes, he would not charm, for his voice is not sensuous, and his skill in pure mechanism is not so pronounced that he leads one to forget the lack of sensuous tonal quality. It has been said that the perfect comedian must have tragic power. The converse of this saying is not necessarily true. Dr. Wuellner is first of all a singing tragedian. He has the tragic mask. As an actor with the Meiningen company he played heroic parts.

Think of the training and experience this man has had. His father was an excellent musician, renowned as an operatic and orchestral conductor, a devoted friend of Wagner and his cause, an encourager in every way of modern tendencies in music. The son had an unusually thorough course in universities; he taught and lectured in a university; he received the degree of Dr. phil. Then he studied music, conducted a choir in Cologne, and when he was 31 years old he joined the famous Meiningen Theatre company as a player of heroic parts, as I have already said. When he was 37 he began about giving recitations, and not till 1896 did he become definitely known as a singer of songs. He is now 50 years old. He has marked natural advantages; his commanding figure, his singularly impressive yet sympathetic face at once arrest the attention of an audience.

Tragedian, reciter, what wonder if his first aim is to interpret songs dramatically, not by gestures poorly suited to the concert stage, but by use of voice, by legitimate play of features, by the exercise of bodily and mental authority.

For some years Dr. Wuellner has been famous throughout Europe. When he gives a recital in Berlin it is not easy to obtain a seat, so eager is the desire of many to hear him. This is also true of his recitals in other cities. Some in Boston have had the pleasure of hearing him in Germany or in London. They were at his concert in Jordan Hall. Much had been written about him in local journals before he visited us. His name should not have been unfamiliar to any one interested in music and musicians. Yet there was no wide-spread curiosity to hear him. The proportion of the audience that paid for admission was small.

Probably many "patrons and patronesses of music" were waiting to be assured by a friend that Dr. Wuellner is worth hearing. "You should have been there. I am sorry you missed it. You know he bares his heart to you. 'He is' ye, the old, dear phrase, 'a singer by the grace of God.'"

Dr. Wuellner was anxious to read "Manfred" after Schumann's music, or "The Wit's Song" with Schilling's music. He, or his manager, is still anxious for him to have the opportunity. There was often some talk of a performance of "Manfred" with the aid of the Boston orchestra, but there is no definite conclusion.

Dr. Wuellner will give another recital in Boston, perhaps two, and no one that appreciates remarkable interpretations of dramatic songs should pass him by.

There will be plenty of chamber concerts here this season. The Kneisel, the Hoffmann, and the Hess-Schroeder quartets have begun their series and Mr. Longy, undaunted by the lack of general interest in the admirable concerts of the club that bear his name, will give the first of three concerts tomorrow night. Later in the season the Flonzaley quartet, which taught us what euphony may dwell in fiddles, viola and 'cello, will visit Boston after its triumphant sojourn in Europe.

Much is reasonably expected of the new quartet club founded by Messrs. Hess and Schroeder. Mr. Hess is a virtuoso of high rank, with great experience as concert master and quartet leader. Mr. Schroeder as a quartet player need fear no brother near the throne, and the Kneisels have not replaced him. Mr. Theodorowicz is a violinist without a rival in this country as a second in a quartet. It is not necessary to speak of the superb artistry of Mr. Ferir, who is more eloquent than ever now that he has an unusually fine viola. Yet the first concert of this quartet was, on the whole, a disappointment. There was too much solo playing in ensemble, and it must be said that Mr. Hess, especially in the quartet by Mozart, was the chief offender. Either through enthusiasm or nervousness he seemed to think that Mozart wrote the quartet for solo violin and a string accompaniment. His associates also quickly lost a sense of proportion. It was as though each one said to himself: "I, too, am a virtuoso, and I purpose to be heard." It may be said that this lack of proportion and the incongruous feverishness in the performance of Mozart's music were due to the necessarily few rehearsals before a first concert near the beginning of the season; but these men are all trained quartet players, and the quartet had already played in public before it appeared in Chickering Hall. The disturbing pre-eminence of the first violin was not a matter of few or many rehearsals. Mr. Hess showed the same tendency as leader of the Boston Symphony Quartet. The Hess-Schroeder Quartet had many friends and well-wishers before it gave the first concert. It will undoubtedly keep them if it shows, as it did in the quartet by Schumann, that it can be emotional and at the same time well balanced and euphonious.

It has been said that for the last two or three years there has been a lack of interest here in the performance of choral works. The statement is undoubtedly true.

The Handel and Haydn still relies mainly for pecuniary support on the two inevitable performances of "The Messiah," which is indeed a sterling work and fairly familiar even to the younger generation.

The Apollo, fundamentally a private organization, has money in the bank and a waiting list of applicants for associate membership. When it determined to give a public concert in Symphony Hall it wisely engaged an opera singer who had a sure draught at the box office.

The Cecilia, under Mr. Lang, and under Mr. Goodrich, has been enterprising in the production of new works. The public of late years has not responded generously or even decently. The Cecilia chorus is an excellent body of singers. It is doubtful whether any choral society of like character and size is superior to it in this country. Modern works that have attracted attention in Europe and in certain American cities have been produced here, and there has been little interest, hardly any curiosity on the part of the general public. It is easy to say that the great public wishes to hear only works that it already knows. There was once a healthier musical spirit in this city. Why is there now prevailing apathy concerning the production of new works? The Cecilia purposes to give this season three concerts, and at one of them Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," based on Dante's text, will be performed for the first time in this city. The cantata is said to be remarkable in many ways. It is to be hoped that the Cecilia and its leader will be supported in their praiseworthy ambition.

If the Cecilia should find that it cannot give performances with the support of the public, it should not be disheartened or talk of disbanding. It could be of great service to music and still preserve an honorable name by being an auxiliary force to the Boston Symphony orchestra. At present important orchestral works with chorus, as Beethoven's ninth symphony, are on the shelf.

Musical Publications.

The Herald has received the following books published by G. Schirmer: "The Choirmaster's Manual," by Harold N. Clare. This pamphlet contains hints and advice concerning the management and teaching of choir boys. Thus in the selection of young singers: "Never take a stout, heavy boy with a 'break.' A thin, light boy may by diligent practice downwards overcome this defect." I once knew an Austrian who for a time trained a cathedral choir in Albany, N. Y. It was his habit to address a soprano as follows: "Now, you boy over there, come out of your fat." In performance, "all such words as 'may,' 'day,' 'say,' etc., must be finished without any upward movement of the jaw otherwise 'mayee,' 'dayee,' 'sayee,' etc., will be the result." Nor should worshippers be obliged to hear "Web 'each Thee t'yeerus," or "Good Lor' Diliverus." Mr. Clare justly says that practice may be a detriment. This remark may also be applied to piano students. "Class Notes in Music History," by Waldo S. Pratt, is intended to serve as a connecting link between a teacher's lectures and his student's reading. It no doubt was also intended to accompany the author's "History of Music." "A Key to Harmony Simplified and a Classroom Manual," by F. H. Shepard. This is both a key to Mr. Shepard's textbook and a book of suggestions to those using other works.

The Herald has received from Oliver Ditson Co., Lanseron's "A, B, C, of Music: a Primer of Vocalization," revised and extended by N. Clifford Page, and "Twelve Lessons in the Fundamentals of Voice Production," by Arthur L. Manchester, director of music and teacher of singing at Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.

The Herald has received from J. Fischer & Brother, New York, a copy of "The Seven Last Words of Christ on the Cross," an oratorio for solo voices, chorus, organ and orchestra by Dr. P. Hartmann von Ander Lan-Hochbrunn. The work is worthy of consideration by choirs and choral societies. The composer was in this country in 1906-7, and he led a performance of his oratorio, "St. Peter," in New York (April 3, 1907).

Personal.

Mr. Krehbiel did not care for some of the new singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, Nov. 18, in "Die Walkuere." Erik Schmedes, tenor, made his first appearance and of him Mr. Krehbiel wrote: "The most persistent reflection which his singing provoked was that if, as has been said, he is one of the foremost tenors on the German stage today, then the German stage is in a parlous way. It might be best to reserve judgment in this case, but it does not seem possible that such viciousness of vocalization, such unsteadiness of tone and impurity of intonation, such lack of clarity in enunciation as marred his performance can be due to any temporary and passing cause." Mr. Hinckley, bass and an American, also made his first appearance as Hunding. According to Mr. Krehbiel, he "vied with Herr Schmedes in emitting his tones in distressful puffs, and contributed to the disappointment of the evening." Of Mr. Feinhals, the Wotan, Mr. Krehbiel spoke better. He praised his voice, fine vocalization, but he deplored his following the "latter-day tradition in presenting a needlessly peevish and irascible conception of the god's character."

Mrs. Florence Pierron Hartmann, formerly of Boston, now of Chicago, sang Charles Martin Loeffler's "Timbres oubliees," "La Cloche felee," "Serenade," "Le son du Cor" and "Dansons la Gigue" at a concert of the American Musical Club, Chicago, Nov. 16.

The Minneapolis Journal thinks that there are a dozen fine orchestras in the world. "Perhaps there are six in America. Chief among these must be ranked the Boston symphony, which plays almost too well. As one newly come local musician expressed it, 'Put the Theodore Thomas orchestra in heaven and that is the way the Boston symphony plays on earth.'"

Philadelphia is "simply delighted" with the opera within its gates. Mr. G. Heide Norris says that Hammerstein's new opera house makes Philadelphia a socially united city and a centre of art. Mr. Hammerstein also lifts up his voice. He firmly believes that grand opera is "the most elevating influence upon modern society after religion." "It is the embodiment of all that is gentlest and tenderest, it embraces all that is bravest and most heroic, it runs the entire gamut of every human emotion; and whether its theme be love or war, or both, it is truth; perhaps it is sometimes truth idealized, but it is always truth. To me grand opera so uplifts the soul that I forget its material side, and I leave the house with the same feeling I might have after hearing a great sermon or great church ceremonial." Not a day passes that admiration for Mr. Hammerstein does not grow.

The New York Sun gently rapped the Kneisels' knuckles for playing Courtlandt Palmer's piano quintet, the same piece that they played recently at Fenway court. "Mr. Kneisel and his associates discharged themselves of their obligations in a most honorable manner. But it will doubtless be of distinct advantage to the organization to perform in the future more significant novelties, even if they are not by American composers."

To go back to Philadelphia. The Metropolitan company and Mr. Hammerstein's company opened there the same night, Nov. 17. The Metropolitan company gave "La Boheme," with Mme. Sembrich, Caruso and Scotti. Mr. Hammerstein produced "Carmen," with Mme. Labia and Dalmores and Dufranne. It is said that the Metropolitan drew 3038 hearers; Mr. Hammerstein 4000 to 5000; that the Metropolitan turned away 1500 and Mr. Hammerstein 4000; that Mr. Hammerstein's total receipts were $16,000 and the Metropolitan's $8775. Mr. Hammerstein has reason to think highly of grand opera.

The Episcopal clergymen in Philadelphia are eminently sane in the "Salome" matter. Resolutions against Mr. Hammerstein's production of Strauss' "Salome" were voted down. "Leading clergymen argued that they did not know enough about the opera to criticise it. Some said that to condemn it would lead them into a question about all other plays. It was agreed that it must be left to the individual conscience in any event."

Nor should it be forgotten that just before the performance of "Faust" at the new Brooklyn Opera House Miss Geraldine Farrar stood on a pedestal, dressed as the "Goddess of Liberty," and "sang beautifully" the old air known familiarly as "The Star Spangled Banner." After applause had shaken the chandelier she finally left the pedestal and put on Marguerite's clothes.

The St. Louis journals are loud in their praise of Mr. Max Zach as conductor and citizen.

Miss Jolanda Mero, a Hungarian pianist, who played for the first time in London Oct. 30, was praised by the critics for warmth, subtlety and brilliance.

They celebrated at Bamberg, Oct. 26, the 100th anniversary of E. T. A. Hoffmann's appearance at the head of the local theatre orchestra. A tablet was put on the house where he lived and a festival performance of "Contes d'Hoffmann" was given.

Max Reger has decided to give up his position of director of music at the Leipsic University at the end of the year. He wishes more time for composition. He will continue to teach at the Leipsic conservatory.

Works New and Old.

Mr Campanini conducted a performance of Debussy's "La Mer" at a concert at the Manhattan Opera House last Sunday, and the audience was so pleased that the orchestra as well as the conductor was obliged to respond to the applause.

Vincent d'Indy is said to be at work on a new choral composition based on the legend of Saint Christopher.

"The Fall of the Angels," a descriptive fantasia by L. Gnade, has been published in London. I now quote from the Referee: "Mr. Gnade's piece opens with a presto entitled 'Satan's Address.' The enemy of mankind speaks in semiquavers which result in a prestissimo fortissimo in demi-semiquavers headed 'The Dispute.' This leads into a still more agitated passage in octaves called 'The Fight,' directed to be played 'con fuoco,' shortly afterward increased to 'con furore fff,' the pianist having to scale the keyboard until E flat in altissimo is reached, when 'The Fall' is illustrated by a series of shakes, dropping an octave lower at each bar until he arrives at the lowest limit of the instrumen. After this we have 'Peace' expressed by a largo chiefly remarkable for a number of trills and arpeggios, presumably intended to suggest celestial harpers. The finale is a triumphal march named 'Victory,' having a rollicking middle section but a 'Maestoso coda.'"

"Oceano Nox," a symphonic poem based by E Flament on a poem by Victor Hugo, and produced at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, attempts to describe the infinite sea and the dramas on and below its surface. The motives are said to be frank and vigorous, and the orchestration, except for an abuse of muted trumpet, is praised.

"Impressions d'un Site Agreste," by Jules Maugue, was produced at a Lamoureux concert in Paris Nov. 1. The piece is a little impressionistic piece. "There are some themes rather dry and curt, and one really pretty phrase tossed about by the instruments. The instrumentation is not especialy brilliant or colored."

The Herald has already mentioned the production at Lyons of Mariotte's opera, "Salome," based on Wilde's tragedy and begun before the composer knew that Strauss was at work on his opera of like name. The correspondent of the Guide Musical says that Mariotte walks in the footsteps of the ultra-moderns. "We find in it a great deal of Debussy, much of d'Indy, a little of Dukas and Erlanger, and almost nothing of Wagner." The five leading motives are short and not very characteristic. They are treated skilfully; the harmonic treatment is interesting; the instrumentation might be less heavy and monotonous.

The performances at Bayreuth next year will be as follows: "Lohengrin," July 22, Aug. 1, 5, 12, 19; "Parsifal," July 23, 31, Aug. 4, 7, 8, 11, 20; "The Ring," July 25 to 28, Aug. 14 to 17.

Concerts of the Week.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Louis Bachner of Baltimore. Bach-Liszt, prelude and fugue in A minor; Beethoven, sonata in E major, op. 109; Brahms, ballade, op. 118; Schumann, arabesque; Debussy, passepied; Scriabine, Poeme d'Amour, etude, op. 8, No. 5; Chopin, nocturne in B, op. 62; impromptu, in G flat, etude in E flat, op 10; etude in C sharp minor, op. 25; Scherzo in B flat minor, op. 31.

Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Longy Club (ninth season). Falconi, sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and piano (first time); Handel, concerto for oboe with accompaniment of strings (first time at these concerts); caplet, Persian suite for 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarinets, 2 horns, 2 bassoons. The club is composed of Messrs. D. Marquarre and Brooke flutes; Longy and Lenom, oboes; Grisez and Minart, clarinets; Hain and Lorbeer, horns; Sadony and Helleberg, bassoons; De Voto, pianist. Mr. Max Fiedler will assist.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. William Wolstenholme will give an organ recital (his first appearance in Boston). Bach, toccata and fugue in F; Bairstow, Evening Song; Boellmann, suite gothique; Wolsternholme Bridal Song, festival toccata in B flat; Hollins, Benediction Nuptiale; Wolsternholme, pastorale in D, intermezzo and finale from sonata in F major. Improvisation. Mr. E. Blum, tenor, will sing Cesar Franck's "Panis Angelicus," Wolf's "Gebet," Chadwick's "Allah," Foote's "Requiem," Mrs. Beach's "June." Mr. Wolstenholme was born at Blackburn, Eng., Feb. 24, 1865. He was blind at birth. He was educated at the Worcester College for the Blind Sons of Gentlemen. He appeared in public as organist and pianist and in 1887 he was graduated Mus. B. at Oxford. In 1888 he was appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's Church, Blackburn. Later he was called to London.

Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by George Copeland, Jr. Bach, first movement of Italian concerto; Gluck-Saint-Saens, caprice "Alceste"; Chopin, polonaise, op. 44; valse, op. 34, No. 2; ballade No. 1; Debussy, "Reflets dans l'eau," Cortege et air de Danse, "Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut"; Chabrier Habanera; Ravel, "Alborada del graciosa."

FRIDAY — Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben"; Tschaikowsky, concerto in B flat minor, No. 1, for piano and orchestra (Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist); prelude and love's death from "Tristan and Isolde."

SATURDAY — Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Coming Concerts.

The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert Dec. 3 will include Schumann's quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3.; Foote's Trio No. 2 in B flat major, op. 65 (Mr. Foote, pianist); d'Albert's Scherzo from quartet in E flat major, op. 11.; Grieg's unfinished quartet F major, op. posth.

[illegible] Boston Symphony Pension [illegible] season will be given [illegible] Sunday evening, Dec. 13.

Charles Anthon will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on the evening of Dec. 10, when he will play pieces by Chopin, Bach, Reger, MacDowell.

Mr. Sydney Beckley, English elocutionist, will read "Enoch Arden" in Steinert Hall on Monday evening. [illegible] and Mr. Benjamin Lambord will play Richard Strauss' illustrative music to it.

Mr. Ernest Perabo will give two piano recitals: One in the music room of Fenway Court (through the courtesy of Mrs. Gardner) on Wednesday, Dec. 16; the other in Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 20. Mr. Perabo will play solo pieces at each concert and in the first he will play ensemble compositions with Messrs. Willy Hesse and Wranke. Mr. E. Blum, tenor, will sing. At the second concert Alwyn Schroeder, 'cellist, and a singer, will assist.

Mme. Chaminade's concert will be in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12. The subscription sale will continue until Friday, Dec. 4. Miss Yvonne de St. Andre, mezzo-soprano, and Ernest Groom, tenor, will assist Mme. Chaminade in a program of her own compositions.

Among the unfamiliar pieces to be played here by the Flonzaley Quartet are a sonata for two violins and piano by Handel and Dohnanyi's second quartet.

The Czerwonky Quartet will play at its first concert in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 9, Beethoven's quartet in C minor, Pogoieff's quartet C major, op. 5 (first time here) and Hugo Kaun's quartet in C minor (first time here).

Ernest Schelling will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, the 30th.

The Harvard Improvement Association, Dorchester, has formed a choral union of mixed voices. Mr. Francis X. Corr is chairman and Mr. John A. O'Shea has been appointed director. At the first concert a cantata and part songs will be performed. The choral union hopes to perform an oratorio or an opera at the second concert.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes of New York will play at their first violin and piano sonata recital in Steinert Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 4, Bach's sonata in E major, Grieg's sonata in G major; Nardini's sonata in D major and Lekeu's sonata in G major.

Dr. Wuellner will give his second song recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Dec. 7.

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FIRST CONCERT OF THE LONGY CLUB

The first concert of the ninth season of the Longy Club was given last night in Potter Hall. The program was as follows: Falconi, Sextet in E flat, op. 50, for piano, flute, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon; Handel, Concerto for oboe; Caplet, "Persian" suite for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons. The club was assisted by an orchestra of strings for Handel's concerto and Mr. Fiedler led it. There was a good-sized and most applausive audience.

Mr. Brooke, a few minutes after the hour appointed for beginning the concert, told the audience that Mr. D. Maquarre, the first flute, had not arrived, and that he (Mr. Brooke) would play the flute part in Falconi's sextet, although he had not seen it. Mr. Brooke is an excellent musician, so the audience was not seriously disturbed; but Caplet's suite calls for two flutes, one of them interchangeable with piccolo, and no flutist, however skilful he may be, can play two flutes or even one flute and a piccolo at the same time. Mr. Longy, no doubt, looked out at a window like the mother of Sisera and cried through the lattice: "Why is Mr. Maquarre's chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" But Mr. Maquarre did not come, and the suite was played with nine wind instruments instead of the decreed 10.

Almost 20 years ago piano pieces by Alfonso Falconi were published in this city. Falconi was then living in Florence. These piano pieces are gracefully written and they have a certain harmonic piquancy. Perhaps the Longy Club was a little depressed last evening by the absence of the first flute; perhaps the fault was in the music of the sextet itself; whatever the cause, this sextet as performed had little distinction except in the ingenious use of the instruments for the purpose of obtaining effects of color. The themes have little profile and there is the thought of laborious construction rather than of spontaneous ideas with consequent and flowing development.

Falconi's sextet was played here for the first time. Caplet's suite has been heard here before and it gains by repeated hearings. The first two movements are the best. The opening of the first movement is singularly impressive and the whole of this movement and the second are interesting melodically and harmonically. It matters not whether any theme be strictly Persian or not: the orientalism of a westerner is often more exotic than is the simon pure folk song of the East. Caplet's exoticism is not merely something unexpected, bizarre. It is apparently natural to him, as though the roses of Ispahan bloomed and were fragrant in his back garden. The third movement is not so euphonious, not so imaginative. It should be remembered however that an instrument was lacking in the performance.

The feature of the evening was the performance of Handel's concerto by Mr. Longy and his assistants. The exquisite art of Mr. Longy has long been recognized. It is always a cause for rejoicing, whether it be displayed in the orchestra or on the too rare occasions when he plays solos at the concerts of his club. It was a great pleasure to hear last night the stately and tender music of Handel, one of the few great melodists, a man to be ranked in this respect with Mozart, Rossini, Schubert, Verdi, Wagner. Both in the florid passages and in the beautiful sarabande Mr. Longy was always the poetic master of his instrument. By the way, what a pity it is that the word oboe ever drove out hautboy.

The second concert of the club will take place on Dec. 21.

LOUIS BACHNER'S RECITAL.

Former Boston Pianist Well Received in Steinert Hall.

Mr. Louis Bachner, formerly of Boston, now of Baltimore, gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a very small but interested and appreciative audience. The program was as follows: Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Bach-Liszt; Sonata in E major, op. 109, Beethoven; Ballade, op. 118, Brahms; Arabesque, Schumann; Passepied, Debussy; Poeme d'Amour and Etude, op. 8, No. 5, Scriabine; Chopin's Nocturne in B, op. 62, Impromptu in G flat, Etude in E flat, op. 10, Etude in C sharp minor, op. 25; Scherzo in B flat minor, op. 31.

Mr. Bachner shows a constant gain in interpretation. His performance of the sonata was thoughtful and expressive. It was neither too scholastic nor too rhapsodic. There were poetic moments in his playing of the smaller pieces that followed immediately, and the Arabesque and the Passepied had genuine charm as played by him. Mr. Bachner should guard against an over use of the damper pedal. Liszt's transcription of Bach's organ prelude and fugue suffered from too free pedaling, and the abuse was not necessary, for Mr. Bachner's technic is adequate and he does not need the help courted by the ammature.

PARK THEATRE—"Hook of Holland," with the characters cast thus:

Mr. Hook	Frank Daniels
Mina	Adele Rowland
Capt. Adrian Paap	Leslie Stiles
Lieut. De Coop	Glen White
Bandmaster Van Vnyt	Arthur Harrold
Simon Slinks	Will Danforth
Ludwig Schnapps	Tom Collins
An old policeman	Frank Dillabough
Van Eck	Edwin Burch
Freeda Voos	Edith Burch
Clara Voos	Fleuretta De Mar
Gretchen	Flossie Hope
An old market woman	Lenore Niles
Sally Hook	Christie MacDonald

DRAMA A

Mme. Isadora Duncan danced three movements of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and waltzes, nocturnes and mazurkas by Chopin, played by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Damrosch conductor, in Philadelphia the 19th. The Academy of Music was crowded, and "encore followed encore."

The New York Times said of Mme. Mariska-Aldrich, who appeared on the operatic stage for the first time as the page Urbano in "The Huguenots," Manhattan Opera House, Nov. 20: "Her inexperience and her nervous agitation were perfectly evident from the moment she first appeared, but they did not prevent her from disclosing powers that promise well for her future when she shall be able to make them count for all they are worth. She is tall in figure and attractive in feature; her voice, so far as she was able to produce it last evening, seems to be an extremely agreeable one, with uncommon flexibility and possibilities of expressiveness. She will no doubt be able to give a better account of it in the future. Her stage appearance was handicapped at the outset by a remarkably unbecoming and almost uncouth costume, and her inexperience with the stage and its routine was obvious at many points—so far as relates to this particular opera, especially when she undertook to blindfold De Nevers instead of Raoul, and was politely referred by the nobleman to the proper person."

The Sun was in a more flippant mood. The fact that she was a page inspired an obvious jest: "Mme. Mariska-Aldrich is tall enough to be a quarto page, but why she wore a pair of football trousers it would be hard to tell. They did not become her."

There are two concerts tonight. Mr. William Wolstenholme, the English organist, blind from birth, will give a recital in Jordan Hall and play pieces of his own composition and pieces by Bach, Bairstow, Boellmann and Hollins. Mr. E. Blum, tenor, who has been studying in Germany for some time, will sing groups of songs. Mr. George Copeland, Jr., will give a piano recital in Chickering Hall. His program will include pieces by Bach, Gluck, Saint-Saens, Chopin, Chabrier, Ravel, and unfamiliar pieces by Debussy from "Images."

The Baltimore Sun publishes a delightful editorial article on Lydia Thompson. "Ah, youth! It was long ago, when the world was young and there was a dance in every tune, when the songs rang merrily and there were no dregs in the world's wine. All the men who cheered and toasted Lydia know better now. They are wise and useful citizens, and wouldn't take a second look at any actress that ever shocked a callow youth; but in Lydia's day the world was younger, and men were not so wise."

The composer of "The Merry Widow" is said to have received in royalties $350,000. One of the directors of the An der Wien Theatre, where the operetta was produced Jan. 3, 1906, recently admitted that he had made over $200,000. George Edwardes of London has sold over $700,000 worth of seats for the performances at Daly's Theatre alone.

Charles Frohman has secured the English and American rights in "Arsene Lupin," a French play described recently in The Herald. He will also bring back with him "an important plan" for a play for Miss Barrymore.

Miss Gladys Unger has adapted a pleasing one-act play from Pierre Elzear's piece. The English title is "In an Arab Garden." An old lawyer, Ramdon, became engaged to handsome Messaouda, but he cast her off. He changed his mind and would fain have married her, but this was against the Mohammedan law, so he devised the plan of marrying her to his gardener, who should then divorce her immediately after the ceremony. But the gardener was already in love with her, and when they were married the two laughed at the thought of a divorce.

"Miss Lillian Russell admits in confidence that her one great desire in life has been to find just the right kind of a husband to settle down in a quiet little home and raise a family of children—but she has never been able to find the right kind of a man." So her life has been a fruitless pursuit of the ideal! "Don't make me laugh, Mike; I've a cracked lip."

DeWolf Hopper will be seen at the Majestic Theatre, New York, Dec. 3, in a new musical play, "The Pied Piper," book by Austin Strong and R. H. Burnside, music by Manuel Klein. The leading woman will be Marguerite Clark.

Algernon St. John-Brenon described Miss Mary Randa, who took the part of the Shepherd in "Tosca" at the Metropolitan, as "voluminous and emphatic."

Mme. Mimi Aguglia of the famous Sicilian company now in New York, says she never studied for the stage, but she went on it when she was 12 years old. "I do not study my movements; I learn my words and then I leave the rest to my feelings of the moment. We of Sicily are carried away by our emotions. We have not learnt repression, we are not ashamed of the great primal human emotions, the love of man for woman, of father for child, of husband and wife; we do not hide these things and try to overcome them. There is no 'woman question' in Sicily and I don't see why there ever should be. Life has remained without complexity and conditions do not raise the living problem at all."

Mr. Florencio Constantino, the Spanish tenor, arrived in New York last Saturday. He is somewhat in doubt as to whether he will sing in opera this season or make a concert tour. "There have been some negotiations with Mr. Hammerstein, but a definite conclusion has not been reached."

The Daily Telegraph says that Mme. Lina Cavalleri's son is in New York and that his age is reported to be 21. According to the records she was born in 1874. She must have been married then when she was about 12 years old.

Oscar Hammerstein says he has the exclusive rights for America in Richard Strauss' new opera "Electra."

Gustav Mahler will make his first appearance in New York as a symphonic conductor next Sunday night.

John K. Paine's music to "Oedipus" was performed in Brooklyn the 21st. George Riddle was the reader.

Miss Edith Thompson of Boston played with the Kneisel quartet in Brooklyn the 19th. She played Schumann's quartet and the Daily Eagle praised her warmly.

They found out in Philadelphia that the serpents with which Miss Odette Valery dances have been deprived of their deadly fangs. This, in measure, lessened the enjoyment of the spectators. The North American, however, was pleased by her arms. "What wonderful arms they are! Large, round, but tapering to a delicate wrist; fingers that are as loose as a silken tassel, and always in some expressive motion."

Alwin Schroeder, the 'cellist of the Hess-Schroeder quartet, was the soloist at the concert of the New York Symphony orchestra last Sunday.

An English contralto, Miss Gertrude Lonsdale, made her first appearance in this country at Hermann Klein's Sunday afternoon concert in New York the 22d. Miss Edith Thompson played at the same concert, and Glen Hale, known here as a sentimental tenor at the Handel and Haydn concerts, sang after an absence of two years in Europe. The concert was in memory of Anton Rubinstein.

Auguste Van Biene, 'cellist, played in the London streets last week and collected 15 shillings and 2 pence, which he sent with a £5 note to the Music Hall benevolent fund. On Nov. 18, 1868, when he was a boy of 18 and starving, he was discovered, so the story goes, by Michael Costa. The boy was playing in Hanover square. Costa asked him why, and Van Biene answered, "Because I am hungry." Sir Michael took him home and gave him an engagement in the Covent Garden orchestra. Van Biene then vowed that he would play in the streets on every anniversary of his deliverance from poverty. This is an excellent story, all the more touching because nothing is said at the end about his revisiting America. Van Biene played here in the Park Theatre, as 'cellist and comedian, in "The Wandering Minstrel," 11 or or 12 years ago last September.

[illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] deeply interested in opera. The newspapers are publishing the story in full of "The Barber of Seville." Possibly the libretto of "Martha" will follow as a serial story.

To H. L. S.: Joseph Sheehan is singing in opera in Chicago.

Nov 25, 1908

PIANO RECITAL BY GEO. COPELAND, JR.

Mr. George Copeland, Jr., gave a piano recital last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows. Bach, First movement of Italian concerto, Gluck-Saint-Saens, "Alceste" caprice; Chopin, Polonaise, op. 44, Valse, op. 34, No. 2, Ballade No. 1; Debussy, "Reflets dans l'eau," Cortege et air de danse, "Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut"; Chabrier, Habanera; Ravel, "Alborada del graciosa." There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Copeland's playing is out of the common. He has a peculiarly beautiful touch; yet he can be formal and dry in music that perhaps does not strongly appeal to him. He is above all a romantic player, but his romanticism is ultra-modern. He is happiest, as far as his performance is concerned, in the impressionistic music of the modern French school. He is a born interpreter of Debussy. In the music of this strange being, who now seems a genius beyond doubt and peradventure, and now a sly mocker of all Debussyites and "Pelleastres," the singular talent of Mr. Copeland is fully displayed. His touch is at times almost cloying, as honey, yet is always of crystalline clearness; his exquisite sense of rhythm; his infinite variety of tonal colors; a musical nature that delights in bitter-sweet dissonances and anarchistic harmonic progressions, in twilight effects, in exotic and vaguely sensuous melody, in fleeting, shifting chords that are as sleep-chasings of a poetic brain: all these fit him for this modern music that may be heard a half-century from now as we listen in 1908 to music that perplexed or shocked in the fifties.

"Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut" was played for the first time publicly in Paris last February by Ricardo Vines. "Poissons d'or" was also then played, as were "Reflets dans l'eau" and other pieces of Debussy. The last named seems smugly orthodox in comparison with "Et la lune," etc. Yet there is an indisputable fascination in the latter, with its suggestion of mystery, with its hint at the chant that once was heard in the temple long ago abandoned. Debussy has written nothing more daring. It is the limit of impressionism.

Mr. Copeland gave a [illegible]ately spirited performance of Chab[illegible] remembrance of Spain and he p[illegible] the Aubade of Ravel with superb [illegible] and brilliance. The audience [illegible] enthusiastic over the performance of this group. Mr. Copeland was obliged to play "Reflets dans l'eau" a second time, and other pianists might have been persuaded to repeat the "Cortege" and Chabrier's dance.

Mr. Wolstenholme's Recital.

Mr. William Wolstenholme of London gave an organ recital for the first time in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. The program included these organ pieces: Bach, Toccata and Fugue in F; Bairstow, evening song; Boelemann, Gothic suite; Wolstenholme, Bridal Song Festival Toccata in B flat; Hollins, Nuptial Benediction; Wolstenholme, Pastorale in D, Intermezzo and Finale from sonata in F. Mr. E Blum, a tenor, who has studied in Germany and is now living in Boston sang Franck's "Panis Angelicus," Wolf's "Prayer," Chadwick's "Allah," Foote's "Requiem," Mrs. Beach's "June."

Mr. Wolstenholme's music for the organ is known to all players of the instrument, and his anthems are often heard in church. One would naturally suppose that there would have been a larger audience in Jordan Hall. They that were present were interested and Mr. Wolstenholme was heartily applauded.

HAMMERSTEIN GETS HIM.

Constantino, Spanish Tenor, Not to Be in Boston Opera Company.

Florencio Constantino, the distinguished Spanish tenor, has signed a contract for five years with Oscar Hammerstein of the Manhattan Opera House and will probably make his first appearance there next week. He has sung in nearly all of the Italian and French operas of the modern repertory and will be a valuable member of the Hammerstein company.

Mr. Constantino is well known in Boston through the San Carlo Opera company and he is a favorite here. It has been generally understood that he would be the leading tenor of the Boston Opera Company.

Nov 28 1908

ISADORA DUNCAN'S DANCES APPLAUDED

Miss Isadora Duncan danced last night in Jordan Hall for the first time in Boston. There was an orchestra conducted by Paul Eisler of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The hall was filled to overflowing with a brilliant and deeply interested attendance. Miss Duncan danced dances and choruses from Gluck's opera, "Iphigenia in Aulis," and in response to recalls she added other dances, among them the "Beautiful Blue Danube" and a "Musical Moment" of Schubert.

Dancing to Gluck's music, Miss Duncan was noble and nude and antique. Some may have wished that a synopsis of the libretto of "Iphegenia in Aulis" and also that of "Iphegenia in Tauris" were printed on the program, for the operas are not familiar to the great majority of those that were delighted, and some may well have asked what Scythians were doing in Aulis. Yet the pantomime of Miss Duncan was so expressive that it mattered little what precise text she was illustrating. It was as though a figure on a Grecian urn had come to life, and Keats' words might have headed the program:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know.

Nor is it necessary to inquire too curiously into the traditions of the Greek dances. It is enough to say that the mimic was never separated from the dance, whether the latter were tragic, comic, satirical, religious, warlike, erotic or symbolic of manners, customs, amusements. The dancer danced a game, or a tragedy, as of Pelops' line, or a historical incident. The dance was a mimed action with expressive movements and gestures. The Greek dancer spoke with his or her body and addressed the mind rather than the eyes of the spectator. There was always the sense of that which is significant and beautiful in the human form. There was, above all, eurythm, perfection in rhythm and by rhythm which ancient philosophers declared to be the most precious quality of the soul. In modern ballets of large pretensions there are both mimes and dancers; in the Greek dances the two were one. They that wish to acquaint themselves intimately with the old dances should read Lucian's essay and consult the monumental work of Maurice Emmanuel.

Much has been said about Miss Duncan's costume. After she has been seen it is hard to imagine her in any other. Whether she be in expressive repose, or a maiden playing at ball or knucklebones, or a barbaric Scythian, or the incarnation of Spring, or a Bacchante leaping and revelling in the frenzy of life, this costume that frankly reveals is as the modesty of unconscious nature.

Drapery of the conventional ballet dancer or of conventional civilization would be incongruous, absurd. With the addition of this drapery immodesty might enter. As Miss Duncan dances she recalls the lines of Swinburne:

And as her body was more virtuous
Than souls of women fashioned otherwise

Seldom, if ever, is seen on the stage a more gracious apparition of girlish innocence, of pure and fragrant womanhood.

Miss Duncan said not long ago that she does not pretend to have solved vexed questions concerning the exact nature of Greek dances, nor does she insist that her dancing is precisely that of the ancient Greeks. She dances as, after careful study of representations of dances preserved on urns and bas-reliefs, and after study of statuettes, she thinks the Grecians danced. Whether [illegible] be a close imitation of theirs or whether she has in some instances [illegible] the spirit, is not a matter of [illegible] importance, nor is it one to be answered easily. If the Greeks did not [illegible] as Miss Duncan dances, they should have seen her and learned of her.

Nor is her dancing easily described in [illegible]. No rhythmic arrangement of [illegible] phrases, no painful pursuit and [illegible] capture of the one flitting and [illegible] word, could reproduce the [illegible] of her movements and gestures, [illegible] repose, even in action, the [illegible] grace, the exuberant riotous [illegible]. There is always the impression of outdoor freedom, of life in an un[illegible] age where there was little [illegible] and no knowledge of sin. When [illegible] for joy at the sight of the [illegible] as a bacchante mad as Nature [illegible] is mad with life, the stage [illegible] pent-up and contracted for the [illegible] expression of vitality. When she danced to the music of Johann Strauss, she symbolized the glorification of the waltz, she ennobled that which is either perfunctory or sensuous.

This remarkable woman will dance tonight in illustration of Botticelli's "[illegible]" and Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne", in illustration of the [illegible] "Pan and Echo," to ancient music by [illegible], Gluck and others, to modern music as Nevin's "Narcis[illegible]." She will also dance in Symphony Hall on the evening of Dec. 10. She then purposes to illustrate Beethoven's 7th symphony (the three last movements) and music by Chopin.

SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Inasmuch as the performance of Richard Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra tonight will take about 40 minutes, and as the work is at the beginning of the program, the audience is respectfully urged to be punctual, for the doors will be closed at 8 o'clock and not opened until the end of the symphonic poem.

OPERA HOUSE CORNER-STONE.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the Boston Opera House on Monday afternoon, the 30th, at 3 o'clock, the following musical compositions will be deposited in the bronze box beneath the stone:

Chadwick's "Judith," Coerne's "Zenobia," Converse's "Pipe of Desire," Walter Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter," Foote's "Wreck of the Hesperus," Hadley's "Merlin," Loeffler's "By the Rivers of Baylon," MacDowell's "Indian Suite," Paine's "Azara," H. W. Parker's "St. Christopher."

SONS OF MEXICAN WAR

DRAMA A

The "American First Nighter" of the New York Herald saw Miss Lena Ashwell in her new play, "Grit," in London, and says she no longer talks like a sewing machine. He incidentally abuses the "longhaired critics" of the city.

The Daily Telegraph of New York finds fault with Charles A. Bigelow for not being letter perfect in his lines in "Miss Innocence," although he has been rehearsing for six weeks and he receives a salary of $600 a week. It charges other comedians in plays of like character with the same indifference. Did it not occur to the Telegraph that the dialogue in nine-tenths of the musical comedies is inane, difficult to memorize and forgotten by the audience as soon as it is heard?

Arnold Daly will play the leading part in C. M. S. McLellan's "Pickpockets." This play portrays leaders of modern finance. The scenes are laid in western Pennsylvania. Mr. McLellan is glad to have Mr. Daly as the leading man, a capitalist. "I consider him an extremely able and energetic man." Mr. Daly is certainly energetic. Some might call him violent.

Louis Mann will next be seen in a comedy by Mme. Fred de Gresac, the second wife of Victor Maurel. Mr. Maurel is living in New York for a time. He seems to have given up teaching singing in London, although he had many pupils and was in fashion. Last season he was anxious to settle in Boston, to be in charge of classes for dramatic singing for preparation for the operatic stage.

The Chicago newspapers say that F. Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1908" is both cleverer and cleaner than the "Follies of 1907."

"Percival" of the Referee tells of a Parisian actor who wished to manage a theatre. He scraped the money together and obtained an option on the theatre; but needing more money he went to Nice to see a friend. From Nice he went to Monte Carlo, tried his luck, and made about $80,000 at the game. this is more money than he needs, and now he has decided not to risk it as a theatre manager.

W. J. Henderson and others are eloquent about Mme. Sembrich in her autumnal days. When she last sang in "La Traviata" at the Metropolitan Mr. Henderson wrote: "In the course of a brief time the absence of the mellow, fluent, perennially beautiful style of the older Italian school will be felt. There will be no need to point it out. Perhaps in that day some of us will realize that what we now call brilliancy of voice, and which is in truth nothing but loud and piercing tone, is not so lovely a demonstration of the artist's worth as that pure, ethereal quality which in the slightest whisper of sound as well as in the silvery peal of the full volume floats magically through all the spaces of an opera house, entrances the ear of every hearer, and better than all has in itself a power to touch the emotions."

The chief concerts next week will be as follows: Sunday (tomorrow) the Lekeu Club will make its first appearance this season in Potter Hall at 4 P. M. The program will include Lekeu's quartet, three movements of Dvorak's piano quintet, piano pieces by Debussy, Chabrier and Ravel and two violin pieces by Strube, which will be played for the first time. Ernest Shelling will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon. On Monday evening "Enoch Arden" will be read in Steinert Hall with Strauss' illustrative music. Julian Pascal, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Hunt, contralto, will give a concert in Chickering Hall on Thursday evening. Miss Amy Grant will read Wilde's "Salome" at the Hotel Tuileries Thursday afternoon, and Miss Jessie Davis will play some of Strauss' music. Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes will give the first of their violin and piano sonata concerts on Friday evening in Steinert Hall. The sonatas will be by Bach, Grieg, Nardini and Lekeu.

Paderewski's new symphony will be performed for the first time by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Boston Feb. 12-13.

Joseph Lhevinne, the pianist, says that he will play a Mozart concerto this season. "Because I shall play so many modern works, I need Mozart to keep me steady."

They continue to produce cheerful one-act plays in London. Here is "A King's Hard Bargain," by Maj. W. P. Drury. Albert Shillitoe, a private in the Royal Marines has taken the King's shilling and shirked his duty. Therefore he is confined in one of the water-tight compartments of the war vessel Belligerent. He has three companions. The ship collides and goes down. Albert shares with his mates laudanum that he had stolen. There is enough for three only. Albert denies himself and waits, unstupefied, for death. In another scene a reservist of the marines, an innkeeper, dreams of the sinking ship. His boast has been that there was strange telepathic communication between him and Albert. He awakes and tells of the accident. This play was probably suggested by the French shocker of the submarine boat.

The "Old Stager" of the Philadelphia Inquirer has this to say about Marie Doro: "It does seem strange to me that because a woman has a pretty face and 'winning way' she should be deemed qualified to star. Take, for instance, Miss Doro herself. Sweet, pretty and dainty as she is, who in the world a couple of decades ago would have had the temerity to suggest her as the woman to head a company? She is delightful in a minor part, winsome and personally appealing, but four acts of her is really rubbing it in. It was on account of this eternal desire to exploit a new star that the kinds of plays in which Miss Doro has appeared have been foisted on the public."

Eugene Walter, the author of "Paid in Full," "The Wolf" and other plays, is betrothed to Charlotte Walker. We were reading only last week that Miss Walker is a domestic body; that she likes to sew and to make her own dresses; that she designs and completes some of her stage costumes.

Mme. Bertha Kalich prefers Boston, one or two other eastern cities and Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Kansas City and other western towns to New York. She does not think that New York sets standards, "furnishes a criterion" of taste or is typical of America. "In New York I have found and seen that the flippant, the superficial and even the vulgar in the theatre find support and encouragement, while the earnest, the true, the beautiful and the more artistic—except in a few very recent instances—have little appreciation."

The Pall Mall Gazette told this story apropos of H. B. Irving's revival of "The Bells": "The story of the success of Irving in 'The Bells,' which has come in for retelling, would not be quite complete without a reference to Sir Henry's treatment of the author—that is, of course, the translator—of 'Le Juif Polonais,' the late Leopold Lewis. Mr. Lewis was a solicitor, or a solicitor's clerk, when he achieved this work, and its success fairly turned his head. He did no more soliciting; he did nothing at all. And eventually the usual thing happened, and he began to be in want. He had sold his piece out and out, and, of course, had no claim upon the actor who had acquired it. But Irving was always Irving, and Mr. Leopold Lewis was in receipt of a pension which enabled him to go on doing nothing till there was only one thing left for him to do."

Favorite pantomime songs next month in London will be "Hang Out the Front Door Key," "Oh, Oh, Antonio," "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," "Come and Be My Rainbow," "Sue, Sue, Sue," "K I Double-T Y," sung by the principal "boy" with five girls wearing the floral letters of the name.

From a correspondent and constant reader comes the following: "The Atchison Globe says Topeka thinks Flint superior as an entertainer to Calve. Well, he is." To which said correspondent adds: "For fear you will not know who Flint is, I will state he is a hypnotist. Such is Fame." This is certainly hard! Flint.—Exchange.

To E. T.—Yes, Miss Ruth St. Denis dances a snake dance in London, but without live snakes. The serpents are represented by the dancer's arms, and she has two gems in each hand to give the snakes their eyes.

The French company that produced the Nihilistic play with Miss Vera Sergine as the high-born conspirator was highly praised by the critics. One wrote: "They have mastered the art of expression by pose, gesture, intonation and facial byplays. They never glance at the audience. * * * It is the perfection of technique, which is never learned on the English stage. The actors can whisper, yet be distinctly heard in the upper gallery, so well do they know how to use their voices. Every darting glance, motion of the hand, shrug of the shoulder and quality of tone illustrates the lines; and one and all have learned to live in their parts and to impersonate character with convincing realism."

"A Bridge Tangle," produced at the Court Theatre, London, a fortnight ago, is described by the Pall Mall Gazette as a tiny rivulet of play that meanders between broad margins of entr' acts. The story is about the moral rejuvenation of a middle aged roue by a young girl's affection and innocence.

E. H. Sothern played in a new version of Laurence Irving's "Richard Lovelace" in the first performance on any stage at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 20. In the first version produced by Mr. Sothern in New York, but put aside for "If I Were King," the play ended with Lovelace dying and the heroine marrying his slayer. Now the drama has a happy ending. A play entitled "Clarissa Marlowe" was brought out at Wallack's, New York, in 1878, but it failed. Rose Coghlan took the part of Clarissa and C. F. Coghlan that of the dashing Lovelace. The cast was a memorable one. It included Mme. Ponisi, Effie Germon, Messrs. John Gilbert, J. W. Shannon, E. M. Holland, Charles Barron, Harry Beckett and others. An opera "Lovelace" was produced in Paris in 1898.

Salvini was invited to attend the Ristori matinee in London on Monday next, but he wrote Beerbohm Tree that he is practically an invalid and his physician will not allow him at the age of 80 to make the trip.

H. B. Irving thinks that the curse of the stage today is the great rush of incapable persons to get upon it. "We have no official means of stemming this rush. Many of these incapables have influence, audacity and obstinacy. And I am afraid that in the bustle and press of the struggle modest merit too often is thrust aside or trampled underfoot."

Some fear that William Collier in the "Patriot" will not be possible in London on account of certain lines. "London is a very pleasant city to look forward to, and a very unpleasant city to look back to." "All the ladies in London carry little dogs to talk to. They can't understand the men." But are these lines really biting? Are they not harmless by reason of stupidity?

Nov 29 1908

SEVENTH SYMPHONY

The program of the seventh Symphony concert, Mr. Fiedler conductor, given last night in Symphony Hall, with the assistance of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, was as follows:

Tone poem, "A Hero Life" .... R. Strauss
Concerto in B-flat minor No. 1. Tschaikowsky
Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde" .... Wagner

Strauss' colossal tone-poem was played here for the first time seven years ago, and it had not been heard here since until last night. It needs eight horns. For four or five years after the first performance the orchestra was not thus equipped.

Objections have been urged against this composition even by those who were not born to hate Richard Strauss and look upon him as antichrist in music. Some protest against the monstrous egoism of the man in writing thus his autobiography. Some find the battle scene too much for their nerves. Others like little of the music and they apply to it a list of adjectives as "abnormal, eccentric, morbid, complicated, violent, delirious, grotesque swaggering, strutting, flamboyant, noisy, wildly jagged," and thus they recall Rabelais with his strings of epithets. There is no need of referring to those who object to nearly all of Strauss' music because, as they say, he is unduly fond of pecuniary gain and once was guilty of the atrocious crime of giving a concert in a department store. Yet these objectors are eminently serious persons and have much to say about purity in art.

Is this poem an autobiography? All music that is worth while is autobiographic in a way. But it is said that Strauss arrogantly paints his own portrait in tones describes his own deeds and glorifies them, holds up his enemies to scorn, introduces his wife for inspection, and at last, tired of the world, leaves it to find comfort in omphalic contemplation and the inevitable approach of death. In like manner Walt Whitman was accused of prodigious egoism because he began "Leaves of Grass": "I celebrate myself"; but Whitman added: "And what I assume you shall assume, for every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you." Every man is a hero to himself, if not to his valet. Every man has his aspirations, and the majority have their love episodes. The humblest has his enemies, and be might say with Strauss' hero and the young man in "Maud":

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,
Far off from the clamor of liars belied in the hubbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise,
Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

And is a battle scene not a legitimate subject for musical treatment? How many composers have thought otherwise from Clement Jannequin of the 16th century, who in his "Defaite des Suisses a la Journee de Marignan" attempted to imitate in vocal music fifes, drums, bugles, the thunder of cannon and the crack of musketry?

How small, how contemptible these objections seem in the presence of a master work! Let us be thankful for Strauss, his genius, his audacity! What a void there would be in the concert world today if his tone-poems had never been written.

It is true, however, that the inspiration of the greatest is never plenary. Both Aeschylus and Shakespeare wrote bombastic pages. Beethoven had his pot-boilers, Wagner his scenes of intolerable dulness. The weaknesses of Strauss are not hard to seek. His themes themselves are sometimes without marked distinction, if at other times they are superbly heroic or of ravishing beauty. There are undoubtedly passages in his later works that are effective chiefly on paper. Yet here enters the all important subject of appreciative and skilful interpretation. A conductor may be a sound musician, painstaking, an orthodox citizen, and yet make little out of the music of Richard Strauss.

Mr. Fiedler's interpretation of "A Hero Life" was highly romantic and poetic. It was at the same time analytical, in that the structure of the work was clearly revealed. And what a work it is! It is easy to say that this section and that section are the most remarkable—the truly heroic opening, the wonderful love music after the woman has put aside her coquetry as she would take off a garment, the serene music of contemplation, music that is worthy of Beethoven in his supreme moments of rapt meditation music that is filled with the

[illegible] easy to [illegible] I say, yet [illegible] work is knit together, how one [illegible] on another, continues it [illegible] supplements it. Take the pages in which quotations from previous compositions of Strauss are introduced or hinted at. How deftly they are woven in the fabric!

There is the battle scene, discordant the objectors say. The clashing dissonances and the din disturb them. What would the gentlemen have? Echoes of a battle? Something sandpapered and oiled? In strict form, with smoothly flowing contrapuntal devices? If we are to have a battle in music, let us not be put off with a skirmish.

Mr. Fiedler is to be thanked heartily both for giving the opportunity of hearing this tone-poem again and for the magnificence of the performance.

Nor did the concerto of Tschaikowsky suffer by coming after the music of Strauss. Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave a memorable performance of the piano part, and he was assisted eloquently by the orchestra. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has gained steadily since he first came here a young man eight years ago, so that he can now be reckoned among the first. He has passed through the stages that nearly all must pass: at first a virtuoso rejoicing in his youth and strength; then the pianist striving after the true authority that does no come from force and brilliance, and, in the endeavor to gain this, erring on the other side and being a little didactic, a little dry; at last he has both the romantic spirit and the mental comprehension and grasp of the mature musician, the complete and rounded artist. His performance last night was admirable in every way. The spontaneous and long continued applause of the audience was richly deserved by him.

An effective reading of the familiar music from "Tristan and Isolde" ended the most brilliant concert of the present season.

There will be no concerts this week. The orchestral pieces of the concerts of Dec. 11 and 12 will be Norden's "Kaleidoskop: Theme and Variations" (first time in Boston); Debussy's "Nocturnes" (first time at these concerts) and the overture to "Der Freischuetz." Miss Emmy Destinn of the Royal Opera House, Berlin, and of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, will be the soloist.

ISADORA DUNCAN DANCES.

Jordan Hall Is Crowded with Deeply Impressed Spectators.

Miss Isadora Duncan danced last night in Jordan Hall for the second time in Boston. The orchestra was conducted by Paul Eisler of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The program included these dances for Miss Duncan:

"Primavera" (after Botticelli's picture), Caroso; "Angel with Violin," Peri; "The Dancing Angels," Musette Rameau; "Pan and Echo" (idyl by Moschos), Ariosti; Tambourin and Gavotte, Rameau; "Narcissus," Nevin; Lamento, Champs Elysees, Meeting of Orpheus and Eurydice and Gavotte from Gluck's "Orpheus"; "Bacchus and Ariadne" (after Titian's picture), Picci.

The orchestra played pieces by Rameau and Couperin.

Again an attendance eager to see the exquisite art of Miss Duncan filled Jordan Hall to overflowing. Perhaps the dances were, on the whole, of greater interest to average spectators than were those illustrative of Gluck's "Iphigenia" the night before. It would be hard to say which pantomimic dance gave the greatest pleasure but her dancing of Botticelli's famous picture, "Spring," was something long to treasure in the memory. No wonder that Kaulbach, painting Miss Duncan, preferred her in this scene.

But whatever she chose as a medium of her rare expressive faculty, she was delightful, enchanting. This is not dancing of the formal, athletic school, of which Miss Genee is a most admirable example. It is a wholly different art. The beauty and nobility of this art are not to be described in words. It is enough to say that the pantomime of Miss Duncan is a revelation and a rare delight.

She will dance in Symphony Hall on Friday night, Dec. 11, instead of Thursday, Dec. 10, as announced. The orchestra will consist of 65 Boston Symphony orchestra players, led by Gustav Strube.

NEW EDITION OF GOTTSCHALK WORKS

The Boston Herald has received [illegible] Oliver Ditson Company a volume [illegible] Louis Moreau Gottschalk's piano pieces. A second volume will follow. The first contains "Bamboula," "Le Bananier," "The Banjo," "Berceuse," "Creole Eyes," "The Dying Poet," "La Gallina," "The Last Hope" and eight compositions of less worth. William Armos Fisher writes a preface in which he narrates in an entertaining manner the story of the composer's life and criticises his work in an appreciative manner. His conclusion is eminently just: "As a pianist of the true virtuoso type, Gottschalk was, in his own field, preeminent; as a composer, he struck a truly individual note; and as a man, he was, to the few to whom he really disclosed himself, of rare charm and lovableness."

I say this characterization is just, for although the rare charm and brilliance of Gottschalk's playing have for a long time been necessarily [illegible] the testimony of unbiased judges both in Europe and America support Mr. Fisher's opinion. Gottschalk's compositions are in evidence. Some of them are original and poetic, especially those that were inspired by his life among creoles, negroes and Cubans; the Serenade and "Ricordati" also have a peculiar charm. The man himself is revealed as a thinker, a shrewd observer of life and manners, a master of caustic expression, a true lover of art, in his "Notes of a Pianist." This volume, consisting of extracts from his diary, translated from the French and published in 1881, is not so well known as it should be.

Mr. Fisher in his preface tells of Gottschalk's first concert in Boston (Oct. 18, 1853): "Word reached the pianist just before the concert that his father was dying, but rather than disappoint the audience Gottschalk resolved to play. The harsh criticism of John S. Dwight on this concert severely stung the pianist, fresh from his triumphs in Europe. This bitterness, coupled with the realization that his mother and six sisters and brothers in Paris were now dependent upon him, and that the debts of his father's insolvent estate were his to be paid, combined to give him a feeling toward Boston's reigning critic his subsequent successes there never effaced."

Let us read Gottschalk's own account of this concert: "I have not related that it was an hour before commencing a concert in Boston that a dispatch from one of my uncles apprised me that my father was in the pangs of death, and had just blessed me. * * * I cannot describe to you my despair, but let those who comprehend it add to it the terrible necessity of appearing in public at such a moment. I might have put off the concert, but the expenses had been incurred; the least delay augmented my loss. I thought of those to whom I had become the only prop; I drove back my despair and played! I do not know what I did on that evening. H— thought it his duty, in view of my prostration, to make known to the public the circumstances in which I was placed. I need not say that Mr. X., who from my first appearance had not ceased to disparage me in his musical journal, continued to attack me after this concert, not permitting the great affliction which overwhelmed me to disarm him. Another newspaper had the melancholy courage to say that doubtless it was unfortunate that I had lost my father, but the public that had paid a dollar for the purpose of receiving a dollar's worth of music, and had nothing to do with the personal affairs of Mr. Gottschalk—a logic which was more rigorous than Christian."

It would appear from this account that the news of his father's death agony did not reach Gottschalk immediately before his first concert in Boston.

Dwight's Journal expressly states that the second concert was given just after the death of Gottschald's father.

X. of course stands for Mr. Dwight. Gottschalk refers to him more than once in his "Notes," and he has much to say about Boston itself.

In June, 1862, Gottschalk gave a concert in Worcester. "A crazy amateur, having a book of Beethoven's sonatas under his arm, came to see me between the first and second part of my performance, requesting me to play an andante of Beethoven. I consented by playing that of the 'Sonata pathetique.' I had the satisfacion of seeing my amateur while I played, with his eyes fixed on the text, in the English style, to see if I made a mistake. Of all the absurdities practised by the Anglo-Saxon race in matters of art, this is what makes me suffer the most. Their manner of playing music is wholly speculative; it is a play of their wits. They like to see such or such chords resolved. They delight in the episodes of a second repetition. 'They comprehend music in their own way,' you will tell me; but I doubt if that is a right one. Music is a thing eminently sensuous. Certain combinations move us, not because they are ingenuous, but because they move our nervous system in a certain way. I have a horror of musical Puritans. They are arid natures, deprived of sensibility, generally hypocrites, incapable of understanding two phrases in music."

When Mr. Paderewski first gave piano recitals in Boston, a teacher in this town was eager to meet him after a concert. Introduced, he at once whipped out the notes of a piece by Chopin that Mr. Paderewski had played and said, even before he had asked the eminent pianist how he liked America, "Mr. Paderewski, how did you finger this passage?" and his pencil was ready in his hand. Mr. Paderewski was amused, but he preserved his equanimity and made no outward sign.

Gottschalk played in Salem a few days after his experience in Worcester. He noticed a great number of young girls going to the town library and coming from it. "These libraries exist throughout the United States." "Leaving at 8 o'clock, there remains for us the perspective"—remember that the volume is a translation, and Gottschalk was not responsible for the English which at times is singular—"of passing a Sunday at Salem. 'Rather die!' said Susini." So they took a four-horse coach. On the way they visited the "Naval Arsenal" at Charlestown. "They work there by gaslight."

Gottschalk could hardly endure the life of a wandering virtuoso. He deplored the fact that he was a "pianisto-monabulist." He disliked the fulsome advance advertisement. "Are you ignorant," he wrote, "that the artist is merchandise which the impresario has purchased, the value of which he enhances as he chooses? * * * The artist, once thus sold, belongs no longer to himself, but becomes the property of the impresario, who endeavors as he sees fit to heighten his value. His friends help him and shout that he is of good quality; his enemies [illegible] he is tru[illegible]ry and worth nothing. The impresario being vulnerable only through the pocket that is, through the artists whom he cries up, it is upon the latter that the blows fall; like coachmen who, every time they meet the horses of their rivals whom they hate strike them with their whips, so it is upon us that the critics, who have quarrelled with the impresario, revenge themselves."

The pianist saw with his eyes shut the network of railways in New England. The conductors saluted him familiarly as an employe. "The young girls at the refreshment room of the station, where five minutes are given, select for me the best cut of ham, and sugar my tea with the obliging smile that all well taught tradespeople owe to their customers."

In 1864 Gottschalk described Boston as "par excellence the aristocratic city." In his eyes, it had retained the most English-like appearance. "It pretends to be the most intellectual in the United States." He thought the "Fremont (sic) hall the best for hearing and the most magnificent concert hall in the world." But Sunday in Boston! "A day of mortal ennui! Marked progress nevertheless. One can now smoke in the streets and carriages can be driven. Two Sunday papers even are published. Hardly 15 years ago these three things would have appeared like monstrosities to the puritanic inhabitants of Boston." Gottschalk visited Providence and made this astounding entry in his diary: "It was founded by one of the Puritan pilgrims who emigrated under the Catholic King James II, and still preserves the rigidity of its founders." O Roger Williams Park!

Norwalk also impressed him: "Norwalk (it is with regret that I state this) has no good cigars. The one I have just smoked, bought at the hotel, is veritable poison."

Nor had Gottschalk forgotten Mr. Dwight in 1864. He saw Behrens reading "One of 'Dwight's papers.' I turned hastily away, having resolved never to read that paper again. An honest press, enlightened criticism, never wounds me, even when they notice my weaknesses and my defects; but 'Dwight's paper' is the reservoir of every little bilious envy, of every irritating impertinence, of all sickly spleen, which, under the form of anonymous correspondence, gives the writers the small comfort of injuring all those who give umbrage to their mediocrity, and enable them to conceal themselves behind the column of the chief editor, D., waiting for the passage of the object of their envy, and then hurling at him with edifying uniformity their little bladders filled with gall. Their spite increases from the small effect of their bombardment. The doctor offers something analogous in his mode of cure. When the blood is vitiated, is corrupted, when weather has accumulated, he makes an opening for the bad humors—by means of cauteries and blistering. The musical profession, under the influence of the bad effects of vanity and envy, have need of this instrument to turn aside its bad humors. The need of it was generally felt, and 'Dwight's paper' has been just the thing."

And again: "Adieu Boston! You are stiff, pedantic, exclusive (Mr. D. is its oracle)! Your enemies say that you are cold and morose. For myself, I say that you are intelligent, literary, polished." This was written in 1864.

The pianist regretted that he was not at his hotel when Longfellow called, but he found pleasure in visiting the book store of Ticknor and Fields, and at the house of Mr. Fields he enjoyed hugely the society of Dr. Holmes and the painter Hunt. For Longfellow's face and poetry he apparently had unbounded admiration. He saw a fine portrait of Tennyson at the Fields house. He found the head "superb," but "not so handsome, not so striking" as Longfellow's. "The swollen and half-closed eyelid (his enemies say the effect of opium) conceals an eagle's eye, which worthily crowns a heroic nose."

Speaking again of Boston, Gottschalk exclaimed: "I love pedantry and sanity when they engender such results as the great organ and the bronze statue of Beethoven in the library. O Maecenac New Yorkers, who boast of the golden patronage you accord to art, what are your titles? Is it perchance that usurious enterprise which is called the 'Academy of Music,' by which you will draw from the impresario a double tax under the form of exorbitant rent and gratuitous admission?"

And when in 1865 Gottschalk set out from New York for California he wrote in his diary: "It was not until then that I discovered by feeling them break one by one, by how many invisible threads I was attached to the United States. What did it matter to me that Mr. D—— of Boston maintained in his journal that I was an idiot?"

The thought of "Mr. D." pursued him. Stopping at Bethlehem, Pa., some months before his departure for California, he was struck by certain characteristics of the Moravian town. He heard less profanity there than in other places in the country. "I have seen fewer drunkards there. This gives it a place in my memory—a privileged place; the horror which I have for drunkenness not being equalled except by that which Mr. D. has for my music."

If any one today looks over the volumes of Dwight's Journal it is hard for one to refrain from accusing the editor of gross injustice in his treatment of Gottschalk as pianist and as composer. Mr. Dwight no doubt was honest in his strictures. He disliked the music, for it was heard and it was popular when Mr. Dwight was endeavoring to persuade the public to enjoy chiefly the music of the "great masters." Mr. Dwight disliked thoroughly Gottschalk's music, as he disliked the music of Liszt and of Wagner, with a sense of personal injury. Gottschalk belonged to a school that was obnoxious to true art as Mr. Dwight believed. Mr. Dwight was always a fetishist, and could not bear the thought of [illegible] and worshipped idols. It was not in his nature to find pleasure in a quartet by Beethoven and also in the Bimboula of Gottschalk. If the latter piece had been signed by Chopin he might have accepted it, because he was much governed by the force of a name. Although of liberal views in religion, he believed rigidly in the plenary inspiration of music by Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven.

Nor was it possible for Mr. Dwight to appreciate the fine characteristics of Gottschalk, the pianist. He was not wholly deaf to the beauty of tonal color, but within my own knowledge, he often applauded a sledge-hammer touch and clumsy interpretation when the music performed was music of an "intellectual nature." It would have been one of the great surprises, one of the inexplicable mysteries, if Mr. Dwight had enjoyed either the music or the playing of Gottschalk.

Perhaps the critic is now more tolerant and the pianist less sensitive. Perhaps the two have talked pleasantly together about the city they both loved. Perhaps they deplore, over their honeydew and milk, the modern impressionistic music for the piano, and shake their heads over the modern athletic pianists.

Personal.

To G. K.: Emil Paur served as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for five seasons. He led this orchestra for the first time Oct. 14, 1893; for the last time, April 30, 1898.

It is said that Reginald De Koven has decided to write no more comic operas. To quote the Daily Telegraph, N. Y.: "Grand opera beckons De Koven, or, at least, he thinks it does." Mr. De Koven's one-act grand opera, "The Magic Bottle," is now ready for the Orpheum Circuit.

Ellison van Hoose has been engaged by Mr. Nikisch for a performance of Verdi's "Requiem" at Leipsic, Dec. 10.

Miss Lilla Ormond of Boston will sing with the Mendelssohn Glee Club, New York, Dec. 8.

Heinrich Knote, tenor, and Felix Mottl, conductor, at Munich, could not agree and Mr. Knote has left the opera house.

Rudolf Krasselt, once first 'cello of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and now opera conductor at Kiel, conducted recently a concert of the Wagner Society in Berlin, and was warmly praised. Alexander Birnbaum, who was also a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for a year, conducted the first performance of "Pelleas and Melisande" in Berlin early this month.

Mme. Kirkby Lunn has been giving song recitals in Germany.

Frequently in concerts in which modern, and more or less descriptive music plays a part remarks of members of the audience are to be heard which tend to show that the composer's description of the subject he selects for illustration is not sufficiently close for identification. For example, the lady who, at Miss Evelyn Suart's delightful recital in Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon, asked a neighbor, apropos of Maurice Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante defunte," "What is Pavane?" was clearly satisfied on being informed that it is a dirge—which it is not; while another was equally clearly dissatisfied by Debussy's "Soiree dans Grenade," for she gave it as her opinion that "I am sorry for Granada if that's what it's like." One would like to have had opinions from similar critics of "L'isle Joyeuse" or "Jeux d'Eaux."—Daily Telegraph (London), Nov. 9.

Why do not singers along in years try Ludlam's Prepared Song Restorer? It is said to have helped canaries, goldfinches, linnets and other "all seed birds." The singer should be careful to take only a teaspoonful daily and to keep warm and out of draughts while taking.

Chivalry is not dead, in spite of the Pankhursts. Has not the press been ringing for days with admiration of the Belfast newsboy who threw down his bundle of papers on the pavement so that Melba might not wet her feet between the hotel and her carriage? Gallantry has profited him in his humble way, even as it profited Raleigh on a greater scale in the old days. Five pounds from the prima donna, sundry other recompenses from other admirers, and an offer from a philanthropist to stand £25 toward the boy's education, are among the results. On the whole those lost newspapers have been quite well paid for, and there are plenty of enthusiasts who would buy the identical mud-stained sheets at a good price. What is to be feared is a general outbreak of Raleighism. If the newsboys of London take to hanging round restaurants and theatres late at night with their unsold papers ready for use as street carpets, the little gentleman of Belfast will cease to be popular.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Detroit string quartet (Edmond Lichtenstein, Alexander Levy, Hans Weissman and Elsa Ruegger) gave its first concert Nov. 19.

The New York Times said of Miss Susan Metcalfe, who gave a song recital in New York the 20th: "Her enunciation was not clear in any of the four languages in which she sang." The same might be said of polyglot singers in Boston.

"Happy Days of Yore," words by Archie MacDonald and music by George Shepard, has been published here recently. The title page bears an excellent portrait of Mr. Shepard, whose minstrel shows have given pleasure to many.

Miss Mary Garden has been talking again about herself. It appears that she eats precisely what pleases her. When she is to sing in the evening she has a chop and cup of tea at 5 P. M. Studying, she does the greater part of her work in her head. Flat dwellers should commend her example to the belle dame sans merci who practises diligently and with full voice above or below them.

Mme. Sembrich, now that she looks forward to leaving the opera stage, also looks forward to "an enormous repertory" of songs that has long been

... for her. She intends to give concerts through the whole musical world. She told a reporter of the Evening Mail, New York, that she did not believe her usefulness in the opera house was over. "No, I am not so modest, but it will be easier for me to retire now than it would have been a few years ago, because the day is different. There is no need, indeed there is hardly room, for the bel canto, and the modern composers have done it." But does not Mme. Sembrich realize that there's still room for bel canto in the opera house? Witness the triumphs of Mme. Tetrazzini.

Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Potter Hall, 4 P. M. First concert of the Lekeu Club (George Copeland, Jr., piano; Frederick Mahn, first violin; Frank Currier, second violin; Alfred Gietzen, viola; Handasyd Cabot, violoncello). Program: Lekeu, unfinished quartet; piano pieces, Debussy, "Reflets dans l'eau," "Cortege et air de Danse," "Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut"; Chabrier, Havanera (Mr. Copeland), Strube, two new violin pieces, "Magic Moonlight," "Morning" (first time), Mr. Mahn; Dvorak, three movements of piano quintet, op. 81.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Ernest Schelling. Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Schumann, symphonic studies; Brahms, two intermezzi from op. 117; Chopin, etudes, F major, op. 25, A-flat, op. 10; Chopin, two nocturnes, op. 27; valse, A-flat; Ravel, Alborada del graciosa; Rubinstein, barcarolle, G minor; Liszt, rhapsody, No. 10.

Brighton high school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the City of Boston, William F. Dodge conductor. Orchestral pieces, Massenet, overture to "Phedre"; Bolzoni, minuet; Offenbach, selection from "Hoffmann's Tales"; Wagner, introduction to act 3 of "Lohengrin"; Gounod, Italian dance, from "The Tribute of Zamora." William H. O'Brien, baritone, will sing an air from "The Creaton" and Leslie Stuart's "Bandolero"; Roland Huxley, violinist, will play Wieniawski's second polonaise. Mr. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Sydney Buckley, an English elocutionist, will read Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," assisted by Benjamin Lombard, Mosenthal fellow at Columbia University, who will play Richard Strauss' illustrative music.

THURSDAY—Hotel Tuileries, 3:30 P. M. Miss Amy Grant will give a reading on "Salome," a tragedy, and Miss Jessie Davis will play illustrative music.

Chickering Hall, 8:15. Piano recital by Julian Pascal, assisted by Mrs. Helen Hunt, contralto. Mr. Pascal will play Beethoven's sonata, op. 27, No. 2, and pieces by Chopin, Schubert-Liszt, Rosenthal, Pascal and Liszt. Mrs. Hunt will sing songs by Pascal, Faure, Debussy, Loomis, Secchi and W. L. Johnson.

FRIDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15. Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes' first sonata recital (violin and piano). Bach, sonata in E major; Grieg, sonata in G major, op. 13; Nardini, sonata in D major; Lekeu, sonata in G major.

Handel and Haydn.

Handel's "Messiah" will be performed by the Handel and Haydn Society in Symphony Hall on the evenings of Sunday, Dec. 20, and Monday, Dec. 21. The solo singers at the first concert will be Mrs. Caroline Mihr-Hardy, Miss Adelaide Griggs, Glen Hall and Frank Croxton; at the second concert Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, Miss Pearl Benedict, Glen Hall and Frederic Martin.

"Elijah" will be performed on Sunday evening, Feb. 7, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth (Feb. 3, 1809), and the solo singers will be Mme. Jennie Jomelli, Mme. Florence Mulford, Cecil James and Gwilym Miles.

Gounod's "Redemption" will be performed on Easter Sunday, April 11. The names of the solo singers will be announced later.

Season ticket holders of last season may secure the seats they had last year on Dec. 3, 4 and 5. The public sale of season tickets will open on Monday, Dec. 7. Tickets for the performances of "The Messiah" will go on sale Monday, Dec. 14.

Concert Notes.

Miss Isadora Duncan will dance in Symphony Hall with orchestra on Thursday evening, Dec. 10. She will return to Europe early in January.

The first of the regular monthly series of cantatas at the Eliot Church, Newton, will be given Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, when Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be sung by the choir. Miss Josephine Knight, soprano; Miss Adelaide Griggs, contralto; Harold S. Tripp, tenor, chorus of 45 voices; Everett E. Truette, organist and choirmaster.

The Lekeu Club will give three concerts in Potter Hall on Sunday afternoons, today, Dec. 20 and Jan. 17 at 4 o'clock. Each program will be shorter than is customary, about one hour and ... minutes, and will include one group of solo pieces. The programs for the two last concerts will be selected from trios by Arensky, Beethoven, Smetana, Tschaikowsky; quartets by Mozart; quintets by Brahms, Castillon, Franck.

The public sale of tickets for Mme. Chaminade's concert in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 12, will open next Friday morning. The program will include only piano pieces and songs by her, and Miss de Saint Andre and ... Groom will be the singers.

H. G. Tucker announces a series of six Sunday chamber concerts in Chickering Hall, Sunday afternoons, Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31, Feb. 7, 14, at 3:30 o'clock. These musical organizations will take part in them: The Adamowski trio, the Czerwonky quartet, the Hess-Schroeder quartet and the Longy Club. The following will also be heard: Mr. and Mrs. Arnold ..., Miss Ernestine Gauthier, Mrs. Emma Buttrick Noyes, Cecil Fanning, George Proctor, H. G. Tucker.

There will be no Symphony concerts this week, for the orchestra is away on the second monthly trip. The soloists on this trip will be Ossip Gabrilowitsch in Washington, New York and Brooklyn; ... in New York, Mme. Rappold in Philadelphia, Mme. Emma Eames in Baltimore. The principal orchestral works to be performed will be "Scheherazade," by Rimsky-Korsakoff; Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony.

Ernst Perabo will give two concerts this season. The first in Fenway Court, Wednesday evening, Dec. 16; the second in Chickering Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 20. Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano; Willy Hess, violinist; H. Warnke, 'cellist, and Alwyn Schroeder, 'cellist, will assist him.

"Day in Asolo," monologue (cycle), by John Beach, for mezzo soprano and piano, will be performed by Miss Una Fairweather of New York and Mr. Beach of Boston, under the auspices of the Boston Browning Society in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 15. The text is from "Pippa Passes."

The first concert of the Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, will take place in Symphony Hall Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8:15 P. M. Horatio Parker's "Legend of St. Christopher," a dramatic work for chorus, solo voices, orchestra and organ, will be performed. Mrs. Blanche H. Kilduff, soprano; Miss Charlotte Williams, soprano; Franklin D. Lawson, tenor; Stephen Townsend, baritone; Reginald Werrenrath, bass.

Charles Anthony will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8:15 P. M. Chopin, sonata; Bach-Reger, two chorals; Reger, variations on a theme by Bach; MacDowell, improvisation and "The Joy of Autumn"; Chopin, scherzo, C sharp minor.

It is said that Mme. Emma Eames will begin a concert tour in Boston on Feb. 20.

The Milton Education Society will give concerts in the town hall, Milton, on the evenings of Dec. 7, Feb. 1, April 12. At the first, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilibert will be the singers. This will probably be Mr. Gilibert's sole appearance in Boston and the neighborhood in concert this season. Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be the pianist at the second, and the Adamowski trio will give the third concert. The Milton Education Society has given concerts for four seasons, and they have been of a high grade. A limited number of tickets are on sale at Symphony Hall, Boston.

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner will give his second song recital in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, Dec. 7. The program will include a group of songs by Schubert, Loewe's ballad "Archibald Douglass," songs by Wolf, Rubinstein, Sinding and Strauss (including Strauss' "Caecile").

Heinrich Meyn, assisted by Coenraad Van Bos, pianist, will sing in Steinert Hall Thursday evening, Dec. 10, songs by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Jensen, Brahms, Kaun, Haile, Gerrit Smith, Hammond, Schlesinger, Nevin, Johns, Diaz.

Albert Spalding, violinist, will give a concert here early in January.

The Czerwonky quartet will play in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, Dec. 9, quartets by Beethoven, Pogojeff and Kaun. Those by Pogojeff and Kaun will be played for the first time here.

The Kneisel quartet will play in the music room of Fenway court Tuesday evening, Dec. 8, Schumann's quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3; Foote's piano trio, B flat major, No. 2, op. 65 (Mr. Foote, pianist); the scherzo from d'Albert's quartet, op. 11, and the unfinished and posthumous quartet of Grieg.

Works New and Old.

Miss Aimee Nugent, who has studied in Paris, gave a dramatic and musical recital in London Nov. 10. She then recited Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," with music for the piano by Adolph Mann.

Interesting reminiscences are recalled by a Berlin writer in connection with the 500th performance of "Le Nozze di Figaro," which was first performed on Sept. 24, 1790. The tickets were obtainable from Frau Frischmuth, "the wife of the Herr Kapellmeister," and a box for four persons cost about 6s 6d. The orchestra of the National Theatre consisted of six violins, two violas, a 'cello and a double bass, two oboes, two flutes, two bassoons and two horns. Only three male singers and two ladies formed the operatic company, and the rest of the cast was recruited from the dramatic staff. The highest salary paid was about £3 10s a week.—The Era (London).

"S. A. R.," an operetta in three acts by Xanrof and Chancel, music by Ivan Caryll, was produced at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris, Nov. 11. The operetta is "Prince Consort" arranged as a musical comedy. The music was highly praised by the critics.

A new operetta in one act, "The Dragon," text and music by James M. Gallatly, was produced at Margate, Eng., Nov. 9. John Le Hay took the part of the Enchanter, and he pleased the audience, especially by his singing a song, "That people should impute to such a genial creature the motives of a brute."

"America," with new music by Theodore Henkels and with two new stanzas by Dr. Van Dyke of Princeton was sung for the first time at the opening of the musical department of Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa., Nov. 23. "Prof. Henkels has submitted his production to some of the best musical critics of the country and they have been unanimous in their praise." Here are the new stanzas:

> Thy domes, thy silvery strands,
> Thy Golden Gate that stands
> Afront the West;
> Thy sweet and crystal air,
> Thy sunlight everywhere;
> O, land beyond compare,
> I love thee best.
>
> I love thine inland seas,
> Thy caps and giant trees,
> Thy rolling plains,
> Thy canons wild and deep,
> Thy rocky mountains steep,
> The prairies' boundless sweep,
> Thy glorious mains.

The college intends to send a double quartet to Washington "to introduce the new anthem" to Mr. Roosevelt. He may issue a ukase commanding a performance of the new "America" in every town and hamlet of the country on a certain day.

Leo Blech's new one-act opera, "Versiegelt," was performed for the first time and with great success at Hamburg, Nov. 4. Mr. Blech, by the way, will conduct Strauss' new opera "Electra" when it is performed at the Berlin Opera House, where Strauss, Dr. Muck and Blech are conductors.

A new Easter cantata, by Max Bruch, that will take about half an hour in performance, will be produced at Cologne.

Mrs. Arthur Niklsch has completed the text and music of two acts of an operetta. The plot deals with unexpected results of education.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

It was said last week of Frank Melville, the circus rider and equestrian director of the Hippodrome, who died suddenly Nov. 23, that he was the first to do "a somersault from the ground to a galloping horse." And it is said of Eaton Stone, who was famous in the fifties, that he was the first to turn somersaults backward through hoops and over banners from the back of his horse going at full speed.

The name Melville is illustrious in the annals of the circus. Many of us remember James Melville, who came from Australia and made his first appearance in New York at the old Broadway Theatre in 1858. A few days before his appearance it was announced at the theatre that for the first time in this country and in the presence of the audience wild animals would be fed at an afternoon performance. The announcement is more pompous today, and there is a reckless use of the word "carnivora."

But James Melville and his family were still better known when they were members of Lent's circus. Lent's building in New York was originally known as the "Hippotheatron." This reminds us of the circus press agent who asked a friend to give him a list of impressive words for his billboards and circulars. "It's really a wonderful circus, and I want a phrase that will characterize it." "Why don't you call it 'The Unparalleled Monohippic Aggregation'?" As the story goes, this description was actually used, until some foolishly benevolent person explained the meaning of monohippic.

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It would be hard to convince any man who has passed 50 years that there was ever a better circus than Lent's, as far as riding was concerned. There was Carlotta de Berg; there was James Robinson; there was James Melville; nor should Robert Stickney be forgotten, the wonderful Stickney who rode an incredible number of horses abreast with attitudes and gestures that impressed sculptors and threw the ladies into spasms of delight. Women pestered him with love letters, as though he had been a curled and anointed tenor. He was a handsome fellow in his way. Then there were the Levantine brothers, with surprising feats on the horizontal bar. One of them became still more famous as Mr. Proctor, the manager of many theatres.

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The ordinary travelling circus was to parents in many villages and small towns the abomination of desolation. In Sunday school libraries of the sixties there was a thrilling book which revealed the horrid depravity of the hard-working people of the ring, and told the sad tale of a young and charming girl who was whipped by the ringmaster at least three times a week because she wished to lead a better life. We have forgotten the title of this book, but it stood on a shelf with "Irish Amy," "Tim, the Scissors Grinder," and "Dick and His Friend Fidus." This story of the circus should have prevented any healthy-minded boy from crawling under the tent. Alas, it quickened his desire to see the bareback riders, the women in spangles, especially the one that asked shyly for the banners and rode well for one so young; the tumblers, the jugglers and the clown. But parents were stern in those old-fashioned days, and not even the presence of a Shakespearian clown could redeem the show.

Lent's was an exception. Other circuses were classed as immoral; even the animals that were with them were immoral. Hence the point made by Artemus Ward in his romance, "Only a Mechanic." Isabel Sawtelle, a proud belle of Fifth avenue, whose father's ships, richly laden, ploughed many a sea, spurned a young man "with a clear, beautiful eye and a massive brow." As he was sitting in her sumptuously furnished parlor, he said he must leave her, for the foreman of the shop where he worked would miss him.

"Foreman—shop—work! What! do you work?"

"Ay, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!" And his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"What's that?" she asked; "it is something about barrels, isn't it?"

"It is!" he said, with a flashing nostril. "And hogsheads."

"Then go!" she said, in a tone of disdain—"go away."

Because she spurned the mechanic, the lot of Isabel Sawtelle and of all her family was a miserable one. "Isabel's sister, Blanca, rides an immoral spotted horse in the circus."

But Lent's spotted horses were always moral.

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The death of Lydia Thompson called forth many sincere and touching tributes. In western cities they apparently remember her because she horsewhipped the editor of the Chicago Times. It was not a gentle thing for her to do, but the provocation was great. The Times had published articles about her and the women of her company that were foul in the insolence of both statement and insinuation.

At one of the last appearances of Lydia Thompson in Boston, perhaps it was her last appearance—the occasion was an Elks' benefit—she recited graceful and witty verses written for her by Mr. E. A. Perry of The Boston Herald staff. She said at the time to Mr. Perry: "It would perhaps be more appropriate if I should recite: 'You'd Scarce Expect One of My Age,'" etc.

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Marcel Prevost in his short story "La Faussé Bourgeois," published with two other entertaining tales in one volume a few months ago, tells of a young woman who had a consuming desire to be an actress. She had beauty and indisputable talent, but her mother, the widow of a manufacturer, left in comfortable circumstances, opposed her. It was finally agreed that the girl should go to Dumas, the younger, recite to him, and follow his advice. Dumas was surprised, delighted. He encouraged the girl and prophesied a future for her. The mother called soon afterward and told her story. Dumas was moved. The girl saw him again. He assured her that she had no talent, not enough to enter the Conservatory; that he had told her the contrary, because that was his amiable manner of ridding himself of bores.

The girl believed him, married, lived in the country, had children, was a model wife and mother, also a too painstaking housekeeper. Her husband worshipped her because she was orderly and the one thing he admired in the world was order, system.

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At last a man serving his military time was quartered for a few days at the house of this blameless couple. He had been a friend of Dumas; he happened to be at Dumas' when daughter and mother called; Dumas had commented memorably on the incident. To his amazement the officer, who had years before impersonated Dumas' secretary, recognized the ambitious girl in the sleek wife, and she knew him. When there was opportunity he recalled the scene to her, described the mother's visit, and gave the reason of Dumas' seemingly inexplicable contradiction.

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The woman had, in ignorance, blessed Dumas' brutality and blessed her supposed lack of talent. When she knew the truth she was as one thunderstruck. The blundering officer, blundering to oblige Mr. Prevost, the novelist, left the house. Toward the end of the year he received a long letter from her. She confessed that at first she had suffered terribly in body and soul. Her husband was the best physician. He said to her that she could not be cured as long as she kept from him the cause of her malady. He had suspected the visit of the officer, that there had been an affair between them before her marriage; but he was ready to pardon. She had kept her secret from her husband, who disliked the theatre. Now she told him the whole story. "I had hid from him a part of my soul; I had played for us both a false part, ever since our union. If the manoeuvres had not brought you to my house and if you had not revealed Dumas' true opinion of me, I should probably have kept my secret the rest of my life. Conscious or not of this little conjugal treachery, I should never have been perfectly happy." She was at last serenely happy. And, at the end of the letter, she hoped that the Parisian would soon visit them. "I have changed much for the better since September. I have grown thinner; in the next place, my complexion is now clear, as in former years."

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The Parisian did not make the visit. "Mrs. Vouilleman's letter did not wholly

...de me that she is cured forever. ...over sincerely and definitely to ...er, to country and bourgeois life. I ...uld be afraid of awakening danger- ...echoes. She, as many other women ...the country, is a false bourgeois. ...ere are some who honestly think ...ey are bourgeois, and that may still ...ve them happiness. There are some ...ho think they are, but intermittently. ...here are some who never fully per- ...ade themselves. The soul of every ...oman is a world."

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Did Dumas act for this woman's true ...appiness, for the development of her ...ature? Young women in Stratton and ...lockanum Ferry who are longing for ...career on the stage should ponder ...his story. This is certain: The Pa- ...isian was wise in not revisiting Mrs. ...ouilleman, the admirable housewife.

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There is talk again of realism on the ...tage. In London Mrs. Charles Fry as ...chimo in "Cymbeline" whispered his ...ext in the bedroom scene. Thus whis- ...pering, he did not awaken the sleeping Imogen, but the audience could not hear him. And even an audience has some rights.

In Paris a new play, "An Illyrian Night," was produced at the Grand Guignol Nov. 21. The story is that of the murder of King Alexander and the Queen at Belgrade. The murder is committed on the stage with every ghastly detail. The King is killed with 20 sabre thrusts. The Queen is butchered brutally and her body is thrown out of the window.

In this country there is a hot discussion over "Salvation Nell," the new play for Mrs. Fiske, and over the grim tragedy played by the Sicilian company. Mr. Sheldon, the author of "Salvation Nell," prides himself on his literal reproduction of scenes from the lowest, most squalid and vilest life. Not content with reproducing scenes and situations, he puts into the mouths of his characters the speech which they would naturally speak in their business and in their pleasure. We have not seen the play and therefore we do not purpose to condemn it or to praise it for the attempt to hold up the mirror to slum nature.

To say that this play in consequence of the choice of the subject cannot be artistic is foolish. Art neither broods aloft nor is indifferent to earth and man. To quote from an early poem of Mr. Arthur Symons, the godhead has fled from the empty shrine:

Seek her not there, but go where cities pour
Their turbid human stream through street and mart,
A dark stream flowing onward evermore
Down to the unknown ocean—there is Art.

She looks on princes in their palaces,
She peers upon the prisoner in his cell;
She sees the saint who prays to God, she sees
The way of those that go down quick to hell.

With equal feet she treads an equal path,
Nor recks the goings of the sons of men;
She hath for sin no scorn, for wrong no wrath,
No praise for virtue and no tears for pain.

All serve alike her purpose; she requires
The very life blood of humanity;
All that the soul conceives, the heart desires,
She marks, she garners in her memory.

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There is a realism, however, that is wholly futile. When John Ford's play with the title that shocks the prurient prude was produced some years ago in Paris, there was an attempt at the utmost realism in the performance. In the last act there is this stage direction: "Enter Giovanni with a heart upon his dagger." This heart is that of Annabella. It was thought necessary to have a real and bleeding heart, so at the rehearsal the actor came on brandishing a dagger which pierced the heart of a sheep. Marcel Schwob, who was at the rehearsal, tells us that across the footlights, on the stage, and in a set scene, nothing looks less like a heart than a real one. "This bit of flesh seemed butcher's meat, all violet. It was not the bleeding heart of the fair Annabella. We then thought that, since a genuine heart looked false on the stage, an imitation heart should look real. We fashioned Annabella's out of red flannel. The flannel was cut in the shape that is seen on holy images. The red was of incomparable brilliance, wholly unlike the color of blood. When we saw Giovanni enter a second time with his dagger, we all shuddered for a moment, because there was, and there was no doubt about it, the bleeding heart of the fair Annabella."

There is then an unreal realism. More than one actress has made the mistake of attempting a scene of light conversation in the tone of a well-bred woman talking in a parlor. As a result, she has been stiff, inaudible, unreal, "stagey." For a time it was the fashion for "realistic" actors and actresses to turn their backs to the audience, not for a moment, not for a scene, but almost for an act. Was were they "natural," "realistic."

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Mr. Sheldon told a reporter that he did not visit New York slums until after he had written "Salvation Nell," but he had an enviable knowledge of slums in Chicago, in Denver and in London. "While at Harvard, I saw a great deal of the Boston slums." For a whole summer he went about with the Salvation Army. Thus was he enabled to make the play "simple, almost primitive, in its emotionalism." Even if he has also studied slang dictionaries and taken innumerable notes of the speech spoken by tramps, hoboes, yeggmen, bar-room loafers, keg-drainers and all sorts of night birds of prey, his dialogue may not be realistic in the higher sense; it may not be effective for dramatic purposes.

NOV 30 1908

LEKEU CLUB CONCERT.

Two Violin Solos by Strube Played for First Time.

K. P.

At Potter Hall, yesterday afternoon, the Lekeu Club—George Copeland, Jr., piano; Frederick Mahn, 1st violin; Handasyd Cabot, violoncello; Alfred Gletzen, viola, and Frank Currier, 2d violin—gave the first of its concerts for the season. The hall was well filled and the audience was demonstrative in its approval of the artists' work.

The flowing melodic curves of an unfinished quartet by Lekeu, for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, a moderate example of modern French composition, were smoothly, yet forcefully, sounded by the players. Mr. Copeland, in Debussy's piano solos, "Reflets dans l'eau," "Cortege et air de danse" and "Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut," caught admirably the remarkable suggestiveness of the composer's shimmering dissonances. He also played with ample power Chabrier's "Bourree Fantasque."

Two violin solos by Gustav Strube, "Magic Moonlight" and "Morning," had their first public hearing. Mr. Mahn played them with warm appreciation and feeling. They are pleasingly melodious, almost sentimentally so, but not strikingly original. The sweetness of the moonlight piece is wholly unrelieved by a hint of magic, but in "Morning" there is a bit more life and it ends with a piquant suggestion of the dawn's final up-burst.

Three movements from Dvorak's quintet for piano, two violins, viola and 'cello ended the program. The surging, impassioned harmonies of Dvorak were produced with the earnestness and fire that had characterized the players in all the numbers. Their gusto was more appropriate in the swinging rush of the quintet than in some of the more delicate compositions.

The club's second concert will take place on Dec. 20 at 4 P. M.

Dec 1, 1908

'THE THIRD DEGREE'

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Charles Klein's latest play, "The Third Degree," in four acts, performed for the first time in Boston. Produced by Henry B. Harris.

Richard Brewster.....Edmund Breese
Howard Jeffries.....John Flood
Howard Jeffries, Jr.....Wallace Eddinger
Capt. Clinton.....Ralph Delmore
Robert Underwood.....Francis Byrne
Mr. Bennington.....Walter Craven
Detective Sergeant Maloney.....Alfred Moore
Officer.....Henry Brown
Elevator attendant.....William Wray
Jones.....Verner Clarges
Annie Jeffries.....Helen Ware
Mrs. Howard Jeffries.....Cathrine Countiss
Servant at Brewster's.....Gertrude Taylor

Many of us know that when a man in these days is arrested for a crime he is believed to be guilty until he is proved innocent, and thus the order of the old legal maxim is reversed; that the accused is often subjected by the police to an illegal examination known as the third degree; that the district attorney, whose duty it is first of all to find out the truth, makes every effort and sometimes twists the evidence to convict the prisoner for his own reputation and for further advancement in his profession or in politics. All this is known, and we accept it all as among the numerous advantages of modern civilization.

Mr. Klein has built his play, which he might frankly call a melodrama, on the abuse of power by the police, on the illegal and outrageous system of examination known as the third degree. Otherwise his story is a familiar one and the characters are old friends. The weak son of a haughty aristocrat marries a restaurant waitress. This is by no means incredible. Men marry waitresses, possibly because the waitresses has repeated orders in tones like those of Viola, possibly because they leaned on the customer's shoulder when going through the list of pies.

Men have also married their cooks, a more dangerous experiment, for cooks are said to be irritable and given to immoderate indulgence in strong waters. Every other week a middle-aged gentleman somewhere in this country marries his housekeeper. In all these cases the high-born relatives rage like the heathen in the psalm. Mr. Klein has added as a pleasing embellishment the fact that the father of the waitress was a convict, a noble man, one of God's own, nevertheless a convict.

The boy-husband, disowned by his family, going to the house of a rascally friend about to be exposed, tries vainly to borrow money, falls in a drunken stupor. His stepmother enters and begs the rascal—to whom she was once betrothed—he is an art dealer—not to kill himself. As soon as she is gone, the dealer who will be disgraced in the morning turns out the lights, goes into his bedroom and kills himself. The boy behind a screen, ignorant of all that has happened, is charged with the crime and in the room where he had slept is put through the third degree. Hypnotized by the police captain, who is, without knowing it, a disciple of Dr. Charcot, he confesses that he is guilty.

This is the material of the first act. The remaining three are devoted to the efforts of the heroine to interest her husband's family and the family lawyer in the defence of the accused. She succeeds, and she finally looks forward to a life with the father-in-law who wears aristocratic clothes, with the mother-in-law whose honor she had saved by her own perjury in court, and with the vacuous husband whom she adores.

I have said that Mr. Klein's play is a melodrama. A stirring melodrama is an excellent form of dramatic entertainment. Mr. Belasco was reported recently as saying with his most sagacious look that life is melodrama; that melodrama began when the serpent entered the Garden of Eden. Whether he thus likened the maker of melodramas to the most subtle of the beasts of the field is not wholly clear. Mr. Klein has written a melodrama that will undoubtedly be popular, but he has not been subtle in his methods. The characters are familiar. We all have seen the haughty member of the old Knickerbocker set, now as an equally haughty member of the English nobility, now as a dweller in the Faubourg of Parisian Faubourgs.

We have all seen the distinguished family lawyer coming to the rescue, after the patience and sweetness of a humble girl have loosened his bands of red tape and touched his callous heart. We all know the proud lady in distress, fearing disgrace, seeing herself bereft of everything except the handsome evening dress that she is fortunately wearing at the time, saved by the self-sacrifice of the disdained daughter-in-law. But Mr. Klein's use of auto-suggestion and the introduction of the glittering pistol under an electric light to cause the suggestion, perhaps will lend a scientific interest to the play, although we may be permitted to doubt whether the drama will at once work reform in police offices, and lead proud parents to prefer waitresses for daughters-in-law.

The play will be popular, it will no doubt be heralded as "an enormous success" because it has features that will please thousands. It presents no problem to disturb households by consequent argument; it has the happy ending that sends an audience home well satisfied with itself. There are a few moderately exciting moments. There is one scene that is absurd—the one in which the eminent constitutional lawyer browbeats the hypnotic police captain, but this same scene leads to a powerful situation, one that may be reasonably anticipated by the spectator and therefore not cause him an unpleasant surprise.

Piping hot melodrama should be here and there superbly absurd. In "The Span of Life" the villain poisons with the aid of a hypodermic syringe grapes on a trellis that the young heir may eat and die an unpleasant death. Mr. Klein does not rise to such a height, but he unquestionably entertained a large audience last night, and he will entertain many audiences.

The performance was for the most part excellent, though it was not perhaps unique in its brilliance, as Mr. Klein insisted in his short speech before the curtain. The impersonation of Annie Jeffries, the ex-waitress and devoted wife, by Miss Ware was admirable in composition and admirable in every detail of performance. Miss Ware won sympathy at once and she kept this till the end without seeking refuge in sentimentalism, without exaggeration. In fact, her impersonation was sigularly self-contained; it was effective in its reserve as in its intensity. The part might be easily overplayed, and the simplicity of Miss Ware was the more refreshing.

The men, too, were excellent. Mr. Breese, although the part of Brewster the Deus-ex-Machina could not admit of marked originality or continual reasonableness in treatment, was kindly, humorous, lovable. The other chief parts were carefully defined and made melodramatically reasonable, from that of the haughty member of the Knickerbocker family to that of the linnet-headed boy-husband. The part of the police captain was played con amore by Mr. Delmore, whose hands we have so often seen steeped in gore, whose staccato laugh of villainy has so often thrilled horrified audiences. Nor should the capital character sketch of Jones by Mr. Clarges be overlooked.

The audience was deeply interested and warmly applausive. It was also often amused, even in serious scenes. There were many curtain calls.

SCHELLING RECITAL.

Thoughtful, Clear and Brilliant Performance Given.

Ernest Schelling gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a highly appreciative audience of fair size. The program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio; Schumann, Symphonic Etudes; Chopin, Etudes op. 10, No. 10, op. 25, No. 3, two nocturnes, op. 27, valse, A flat; Schelling, "Fatalisme," "Nocturne a Willgrad"; Ravel, Alborado del graciosa; Rubinstein, Barcarolle in G minor; Liszt, Rhapsody No. 10.

Mr. Schelling has many excellent qualities as a pianist. His performance is beautifully clear and distinct; he is both virtuoso and musician; he is thoughtful, at times too thoughtful, as in his playing yesterday of Chopin's nocturne in D flat major, when his deliberation impeded the flow of the composer's thought; he has a sense of contrasts. Yet his playing, while it excites respect and admiration, is seldom engrossing. Is it because he does not have the personal quality that causes an audience to forgive pianists of lesser musical attainments, and less polished technic? Whatever the reason, the fact remains that while he may be heartily praised at the time, he appeals to the intellect rather than the heart, and he leaves no lasting impression. It would perhaps be too much to say that his playing is seldom sensuous, seldom emotional. The fact remains that it is easy to praise many things, and essential things, that he does; but there is not the satisfaction attending his performance that leads the hearer to quiet, rapt enjoyment, and becomes a treasured recollection.

BECKLEY'S READING.

Enoch Arden Given at Steinert Hall with Piano Accompaniment.

Last evening Sidney Beckley, who calls himself by the old-fashioned name of elocutionist, read in Steinert Hall Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," with Benjamin Lambord accompanying at the piano. Richard Straus, the composer of the Domestic Symphony, likes homely things; and it is not surprising that he wrote music to illustrate Tennyson's "Arden." This idyll of true love made futile through ill-luck was read by Mr. Beckley with well restrained feeling, and the accompanying music was played with clear, but never exaggerated, intent.

It was not necessary for the reader to try to evoke tears; the pictures of Annie hopelessly fighting to make a living in the little fisher town, and of Enoch stranded on a tropical island, all too easily do that without the help of either music or elocution. Player and reader met the full demands of their work at the crisis of the story, when Enoch resolves not to tell Annie of his return home.

The music is chiefly employed to depict the human action and passion of the poem; no impossible descriptions are attempted. When scenery is painted there is always a human figure in the foreground.

MAXINE ELLIOTT IN 'THE CHAPERON'

New Play Receives Its First Public Presentation at the

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "The Chaperon," a comedy in three acts, by Marion Fairfax. Cast:

Mary.....Miss Ada Gilman
Betty Coombs.....Miss Oza Waldrop
Mr. Richard Coombs.....J. R. Crauford
Alice Coombs.....Miss Suzanne Perry
Mrs. Coombs.....Miss Alice Wilson
Kitty Keating.....Miss Rene Kelley
Countess Van Tuyle.....Miss Maxine Elliott
Alithia de Morelos.....Miss Georgia O'Ramey
Tom Harkins.....Theodore M. Morris
Ed Miller.....William Harrigan
Bert Partington.....Albert Mayer
Jim Ogden.....Julian L'Estrange
Mrs. Heminway.....Mrs. Louise Rial
Count Van Tuyle.....Eric Maturin
A native.....Grant Mitchell

DRAMA A

Many will rejoice in the news that Charles Frohman hopes to bring Miss Marie Tempest to this country again. This charming actress should be with us always. There was a time when she was wedded to comic opera. Boston first saw her in January, 1891, in "The Red Hussar." She was then described in Mr. Meredith's words, "a dainty rogue in porcelaine." She was more French than English in her art.

She was seen here again two months later in "Dorothy," and she was the very muse of operetta. How many remember her "Carmen"? She impersonated the gypsy at the Tremont Theatre in the course of this latter engagement. Her performance was dramatically excellent. There was the necessary touch of sensual impudence; there was the tragic note. This soubrette revealed herself as passionate. Nor did she ape another. Her impersonation was strikingly original. Her voice was not heavy enough, it had not enough color for Bizet's music, but the impersonation as a whole is still distinct in the memory. As a singer pure and simple, Miss Tempest was far above operetta singers of the period. She was naturally musical and she had been carefully trained. Now as a comedian she is versatile and always charming.

Miss Mary Shaw is playing in "The Revelation," a "serious drama" by a

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DRAMA AND MUSIC

The death of George F. Daniels is a serious loss to the Handel and Haydn. His business ability was of great service to the society, of which he was the president. He was indefatigable in his interest, both musical and business; he was ambitious for the future. It will be difficult to replace him.

Eugene Walter, the author of "Paid in Full," "The Wolf" and other plays, was married on Tuesday at Cincinnati to Charlotte Walker, the actress, who was last seen here in "The Warrens of Virginia." This is Mrs. Walter's second marriage. Mr. Walter is a brother of William E. Walter, the press representative of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The latter was for several years a member of the New York Sun staff, and afterward music critic of the Commercial Advertiser. Eugene Walter's new play, "The Easiest Way," will be produced by Mr. Belasco during the holidays. Frances Starr will take the part of the heroine.

Mr. Constantino made his first appearance with the Manhattan Opera House company in Philadelphia last Tuesday night, and was heartily applauded as the Duke in "Rigoletto."

It seems that Mme. Calve in Washington was irritated because a reporter said that Grove's Dictionary gave the year of her birth, but not the day. She hastened to say through an interpreter that the day of the month was Aug. 15. Grove's Dictionary says she was born at Madrid in 1861. Jules Martin's "Nos Artistes" contains the same statement. She did not make her debut at Brussels until Sept. 23, 1882, but she sang for charity shortly before that at Nice.

In Chicago they are divided in opinion concerning the art of Isadora Duncan, but unanimous in placing George M. Cohan at the head of contemporaneous dramatists. The Chicago Tribune represents one of the spectators at Miss Duncan's entertainment as saying to a neighbor: "To think that my missus called me down once when she found a seat check for old Sam T.'s place in my overcoat pocket. And she made me come here!"

Mrs. Leslie Carter-Payne will be seen next month in a new play by John Luther Long. The drama is based on a story written several years ago by Mr. Long and the scenes are all in Japan. Mrs. Carter-Payne is now living in Tarrytown. The play will be produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

Genevieve Ward appeared at the Ristori benefit in London last Monday in the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth" in the very costume worn by Mme. Ristori in the same part at Drury Lane many years ago. The dress was sent over from Italy for the purpose.

Nance O'Neil has been talking about "the secret of success in acting." She says that when she played the part of Lady Inger she so worked herself into the insane anguish of the mother that she wondered if she should live till the play ended. "I was never able to play this part oftener than once in four weeks. When I am studying a new part I sit, sometimes for hours, and wonder and consider just how the woman must have felt." Miss O'Neil was always intense.

John Luther Long has written an open letter to the Rev. Dr. Pressly of Philadelphia defending Strauss' "Salome" against the attacks of the clergymen who protest against the production of the opera in Philadelphia. Mr. Long says in the course of his letter: "Besides, I have seen and heard 'Salome'—perhaps you have not. You must try to remember how much there is in that—just the proper doing of a thing. We are prone to fly to the conclusion that such a thing is done wrong because it is done at all. But, in this case at least, you are mistaken. The music is superb, divine. And if the stage management had not been so bad at the Metropolitan Opera House when it was done there, I am rather persuaded that there would have been little or no protest. We Americans are too prone to be Philistinistic in our ideas of what is good for others. You can't judge for me—no one can—what is best for me, unless you are more intelligent than I, unless you are better than I, unless you know better than I what will help or harm me. And, I assure you, this hectic battling with windmills is more painful to me than the possible sacrilege you fear."

Debussy is in favor of short operas. He thinks his own "Pelleas and Melisande" is too long. "In which act? Oh, it is too diffuse generally; but that is the fault of the story." His new opera, "The Fall of the House of Usher," will be in one act, and another opera suggested by "The Devil in the Belfry" will be in two parts connected by an intermezzo. He is in no hurry to complete them. They may be ready in 1910.

Glenn Dillard Gunn of the Chicago Interocean has a fine spirit of impartiality in his judgments. Listen to this: "True, the name of Strauss has become so definitely associated with expressions of a degraded sensuality that it in itself is often a sufficient suggestion for the sensual mind to build upon. In time he will not have to supply us with detailed programs for his orchestral works. He need only write 'Symphonic-Poem,' by Richard Strauss, and all can imagine a program, each after his favorite form of nastiness." Mr. Gunn should cut out this opinion and look at it 10 years from now.

They are still naive in Baltimore. Every patrolman working about a theatre has been ordered to see the first performance of every play and report immediately if there is anything objectionable in it.

This reminds us that in Seattle Miss Nina Payne, who until a year ago was attending the high school in that city, danced on the stage of the Pontage Theatre recently and wildly "the Salome dance," although she is only 17. She hopes "to enter the operatic field."

Julian Pascal, pianist of New York, will give a recital tonight in Chickering Hall, when he will play a sonata by Beethoven, pieces by Chopin, Rosenthal, Liszt and himself. Mrs. Helen Hunt will sing songs by Pascal, Faure, Debussy, Loomis, Secchi and W. L. Johnson.

The cornerstone of the New Theatre in New York will be laid with ceremony on the 15th by the mayor of the city.

Here is the story of "Tilda's New Hat," a one-act play to which The Herald has already briefly alluded. The play by "George Paston" was produced at the Courts Theatre, London, by the Play Actors, about a fortnight ago. The heroine, Tilda Fishwick, works in a jam factory and is a member of a hat-and-feather club. The curtain rises and she is trimming her new hat and talking with her mother about old and new styles in hats and courting. The mother remarks amiably: "When I was your age I didn't walk out with soldiers and stand 'em drinks and give 'em a bob for a kiss." Walter Emerson calls. He is a "big pot" at the institute, and he is chock-full of poetry. He wishes to improve Tilda's mind, but she yawns when he recites, and when he speaks of playing Hamlet for the local dramatic club, she says she prefers "The Worst Woman in [illegible] [Sh]akespeare wouldn't [have] stood at the 'alls, seeing as 'ow he was so coarse." Walter goes out on an errand and Daisy Meadows, who thinks she should be Walter's sweetheart, enters. She reproaches Tilda, who assures her she does not want the poet and actor. Daisy is dowdy, no wonder she cannot retain Walter's affections, so Tilda does her hair for her, lends her best blouse and the new hat, and when Walter returns he makes at once for Daisy. They go out and Tilda cries till her mother reminds her that Mr. Emerson is not the only man.

Another revolutionary play has been produced in Paris, "Les Revoltes," at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. The story is of a Russian workman, Rindzoff, who helped a Nihilist to escape and was consequently involved in the toils of the police. This Nihilist had saved his little daughter. The workman would have suffered severe punishment if his scoundrelly employer had not fallen in love with Rindzoff's wife. Threatened, the poor woman yielded to the employer, and Rindzoff strangled him after he had been set at liberty. Five acts are needed to tell this grim story. A Mr. Sidney plays the part of a "sympathetic American."

Nor is London without cheerful dramatic entertainment. "The Red Hand" was reproduced on the cinematograph at the Alhambra the 20th. The pantomimist Severin, as Pierrot, had played it not long ago in London. An appreciative critic wrote: "There was the Montmartre cabaret as we saw it before, there the tale of delight, the grim danse des Apaches, and the murder, in which the assassin smears with his victim's blood the hand of a sleeping and innocent man. All this, with Pierrot's discovery of the crime and the story that hangs on the discovery, was realistically reproduced, the films being certainly the best, the clearest and the less trying to the eyes of the audience that London has yet seen." It must, indeed, have been a treat to sore eyes.

It was stated some time ago that the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg would not allow the performance of "Salome" at the Court Theatre. There will, it is now reported, be a performance at a private theatre, but the title must be changed to "The King's Daughter," and the Biblical names must be changed to pagan.

[Cler]gyman, the Rev. Henry Knott, who was rector of St. Bartholomew's in Chicago and is now in charge of All Saints' Church, Ravenswood. Lo, and behold, he has evolved a "problem" play. To quote the euphemistic language of the Chicago Tribune: "His story concerns the lady of familiar history who loved without wisdom but with much enthusiasm a young man who failed to provide godly sanction of their relations. They were happy for a time, but finally he acquired the habit of staying downtown to his meals, and when he failed to take even his Sunday dinner at the cottage she realized that she had been deserted."

A child was born of this union, and the woman lived for it. The man became a newspaper editor, highly respected, and a powerful influence in the community. He married and had a beautiful daughter. The first woman took it into her head to call on him one day. The morning she called, the wife had discovered the secret, for the editor, careless man, had left a "tell-tale" letter on his open desk. The injured woman, that is No. 1, exclaimed: "You are the wife, I the bond woman. You are the mistress of the house; I the mistress of his heart. Which of us is right? God knows!"

The editor had engaged the son of No. 1, not knowing that he was the boy's father. The boy, of course, fell in love with his half sister. The father, still ignorant, discharged him. The girl was nearly broken hearted, so Mr. Editor went after the boy, apologized, and there was talk of the approaching wedding, when the mother entered. Then came the revelation. The father cried: "My daughter must be saved." Mother answered: "What about your son?" The son learned the truth. Father, as is the way of men when the plot thickens at home, left the house. The son threw himself into his mother's arms. She went out to bring water, and he poisoned himself.

This is not a bad beginning for a clergyman who wishes to "elevate" the stage. We regret to say that Miss Mary Shaw, an admirable actress, was not appreciated by the Tribune. It spoke flippantly of her; it said that "she played the chief sinner earnestly but with a considerable heaving of the injured bosom and an affected play of modulation in the voice." So the injured woman was the "chief sinner" as seen by Chicago eyes?

A dramatic vaudeville sketch, "What Money Can't Buy," by Edward F. Payne of Belmont, is playing at Hathaway's Malden Theatre this week. The story is of the unrequited love of a "modern frenzied financier."

Margaret Anglin has been so successful in Australia that she will stay there until Christmas. She will return to America, sojourning for a time in Egypt, and begin her next tour of America at the Hollis Street Theatre in a play based on Mrs. Deland's novel, "The Awakening of Helen Ritchie."

Nat Goodwin is unable to take "Cameo Kirby" into Chicago on account of an Illinois factory law that prohibits the appearance on the stage of children under the age of 16.

"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" made a stir in Washington, D. C., and the authorities wished a certain dance suppressed and certain "models" draped. The author of the libretto, Paul Potter, "is an intimate friend of Secretary Root, and he asked the latter to visit the theatre and look over the exhibit. Secretary Root did so, and declared that he found the models artistic rather than objectionable, and upon such expert opinion the authorities were willing to rest content." We give this story for what it is worth.

Bernstein's "Israel" is not popular in Paris. We are told about his early stormy days. Not that he was poor; on the contrary, he had money enough to lounge in night restaurants and gaming clubs. To quote from the passionate press agent: "He saw the flashes of passion, the tear-burdened clouds of misery, the rainbows of happiness that he throws upon the canvas of the stage."

Mme. Nordica has been singing in Denver. The Republican said that her tones are glittering, "scintillating with the lustre of the jewels with which she so profusely decks her person. There is a curious similarity between Nordica's appearance and her voice. In both she is polished, brilliant and stately. But withal, she is rather lacking in soul." She sang in a church and we deplore the behavior of the audience. Mme. Nordica was generous, for she gave two encores "after each appearance." "After [illegible] the audience might at least have [illegible] its desperate effort to get out of the church, for she had hardly sung [illegible] note when the rush started. She was rather embarrassed and undecided about giving her final encore which [illegible] of the audience called for, but finally did so. It was no reflection upon the singer, but merely the [illegible] hurry characteristic of American audiences in general."

We miss Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the [illegible] sociologist, each day. We would like to [illegible] to contribute a [illegible] concert etiquette, but he, alas, [illegible] this time be in Africa, awaiting eagerly the coming of Mr. Roosevelt.

The Philadelphia Orchestra Association [illegible] to give 10 concerts in Philadelphia on Sunday afternoons, and now [illegible] the inevitable opposition, the [illegible] "[illegible] us to have the European [illegible] day?" [illegible] regularly [illegible] inquiry, "What is sacred [illegible]

[illegible] that Nance O'Neil and [illegible] O'Neil are to play together as Lady M[acbeth] and her spouse?

The New York Evening Sun says that [illegible] at the Metropolitan Opera House, sounds like Van [illegible]

[illegible] of Isadora Duncan tells us that Boston will not really "know" Miss Duncan until it sees her dance Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. It was at first proposed that she should dance in Symphony Hall to this music the 11th, but she does not think that the stage is deep enough. It is probable then that she will appear in practically the same program as the first in Jordan Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes will give the first of their violin and piano sonatas in Steinert Hall next Friday night. Mrs. Mannes is the sister of Walter and Frank Damrosch, and a pianist of more than ordinary ability in ensemble. Mr. Mannes is well known here as concert-master of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and he and his wife have already played here together both in private and in public.

Sybil Tancredi, soprano, sang last Sunday night at a Manhattan Opera House concert for the first time in America. She is a New Zealand girl, who has studied in Paris with Mme. Marchesi. Mme. Melba, it is said, took an interest in her and recommended her to Mr. Hammerstein.

Gustav Mahler made his first appearance in New York as conductor at a purely orchestral concert last Sunday afternoon when he led the Symphony Society Orchestra. He was praised. Mr. Krehbiel spoke of "The re-creative potentiality of Mr. Mahler." Mr. Henderson thanked him for "an honest, straightforward, and unaffected reading" of Schumann's "Spring" symphony. "Throughout the concert Mr. Mahler showed plainly that he was antagonistic to the latest German style of taking everything as slowly as possible." Mr. Henderson described the orchestra itself as a good one, "and if well treated (it) will eat out of the hand of any conductor." "Probably not the least pleasure was derived from the conductor's quiet demeanor on the platform. He directed a concert to be heard, not seen."

Alexander Scriabine's symphony "Ecstasy" will be performed for the first time on any concert stage by the Russian Symphony Orchestra in New York the 12th. Mischa Elman, the celebrated young violinist, will make his first appearance in America at this concert.

Lina Cavalieri is going to open an "atelier" in New York, where she will sell cosmetics made by her own hands. Her brother Orestes will be "president" of the shop, and all terms will be strictly cashed. If the cosmetics do not please, Orestes may again be pursued by the furies.

Sardou took pleasure in knowing the names of even the humblest writers who attacked him. He saved their articles and kept them in two separate boxes. One he labelled "Canaille" (rascals); the other "Fichus betes," which may be translated into polite English as "pitiful fools."

Mr. Hammerstein will bring out a delightful "operatic pantomime" next Friday night at the Manhattan for Miss Odette Valery. It is entitled "La Chair." The plot, as described by the Evening Mail, is as follows: "A young wife stands at the window with a love letter in her hand, and while there a bouquet is thrown through the window. Her husband enters instead of the expected lover, however, and picks up his gun. He is a hunter. He questions the arrival of the flowers and leaves, to return when he is least expected. The lover draws his dagger as the husband laughs at them derisively. In a struggle the lover is disarmed and the husband throws him out of the room. Seizing the knife, he approaches the wife with fury and is about to plunge it into her, when her dress is torn and he beholds the white beauty of her flesh. He is conquered, and as he sinks motionless to the floor she kicks him and rushes to her room. There is no noise, and he creeps to the door and knocks; no answer, he sobs; still no response. Weeping, he seizes the dagger and plunges it into his own arm. When he faints the wife enters, and seeing him lie there, motions some one to enter. The lover appears, and shows more emotion than the wife did at the sight."

Dec 4 1908

JULIAN PASCAL RECITAL.

Assisted by Mrs. Helen A. Hunt, in Chickering Hall Concert.

By PHILIP HALE.

Julian Pascal, pianist, assisted by Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, contralto, gave a concert last night in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, sonata op. 27, No. 2; songs, Pascal, "Ah! Love but a Day" and "Tears"; G. Faure, "Les Berceaux"; Debussy, "Mandoline"; Chopin, Etude, G flat major, Nocturne, B major, Etude, C major, Prelude, G major, Polonaise, A flat major; songs, Loomis, "A Little Dutch Garden"; Secchi, "Love Me or Not"; W. L. Johnson, "Thank God! the Spring Is Here at Last"; piano pieces, Schubert-Liszt, "Erl King," Rosenthal, Etude, Pascal, "Memories" and Scherzo; Liszt, Spanish Rhapsody

There was a small audience.

Mr. Pascal is not wholly unknown here, for he gave a recital in Steinert Hall nearly three years ago. If I am not mistaken it was then said that he was born on the island of Barbados; that he studied in Germany, as in Leipsic with Martin Krause; that he lived for a time in London and taught the piano at the Guildhall school. His home is in New York.

The "Moonlight" sonata of Beethoven—so this sonata will be called for years to come in spite of earnest protests—must be a favorite with Mr. Pascal, for he played it here at his first recital. Mr. Apthorp used to wish that he could hear the great melody of the finale played passionately and heroically. He seemed to hear Beethoven fairly shouting in his passion, but no pianist, Mr. Apthorp complained, agreed with him in this: They all played the melody sadly, with too fine sentiment. Mr. Pascal would have pleased Mr. Apthorp last night. The melody for once was heroically passionate. The reading of this melody was the feature of the performance, for in the other movements of the sonata Mr. Pascal was conventional and not in any way engrossing. Nor could much be said justly in praise of his playing of Chopin's music, for the performance was at times unclean, and there was little poetic sentiment in the interpretation.

Mrs. Hunt gave much pleasure by her singing. She pleased not only by tonal quality and by the skill with which she used her voice, but by her giving in each instance true and appropriate character to the songs. Mr. Pascal's "Tears" is effective in itself and Mrs. Hunt made it still more impressive. The noble air of Secchi was sung with the sustained simplicity of "the grand style." Mr. Johnson's song is a miniature cantata with widely contrasting episodes. Mrs. Hunt sang it fervently and her vocal dignity at the ecclesiastical close stirred the hearers to heartiest applause. Nor should her delightful singing of the familiar but ever welcome "A Little Dutch Garden" pass unnoticed.

Dec 5, 1908

GIVE SONATA RECITAL.

Program of Old and Modern Music by Mr. and Mrs. Mannes.

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes of New York gave the first of three sonata (violin and piano) recitals last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as fol-

ws. Bach, sonata, E major; Grieg, onata, G major, op. 13; Nardini, sonata, major, Lekeu, sonata, G major. There was a warmly appreciative audience of good size.

Mr. and Mrs. Mannes have played ere before this in private and in public nd won friends by their devotion to ensemble playing and the musical spirit at controls them. Last evening Mr. annes' tone was not always pure, nor as it sensuous when sensuous warmth s reasonably demanded. Nevertheless, there was much to enjoy in the ncert by reason of the spirit in which e music was performed and the sense proportion that animated and controlled the players. A concert of this nare might easily become wearisome, t the audience was evidently interested d the applause was genuine and rity.

The program was well contrasted, even t were a little too long. The sonata Grieg was shrewdly put between that Bach, the romanticist of his period d of the succeeding centuries, and t of Nardini, whose musical tenderss and naivete anticipated the characristics of Bellini's music. This sonata f Grieg reminds one of his admirers of the man who has shivered in the cold ts of night and learned the meaning f grief and disappointment.

It s doubtful whether the music would ke this impression on the average rer, however sensitive he may be. would say that the music is good g and he would enjoy it, thinking of odies in folk song and folk dance re. If the composer were actually e "cold mists of night" he was not gically disposed.

After Nardini's delicate and fragrant usic came the strange sonata of Lekeu, e sonata that has been described as e procession of the composer's dreams, le that is also tender, but there is hat peculiar quality of compassion for manity which Lekeu learned perhaps rom Cesar Franck, and there is, since e know that Lekeu died young, too oung, the sadness that was as the premonition of an early death when there was much to be done, much to be enjoyed.

The second concert will be on Jan. 29.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Strauss, it is said, chose Dresden for e first performance of his "Electra" r this reason: "It is a feeling of gratitude that has caused me to grant the resden Opera the right of the first performance, as this is the first stage that ad courage enough to bring out 'Feuersnot,' and later to undertake the herculean task of fulfilling all the artistic demands made by my 'Salome.'"

Mr. Meltzer has been telling the story of Frances Alda, now of the Metropolitan Opera House. She was born at Christchurch in New Zealand, and at the ge of 5 went to Melbourne. There she as "lapped in comfort." She is a niece f Frances Saville, a handsome woman, ho sang here in the Abbey, Schoeffel nd Grau Company in Mechanics' building. (Mr. Meltzer spells the name Sayille, which is wrong.) Miss Alda's parents died, then her grandparents died. She wished to do something, so she sang for Williamson and Musgrove in a revival of "The Sorcerer." The scene changes to London. Mr. Meltzer does not tell us how she got there. Singing n a London drawing room, she was eard by Journet, who said: "That girl has a lovely voice. Why does she not cultivate it?" The next day Miss Alda was studying with Marchesi—another rapid change—but why does Mr. Meltzer all Marchesi "he"? There was a male Marchesi, but he did not teach Mme. Melba and Miss Alda, as Mr. Meltzer says he did. Having studied about a year, Miss Alda made her debut at the Opera Comique in Massenet's "Manon" (Feb. 23, 1904). Paris journals said she was then 22 years old. She then went to the Monnaie, Brussels, afterward to Parma, Milan, where she sang in "Louise" at the Scala, London (Covent Garden). Mr. Meltzer says that in London she was engaged for the Manhattan, but that Mme. Melba cabled to Mr. Hammerstein and as a result the contract did not hold. Mr. Meltzer adds that Miss Alda is "debonair and handsome rather than strictly beautiful. Nature has given her an attractive face and an opulent figure." Her hair and eyes are hazel. "There is nothing formal about Frances Alda."

A North of Ireland critic who wished to be particularly cordial to the givers of a joint pianoforte and song recital gave utterance to this remarkable statement that "Mr. (say) Murphy was grand in Chopin's Polonaise in a flat, and Miss Milligan undoubtedly made good use of her tonsils." By the bye, an even more pregnant instance of the evil-doings of careless program printers was that which occurred in the scheme of a concert by Mr. Plunket Greene. Things evidently had become thoroughly jumbled in the minds of the "composer," who printed this legend: "Mr. Plunket Greene's Long Recitals," and added gratuitously that "they touch the liver." —Daily Telegraph.

"Tess of the d'Urbervilles," an opera by Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, has been produced at Milan, and with success, they say. Mr. Schenck, who conducted for a season or two with Mr. Savage's grand opera company, has also written an opera based on Thomas Hardy's novel.

"Yosemite," a new play by Charles A. Taylor, produced recently at Paterson, N. J., deals with "the psychic theme of soul transmigration." A child in the forest is introduced in a scanty dress of leaves.

Here is the plot of "The Coal Dealer," played by the Sicilians who will soon visit us: Anna's sweetheart comes back from army service to find her married to Matteo. He comes in unexpectedly, and the young wife is frightened. She won't let him even kiss her. They hear the voice of her husband's brother, and Anna hides her former sweetheart in a bedroom. Brother-in-law is rude to her, and the old-time lover comes out to protect her. Brother-in-law, angry, tells the husband that the sweetheart was hidden in his house. Matteo kicks his wife into a room and locks the door. He sends for the sweetheart. Then he brings out two axes and they go out to end their dispute. The husband returns, having had the best of the argument. The woman denounces him. He has killed the wrong man. The brother is the one who had evil designs. The curtain falls on the murderer taking his gun to go after his brother. The New York Evening Sun says: "Anything so hair-raising or blood-chilling has not been seen here in our time. Yet it is all managed with perfect good taste and a total absence of melodramatic vulgarity. The situation appeals to the mind rather than to the nerves."

This is the flippant manner in which ultra-modern French music is heard in London. "Lancelot" of the Referee heard Ravel's Pavane and "Jeux d'Eaux." "The first of these is stated to be 'Pour une Infante defunte.' An elegy in the form of a dance seems somewhat incongruous, but judging by the music the defunct Spanish princess was not a lady whose death would cause great grief. 'Jeux d'Eaux' was more cheerful, albeit the water seemed 'hard.'" But is this a specimen of what Artemus Ward would have called first-class humor?

We regret to find the Era of London speaking of "little playlets." Are there big playlets in London?

A combination of scenes from "Macbeth," entitled "The Witches of 'Macbeth,'" was produced at Maskelyne's in London to show how the regular stage should call in the aid of magicians and all wonder workers. Hecate made her charge to the three witches and then soared away in the air. Macbeth saw the visions rise from the bowels of the earth and vanish in thin air.

There are a good many cheerless plays produced in Germany. Here is the plot of Karl Schoenherr's "Erde," ironically called a comedy, in three acts (Berlin, Nov. 12): An old peasant is not willing to die, and he thus annoys all about him. His son does not become master of the farm; he grows gray as a farm hand and is not able to marry. A brutal housekeeper despairs because she cannot wed the heir. The old man is highly amused by all this. A horse kicks him, and everyone thinks he is done for. He is measured for his coffin in the presence of the audience, but he comes to life and crawls downstairs with his provoking grin.

Maurice Maeterlinck is in trouble, and all on account of his wife, known on the stage as Georgette Leblanc. The Paris Opera has accepted an opera, "Mona Vanna," Maeterlinck's tragedy, with music by Fevrier. Maeterlinck insisted that his wife should take the part of the heroine, as some years ago he insisted that she should create the part of Melisande in Debussy's opera, and sulked when Miss Garland was chosen. The part of Mona Vanna has been given to Lucienne Breval, who is not unknown in Boston. This angered Mme. Georgette, who stirred her husband to action. He sent a lawyer's letter to the Opera forbidding the production. The managers consulted a lawyer, who declares that they are legally justified in the production, because Fevrier, the composer, has allowed it. This lawyer insists that in the case of operas the musician is the chief collaborator, and he can overrule his partner's decision. This is a nice point. Has it been decided in this country?

It looks as though they were tiring in New York of long-winded operas. Massenet's "Juggler of Our Lady" is praised because it has "the priceless merit of being moderate in length."

Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" was performed in New York for the first time on Dec. 2. The Sun was amiable enough to say that it has "a certain freshness and spirit, but it shows that Debussy had already entered that world of intangible imagination whither he cannot easily carry with him an indolent public," or indolent reviewers. The performance, from all accounts, was a poor one.

William Collier is at work on the book and lyrics of a musical comedy. The music will be by William T. Francis. Mr. Collier will stage the piece and Charles Frohman will produce it.

It is interesting to note that concert tours are now planned which include Smyrna, Salonika, Constantinople, Bucharest, Sofia, Belgrade. Theodore Byard will make this trip, starting from Athens, and he gone only about six weeks from London. Mr. Byard, by the way, sang in Boston 10 years ago last month. He was announced—the fact was stated even on the tickets—as "the great English baritone." He was not then great in any way; he was a parlor singer who sang in a manly way, but with comparatively little art. No doubt he has improved by this time.

The unfortunate person who is doomed to write as "An American First Nighter" says that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, by producing Yeats' "Deirde" and a version of "Electra"—the one that Strauss has set music to—was soused in sadness. "Here is a tip for any one in London who is hunting for melancholy. Don't waste time over funerals. Pay $2.60 and listen to Mrs. Pat. She will give a better brand of grief than any graveyard can answer." Even the "long-haired critics" write no worse twaddle than this.

Mrs. Ellis Ryse, the widow of the once well known singer, is dead. Mrs. Ryse was the singing teacher of Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton and others.

Four hundred and thirty-eight women, presumably young, have asked for the privilege of giving the Salome dance as a side show at Olympia. Miss Maud Allan is to be the judge at the competition.

The Washington Star liked the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last Tuesday, although it described the color of the orchestration of "Scheherazade" as "high." Mr. Gabrilowitsch played Rachmaninoff's second concerto. "It was unfortunate for those in the rear that the accompaniment of the orchestra was not more softly played. At times the audience could only see the movements of the pianist's body, and could not hear a sound of the piano."

Boris Thomaschefsky, the Yiddish actor-manager, produced at Trenton, N. J., Nov. 23, Jacob Gordin's "Dementia Americana." The hero invests all his capital in an attempt to put through a large transaction in real estate; he borrows money. As he is about to realize, the bank in which he is interested breaks, the financial panic carries away his real estate values and he becomes insane.

Dec 6. 1908

IS AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MISINFORMATION

Stokes' Pretentious Work Covering the History of Music and Musicians.

The Herald has received several books about music. Prominent among them is "Stokes' Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians: Covering the Entire Period of Musical History from the Earliest Times to the Season of 1908-09," by L. J. de Bekker, published by Frederick A. Stokes Co, New York. (743 pp.)

This book is in a way a pretentious one. The preface sounds a trumpet call: "This book is intended to be a record of fact and not of opinion. It is a reference book to which one may turn for adequate information on any matter connected with music or musicians. It is comprehensive, containing a wider variety, and, it is believed, a greater number of topics than any other musical reference work. It includes, for example, definitions of musical terms simply expressed, biographies of all musicians worthy of remembrance, explanations of the theory of music, without technicalities; the stories of all the important operas, beside all the matters usually included in musical encyclopedias."

The preface to a "Complete Barkeeper's Guide" does not hold out more golden promise. Let us dip into the musical "Inquire Within for All You Want to Know," and be repaid.

Dr. Wuellner will sing here tomorrow. What does this new book say about him?

"Wuellner, Ludwig, gave recitals of voice and piano, touring America 1905-06; sang tenor; noted for Schubert interpretations, and as Tannhauser in opera." There is more, but this will serve.

So. Dr. Wuellner gave recitals in America in 1905-06, did he? And he was then a tenor? If he gave recitals in America three seasons ago he went about masked and shod as to his feet with sneakers. And pray what happened to him since 1906 that he is now a bass, or bass-baritone, if you prefer? Baritones have been boosted into the tenor range, but how many tenors have been lowered to the cellar or sub-cellar? Once more, when did Dr. Wuellner impersonate Tannhauser in opera? To alter lines of the late Lord Byron:

By Heaven! 'Twas a splendid thing to hear
(For one who had no friend, no brother there).

Let us open the book again at random. "Zöellner, Heinrich conducted the New York Liederkranz, 1840-1898." A remarkable instance of a man fore-ordained at the beginning of the world to conduct, for Zoellner was not born until 1854.

Suppose you are looking over the score of Mahler's fifth symphony. In the list of instruments is the word "Ruthe." What, pray, is a "Ruthe"? Is it a stringed instrument, or one of the wind choir, or possibly pulsatile? This new encyclopedia is dumb. Perhaps the instrument is an improper one, and Mr. De Bekker would not bring a blush to the cheek of the young student for the world. But the word is defined carefully in T. S. Wotton's excellent "Dictionary of Foreign Musical Terms" (1907). Mozart used the instrument or something like it in "The Escape from the Seraglio."

"Point d'orgue." "Organ Point or Pedal Point." We are referred to "Pedal Point." There is no allusion to the fact that "point d'orgue" also means a cadenza.

To Debussy is attributed an opera "Chimene," "book by Catulle Mendez." Catulle, thoughtless fellow, spells his family name with an "s," not a "z," and when did Debussy write a "Chimene"?

On the opposite page we are informed that Delibes' "Kassya" was completed after the composer's death "by E. Guir." For "Guir," read "Gulraud," which is not the same, not the same, as our old friend in "Erminie" remarks.

To d'Indy are attributed a symphony "Jean Hunyadi," overture to "Anthony and Cleopatra," an orchestral suite "Tableaux de Voyage," symphony "Cevenole," also a symphony for piano and orchestra. "Tableaux de Voyage" is a collection of piano pieces. The "Jean Hunyadi" symphony and the overture were never published and are not included by d'Indy in his list of works. What is the "Cenevole" symphony? No work of d'Indy is known specifically by this name; the reference is probably to the symphony for piano and orchestra usually known as "the Symphony on a Mountain Air."

We are informed that Duparc has composed three songs with orchestras (sic) and they are named. He has composed a good many songs and the three named had originally a piano accompaniment.

We are also informed that Richard Strauss is "at the head of the Decadent School of Musicians"; that in "Enoch Arden" "the music is skilfully subdued so as not to strain the voice of the reader," and that "most of his symphonic poems * * * are accompanied by elaborate "programmatical notes." As a matter of fact, Strauss has given only few indications as to the "program" of any one of his tone-poems. He should not be blamed for the verbosity of his wild-eyed commentators.

There is a short sketch of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The ensemble of this orchestra did not reach "its highest point of perfection" under Mr. Nikisch, as stated here. Mr. Hess did not immediately succeed Mr. Kneisel as concert master. Mr. Arbos was the immediate successor.

It seems from this book that "H. Reinhold" and "L. Herman" were conductors of the Handel and Haydn after Mr. Zerrahn resigned, and that Mr. Lang never conducted the concerts. Turning to the sketch of Mr. Lang, we find that, after all, he did conduct the Handel and Haydn. "H. Reinhold" and "L. Herman" probably stand for L. Reinhold Herman, who was the conductor for one year, two gentlemen in one, as Cerberus was three in one.

There is a sketch of Henry W. Savage, and the important musical fact is noted that he was a classmate of Mr. Roosevelt at Harvard.

Under "Pagliacci" there is a surmise that the libretto of this opera may have been borrowed from Catulle Mendez' (sic) "Femme de Tabarin." The subject had been used for stage purposes long before either Mendes or Leoncavallo wrote.

In the account of the Kneisel quartet it is said that for many years the second violinist was "A. Theodorwicz." For "A." read "J." Furthermore, the second violinist "for many years" spelled his name "Otto Roth." Mr. Theodorwicz did not become second violinist until 1902. His immediate predecessor was Mr. Ondricek.

It seems that Theodore Reichmann's present address is Vienna. Perhaps letters addressed to him are forwarded from there, but he died in 1903.

It is stated that Hans Sommer's real name is "Zincke, or Necknlz." The suspicious might infer that he is leading a triple life. His family name is Zincke. His pseudonym for a time was Necknlz.

This is discouraging. These errors are noted after a short examination. That any book of this nature should be wholly free from mistakes is not to be expected. The utmost care of compiler and proof reader will not insure unfailing accuracy. This encyclopedia, however, has more than its due and expected allowance of errors. Nor is there always a sense of proportion in the distribution of material; nor is there always a wise choice in selection. Thus there is no sketch of Ravel, but we are told that Enrico Toselli ran away with the crown princess of Saxony, and that in 1908 Jean de Reszke was planning a new academy, "the whole to be financed by Mabelle Gilman, an American comic opera singer, who had become the wife of Corey, president of the steel trust."

The stories of many operas are told. If that of "La Boheme" is given, why not that of "Tosca" also?

The question is often asked, "Which is the best dictionary of music and musicians for every day use?" The publication of this new one will not answer immediately the question. Yet the book contains much information as well as misinformation. Any one who wishes to have the "best" dictionary should have all of them, from the dictionaries of Brossard and Walther to those of Grove and Riemann, not forgetting Fetis' with Pougin's supplement, Baker's, Brown and Stratton's, Stainer and Barrett's "Dictionary of Musical Terms," and the book by Wotton to which I have already referred.

"The Story of Musical Form," by Clarence Lucas, published by the Walter Scott Company, London, is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It is the latest volume in "The Music Story Series." Mr. Lucas says in his preface that it was not his intention to write a text book. The book is intended "for any cultured reader who takes an interest in good music; at the same time I must add that a work of this nature would have been of great help to me when I was a young student of music." Mr. Lucas has compassion on the beginner. "He plods up the rocky slopes of Parnassus, catching at every ledge, bruised with falls, footsore and weary, to be rewarded with a vision of the 'antres vast and deserts idle' only when he has scaled the heights and reached the top." But how can the most far-sighted student see antres or caves from the top of a mountain? These rhetorical flourishes are a bit Corinthian.

Mr. Lucas has a high respect for his judgment. "My judgment is the culminative result of many years' studentship and travel in France, Italy and Germany; a professorship of musical composition and history in the United States; a varied experience as composer, conductor, and author in England. It is therefore not surprising if some of these chapters are not so clear to the reader as they appear to be to me."

Mr. Lucas was born in Canada in 1866 and he studied at the Paris Conservatory with Dubois. He has composed the operas "Anne Hathaway" and "The Money Spider," overtures to "Othello,"

"As You Like It," and "Macbeth," and other works. In this volume he treats of rhythms, melody and scale, tonic and dominant, cadences, counterpoint, equal temperament, harmony, song form, variation forms, rondo and sonata forms. Mr. Lucas writes in an easy manner and with a tendency, like Mr. Wegg, to drop into poetry. The book is designedly for the general reader, but it is doubtful whether he at the end will have a clear idea of the principles of form, nor is it perhaps necessary that he should have a sound knowledge of them for concert enjoyment. It is enough to say that there is pleasant reading in the volume. The illustrations were apparently pulled from a grab-bag. There are portraits of Croft, Elgar, Wagner and Ole Bull! There are also pictures of Notre Dame at Paris, "the reputed birthplace of counterpoint," the Beethoven monument in Central Park, New York, the Duke of Chandos chapel, the Arthur Sullivan monument in London, and a carved stone flute.

"Hopi Songs" by Benjamin Ives Gilman, secretary of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, is the fifth and concluding volume of the Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology. The volume is a result of the Hemenway southwestern expedition; it is dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Mary Hemenway, and it is published by the Houghton-Mifflin Company. Mr. Gilman's comments and conclusions are based on phonographic records of Hopi or Moqui singing obtained by Dr. Fewkes at the Pueblos of northeastern Arizona. Mr. Gilman believes that this Indian music is of a type hitherto unknown in its independence of a scale. "Pueblo melodies present the unique case of a non-scalar music. This is thought to be another link in the chain of evidence for the indigenous origin of aboriginal American civilization." Furthermore there is an inquiry in the volume into the trustworthiness of the phonographic method of studying musical perfomance. The music is given in ordinary notation and in reproductions of the cylinder records.

This book is not easy reading. A sentence will give a fair idea of Mr. Gilman's style: "Forced by the diatonic prison-grating that checkers to the European sense every landscape of tone, to interpret this steady displacement as a negligible inaccuracy, the unaided ear reduced to a dead level of monotony, a performance whose uneaven plenitude of interval and stealthy upward trend possess no little dramatic fascination."

The Memoirs of Paulus, the once celebrated music hall singer, with the title "Trente Ans de Cafe-Concert," narrated by Octave Pradels, form a large volume of 460 pages, published by the Societe d' Edition et de Publications, Paris. There are 300 portraits of male and female singers, and 60 of the songs sung by Paulus, among them the famous "Pere la Victoire" and "En Revenant de la Revue." The latter, through association with Gen. Boulanger, may become a historical document.

There is an enormous amount of gossip in this book, but to many the portraits will be more entertaining than the text. Here are the faces of men who once were "en vedette," "headliners"—to use the hideous term now in fashion. They were famous for a time; their songs were heard in the streets; and now for them is the blackness of darkness forever. And the women! It must be confessed that many of them are strange and curious sights; yet they had their joyous days, their sumptuously appointed apartments or dwelling houses; and for some of them the end was the hospital, the public burial ditch.

Paulus sang in New York in 1891, at Koster & Bial's. He crossed the Atlantic in November. "I did not embark without anguish; my family was in tears; black presentiments assailed us. This journey which should have crowned my career was the origin of my ruin. Mme. Paulus based on it her plan for a divorce, based it on this absence and on some frivolous letters which she found. Seasickness upset me. It was fearfully cold in New York. A mob of 'journallates-interwivers' were waiting for me at the Hotel Martin, and I must have made a miserable impression." He sang for the first time at Koster & Bial's Nov. 30. He found the orchestra a poor one, and the old high pitch bothered him in singing "a true cacophony in the guise of an accompaniment." He consoled himself with this thought: "one month; $800 a week; a benefit performance; and a steamer trip first class, going and returning." Furthermore, in Paris, he had insisted that Koster & Bial should buy some thousand bottles of "Champagne Paulus" at f.5 a bottle. "Who can say that I have not a business head? The wine had been sent on a fortnight before my departure. Arriving at the hall, there was an agreeable, joyous surprise. One of the bar-rooms was wholly upholstered with corks from my bottles, and each cork bore the name Paulus. I was highly flattered, proud of it. They drank only extra dry Paulus." From his own account the monologues succeeded better than the songs, which were badly accompanied. Among the other "artists" were negro acrobats and Sandow. Eugenie Fougere had ended a successful engagement, one "greatly enjoyed by Yankee amateurs." He often went to the "Theatre Tony Pastor" (sic) to see "the beautiful Juniori." At the "Musee Concert" Valti was singing. "I hastened there to shake hands with her. O amazement! She was singing the 'Pere la Victorie' and the refrain was aimed by a group of dancers. The manager of this house had thought to pluck a bud from my repertory and stab his rival. As original as 'my American idea.' Valti, and I had a good laugh over it."

This Juniori at Tony Pastor's was Juniori Valarez. What was the "Musee Concert"? It must have been the Eden Musee, for Miss Valentine Valti made her debut there in the fall of 1891. Evidently Mr. Paulus away from his family was not wholly inconsolable. There are portraits of the two singers in his book. He describes Valentine as a "belle gommeuse," the swell woman of Parisiau music halls for a time. "The public was pleased by her songs, her gigantic hats, her eccentrically superb costumes, always in exquisite taste. Her voice was thin, but agreeable, and she had a slight and original lisp. She was a good fellow and she left the stage. Fortune, who is not always blind, loader her with favors." As for Juniori, she was "the Pearl of Provence, the first prize for beauty at Marseilles." She went to St. Petersburg with Paulus in 1890. It was an unlucky venture. The censor forbade nearly all the songs, and the newspapers did not advertise the show. "The women had success, thanks to their physical attractions, but I lost in a fortnight the f.15,000 I had gained in Belgium." Paulus sang privately before the Tsarevitch and the Grand Duke Vladimir. Alas, he made a mess of it, for the accompanist knocked the sheets into the piano and was so mortified that he tried to accompany from memory. The Tsarevitch complimented him and Vladimir gave him sleeve buttons of sapphires and rubies, but Paulus was inconsolable. He left Juniori behind him. A Russian prince was wildly in love with her but he soon wearied her and she made the retreat to Paris.

Paulus remarks that the United States is the land of tours. "They offered me f. 100,000 to make one, but as I was engaged at London, it was necessary for me to leave, complimented by the whole press and caricatured by New York artists, which is the best proof of an acquired reputation." He was rewarded in London, for at the Trocadero his exiled friend Henri Rochefort saw him often; he was invited to the clubs; and the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.) did not disdain to applaud him. But the Duke of Clarence imprudently died and gayety in London was at an end.

Mr. Blivens may ask: "Why should any one interested in the doings and sayings of music hall singers?" There are several good reasons. Many of them are true artists. What they do, they do admirably. They are often men and women who have seen much of life and manners, who think shrewdly and talk brilliantly. In this very book there is mention of distinguished opera singers, as the late Marie Sasse, the great dramatic singer, and Fugere, for years the pride of the Opera Comique, who at the beginning won a reputation in music halls and were never ashamed of it. Surely the gossip in this book is more amusing than the chatter of this or that primadonna at the Metropolitan or the Manhattan about her views of art.

Concerts of the Week.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Second song recital of Dr. Ludwig Wuellner, assisted by C. v. Bos, pianist; Schubert, "Der Wegweiser," "Der Lindenbaum," "Der Leiermann," "Prometheus"; Loewe, "Archibald Douglas"; Wolf, "Auch kleine Dinge," "Ein Staendchen Euch zu bringen," "Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst," "Auf dem gruenen Balkon," "Der Tambour," "Der Rattenfaenger," "Epiphanias"; Rubinstein "Der Asra"; Sinding, "Totengraeber's Lied," "Ein Weib"; R. Strauss, "Sehnsucht," "Lied des Steinklopfers," "Caecilie"—the last two by request.

TUESDAY—Music room of Fenway Court, 8:15 P. M. Second Kneisel Quartet concert. Schumann, quartet in A major op. 41, No. 3; Foote, trio, B flat major, No. 2, op. 65; d'Albert, scherzo from quartet, E flat major, op. 11; Grieg, unfinished quartet, F major (posth.). Arthur Foot, pianist.

Girls' Latin school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Mendelssohn, overture to "Ruy Blas"; De Séve, "The Dancer's Dream"; Verdi, selection from "Aida"; Chaminade, "Pas des Amphores" from "Callirhoe"; German, "Merrymakers' Dance" from "Nell Gwynn." Miss Emma Buttrick Noyes will sing an aria from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" and a waltz song from German's "Tom Jones." Mr. Benavento will play a saxophone solo by Segouin. Louis C. Elson will lecture. William F. Dodge, conductor.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich conductor. First concert of 33d season. Horatio Parker's "Legend of St. Christopher," a dramatic work for chorus, solo voices, orchestra, organ. Soloists, Mrs. Blanche H. Kilduff, Miss Charlotte Williams, Dr. Franklin D. Lawson, Stephen Townsend, Reinald Warrenrath.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Czerwonky Quartet (second season). Richard Czerwonky, Willy Kraft, Carl Scheurer, Rudolf Nagel. Beethoven, Quartet, C minor; Pogojeff, Quartettino, C major, op. 3 (first time here); H. Kaun, Quartet, C minor (first time here).

THURSDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Heinrich Meyn, assisted by C. v. Bos, pianist. Schubert, "Ganymed"; Schumann, "Kinderwacht"; Franz, "Ausmeinen grossen Schmerzen"; Jensen, "Staendchen"; Brahms, "Feldeinsamkeit," "Von Ewiger Liebe"; Kaun, "Abendlied," "Jetzt und Immer"; Eugen Halle, "Im Zittern den Mondlicht"; Hans Hermann, "Drei Wandrer"; G. Smith, "Tryste Noel"; W. G. Hammond, "Ballad of the Bony Fiddler"; S. B. Schlesinger, "Ces deux Yeux," "Avec un Bouquet"; Nevin, "Vieille Chanson"; C. Johns, "Les deux Amours," "Un Grand Sommeil Noir"; Diaz, air from "Benvenuto."

Jordan Hall, 8:30 P. M. Piano recital by Charles Anthony. Schumann, Sonata, G minor, op. 22; Bach, Two Choral Preludes, "Ich ruf, zu dir," and "Valet will ich dir geben," arranged by Max Reger (first time here); Reger, Variations on a theme of Bach (first time here); MacDowell, Improvisation, "The Joy of Autumn"; Chopin, Scherzo, C sharp minor.

Roxbury high school, 8 P. M. Concert of music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Schubert, Moment Musical; Bolzoni, minuet; Mendelssohn "Wedding March"; Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro." Mrs. Marie Sundelius will sing Dell' Acqua's "Chanson Provencale" and Whelpley's "Go Not, Happy Day." Ernest C. Gatley will play a recitative and polonaise for clarinet by Weber. Louis C. Elson will lecture. The program illustrates the development of musical form. William F. Dodge will conduct.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor. Noren, "Kaleidoscope," original theme and variations (first time here); Debussy, Three Nocturnes: "Clouds," "Festivities," "Sirens" (first time at these concerts); Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz." Miss Emmy Destinn of the Berlin and Metropolitan Opera houses will sing Senaa's ballad from "The Flying Dutchman" and Schubert's "Der Wegweiser," "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" and "Erl King."

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Cecile Chaminade, composer and pianist, assisted by Miss Yvonne de St. Andre, mezzo-soprano, and Ernest Groom, baritone. Program made up of songs and piano pieces by Mme. Chaminade. Mme. Chaminade will play "Consolation," "Pastorale," "L'Ondine," "Caprice Humoresque," "Theme Varie," "Contes Bleus Nos. 1 and 2," valse romantique, "Elevation," Second Gavotte, Third Waltz. The songs will be "Nuit d'ete," "L'Anneau d'Argent," "Bonne Humeur," "La Reine de mon Coeur," "Fleur du Matin," "Mon Coeur Chante," "Ritournelle," "Reste," "Viatique," "Immortalite," "Au Pays bleu," "Armure Invisible."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Concert Notes.

The Milton Education Society will give its first concert of the fourth season tomorrow night in the town hall, Milton, at 8 P. M. Charles Gilbert, the distinguished baritone, now of the Manhattan Opera House, will sing songs by Martini, Wekerlin, Messager, and airs from Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and Bizet's "La Jolie Fille de Perth." Mrs. Gilbert will sing songs by Grieg and Massenet, and with her husband duetts by Lacome, Mozart, Dubois, Faure. Mr. de Voto will be the accompanist.

The Handel and Haydn will perform "The Messiah" on Sunday evening, Dec. 20, and Monday evening, Dec. 21. "Elijah" will be performed on Feb. 7, and Gounod's "Redemption" on Easter Sunday. The sale of season tickets will open for new subscribers tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. Tickets for the performances of "The Messiah" will go on sale Monday, the 14th.

Josef Lhevinne, the distinguished Russian pianist, will give a recital here Monday afternoon, the 28th.

Miss Mary Wood Chase, a pianist of Chicago, will give a recital for the first time in Boston in Steinert Hall the afternoon of Jan. 11.

Ernest Schelling will be the pianist at the Hess-Schroeder quartet concert Tuesday evening, the 22d.

Ernst Perabo's first chamber concert will be in the music room of Fenway Court on Wednesday evening, the 16th. Willy Hess, violinist; Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist, and E. Blum, tenor, will assist. The program will include Rubinstein's piano and violin Sonata, op. 19; Beethoven's piano trio, B flat, op. 97; solo pieces for the violin and songs by Beethoven, Brahms, Wolf and Berger. The second concert will be in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, Jan. 20.

Albert Spalding, a young American violinist who has an enviable reputation in Europe, will give a concert in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, Jan. 4.

The Flonzaley quartet will give concerts in Chickering Hall Thursday evenings, Jan. 7, Feb. 4, March 18. The programs will include: Haydn, quartet, G major, op. 17, No. 5; Mozart, quartet in D major; Beethoven, quartet in G major, op. 18, No. 2; Schubert, quartet in A minor; Leclair (1687-1764), sonata a tre (first time); Handel, sonata for two violins and piano (first time); Smetana, quartet "Aus meinem Leben"; Schubert, quarter in D minor; Reger, string trio, op. 77; Dohnanyi, second quartet, op. 15 (first time); Wolf, quartet in D minor, "Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren." Subscriptions may now be sent in for the season to Mr. L. H. Mudgett at Symphony Hall.

The Tufts College series of chamber concerts will be given this season in Goddard Chapel Friday evenings, as follows: Jan. 8, the Flonzaley quartet; Feb. 12, the Hoffmann quartet, with Cecil Fanning, baritone; March 12, the Hoffmann quartet, with Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Gaines, singers; April 23, the Hoffmann quartet, with George Proctor, pianist.

The first of the concerts in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will take place in Symphony Hall, Sunday evening, Dec. 13. The program will include Liszt's symphonic poem, "The Preludes"; Wagner's "Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal," and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from "Dusk of the Gods"; Tschaikowsky's "Nut Cracker" suite. Theme and Variations from the orchestral suite No. 3 and the "1812" overture.

CECILIA CONCERT.

Horatio Parker's "St. Christopher," which will be performed by the Cecilia society next Wednesday night, was produced here by the Cecilia nine years ago this month. It is best known here by a fine unaccompanied chorus which has been sung in several choral concerts. The libretto is an expansion by Mrs. Isabella G. Parker of the legend of Christopher, which is said now to be engrossing the attention of Vincent d'Indy. King Oriens returns from the wars triumphant and Offerus swears allegiance to him, believing that the King fears nothing. Offerus learns that the King is afraid of Satan. So off he goes to serve Satan. Approaching a shrine and hearing nuns' voices Satan trembles and Offerus resolves to seek the highest master. He consults a hermit, who tells him to build a nest on the bank of a deep river over which he may bear pilgrims. On a dark and stormy night a little child begs to be carried across. Offerus discovers as he battles with the tide that he is bearing the Christ-child. The story ends with the choral proclamation: "Christopher (Christ-bearer) be thy name," and there is no reference to Christopher's subsequent martyrdom. The chief singers in 1899, as announced, were Mrs. Caroline Shepard, Messrs. Beresford, Miles and Smith.

ISADORA DUNCAN AGAIN.

Miss Isadora Duncan will dance at Symphony Hall on Friday evening next, Dec. 11. The music will consist of an orchestra of 65 men, Mr. Gustav Strube, conductor.

The program will be practically a repetition of the one given at Jordan Hall at her first appearance in Boston. It consists of dances and choruses from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," and other numbers, among which will be "The Blue Danube Waltz" by Strauss. The orchestra will be on the main floor of the hall and Miss Duncan will have the entire space of the Symphony Hall stage on which to display her grace of movement.

Personal.

Frank Harling, whose lyric opera will be produced this week in Boston, is now 21 years old. He sang as a boy soprano in churches of Boston and New York. In Boston he studied with Mr. Orth; then went to London, where he studied with Messrs. Trotter (piano and organ), Tozer (composition), Bak (violin) and Hambledon ('cello). He entered and passed the senior examinations at the London Academy of Music. In Brussels he studied with Theodore Ysaye, brother of the violinist, and he took charge there of the music in the English church and conducted an opera club and the Philharmonic Society. He also played the piano in public. Among his compositions are a tone-poem, "Evangeline"; a piano concerto, church music, songs. He is now at work on an opera, "Lucifer in Eden."

The Herald spoke some time ago of the absurd advance notices of Miss Marian Gilhooly, an American pianist, who gave a concert in London Nov. 18. She played, and the following criticism was one of several in the same tone. I reproduce it because the words are of general application:

"In all probability the preliminary puffing of a young musician about to make a first appearance in London has no good effect whatever upon even the most juvenile of critics; upon those of maturer experience the effect, if any, is certainly in inverse ratio to that desired. Miss Marian Gilhooly, an American pianist, who made her first appearance here at Queen's Hall last night, is the latest victim of the habit, and in the course of a week or more literally sheaves of biographical details concerning her have been showered upon the press. Of what use can such things be? A very patient hearing of Miss Gilhooly revealed the naked fact that while her gifts are obvious it is equally clear that the pianist is not yet sufficiently advanced to be allowed a free rein, if, as it would seem, she is desirous of climbing to the giddy heights of her profession. * * * Now, in her playing of the concertos (Schumann's and Rubinstein's in D minor) Miss Gilhooly revealed no particularly striking feature. Her technique is fair but not immaculate; moreover, her memory played her false at least once in Schumann's masterpiece, and there was so great a deficiency of power that, had a less sympathetic and skilful conductor than Mr. Henry Wood been in charge of the accompaniments, the pianist must often have been inaudible. Truth to tell, we had here a clear case of vaulting ambition. Miss Gilhooly has much yet to learn ere she can hope to come into line with a score of first-rate pianists today who can hardly obtain a hearing, and nothing can be gained by ignoring the fact—a fact that is not to be hidden even under a mass of typewritten flattery."

George Szell, born in Hungary on June 7, 1897, made his first appearance in London as pianist and composer Nov. 15. He studied in Vienna with Richard Robert for three years, and in last February he gave a concert in that city. An overture by him was played in London. The Pall Mall Gazette says he shows "remarkable skill in composition." "The overture is naturally rather simple in style (Mendelssohnian in feeling), but it is put together with a very promising degree of musicianly workmanship, while the orchestration in places is decidedly mature, both as showing a sense of color and also in knowledge of how to lay out the score effectively. If not pressed unduly, Szell may be expected to be heard of again. From the natural expression displayed in the music, an impression was certainly conveyed that the boy has something in him."

It is said that Mme. Calve will have her own opera company next season and give performances of "Carmen" in this country.

Walter Damrosch is talking almost as much as Miss Mary Garden. His latest philosophical reflection is this: "There would be fewer divorces if there were more high grade music in the home, and the little love god would stay longer were he nourished on the elevating strains of good music as well as upon discussions of the price of bacon and eggs." Yet discussions about Debussy or Richard Strauss or the "American composer" might break up happy households, as Ibsen did once in Norway.

New Songs.

Singers often ask: "Are there any really good, new English songs?" New songs with English words are brought out constantly in London, but the criticisms of the English reviewers are not always to be trusted. It is better for singers to look at the songs themselves.

Here is a list of new songs sung at concerts of a presumably high grade in London, last month, and more or less recommended by local critics.

Songs by Hubert Bath and Marjory Kennedy Fraser. The Times said of them:

"The latter's compositions are of a singularly unsophisticated character, and their beauty consists chiefly in mel-

... are ... distinguished ... folk-tunes ... that in itself does not ... them either good or bad, but 'An ... d Sheiling Song' is certainly beau... and all had merits over and above ... purity of style. Mr. Hubert Bath's ... gs are, perhaps, more important. ... ging from a single hearing, one ... uld be inclined to say that 'Flame on ... e Wind' and 'Hushing Song' are the ... most successful; the other three are l... e nature of experiments, the words ... g prose, taken from the writings of ... ard Jefferies and Fiona Macleod. ... se songs are full of good ideas, but, ... one would expect, most of the music ... it ... the accompaniment, and one could ... help thinking that the composer's ... ughts would have been better ex... ssed in a purely instrumental form ... the songs, however, bore the stamp ... sincerity and originality." Miss Feild... g Roselle was the singer. The Tele... aph praised Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's ... Skye Fisher's Song," a "Milking ... ng," and thought Mr. Bath's songs ... oo sophisticated.

A song cycle of four short songs by Landon Ronald, "Summertime," with orchestral accompaniment. "A most adroit composition." The cycle was sung by Mme. Melba.

Songs by Elvira Gambogi: "Fickle April," "Time to Rise"; "melodious settings" of Henley's "Roses" and "We'll to the Woods"; "In Fairy-land," four songs and three duets—the most pleasing numbers are "Flower Fairies," "Where the Bee Sucks" and ... d Song of Fear."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

There is excellent acting in the performance of Mr. Klein's play at the Hollis Street Theatre. The Herald has already praised Miss Ware's impersonation of the devoted wife, who had worked in a factory as a child and was a restaurant waitress when she met the Yale student, took pity on him and married him. In the whole course of the drama Miss Ware does not say a word or make a gesture that is not in keeping with the part. Her manner of speech, her facial expression, her repose, her gesture, all these are what would be expected of a girl who had lived the life allotted her by the dramatist. The manner in which when deeply moved and wishing to convince others she exclaims: "Honest to God!" is a master stroke.

Any man who has been obliged to frequent restaurants where table girls are employed will at once recognize the truthfulness of Miss Ware's impersonation. It is no wonder that as thus portrayed Annie should have moved young Jeffries to thoughts of marriage. It was not alone her face or her figure. As she says in the play, she was sorry for him. There was the motherly instinct in her affection. She saw that he was weak, a ninny, an easy mark, and she wished to protect him. When she was his wife and they were without money her first thought was to find work in a restaurant to support him, and she would have been happy there.

* * *

Incredible as it may seem to some who evolve theories of life from the depths of the inner consciousness, and really know nothing of what goes on outside of the narrow circle in which they move genteelly, there are many men, young and old, whose acquaintance with women is limited to waitresses in restaurants. A waitress may be young or middle aged; she may be comely or plain; she usually has a steady customer, who, without thought of a flirtation, feels at home only when he is seated at her table. She knows his wants; whether he prefers his meat rare or medium; what vegetables he likes; his choice in pie; whether he wishes gravy on his meat or on his potatoes. These are important matters in the life of a man who, working for a small salary, lodging in a small room lighted by a fish-tail burner, is a slave to routine. To him a friendly waitress is a boon. If she leaves the restaurant and goes to another, he follows her. He may never see her outside the restaurant; he seldom does; but knowing that she is there to wait on him, his life is less lonely, less cheerless.

* * *

No doubt young Jeffries was drawn toward Annie by her face, by the fact that, to use the old biblical term, she was desirable. He soon recognized her admirable qualities, just as Brewster, "the great international lawyer," recognized them. He never thought of any relationship save marriage. (There is no reference to this in the play, but seeing Annie, and seeing Howard as played by Mr. Eddinger, the spectator at once knows that any other tie was never dreamed of by either one.) He said to himself, "My people will see in her what I see"; or he did not care what they did say, for he never could have been really fond of the "haughty member of an old Knickerbocker family." Young Jeffries is an ass in the play, a weak ass, but after all a good ass. And Annie adored him and was happy in stroking his long ears.

* * *

This simple story of Annie's love for the youth is well told by Mr. Klein. The story is old, but it is always interesting, always moving. It holds an audience more than any "exposure" of police methods or stage discussion of glittering objects and auto-suggestion can interest. As a matter of fact, last Monday night the police business excited mild amusement rather than fierce indignation. The audience was not wholly decided whether the part of the police captain were not after all a comic one. This was not Mr. Ralph Delmore's fault. He had composed the part with care and intelligence. His performance was excellent ... There were little matters of detail ... were at once appreciated—as the manner in which he snatched the cigar when irritated and put it in his mouth, after he had once refused it blandly. No, Mr. Delmore was not at fault in the absurd scene in the lawyer's house.

* * *

Nor was it owing to any omission or misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Flood that the character of the elder Jeffries seemed a caricature. Mr. Flood played it with a fine reserve and with genuine force. But the time has gone by when an audience of average intelligence will accept the fact that there is true life in a puppet. The English nobleman is no longer always in pursuit of a tenant's daughter or in league with a desperate villain to destroy a will. The handsome French woman is no longer and inevitably an adventuress who carries a vial of poison concealed in her generous bodice. Even a member of an old Knickerbocker family does not in these days always disinherit a son for a "marriage beneath him." Nor is he, through adherence to the motto "Noblesse oblige," the Stoughton bottle that Mr. Klein puts on the stage. Mr. Klein in his fierce onslaught on the "upper circles" of New York society reminds one of Artemus Ward's "sirkastic and witherin thrust at them blotid peplo who live in gilded saloons."

* * *

Mr. Klein would not claim for a moment that his dialogue in "The Third Degree" has literary distinction. He is a practical playwright. He might answer as follows: "If my dialogue had a marked literary style, I should fear for the success of the play. I have put into the mouths of my characters the language that I thought was suited to them. I have tried to make Annie talk as a girl of her antecedents would talk. The police captain also speaks after the manner of his kind. Not even a member of an old Knickerbocker family has in his speech the phrases of Walter Pater." Mr. Klein might say this and go still further.

It must be admitted that many of the moral sentiments expressed by the characters in the play are the baldest platitudes. We have all heard the comments on the hypocrisy that rules the lives of the rich and the hide-bound respectable many, many times. Yet how would we all live from day to day did we not utter and accept platitudes? Only in plays like those of Congreve and Sheridan are men and women of high or low degree constantly sparkling, witty, epigrammatic. The very brilliance of Congreve's lines is almost fatiguing to the reader of them. He feels like putting on blue glasses, or laying down the book. Listening to the lines on the stage—for in London there is an occasional revival of "The Way of the World"—is in itself a tour de force.

* * *

Mr. Klein has succeeded in this. The spectator cannot help wondering what the future life of Annie and young Jeffries will be. She herself is not too hopeful concerning it. She is sure that the "high toned" friends of the stepmother will have no use for her. Will young Jeffries remember her patience, courage, devotion? He had begun to chafe; he had looked forward to a trip to Europe without her; he even feared that Vienna might present irresistible temptations to him, and he thought of "cutting Vienna out." Perhaps it would have been better for Annie to have allowed her husband to leave, to procure a divorce. Then she could have married Mr. Brewster, the "great international lawyer." In this respect Mr. Klein has succeeded, even if police officers do not suddenly mend their ways; even if restaurant waitresses are not importuned by Knickerbocker fathers to marry their addle-pated sons.

Let us not take the modern play too seriously. A playwright with a solemn purpose, with the conviction that he is ordained to shape the world as he thinks it should be, is after all a dangerous person: he may easily become the prince of bores. It is much better to be entertained frankly; to be educated, chastened, elevated in the playhouse by indirection.

* * *

As The Herald stated some weeks ago Miss Loie Fuller has been persuaded to write her memoirs and to publish them, under the approving, the benignant eye of Mr. Anatole France, whose real name is Anatole Francois Thibault. The opening chapter of these memoirs was published in English last Sunday in a New York newspaper. There were pictures of the parents and the humble thatched cottage where Miss Loie spent her early years. The simple dwelling house has a familiar look, for it might have been the birthplace of any one of 1001 western statesmen; it might be found in that enthralling book, "Lives of Western Men and Women Who Were on Speaking Terms with Abraham Lincoln Before He Was President."

Miss Fuller says that the first idea of the dance that made her famous, the Serpentine, came to her in 1890 when she was in a play entitled "Dr. Quack," but she says nothing as yet about her dance in "Uncle Celestin." We remember "Quack, M. D.," for that was the title of "Fred Marsden's last and greatest play," as the play bill described it. It was produced in Boston at the Grand Opera House Oct. 5, 1891, and the chief players were Louis de Lange, J. W. Jennings, Loie Fuller and Lillian Cummings. The play was a foolish one. There was a quack doctor with a good heart who owed a debt of gratitude to a dead woman and was courting the widow of a rich brewer. This charlatan confounded the hellish plots of the villain, exalted the innocent and was in turn rewarded. There was a fanatic on the subject of phrenology. There was wise talk about subtle poisons. In a scene of ... an aggressive song was sung, and there was a dance, Miss Fuller's dance, which was described at the time by us as "an entertaining species of skirt dance." Nor was there then any thought of Miss Fuller's future glory.

When "Uncle Celestin" was performed at the Boston Theatre Jan. 8, 1892, Miss Fuller attracted attention. The play, an adaptation of a French piece, with music by Audran, was amusing and Jefferson de Angelis's was extremely funny. We see him now in his struggle with an automatic piano. Just before the third act the lights were put out; the curtain then rose and Miss Fuller danced "a serpentine dance." The semi-obscurity of the stage; the treacherous folds of gauze that enveloped the dancer; the grace of Miss Fuller; all this made the occasion memorable.

But had not Miss Fuller played before this with Roland Reed in "Humbug" as far back as 1886 in New York?

* * *

It would seem that Miss Fuller danced the serpentine dance in New York for the first time in "Quack, M. D.," Oct. 20, 1891, after she had been in Boston. When "Uncle Celestin" was produced in New York (Feb. 15, 1892) at the Casino, Miss Fuller performed the serpentine dance, but she soon left the theatre, and Minnie Renwood (Mrs. Frank Bemis) danced it in her place.

Miss Fuller in her memoirs speaks bitterly of a hated rival who shamelessly stole her dance from her; but she does not give the opinion of the learned judge before whom the matter was brought. Soon after Miss Renwood "serpentined" it at the Casino, Miss Fuller asked for an injunction to restrain her rival. She asserted that she had invented the dance and copyrighted it, and it therefore was her exclusive property. Judge Lacombe of the United States circuit court decided against her in June, 1892, and he came to this conclusion: "Surely, this dance described here conveyed and was devised to convey to the spectator no other idea than that of a comely woman, illustrating the poetry of motion in a singularly graceful fashion, and while such an idea may be pleasing, it can hardly be called dramatic." A courteous judge, a gallant judge!

Even the memoirs of a dancer should be copiously annotated.

* * *

Mrs. James Brown Potter is threatened with "a society boycott" if she persists in her determination to play in vaudeville. It is reported that the "elite" is disturbed. Mrs. Potter remains firm. "Let them boycott me if they care to try it. I cannot be crushed by all the cold hearted millionaires and multi-millionaires in America. I will appear in vaudeville and as Mrs. James Brown Potter. That is my name and I shan't change it." She realizes the value of her name. Solomon remarked that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. On the vaudeville stage a good name brings great riches.

The Herald discussed last Sunday the question of realism and unreal realism. Let us listen to Mme. Yvette Guilbert: "It is impossible to consider on the stage absolute realism as it exists in human nature, for the good reason that human nature is sincere in its expression and dramatic art is only an eternal parody of sentiments."

Some woman in London at a dinner of actors and actresses said that there is to be "a new stage." She said this fervently, as though she saw the descent of the new Jerusalem. "The future of the stage is in the hands of women." The Pall Mall Gazette considers this "a portentous announcement." It sees that woman will throw off the mask; that she will unmask herself as man's superior; therefore no actor-manager and no male author will be allowed in future to make woman play Katherina to a preposterous Petruchio. "No more will an entertainment of the stage exhibit half a dozen actors to one actress; the proportion, it is hinted, will be the other way. I may remark, perhaps, that in some entertainments of the stage the proportion seems to be very much that way already. Any further extension—the theatre wholly in the hands of woman—might occasion some misgivings. One foresees that, among so much femininity, there might be differences of opinion as to the relative value and position of members of a company. Finance, too. Even at mere club-running woman has not proved herself too successful. Audiences also. Their component parts must be considered. Women have enough of women outside. The mask may be kept on a bit longer. The next stage is still in futuro. Better not hurry the andante, perhaps."

Phil Br... Athletic ...

Dec 8 1908

Music.

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner gave his second recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall, which was crowded with an enthusiastic audience. Mr. Coenraad V. Bos was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

Schubert, "Der Wegweiser," "Gefrorene Traenen," "Der Lindenbaum," "Mut," "Der Leiermann"; Loewe, "Archibald Douglas"; Wolf, "Auch Kleine Dinge," "Ein Staendchen Euch zu bringen," "Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst," "Auf dem gruenen Balkon," "Der Tambour," "Der Rattenfaenger," "Epiphanias"; Rubinstein, "Der Asra"; Sinding, "Der Totengraeberlied," "Ein Weib"; R. Strauss, "Sehnsucht," "Das Lied des Steinklopfers," "Caecile."

The program was one of unusual interest. One might have wished to hear Dr. Wuellner in another ballad by Loewe than "Archibald Douglas," although by his dramatic force he saved the latter from the reproach of monotony. But Loewe wrote better ballads, more varied, more imaginative, as "The Erlking," which in some respects is finer than Schubert's, as "Edward," "The Night Review" and "The Ruined Mill," which Mr. Henschel used to sing effectively with his queer, bassoonlike voice. The songs by Sinding were unfamiliar. Of the two, the second, "Ein Weib," has by far the most character, with its reckless dash, its grim irony. The first is rather ordinary, and the music in no way illustrates the Hamlet-in-the-churchyard spirit. Strauss' "Song of the Stonebreaker," which is anarchistic even in the accompaniment, and the glowing "Caecilie" were sung "by special request." It was a great pleasure to hear the songs of Wolf as interpreted by Dr. Wuellner. Some of them had been sung here, but the mind of the interpreter made them new.

It is not necessary to repeat what has already been said in The Herald about the peculiar art of this remarkable interpreter. He is not a singer in the common meaning of the word. They that care only for polished singing, for a display of admirable vocal art, will find little or nothing in his recitals to entertain or please them. Dr. Wuellner is an actor who uses a heightened speech that follows melodic lines to a certain extent and has a musical accompaniment. His strength lies in his presentation of the one chief idea that moved the poet and the composer. He is more successful in songs of a dramatic and intense character, in songs that tell of o'ermastering passion, love, agony, despair, than in amiable songs of a purely lyric nature. Yet he gave marked individuality to little songs by Wolf, as in the humor of "Der Tambour" and "Epiphanias," and he sang "Ein Staendchen" inimitably.

The hearer must not be disturbed if Dr. Wuellner takes liberties with rhythms and musical phrases in order to make dramatic effects. Dr. Wuellner is often wholly wrong, no doubt, but at the same time he is superbly dramatic. Lovers of paradoxes can find rich material in the analysis of this interpreter's nature and methods. It is enough to say that in the greater songs he, too, rises to a height. Few singers have visited Boston who have displayed so marked interpretative ability. Few have revealed so interesting and impressive a personality. Mr. Bos, as before, played admirable accompaniments.

Dr. Wuellner will give two more recitals here, probably in January. No one who wishes to study a singer that is eminently and unmistakably of this period should fail to hear him.

PHILIP HALE.

WEBER'S COMPANY AT THE MAJESTIC

'The Merry Widow' and 'The Devil,' Travesty on Two

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Merry Widow" and "The Devil" (by arrangement with H. W. Savage). Book by George V. Hobart. Produced for the first time in Boston by Joe Weber's Travesty Company. Hugo Frey, musical director.

Prince Dandilo..............Charles J. Ross
Heinrich Disch..............Joe Weber
Mimi..............Lillian Fitzgerald
The Devil..............Walter Jones
Baron Kaughman..............Albert Hart
Fonia..............Blanche Ring
Elsie Elsberg..............Grace Griswold
Booze DeGrouch..............Robert Dunlap
Biff DeGrouch..............Harry Kernell
Baz DeGrouch..............A. C. Heath

It has been said of this entertainment that any one, whether he has seen or not seen "The Merry Widow" or "The Devil," will enjoy it. This depends, however, on the spectator's capacity for enjoyment, and also his peculiar taste. There is nothing about which human beings differ so widely as concerning the ability of a comedian to awaken laughter. One man guffaws the moment De Wolf Hopper appears on the stage—let us choose a comedian merely for the sake of the argument—while to another Mr. Hopper is about as funny as a railway accident.

Then there enter into the question the mood of the spectator when he takes his seat in the theatre, the position of his seat, the behavior of his neighbors. Nor should it be forgotten that laughter is not always contagious. Uproarious laughter, that which comes from cheerful "guffoons," sometimes turns naturally amiable persons, willing to live and also let comedians live, into sitters in the seats of the scornful. The louder the laughter, the more they harden their hearts, and they swear that they will show no sign of pleasure even though their risibles be inwardly tickled.

It is easier and perhaps pleasanter to indulge in these general reflections than to assign a specific value to the burlesque performed by Mr. Weber's company. There was a large audience and there was hearty laughter. The audience as a whole gave every outward symptom of enjoyment. If this man or that man was not much amused, if he laughed only moderately and was often thinking of other things, it was merely a matter of personal taste or personal obtuseness.

It would be confessed by many without doubt that Mr. Weber has brought shows here of a more sustained interest and much more laughable. A good burlesque has a certain continuity. There is nothing more amusing than stern logic applied to absurd premises and grotesque situations. The burlesque played last night is a thing of shreds

patches, and there were dull stretches of rambling inanity, when the comedians seemed struggling and at their wits' end to make a point.

Miss Ring, however, was delightful from the beginning to the end. Whether she talked or sang, whether she danced or was passionate in burlesque fashion, she was in high spirits. Her buoyancy, her unflagging vitality, her own apparent joy in the stage life of the evening, were irrestible. It is well worth sitting through the three acts to be cheered and animated by this wholesome apparition. Let no one leave before she sings "Yip, I Adee, I Aye." The tune is a good one. It at once obsesses the hearer, like the song that drove the Abderites insane, so that they neglected all business and did nothing else by day and night except to troll the ditty, in market place, within their homes, yea in the very temples, "Yip, I Adee, I Aye." Scorn not these words; call them not common. As sung by Miss Ring, they are bacchan[illegible]c. The women in the strange play of Euripides might have shouted them in their frenzy on the mountains. The most respectable citizen, even a chairman of an important civic committee, hearing Miss Ring, feels like throwing his hat on high, and shouting with her his indifference of what becomes of him.

Mr. Weber had fewer opportunities than usual for showing his familiar brand of humor. Yet there was one scene in which he was the Weber of old: in which his thickheadedness with flashes of wildly incongruous humor made even the naturally morose think better of life. Mr. Ross was at times amusing in his formal manner. The tribute paid Harry Lauder by flattering imitation caught the fancy of the house, as did "Girls," sung by the sextet of comedians. Walter Jones was like the curate's egg—good in spots. He, too, fell a victim to the playwright. Miss Deyo, who, as it is reported, gave by her delirious dancing and frank exhibition of her architecture, a series of shocks to dwellers in less aesthetic towns than Boston, was unfortunately prevented from being here.

There were the expected young chorus women. They were handsomely costumed and their deportment was not disappointing. The piece is well mounted and the airs from "The Merry Widow" pleased both those who have heard the operetta and those who are reserving this pleasure for their old age.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

The expected has happened. The contract of Mr. Gatti-Casazza with the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company has been renewed for three years, and the contract of Mr. Dippel with the same company has not been renewed, although Mmes. Eames, Farrar, Sembrich and Messrs. Caruso and Scotti wrote a pretty letter to the directors in favor of Mr. Dippel. In other words, we recognize the fine Italian hand of Mr. Gatti-Casazza. Mr. Dippel is allowed to stay at the Metropolitan if he will be good and do as Mr. Gatti-Casazza tells him. It is also to be observed that Mr. Toscanini's contract has been renewed. Mme. Eames has not been engaged for next season. Had she not announced her intention of withdrawing from the operatic stage, for some time at least, so that she might, as she took occasion to say, give the younger folks a chance?

Nothing could be nobler than this sentiment of Mr. Paderewski: "I must finish a symphony, a large enough piece of work, which I intend to play in America when I go to the States in January next. I shall play it with the Boston Symphony orchestra, and am looking forward to that very much, indeed, because it is a real joy to me to play with that orchestra. England has her choirs and choruses and her musical festivals, but America has her orchestras, and I assure you in all my travels I have not met with a finer one than the Boston Symphony orchestra. It is as near perfection as anything human can be. It is magnificent."

It is said that Henry B. Harris bought "The Third Degree" on the strength of a single act, and the other acts were written after the contract was signed.

A correspondent claims that in a two-[illegible] drama called "Blanche Heriot, or the Chertsey Curfew," produced at the Surrey Theatre, London, in 1842, there was a belfry scene similar to that shown in "The Heart of Maryland."

John Craig has secured for early production at the Castle Square "The Scarlet Letter," in which Richard Mansfield played.

Miss Lily Lena, the English singer at Keith's, took out naturalization papers the last time she was in Boston.

There is promise of a revival of "The Lady of Lyons," "The Corsican Brothers," "The Marble Heart," "Hamlet" and "Richard the Third" at the Castle Square.

[illegible] Blanche Ring, now with Joseph Weber, has received an offer from George Edwardes to be at the head of a [illegible] which will appear at the Gaiety Theatre in London next May.

[illegible] Heinrich of this city has [illegible] on a three weeks' tour in the West. He will give recitals with songs [illegible] and Reger from St. Louis to Milwaukee.

[illegible] Olga Samaroff gave recently [illegible] concert with Selma Kurz, [illegible], and Josef Kainz, the [illegible] for the benefit of the Kaiser, [illegible] Josef Ferienheim.

Why should Mme. Schumann-Heink go out of her way to knock New York? [illegible] a reporter in Berlin that the metropolis is no "the chief seat of American art appreciation," but there [illegible] asm in Norway [illegible] paid from $1 to $3 a [illegible] hear [illegible] and applauded with [illegible]

collars and in their shirt sleeves. Thus do art centres shift.

Miss Emmy Destinn avenged New York. For she said to a reporter of the Sun that the judgment of Dresden in art matters was not sound. Dresden turned her down at the beginning of her career, and would not hear her after a rehearsal although she had been engaged. "More evidence is to be found," she said, "in the engagement of Mme. Schumann-Heink to sing the Clytemnestra in Richard Strauss' 'Electra,' that is a part which requires a beautiful woman above everything else." Mme. Schumann-Heink is again to be heard from.

They liked Mr. Constantino last Saturday night at the Manhattan Opera House, when he appeared there for the first time as the wicked Duke in "Rigoletto." Even the Sun was moved to say that his voice is of lovely quality and alone will win him favor.

Mme. Nordica was recently in Seattle, and she told a reporter of the Post-Intelligencer that she was sorry to leave the town. "I need only tell you that every time I have visited the Northwest I have invested in property in this part of the country to prove that my confidence in the future of Seattle and the surrounding country is not assumed. I have only recently made considerable investments in property in Washington, and I am sure that the money could not have been better spent." Thus did Mme. Nordica talk affably in Seattle about her art.

Gustav Mahler will conduct three concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York, next spring with an orchestra recruited largely from the Philharmonic Society. The Philharmonic, by the way, is to be reorganized. The society will retain its name, but the finances will not be conducted on the co-operative basis as heretofore. Mr. Mahler will be the conductor and the society will give 30 concerts.

Miss Fay Davis has returned to the London stage. She now takes the part of the Chorus in a revival of "King Henry V.", by Lewis Waller, at the Lyric.

Miss Maria Gay's Carmen—first seen in New York at the Metropolitan Dec. 3—is still the subject of comment, most of it adverse. All agree that her intonation was false much of the time, and that her singing gave little pleasure. Nor did the "realism" of her performance, about which there was talk in London and Paris, make a deep impression in New York.

The Cleveland Leader tells in a thrilling manner the heroic struggle of Miss Nellie Brewster, daughter of the business manager of a western newspaper. She was dramatic critic for a year, and at the same time she took singing lessons. She soon saw that she had as much ability as many singers who visited her town, so she left the critic's chair and entered a "Robin Hood" company, which soon disbanded. She joined another company in "The Girl from Broadway," and this one came to grief. Miss Brewster had enough money to get to New York. She met there "a childhood friend," who tried to dissuade her from a stage life. Miss Brewster listened patiently, and the next day found an engagement in a Bowery music hall. The dramatic critic of the Chicago Journal happened to drop into this hall. He heard her voice. He discovered that she was out of place there. He rushed to a manager-actor, who went to hear her, and now Miss Brewster is in his company. "Who is this manager-actor? What is his musical comedy?" Wild horses could not drag from us the secret.

Miss Alice Nielsen will be the soloist with the Minneapolis orchestra on the 11th and with the St. Paul Symphony orchestra on the 15th.

The second Kneisel quartet concert will take place in Fenway Court music hall tonight. The program will include a quartet by Schumann, a new piano trio by Foote (Mr. Foote, pianist), the scherzo from d'Albert's quartet and Grieg's unfinished string quartet (first time here).

The Cecilia will perform Horatio Parker's "St. Christopher" in Symphony Hall tomorrow night. The work is by no means familiar here. The Cecilia produced it in 1899. The fine unaccompanied hymn has been sung at various choral concerts of a miscellaneous nature.

The Czerwonky quartet will give its first concert this season tomorrow night in Steinert Hall. Two of the compositions will be heard here for the first time, a quartettino by W. Pogojeff and a quartet by Hugo Kaun, now of Berlin.

Charles Anthony will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Thursday night, when he will introduce two new works by Max Reger.

Heinrich Meyn will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Thursday night. Mr. Meyn has not given a recital here for several years. His program is far from the ordinary run.

Isadora Duncan will dance in Symphony Hall Friday evening to music played by 65 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra led by Gustav Strube. The program will include dances from "Iphigenia in Aulis" and other dances, among them J. Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube."

Mme. Chaminade will make her first appearance in Boston Saturday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program will include some of her piano pieces, which she will play, and songs by her, which will be sung by Miss Yvonne de St. Andre and Ernest Groom.

Miss Emmy Destinn of the Berlin and Metropolitan opera houses will be the soloist at the Symphony concerts this week. She will sing Senta's ballad from "The Flying Dutchman" and three songs by Schubert. The orchestral pieces will be Noren's "Kaleidoscope," theme and variations (first time here), Debussy's three nocturnes (first time at these concerts) and the overture to "Der Freischuetz."

"Tiefland," the opera by d'Albert, will probably be withdrawn from the repertory of the Metropolitan Opera House. It is not considered a success.

Adelina Patti sang at the de Reszke's house in Paris Dec. 4. Of course "her voice retains the astounding purity of her earlier years" and she was "frantically applauded."

Daoud Aftalion wishes to divorce his wife because she likes to wear flesh-colored tights as a boy in "Hoffmann's Tales." Mr. Aftalion forced his way through the stage entrance in a Chicago theatre and screamed out: "Take those off right away!" She smiled and said: "Why?" "They are vulgar, indecent, and it humiliates me to see you in them," shouted the husband while he was struggling with stage hands; "take them right off, I say." Fair Inez was amused, and said: "But that would be indecent with all these people looking." From which it will be observed that she has a cool head and a ready wit.

Mr. George Edwardes of London thinks that trials of chorus girls should be in private. He told a reporter of the London Mirror a strange tale of public trials in American theatres. "The audience is divided into sections, and each section supports a particular competitor. The consequence is that a weird freak of a girl with a voice like a corncrake is loudly applauded by her own admirers, who bawl out that she is the finest artist in the world; while a girl with real merit but with no friends in the auditorium gets howled off the stage as soon as she opens her mouth. It is nothing unusual for the opposing factions to throw cabbages and oranges and eggs at the competitors, and on one occasion a young lady, whose personal charms and voice were all that could be desired, was lassoed by one of her enemies and hauled off the stage in a most unceremonious fashion." Some one must have "kidded" Mr. Edwardes and taken him to an "amateur night." When Mr. Edwardes spoke of a lasso did he not mean a hook?

Dec 9. 08

Music.

The Kneisel quartet gave its second concert last night at Fenway Court. The program was as follows:

Schumann, Quartet, A major, op. 41, No. 3; Foote, Trio, No. 2, B flat major for piano, violin and violoncello, op. 65; d'Albert, Scherzo, from quartet in E flat major, op. 11; Grieg, unfinished quartet, F major (posth).

Grieg's second string quartet was composed several years before his death. It was published this year, and the publication will not add to his fame. It is not known why he did not complete the work, but hearing the two movements any one might reasonably conclude, if he were friendly disposed toward Grieg, that the composer was not satisfied and put the quartet aside. The first movement opens with a few measures of introduction. These are followed by an allegro, of which the themes are simple and of little distinction.

There are a few interesting passages in what might pass for development, but the movement as a whole has little charm. The other movement, a scherzo, is more characteristic of Grieg. The chief section in D minor has occasionally a Peer Gyntish flavor; the trio, in D major, is after the manner of the Norwegian dances of which Grieg was so fond.

This trio has more spirit than euphony. In fact, much of the two movements reminds one of "hard sledding." The dead in these days are to be doubly pitied; not necessarily because some one jumps eagerly to write authoritative biographies with a frank discussion of their vices and foibles, but because worshippers, believing in the plenary inspiration of their heroes, empty the waste basket, ransack the drawers of desks and rake in the ashheap to bring to light that which was studiously discarded or reserved for patient revision.

Mr. Foote's Trio was also, I believe, played here for the first time in public. The first movement, an allegro giocoso, is the most interesting of the three. The composer, who played the piano part, is not ashamed of a direct melodic appeal and harmonic progressions that may be reasonably expected. The audience evidently enjoyed this movement, and the following andante still more. In this andante, which is in the nature of a romance, the sentiment approaches dangerously near sentimentalism. The composer and his colleagues in performance were heartily applauded.

The Kneisels played d'Albert's quartet here 15 years ago this month for the first time in America. The quartet then seemed defiantly modern, a work of revolutionary and perhaps dangerous tendencies. But what have we not heard during these 15 years! The scherzo that in 1893 seemed ultra-modern was recognized last night as innocuous, nevertheless charming, with a peculiar charm as far as the main section is concerned. The imaginative may find in it the suggestion of some legend of [illegible] tral spinning wheel, or of a Sabbat with witches flying to hear Satan fiddle the strange tune given to the first violin, but the trio is a thing of solid earth, and the chief suggestion is that of labor at a self-appointed task, labor without the quickening of truly musical thought that must come out.

The feature of the concert was the admirable performance of Schumann's quartet. And this is music of which one never tires, music of a sensitive and dreamy soul; music that both stirs and lulls; music that seems to answer eternal questions and yet incites the asking of them. When this quartet was written the composer was characterized by many sound musicians and by smug, orthodox hearers as a madman, or a poseur, or a charlatan. This characterization was honest, therefore the more deplorable. Yet there are musicians and hearers today who use the same terms of reproach in speaking of men now writing music that is poetic, of surpassing beauty, wondrous.

PHILIP HALE.

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FIRST CECILIA CONCERT.

Parker's "Legend of St. Christopher" Performed in Symphony Hall.

The Cecilia Society, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, gave its first concert of the season Wednesday night in Symphony Hall. The work performed was Horatio Parker's "Legend of St. Christopher," a dramatic oratorio for solo voices, chorus, orchestra and organ. The solo singers were: Miss Charlotte Williams, soprano; Mrs. Blanche Kilduff, soprano; Franklin D. Lawson, tenor; Stephen Townsend, baritone; Reinald Werrenrath, bass, and Francis G. Walsh, who sang the part of the child.

Prof. Parker's oratorio has not been heard here for several years. When it was first performed by the Cecilia, the composer conducted. The work has never enjoyed the popularity of "Hora Novissima," and this is not hard to explain, for the music of "St. Christopher" is not so beautiful or impressive. It may be said without exaggeration that "Hora Novissima" was inspired. The composer, when he wrote it, was in a state of spiritual exaltation. He had known a keen sorrow; he saw celestial visions; he heard celestial music.

Nevertheless the public has been reminded often of the existence of "St. Christopher" by the performance, in choral concerts with a miscellaneous program, of the noble unaccompanied hymn "Jam sol recedit igneus," music a cappella that only Prof. Parker could have written.

It may be said of "St. Christopher" that the choruses are on the whole the most interesting part of the work. The solo music is written in close connection with the orchestral accompaniment; that is to say, solo voices and accompaniment form often a harmonic whole, and the vocal melodic lines in themselves have seldom marked significance. The solo voices are generally treated in a lyrically dramatic manner without special care for sensuous beauty of melodic phrases. There is much descriptive music in this work, music that is orchestrally pictorial, and this is on the whole the weakest feature. It is seldom effective, and it bears the marks of haste. The choruses are written apparently with more care, and Prof. Parker has an unusual talent in leading voice parts and in combining vocal masses. He knows the capabilities and the limitations of human voices; he does not treat them as though they were orchestral instruments. No American has his fluency in vocal counterpoint, and few Europeans equal him in this respect.

While "St. Christopher" must be placed below "Hora Novissima," it is nevertheless an interesting work, one that would be creditable to the composer had he not so gloriously eclipsed it. The performance was careful and generally effective, but there were moments when it did not do full justice to the dramatic element in the music. The chorus, and most of the soloists, displayed greater sympathy with the religious passages; Mr. Townsend alone seemed to be fired by the dramatic appeal, being debarred by his part of Satan from any sentiments which, if better worth while to cultivate in life, are not so engrossing in oratorio. The chorus gave an admirable performance, and the purity and tenderness of the women's voices in the short chorus, "Asperges me, Domine," and in other passages made a thrilling effect after the more tempestuous episodes. The solo voices were sometimes considerably overshadowed by the orchestra, so that the effect was not so much that of a harmonic whole as of an effect missed. The agreeable quality of Mr. Werrenrath's voice made an impression and the other singers were adequate.

There was an audience of moderate size that show marked enjoyment.

CZERWONKY QUARTET.

First Concert of the Season in Steinert Hall.

Three quartets in C, Beethoven's in C minor, the young Russian Pogojeff's in C major, and Hugo Kaun's in C minor, made up the program played in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening by the Czerwonky string quartet. A happy start was given to the concert by the playing of Beethoven's good-natured first allegro, and the pleasure increased with the andante scherzo, in which Beethoven treats jokingly a dignified fugal theme. The final allegro was played impetuously, with distinct phrasing, with easy, yet not flippant, mas[illegible] and [illegible]. The players at the outset showed they all think alike. Mr. Czer

w nky d[illegible] the temperamental faculty of getting himself on good terms with his audience and he was sure of attention from his listeners to whatever he offered.

The most Russian part of Pogojeff's quartet was perhaps the andante. It is made up largely of one motive, treated contrapuntally in real quartet fashion. It has much of the psychological quality which composers like to call "pathetic." In the third movement Pogojeff seemed at first to treat the minuet as something serious, but it proved a mock seriousness when the movement ended in a pizzicati joke.

The Russian's final allegro was best liked by the audience, perhaps because of the little song episode near the end, and because of its lively, informal close. Pogojeff is a man with a personality: he is more than a music maker; he seems to be mulling over some unsolved problem, but he can laugh it off at need.

Hugo Kaun's quartet almost sounds like program music. The first movement seems to depict a tempest tossed bark finding her way to smooth waters. There is alternate wrangling and concord, violent rapid passages followed suddenly by slow, chanting strains. Kaun's method of contrast is almost a mannerism with him. The andante is a continuous melody, which would have sounded monotonous but for the careful phrasing, by the players, of each bit of time. The minuet sings gracefully along without much attempt at fun. The finale, a rondo with a pleading, rather slow main theme, is interrupted the first time by a lively episode, then by one of a disputatious character, and comes to a close in the traditional lively manner.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

There seems to be confusion in the minds of some about Miss Isadora Duncan's programs.

She will dance tomorrow night in Symphony Hall dances and chorus from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" and a few other dances, among them Strauss' "Beautiful Blue Danube Waltz."

She will dance Monday afternoon in Symphony Hall the last three movements of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and pieces by Chopin.

In each instance the music will be played by 65 members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, led by Gustav Strube.

The first concert this season in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be in Symphony Hall next Sunday night. The program will include Liszt's "Preludes," the "Good Friday Spell" from Wagner's "Parsifal," and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from "Dusk of the Gods"; Tschaikowsky's "Nut Cracker" suite, the Theme and Variations from his suite No. 3 and the "1812" overture.

The revised program of the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in the Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, this evening, will be as follows: Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Tschaikowsky, "Pathetic" symphony; Coquard "Ariadne's Lament" (Miss Lilla Ormond); Smetana, symphonic poem, "The Moldau"; Brahams, "Love Song," "May Night" and "Serenade" (Miss Ormond); Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers."

In Chicago, of all cities in the world, some are apparently disturbed because Miss Duncan dances with bare feet. They say that feet cannot be beautiful. Thus do they stand in opposition to poets from the earliest days. Did not Mr. Leighton, Oscar Leighton of Appledore island, write pretty verses in which the clover blossoms are described as kissing the feet of a girl? "They are so sweet," and here "sweet" naturally rhymes with feet. Charles Reade, in "Put Yourself in His Place," describes the hero as kissing Grace Carden's feet after her shoes and stockings had been torn from them by the furious flood. In "The Thousand Nights and a Night" lovers often kiss the feet of their sweethearts, and Sir Richard F. Burton need not have added this footnote: "Feet in the East lack that development of sebaceous gland which afflicts Europeans."

Miss Duncan's feet, it is true, are not like little mice. She is a heroic woman and her feet are in proportion, but when she dances, no normal person notices whether they are large or tiny, shod or bare.

G. B. Shaw divides plays into "Pleasant" and "Unpleasant." Alfred Mortier has written a drama which was produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, last month. Henri, who has had a stormy past, marries Clotilde, as spotless as a lily. On his wedding night he burns up letters that he had received in his s. p. and Clotilde surprises him in the act. She asks questions. Henri is foolish. Instead of lying like the traditional gentleman, he goes into lingering details. Clotilde kisses him, intimates that the past is the past, smiles upon him and murmurs, "Always, always." And what does Henri do? He picks up a dagger and, sticking it into his wife's heart, exclaims in a play-acting voice, "Never, never!" Act II. The scene is a criminal court. Henri explains that he did well. His argument is this: he was sure that Clotilde, if she loved him so much then, would love somebody better before long. Therefore he slew her.

The Herald stated recently that Miss Hilda Trevelyan in London announced that it was high time for women to ru[n] the theatres, and that they were abou[t] to throw off the mask. We now hav[e] a synopsis of her speech. When th[e] joyful day comes, she will play Ka[th]arina in "The Taming of the Shre[w]" as the part should be played. Sh[ake]speare, it seems, never knew the truth about the matter. He supposed he was showing the triumph of man, but it was the other way round. "Katharine knew well enough that Petruchio was the very man she could twist round her finger. When he said that Sunday should be their wedding day he little thought that was the very day that Kate had fixed upon for their nuptials. When he denied her food he little knew that she had half a chicken and a bottle of wine in her travelling bag. Of course Ann Hathaway knew, but she wouldn't hurt the author's feelings. She just stroked his hair and smiled and said, 'My divine William.' She was the first to call Shakespeare 'the divine William,' and every woman knew why."

Mrs. J. C. Chase has been lecturing in Philadelphia in defence of Strauss' "Salome." She made a strong point in saying that Strauss' dance has been "abominally debased by being taken out of the opera and given disconnectedly in music halls and vaudeville shows. It is not debasing as it is seen in its proper setting; it is mystic, curious, terrible, and the whole opera is an artistic tour de force worthy of entire respect."

Charles Rann Kennedy's new play, "The Winterfeast," has been withdrawn from the Savoy Theatre, New York. "The public exhibited apathy with regard to the trsgedy."

Miss Frances Alda, who made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House as Gilda, Dec. 7, was not successful. Competent and stern critics say that she sang so badly as to disguise most of the time the fact that she has naturally a pretty voice. The Sun, after pointing out the errors of her vocal ways, added: "She showed neither temperament nor routine in her performance, which taken altogether was far below the standard of the house." Mr. Meltzer was more kind. "She has an engaging presence, an opulent figure and a distinctly handsome face. Her voice is warm, clear, and of a penetrating, rather than a fluted, quality."

The latest developments in the domestic war at the Metropolitan lead one to infer that Mr. Gatti-Casazza would be delighted to have Mr. Dippel remain if Mr. Dippel will obey him in a lamb-like spirit. As for the exclusion of operas made in Germany—perish the thought! Especially as Mr. Toscanini likes to conduct the more important ones. But what will Mr. Mahler do?

Miss Hugolin Haweis has been reciting humorous pieces in London, and she also sang. She is a daughter of the late Rev. H. Haweis, the author of that preposterous book, "Music and Morals," a book that is long in morals and short in music.

The retirement of Miss Margaret Illington inspired Burns Mantle of Chicago to write an elaborate article headed in bold letters: "The Lash of Ambition Drives Actress from Stage." He concludes with these mysterious words: "Her enforced rest will do her a world of good in more ways than may now appear."

George C. Tyler has settled for all time a much-discussed question: "Newspapers can kill or make any play the appeal of which is intellectual. They cannot affect, one way or the other, any play that appeals to either the passions or the emotions of the public."

This reminds us that Lewis Hillhouse of the Cincinnati Times-Star has been having a pleasant time with the managers of a company. Here is Mr. Hillhouse's "opening lead," to use an old negro minstrel term: "Very much aggrieved at the Times-Star's efforts to tell the truth about every theatrical production which exhibits in this city, John T. Pearsall, manager of 'The Convict and the Girl' company, which burdens the stage of the Lyceum this week, fairly beats his typewriter into a state of ruin in his efforts to relieve his mind of the cloth of anger which lies there." It appears that Mr. Pearsall charged the Times-Star with "sending a party troubled with indocility," to which Mr. Hillhouse answers, "He is quite mistaken, for every member of the Times-Star staff is quite docile and broken to harness. He says further that the 'indocile party' was sent to 'take' the performance. That would have been larceny, unless the manager saw him first."

We are also informed that Miss Marie Doro has her hobbies. One of them is "a deep study of tone production," the secret of her "power of utterance." "Miss Doro tells you there are two voices—one that gains its power from the lungs and throat and the other that has its creation in the roof of the mouth. The great power of the latter voice, Miss Doro explains, is secured from human sounding boards. In understandable English these sounding boards are the high cheek bones."

Verily a deep thinker!

Dec 11 08

Music.

Mr. Heinrich Meyn gave a song recital last night in Steinert Hall. Mr. Coenraad V. Bos was the accompanist and Mr. Emanuel Fiedler played the violin obbligato to Kaun's first song. The program was as follows:

Schubert, "Ganymed"; Schumann, "Kinderwacht"; Franz, "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen"; Jensen, "Staendchen"; Brahms, "Feldeinsamkeit," "Von ewiger Liebe"; Kaun, "Abendlied," "Jetzt und Immer"; Halle, "Im zitternden Mondlicht"; Hermann, "Drei Wandrer"; G. Smith, "Tryste Noel"; W. G. Hammond, "Ballad of the Bony Fiddler"; Schlesinger, "Ces deux Yeux," "Avec un Bouquet"; Nevin, "Vielle Chanson"; Johns, "Les deux Amours," "Un grand Sommeil noir"; Diaz, air from "Benvenuto."

Mr. Meyn first sang here a little over 18 years ago. In the nineties he was prominent in the musical life of the town. Useful, willing, intelligent, he assisted at Symphony and choral concerts, and he was heard in concerts of less general importance. In those years he was a domineering singer. He reminded one of Prussian militarism. It was as though his dress coat were a cuirass and he were helmeted. There was the clinking of spurs as he stepped on the platform, nor did he leave his sword in the cloak room. It mattered not whether the song were martial, tragic, playful or "a woful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow." His voice had a metallic quality. He often sang with unvarying aggressiveness, and he cared not for the nuance. Graces and ornaments were only for effeminate Italians. To add a word to Dickens' characterization of young Mr. Smallweed: "In the matter of vocal gravy he was adamant." Yet the earnestness and sincerity of the singer and his genuine love of art, as he understood the term, inspired respect.

Of late years Mr. Meyn has learned much, especially in interpretation. He has for some time known that a vigorous delivery is not everything in singing. He now has a far greater variety of effects. He now endeavors to invest each song with decided character.

Last evening he often gave true pleasure to the hearer. His voice is not sensuous or unctious, but it is under control and it is directed artistically. Thus he sang gently and with simplicity the little song of Schumann; he gave appropriate lightness to Jensen's charming "Serenade"; he caught the spirit of the song by Nevin, and Johns' "Les Deux Amours," in which the composers themselves reproduce the spirit of old French chansons. He was equally successful in his interpretation of Halle's pretty "Im Zitternden Mondlicht," which he was obliged to repeat; of Hermann's descriptive ballad, and of Brahms' "Feldeinsamkeit," although in the final cadence he misjudged breath and his intonation was insecure. In songs of widely differing character he showed a great advance in individualization and in vocal art.

Of the less familiar songs the "Abendlied" of Kaun, with a violin part played romantically by Mr. Fiedler, and the songs by Mr. Johns gave the most pleasure. Kaun's "Jetzt und Immer" is conventional. Hermann's ballad is laboriously invented and it is without one true dramatic stroke. Gerrit Smith's "Tryste Noel" only reminded me of Miss Lang's music to the same words, music that is both quaint and haunting. Mr. Schlesinger's songs are too sweet even for a Parisian salon with delicately scented dames of high degree. In Mr. Hammond's ballad there is hurrying, there is scurrying; there is nothing of the macabre. It might be more effective on a xylophone.

Mr. Bos, who was announced on the billboard as "the greatest accompanist in the world"—thus are important questions decisively settled—played sympathetic accompaniments. There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

PHILIP HALE.

ANTHONY PIANO RECITAL.

New and Complex Pieces by Max Reger Introduced in Jordan Hall.

Charles Anthony gave a piano recital last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Schumann, Sonata in G minor, op. 22; Bach, two Choral Preludes, "Ich ruf' zu dir" and "Valet will ich dir geben," arranged by Max Reger; Reger, Variations on a Theme of Bach; MacDowell, Improvisation, "The Joy of Autumn"; Chopin, Scherzo in C sharp minor.

Mr. Anthony is well and favorably known here as a pianist of modern and liberal views, a pianist who is not content with following in the beaten program cinder path that leads from Bach, through Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, to Liszt or Schultz-Evler.

His program last night was unconventional and interesting, especially to those who find in Reger's music a horrible fascination. They know that it is ugly, but they feel that it is great. Whether this music will live for a time or soon be regarded as examples of singular and morbid experimentation matters not. The music is published, and it is a good thing that it is played by daring souls. Were it not played, Mr. Reger and his friends might say that there is a world-wide conspiracy to crush him.

Mr. Anthony has certain excellent qualities as a pianist, to which The Herald has frequently referred. His performance last night gave much pleasure to a good-sized audience.

Dec. 2 08

ISADORA DUNCAN.

Dancer Warmly Greeted on Second Appearance in Boston.

Miss Isadora Duncan, the dancer, made her second appearance in Boston, last night, at Symphony Hall, in interpretations of Christopher Gluck. Every seat was occupied. The program was in two parts, and was scheduled for eight numbers. After that came three more offerings, and if Miss Duncan had been willing, very likely the audience would be still watching her.

An orchestra of 65, with Mr. Gustav Strube conducting, assisted Miss Duncan in her interpretations. They rendered Gluck's delicate music in faultless style.

A greeting to Iphigenie in Aulis was Miss Duncan's premiere—a thing so distinctly formal and new hereabouts that it obtained only perfunctory consideration. The greater vivacity of the interpretation of the joyous maidens of Chalkis playing at ball and knucklebones by the seashore served to bring about a better feeling between the audience and the artist, and thereafter the closest attention was accorded her.

Part II. of Miss Duncan's program had five divisions, "Choeur des Pretesses," "Danses des Scythes," "Musette," "Sicilienne," "Bacchanale"—and three extras, one of which was "The Blue Danube." Miss Duncan wanted to end her interpretations with Gluck, but the audience refused to leave the hall until it had had "The Blue Danube." And this was a dance about as wonderful as anybody who goes to the theatre or concert hall could reasonably hope to see.

On Monday afternoon, with an orchestra of 65 again, and with Mr. Strube conducting, Miss Duncan will present interpretations of Beethoven and Chopin.

The Musician's Library.

The Herald has frequently called attention to the general excellence of the volumes included in the series of musical works called "The Musician's Library" and published by Oliver Ditson Company of Boston. The latest volumes are one of selections from Bach's piano pieces and one of songs for mezzo-soprano from operas. The former, edited by Ebenezer Prout, is devoted to the larger compositions of Bach. A preceding volume contained pieces from the smaller. The second contains some of the English suites, partitas, the Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and several of the more important single fugues. Prof. Prout has edited them with his usual care with respect to phrasing, and his preface concerning the original notation and the peculiarities of the manuscript is valuable. The second volume of operatic airs, edited by Henry E. Krehbiel, covers a wide range, from Caccini and Monteverde to Saint Saens and Massenet. The songs are arranged in chronological order; they are given in the original keys for the voice for which they were written and with the original texts. Mr. Krehbiel has given the exact notation of all the old-fashioned ornaments, and has introduced cadenzas sung by famous singers. His historical and critical notes are distinguished by their clearness and sound sense.

The volumes of this series even now make a stately library and many more are in preparation. There are now ready volumes of piano pieces by Bach, Chopin, Coleridge-Taylor (transcriptions), Greig, Haydn, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schumann, Wagner (transcriptions) and two volumes of French music, early and modern, and one of early Italian music. There are volumes of songs by Brahms, Franz, Grieg, Handel, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner; volumes of 50 Shakespeare songs, modern French songs, Scottish, American, and songs from the operas.

The editors, whose task has been laborious and exacting, are Messrs. Aldrich, Apthorp, Armbruster, Coleridge-Taylor, Esposito, Finck, Goetschius, Hale, Henderson, Mme. Hopekirk, Messrs. Hughes, Huneker, Krehbiel, Mason, Orth, Philipp, Prout, Reinecke, X. Scharwenka, O. Singer, Spanuth, Vincent. Their notes and prefaces are both illuminative and interesting. The volumes are handsomely printed, on excellent paper, and the engraving is from new dies cut for the purpose. The pages are generous in size and there is no crowding. For accuracy of text, careful translation of foreign verses in the case of songs, helpful notes, biographical, critical and pedagogic, this edition is unsurpassed.

Puccini's opera "Le Villi" will be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next Thursday night. There are only three characters, and they will be played by Miss Alda and Messrs. Bonci and Amato. Puccini wrote "Le Villi" for the first of the Sonzogno competitions. The opera failed to win the prize. The score was so badly written that it was almost unintelligible. Those who heard the music were struck by it. Boito interested himself and the opera was produced at Milan in 1884 when the composer was 26 years old. It was then in one act. The success was unmistakable. Ricordi purchased the score and he brought it out at the Scala in 1885, when it had been revised and expanded into two acts. The story is an old one. The Villi are spirits of betrothed maidens whose lovers have been untrue. At midnight they rise from their graves and appear in the highway dressed in bridal attire. They dance wildly from midnight till dawn, and woe to the faithless lovers who encounter them! They are whirled about till they sink in a death agony to the ground. The legend is probably of Slavonic origin. The scenario of Adolphe

[illegible] is [illegible] the legend. In Puccini's opera the first act opens with the betrothal scene. [illegible] Robert, goes to Mayence to claim an inheritance. There he falls desperately in love with a wanton baggage. He does not return, and his sweetheart dies of a broken heart. The second act begins with an orchestral movement, "The Abandoned One," and on the stage the funeral of Anna is mimed to the music of a lamenting chorus. An orchestral movement follows, which accompanies the dance of the Willis, who are lying in wait for Robert. He appears remorseful. Anna comes with her ghostly companions. He is drawn into the dance and dies while the spectral maidens disappear with a "Hosanna" of triumph. This opera gave Puccini reputation, but his second, "Edgar," was a failure.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" will be given on the night that sees the first performance of "Le Villi." Mmes. Destinn and Gay and Mr. Caruso will sing in Mascagni's opera. An orchestra seat will cost $7.

Miss Marie Dressler has captured London again with her songs "A Great Big Girl Like Me" and "Why Adam Sinned;" with her recitations and imitations. Bowing to applause, part of her back hair dropped off, but she grabbed it and said gayly, "Oh, they all wear it, you know." "An American First Nighter" sent a thrilling account of the scene to the New York Herald and for once said nothing about "long-haired critics."

Mischa Elman, the remarkable young Russian violinist, has arrived and his manager says Mr. Elman comes as "a serious artist or nothing." Let us hope he will prove to be serious. He will play here with the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Hauptmann's dream poem "Hannele" was produced publicly in London the 8th and for a wonder there was no protest [illegible] in that absurdly priggish city, priggish theatrically except in favor [illegible] dressed "illustrative and [illegible] dancers."

Miss Mary Moore, the English actress, who in private life is Mrs. James Albery, had her own son for junior counsel in a lawsuit in which she figured lately. Another of her sons took part in the Boer war.

Mme. Melba is expected to reappear at the Manhattan Opera House on Monday night in "La Boheme."

Max Rabinoff is endeavoring to establish a permanent opera in Chicago. He says there are 500 in that city who will subscribe $100 each.

The Theatre des Arts, Paris, has produced a play, "Kaatje," by Paul Spaak, a Belgian. The story is of the 16th century. Jan, a Dutch painter, goes to Rome, not knowing that his cousin Kaatje loves him. He returns home with an Italian wife, Pomona, who is not his wife. Pomona is soon homesick and she tries to persuade Jan to go back to Italy. He refuses, and she leaves him for another man. Then Jan discovers that Kaatje loves him and they marry.

A play, "Les Vainqueurs," by Mr. Fabre, produced at the theatre formerly managed by Mr. Antoine, is more sombre. This new play is a story of political ambition. Pierre Daygrand, a brilliant lawyer and member of Parliament, is about to become minister, but the revival of an old scandal ruins him. He had pleaded the cause of a client who, like Crawford in the Humbert case, had no existence, and his ability and eloquence had prevailed. He had pleaded in good faith, but he felt it his duty to indemnify his client's victims in financial, that is to say, rascally transactions. He borrows money for this purpose from a man who was formerly his wife's lover, and this story is told in a newspaper just as Daygrand is on the point of being made minister.

Who will pose as Apollo, Narcissus, and other handsome fellows in the show that displays Miss Beveridge as the "Ideal Beauty"? The manager, William Morris, is in despair. What [illegible] of Mr. Raggles of Chicago. It will be remembered that Mr. Raggles, looking at the Apollo Belvedere, exclaimed: "Well, I've [illegible] the Apollo Belvedere and I have [illegible] Raggles. Give me Raggles."

Miss Gertrude Quinlan has apparently made a hit in vaudeville. She [illegible] playing [illegible] a little piece, "Zaza's [illegible]" by Edith Ellis.

The New Theatre, New York, will be dedicated the 15th and Miss Geraldine Farrar will sing "The Star Spangled Banner." It is not announced whether she will wave it or be draped [illegible] it.

We have spoken of Miss Dressler's success in London. The Morning Telegraph of New York, noticing that the theatre "fairly shook" by reason of the [illegible], makes the sour comment that [illegible] was caused by "Marie [illegible] up and down under the impression that she was dancing."

[illegible] de Lara's opera, "Sanga," [illegible] at Nice Feb 2?, 1906, was performed at the Opera Comique, Paris, Dec. 9. The correspondent of the New York Times cabled, "The music is lacking in originality, serious musical quality [illegible] prettiness. It is not a [illegible] after new music either, having [illegible] in common with the modern [illegible]. The first act has a strong [illegible]. The second act might [illegible] called 'after hearing Wagner.' The opera will not probably stay [illegible] repertory of the Opera Comique [illegible] not bear exportation."

Peter Pan will begin its fifth Christmas [illegible] at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, the 23d.

[illegible] play "L'Oiseau Blessé," [illegible] at the Theatre Renaissance, Dec. 9. Raymond Salviere [illegible] distinguished literary man who is enormously rich—he must write quick sellers. He is also married happily to a charming woman. Georges, a nephew, has deserted a young girl, Yvonne. The uncle and aunt call on her to aid her and uncle falls in love with her. The wife learns of the affair and begs Yvonne to let her have peace. Yvonne, like a good girl, leaves Paris. The play pleased and will probably have a long run.

Marie Doro has been playing in Chicago in "The Richest Girl." The Chicago Tribune noticed her pleasantly: "New stars—we are referring to the theatrical, not the vaulted firmament of the perplexed and perplexing astronomers—new stars are a good deal as we imagine new babies to be. Fearfully cute after you get used to them, but weird and wonderful strangers during their early stages of development. They have their lovable moments and the rest of the time they are content to remain mysterious bundles of wiggles and squeals. Marie Doro is just now at the wiggle and squeal stage. It may be she's teething. But whatever it is we feel certain she will outgrow it in time and be much happier and much more capable of adding to our happiness when she does. We love growing babies, particularly other people's growing babies, and we are quite fond of the developing star, but, my! they do have their days!"

Symphony Hall should be crowded tomorrow night at the concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra. The program is an unusually attractive one. Tschaikowsky's suite, "Nut Cracker," is taken from his ballet of the same name. The ballet was pronounced at St. Petersburg in December, 1902, but the suite was played in March of the same year, and when it was produced at St. Petersburg five movements were repeated.

The dramatic event of next week and one of the true dramatic events of a season that thus far has been comparatively insignificant and dull will be the production of Eugene Walter's "Paid In Full." Critics and public have been unanimous in their praise of this realistic drama.

Dec 13 1908

Miss Emmy Destinn of Berlin Royal Opera House Sings Here for First Time.

DEBUSSY'S NOCTURNES ARE IMPRESSIONISTIC

Noren's 'Kaleidoscope' Played

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler conductor, gave its eighth concert last night in Symphony Hall. Miss Emmy Destinn of the Berlin Royal Opera House and the Metropolitan Opera House sang here for the first time. The program was as follows:

"Kaleidoscope"; Theme and Variations.	Noren
Senta's Ballad	Wagner
Three Nocturnes	Debussy
Three songs: "The Sign Post," "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel," "Erl-king"	Schubert
Overture to "Der Freischuetz"	Weber

Noren was unknown in the musical world save as a composer of small pieces until last year, when this "Kaleidoscope: Original Theme and Variations," was performed at a festival of the Allgemeiner Deutscher Verein at Dresden and there made a sensation. The composer was then about 44 years old.

Hazlitt once alluded in a tavern to a famous passage in "Grammont's Memoirs": how the Duke of York wooed Miss Churchill, but cooled, owing, it was said, to her having a thin, pale face. "One day, as they were riding out hunting together, she fell from her horse, and was taken up almost lifeless. The whole assembled court were thrown by this event into admiration that such a body should belong to such a face (so transcendant a pattern was she of the female form), and the duke was fixed. * * * I said I could conceive of nothing finer than the idea of a young person in her situation, who was the object of indifference or scorn from outward appearance, with the proud suppressed consciousness of a goddess-like symmetry, looked up by 'fear and niceness, the handmaids of all women,' from the wonder and worship of mankind."

So with Noren. He had been for years a pedagogue, a director of a music school in Crefeld, a teacher in Berlin. This "Kaleidoscope," begun about 1904, was laid aside because Noron was obilged to support himself by teaching, and it was not completed until early in 1907. Correcting the exercises of dull pupils, weary in routine, hearing the works of other composers applauded, knowing that he, too, had musical thought, conscious that there was something in him which would excite admiration, he was obliged to wait for the opportunity to display his talent.

Noren is not wholly a Miss Churchill. His revelation is not so overpowering. Yet this 'Kaleidoscope" is one of the most interesting compositions that have come to us of late years from other Germans than Richard Strauss. Two of the variations were omitted last night—the scherzo and pastorale—probably on account of the length of the program; but the composition was long enough without them.

Noren has both contrapuntal and orchestral technic; he also has fancy, but I do not find imagination in any section of this work. His "Cathedral" is sonorous and impressive. There is the thought of the organ, the choir, the solemn scene in the sacred building, but the music is pictorial; it has no spiritual uplift. The first two variations have true character and the "Canon" is ingenious.

The Mazurka is pleasingly vulgar, spirited, intoxicating, if you will, but inherently vulgar. The Funeral March is an agreeable surprise, for in it there is no luxury of woe, no snivelling, no threadbare crape and tears, but a heroic farewell, and the lamentation is neither familiar nor perfunctory. There are fine passages in the Fantasia and Double Fuge inscribed to Strauss, in which by taking themes from the latter's "Heldenleben" Norden was prevented from publishing his work until the court decided that, as Strauss' two motives were not melodies, there had been no plagiarism. Another case of a Daniel come to judgment. But the Fugue itself has not the rush, the spontaneity of Reger's fugue in the variations on Hiller's theme. The pedagogue is here seen, rather than the thinker, who happens to use a fugue as the best medium for a particular thought. Still, the final trampling under foot of the motive that stands for Strauss' enemies is admirably depicted. All in all, an interesting work.

Debussy's "Nocturnes" were first played here at a Chickering "production" concert, led by Mr. Lang, in February, 1904. As Norden's "Kaleidoscope" is material of the earth, earthy, the Nocturnes are music that is purely impressionistic. To him who has not watched clouds and seen in them what Mark Antony saw,

A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory.

The first nocturne will be only a weariness to the ear and mind. The impression is not for him, though Baudelaire's stranger who loved only the clouds would love this music. "Festivities," with its strange processional march, its whirring capriciousness, makes a more direct appeal. Does the third movement answer the old question put by Tiberius to the grammarians and repeated by Sir Thomas Browne, "What song did the sirens sing?" Here is music of waves and of sea women; music that never was heard on a casino-lined coast, but sounds that might go with "The light that never was on sea or land." Here is music that is subtly poetic, music of ineffable beauty. Suppose that Debussy had put words to this song; how he would have cheapened the nocturne! To each hearer on the ship of Ulysses or in the hall last night the sirens sang of what might well lure him. But of these nocturnes I shall say a few words next Sunday.

Miss Destinn sang with great dramatic force and yet without too marked suggestion of the opera house. She is one of the few visitors from German opera houses—they may be counted on one hand, and there will be a finger to spare—who, when they appear in concert halls, are not aggressively and impertinently operatic. Miss Destinn's effects were made by legitimate singing and by a personality that is both sympathetic and intense. Whether she were singing Senta's ballad or a song by Schubert, she first of all respected the melodic line, the rhythm, the sound principles of vocal art.

Then by the quiet power of her interpretation, by the simplicity and the sincerity of her eloquence, she charmed both the soul and the mind of the hearers. She is not one of the shrieking sisterhood that mistake palsy for passion. She remembered that Gretchen's lament was a reverie rather than a set song. She was not in "The Erlking" obliged to resort to ventriloquism to differentiate the actors in the little and terrible drama. It was a great pleasure to hear this famous singer in concert. It is to be hoped that she will at no distant day be seen and heard in operatic parts.

The orchestral performance was a brilliant one. There might have been more atmosphere in Debussy's "Clouds." The music was at times too formal; it was almost divided into sections; but the other nocturnes and "Kaleidoscope" were performed most effectively. "Sirens" calls for only 16 female voices. Their music was sung last night by a greater number, by the Choral Club of the New England Conservatory, and the singers by the purity, the agreeable quality of their voices and by the musical and aesthetic taste displayed contributed largely to the deep impression made by Debussy's imagination and rare expression.

CONCERT BY CHAMINADE.

A Very Large Audience Applauds Her as Composer and Pianist.

Mme. Cecile Chaminade, assisted by Miss Yvonne de St. Andre, mezzo soprano, and Ernest Groom, baritone, gave a concert in Symphony Hall, and was welcomed enthusiastically on this, her first, visit to Boston, by a very large audience. The program was made up wholly of piano pieces, songs and a duet by her. It was a long one, but, to quote an old saw, it was "executed with elegance, neatness and dispatch." For a wonder, the concert began only a few minutes after the announced hour, and there was no loitering in the "artists' room."

Mme. Chaminade has long been known to the musical world as a composer of songs and piano pieces. Many of them show her indisputable melodic gift and sound musical training. Her harmonies are often interesting and piquant, and she has a keen sense of rhythm, although, strange to say, in her performance of the piano pieces her rhythm was at times faulty, for she would in waltz rhythm ignore a third beat and in common time leap jauntily from the second beat to the fourth. By her compositions she has given great pleasure to thousands and has not sacrificed taste or refinement.

However light her music may be, however slight the expression of true sentiment, her songs and piano pieces have individuality and a certain elegance.

No wonder, then, that the hall was well filled with those who, having long known and liked her music, wished to see and hear her. No wonder that they applauded heartily; that she was obliged to play additional pieces, that the singers were called on for encore songs, although their art itself is inconsequential. Mr. Groom may develop into a singer of no mean importance. He has a good voice, he is emotional, he has taste, but he has much to learn in technic.

It must be confessed that the performance became to some monotonous. After half an hour, piano pieces and songs sounded alike; encore pieces reminded one of the vain repetitions of the heathen. A little Chaminade goes a long way, no matter how gracefully the Chaminading may be done. The composer played modestly, without the air of the virtuoso, without the absorbed or frenzied appearance of one inspired. Thus she added to the pleasure of any audience predisposed in her

Transcript

JOSEF HOFMANN ON HOW TO PLAY PIANO

His Little Book Just Published Gives Excellent Advice to Pupils, Old and Young.

By PHILIP HALE.

Josef Hofmann, as an infant phenomenon, drew men and women to him in this city. As a mature and famous pianist he is applauded here at Symphony concerts, but when he gives recitals only a few show interest in him. It is not necessary to inquire into the causes of this apathy, nor would it perhaps be easy to explain it. The reason I now speak of Mr. Hofmann is because he is the author of "Piano Playing: a Little Book of Simple Suggestions," published by the McClure Company of New York. The volume is made up of articles written originally for the Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. Hofmann in his preface says that he deals only with the material side of piano playing. By "material," he does not mean the commercial side, the art of drawing audiences, the prices demanded, the manner in which a steady box-office draught may be maintained; he means "that part of it which aims to reproduce in tones what is plainly stated in the printed lines of a composition. The other, very much subtler part of piano-playing, draws upon and, indeed, depends upon imagination, refinement of sensibility, and spiritual vision, and endeavors to convey to an audience what the composer has, consciously or unconsciously, hidden between the lines." Yet Mr. Hofmann says shrewdly a few words about this psychic side. He believes that every composer of talent gives birth to thoughts and ideas that are beyond the reach of his conscious will and control. Fancy and imagination carry him on, so that he drifts. It is therefore plain, to Mr. Hofmann at least, that the composer is not necessarily an authority as to "the only correct way of playing" one of his compositions. "Pedantic adherence to the composer's own conception is, to my mind, not an unassailable maxim. The composer's way of rendering his composition may not be free from certain predilections, biases, mannerisms, and his rendition may also suffer from a paucity of pianistic experience."

The task is to discover what lies hidden between the lines and to interpret it. When this is accomplished, then the interpreter is more than a virtuoso who tickles or astonishes the gaper, he is more than a reproducer, he is himself a creator.

Of course this creator must have technic, otherwise he cannot be free in the process of interpretation. Mr. Hofmann likens technic to a bank account on which the interpreter can draw. "As there are wealthy people that are vulgar, so there may be pianists who, despite the greatest technic, are not artists. Still, while money is to a gentleman perhaps no more than a rather agreeable adjunct, technic is to the pianist's equipment an indispensable necessity."

The artistic pianist described by Mr. Hofmann never attempts to rival the orchestra. In the first place, the endeavor is unnecessary. The piano has a literature as distinguished as that of the orchestra. The piano gives its player a greater freedom of expression than any other instrument, although it is limited in qualities of dynamics and color. "The prudent player will not go beyond these limits, for, after all, the piano has only one color, which can be subdivided into an infinite number and variety of shades, nuances. It has its own specific charm, though, perhaps, in a lesser degree of sensuousness than to some others."

Mr. Hofmann believes that pianists are as a rule better grounded than singers and players of other instruments in music, and on the whole their sins against art are less frequent, less serious. Left to himself, the pianist is sometimes led "to move too freely"; "to produce six forte—s when the piano has not more than three." The greatest dynamic contrasts are determined by the nature of the piano player's touch, the acoustic properties of the hall. The pianist that plays everything "with so much feeling" is "an artist in name only, but in reality a sentimentalist, or a ranter upon the keyboard." The critic is often at fault in demanding that a pianist should reveal himself fully in every

[illegible] alternative of a 'rousing' public [illegible]sts are confronted rather frequently. Nor is this, perhaps, as much the fault of the critic as of the conditions under which they must write. From my own experience and that of others, I know that the critics in large cities are so overburdened with work during the season that they have seldom time to listen to more than one piece out of a whole recital program. After such a mere sample they form their opinions—so momentous for the career of a young pianist—and if this one piece happens to offer no opportunities to the pianist to show himself as the 'great' So-and-so, why, then, he is simply put down as one of the 'little fellows.' It is no wonder that such conditions tempt many young aspirants to public renown to resort to aesthetic violence in order to make sure of 'good notices.' "

William Winter, once reproached publicly for not sitting through the performance of a poor play, replied that it is not necessary to eat the whole of a rotten egg to know how rotten it is.

Mr Hofmann speaks of the critics of "large cities" hearing only one piece on a program. In Boston they have a sterner sense of duty, they display a more heroic spirit. They always hear a pianist, known or a stranger, for an hour; in some cases they stay in the hall till the bitter and Lisztian end. Does it occur to Mr. Hoffman that the programs are often outrageously long? Is it not possible for an experienced hearer to judge of a pianist's worth after listening for an hour? If the pianist does not "do anything" in the course of an hour, will he strike 12 at the 81st minute?

To infer the conception of a composition from the name of its composer; to think that Beethoven must be played thus and Chopin thus is a great, a grievous error. Some of Beethoven's works are as romantic and fanciful as any of Schumann's or Chopin's could be, "while somo of the latter's works show at times a good deal of Beethovenish classicity." It is wrong, therefore, to think that every work of Beethoven must be "deep" and "majestic," or that any piece by Chopin must brim over with sensuousness and "feeling."

Mr. Hofmann gives general rules for practice. He believes in the virtues of morning hours. He is even so cruel toward flat dwellers as to suggest practising an hour before breakfast. The student should never practise more than one hour, or at the most, two hours at a stretch. "Then go out and take a walk, and think no more of music." There must be "mental unhitching." There should be a little pause after every half hour. The player should actually hear every tone he means to produce. He should prepare the finger for great force, imagine a strong tone, but strike moderately. Practising should usually be with restrained power, nor should it be done "systematically" or "methodically." "Systematism is the death of spontaneousness, and spontaneousness is the very soul of art." Half an hour a day is enough for finger exercises. And here is much advice in little: "Play good compositions and construe out of them your own technical exercises." The pedal is "the mortal enemy of clarity." It should not be used in practising too frequently, and above all too continuously. Never play with a metronome, for according to it "a really musical rhythm is unrhythmical, and the keeping of absolutely strict time is thoroughly unmusical and deadlike." Do not go to poor concerts, thinking you can profit by hearing how a piece should not be played. "By attending poor concerts you encourage the bungler to continue in his crimes against good taste and artistic decency, and you become his accomplice." You also help to lower the standard of appreciation. The student should read books about music, but Mr. Hofmann advises him not to believe them, "unless they support every statement with an argument, and unless this argument succeeds in convincing you. In art we deal far oftener with exceptions than with rules and laws. * * * All theorizing in art must be problematic and precarious, while dogmatising in art amounts to absurdity."

There are chapters on correct touch and technic and the use of the pedals, which may be read with profit by students, but are of little interest to the general reader. The chapter on "Playing in Style" may also be pondered by the student. His first endeavor should be "to search out the peculiarity of the piece in hand rather than that of the composer in general. If you have succeeded in playing one work by Chopin in style, it does not follow, by any means, that you can play equally well any other work from his pen." Anton Rubinstein once said to Mr. Hofmann, his pupil: "Just play first exactly what is written; if you have done full justice to it, and then still feel like adding or changing anything, why, do so." To which Mr. Hofmann adds: "Mind well: After you have done full justice to what is written." The average pianist plays much less than what is revealed by the printed page.

The chapter, "How Rubinstein Taught Me to Play," is written in a charming manner, without self-consciousness, without sentimentalism. It appears that Rubinstein, teaching Mr. Hofmann for two years after the latter was 16 years old, chose the method of indirect instruction through suggestive comparisons. He never played for him; he talked. "Sometimes when I played the same phrase twice in succession and played it both alike (say in a sequence) he would say: 'In fine weather you may play it as you did, but when it rains play it differently.' He was whimsical, moody. He never permited me to bring to him as a lesson any composition more than once. He explained this to me by saying that he might forget in the next lesson what he told me in the previous one, and by drawing an entirely new picture only confuse my mind. Nor did he ever permit me to bring one of his own works, though he never explained to me his reason for this singular attitude."

Although Rubinstein took liberties with the pieces he played, he was pedantic, "a stickler for the letter," when a pupil played them to him. "Once I played a Liszt Rhapsody pretty badly. After a few minutes he said: 'The way you played this piece would be all right for auntie or mamma.' Then rising and coming toward me he would say: 'Now let us see how we play such things.' Then I would begin all over again, but hardly had I played a few measures when he would interrupt and say: 'Did you start? I thought I hadn't heard right—.' 'Yes, master, I certainly did,' I would reply. 'Oh,' he would say, vaguely. 'I didn't notice.' 'How do you mean?' I would ask. 'I mean this,' he would answer; 'before your fingers touch the keys you must begin the piece mentally—that is, you must have settled in your mind the tempo, the manner of touch, and, above all, the attack of the first notes, before your actual playing begins. And by-the-bye, what is the character of this piece? Is it dramatic, tragic, lyric, romantic, humorous, heroic, sublime, mystic—what? Well, why don't you speak?' "

"Onec I asked him," continued Mr. Hofmann, "for the fingering of a rather complex passage. 'Play it with your nose,' he replied, 'but make it sound well!' This remark puzzled me, and there I sat and wondered what he meant. As I understand it now he meant; Help yourself! The Lord helps those who help themselves!"

"I learned from Rubinstein the valuable truth that the conception of tone pictures obtained through the playing of another gives us only transient impressions; they come and go, while the self-created conception will last and remain our own."

Rubinstein once said to his pupil that piano playing is difficult because it is prone to be affected or afflicted with mannerisms, and if these pitfalls are avoided it is liable to be dry.

Mr. Hoffmann's book should be read by all piano teachers and by all piano pupils. Even the hardened concertgoer may profit by reading it. There are portraits of the author and Anton Rubinstein and pictures of correct and incorrect positions of hands and feet in playing.

Richard Wood Cone is the author of "The Speaking Voice; Its Scientific Basis in Music," published by the Evans Music Company of Boston. The book is intended for the use of teachers and pupils, and it embraces a course of graded exercises for the speaking voice with an appendix for teaching young children. The author believes that there is only one principle of tone-placing, vowel formation and vibration for speech as for song—that of music. The emphasis of all the exercises given is upon tone-placing, voice development and the application of the singing quality of tone to the speaking inflections, or melody in speech. Mr. Cone was a pupil of Dr. Guilmette, and for a number of years he was his assistant. If this book should serve only in teaching New Englanders to speak more agreeably and more effectively in every-day conversation, it would be well worth study. The directions seem to be clear and the exercises should be useful.

Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Max Fiedler will conduct. Program: Liszt, "The Preludes"; Wagner, "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" from "Dusk of the Gods"; Tschaikowsky "Nut Cracker" suite; theme and variations from suite No. 3; overture, "1812."

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 11:15 A. M. First of Mrs. Hall McAllister's Musical Mornings. Mme. Lina Cavallieri will sing for the first time here in concert: Greig, "Ich liebe dich"; Gavotte from Puccini's "Manon"; Leoncavallo, Mattinata; Puccini, air from "La Boheme"; Habanera from "Carmen" and a group of Italian songs. Miss Tina Lerner, pianist, will make her first appearance in Boston: Mozart, Adaglo, B minor; Rameau-Godowsky, "Tambourin"; Schubert, impromptu, F minor; Chopin, waltz, F major, nocturne, E minor, study in thirds, three Ecossaises; Schubert-Liszt, "Das Wandern"; Liszt, Sonnette de Petrarca; Strauss, - Schultz - Evler, "Blue Danube Waltz." Willy Hess, violinist, will play introduction and rondo by Saint-Saens and two Spanish dances by Sarasate.

Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Miss Isadora Duncan will dance the last three movements of Beethoven's symphony No. 7 and pieces by Chopin. Sixty-five players of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be led by Gustav Strube.

Jacob Sleeper Hall, 688 Boylston street, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Hoffmann Quartet. Beethoven, quartet in F minor, op. 95; Foote, theme and variations, op. 32; Dvorak, piano quintet, op. 81. Richard Platt will be the pianist.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Meeting of the Boston Browning Society. "Day in Asolo," monologue for mezzo-soprano, adapted from "Pippa Passes," composed by John Beach for the Boston Browning Society, and sung by Miss Una Fairweather. Mr. Beach, pianist; "A Talk About the Asolo Country," by Arthur Pope; "Pippa Passes and Pippa Dances: Hauptmann's Variation on the Pippa Ideal," by Miss Helen A. Clarke.

WEDNESDAY—Fenway Court, 8:15 P. M. Ernst Perabo's first "Soiree Musicale." Rubinstein, Sonata, A minor, op. 19, for violin and piano (Messrs. Hess and Perabo); Beethoven, "To the Distant Beloved," song cycle (Mr. Blum); violin solos, Bruch, Romance in A minor, op. 42; Brahms-Joachim, Two Hungarian Dances, D minor, G minor (Mr. Hess); songs, Brahms, "We Wandered," op. 96, No. 2; Wolf, "Secrecy"; Berger, "Mountain Night," op. 24, No. 1; Beethoven, Trio in B flat, op. 97 (Messrs. Perabo, Hess, Warnke).

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the Boston Singing Club. H. G. Tucker, conductor. Cesar Franck, Mass; H. Parker, "The Shepherd's Vision"; Nevin, "The Quest." Solo singers: Miss Emma B. Noyes, soprano; Miss Evelyn H. Parnell, soprano; Earl Cartwright, baritone; Stephen F. Pratt, bass. Mr. Whelpley will be the organist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Ninth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor. Haydn, Symphony in B flat major (B. and H. No. 12); Rubinstein, Piano Concerto No. 5, E flat, op. 94 (Josef Lhevinne, pianist, his first appearance at these concerts); Wagner, "Waldweben," from "Siegfried"; overture to "The Flying Dutchman."

Dorchester High School, 8 P. M. Concert of the music department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Nicolai, overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor"; Boisdeffre, Adagietto for strings; Leoncavallo, selection from "Pagliacci"; Weber, "Invitation to the Dance"; Gounod, Italian Dance from "The Tribute of Zamora." Mrs. Alice Huston Stevens, soprano, will sing the Recitative and Polonaise from Thomas' "Mignon" and German's "Dream o' Day Jill." William F. Dodge, the conductor, will play Ernst's Fantasia on Hungarian Airs for violin. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Concert Notes.

In accordance with its time-honored custom, the Handel and Haydn Society will begin its 94th season with Christmas performances of Handel's "Messiah." There will be two performances, the first on next Sunday evening, the second on Monday evening, the 21st inst. On Sunday evening the assisting solo singers will be Mrs. Caroline Mihr-Hardy, Miss Adelaide Griggs and Glenn Hall and Frank Croxton. At the Monday evening performance the assisting soloists will be Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, Miss Pearl Benedict and Glen Hall and Frederic Martin. There will be a large orchestra, and Mr. H. G. Tucker will be the organist. Tickets for these performances go on sale tomorrow morning.

The program of the second Hess-Schroeder Quartet in Chickering Hall Tuesday evening, the 22d, will be as follows: Brahms, quartet, A minor, op. 57, No. 2; Schillings, andante and scherzo from quartet in E minor (first time); Juon, trio caprice for violin, 'cello and piano, op. 39 (first time). Ernest Schelling will be the pianist.

Joseph Lhevinne will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon, the 28th. His program will include Busoni's arrangement of Bach's Chaconne, Godowski's arrangement of piecs by Corelli, Locilly and Rameau. Liszt's sonata in B minor, a group of pieces by Chopin, d'Albert's scherzo in F sharp major, Liadoff's etude in A sharp major and Tausigs "Zigeunerweisen."

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner will give one more song recital late in January.

The second concert of the Longy Club will be given in Potter Hall Monday evening, the 21st. The program will include a sute for two flutes, clarinet, horn and piano by H. Woolet; an aria for soprano from Bach's "Passion According to Matthew"; a pastorale for three flutes, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, horn, two bassoons and piano, by Hure; songs with piano and a symphoniette for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns and two bassoons, by J. Moquet. The assisting artists will be Mrs. Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Mr. Fox, flute.

The soloists selected for "The Crusader," to be performed by the People's Choral Union in January, will be Miss Janet Duft, contralto; Mortimer Howard, tenor; Giuseppe Picco, baritone.

Arnold Dolmetsch will repeat in Chickering Hall on Monday evening, the 28th, the Christmas concert he gave last year. The program will include "Lullybye' for soprano voice, accompanied by five viols and organ; Corelli's Concerto Grosso, made for the night of Christmas; Bach's cantata for the second day of Christmas. Mr. Dolmetsch will give two other concerts, on Jan. 18 and Feb. 9.

Gaston Dethier, organist of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, will give a recital in the Eliot Church, Newton, Thursday evening, when he will play Guilmant's first sonata and pieces by Schumann, Massenet, Gounod, Miller, Bizet, Batiste and of his own composition.

A series of Wednesday musical mornings will be given at the Tuileries the 16th, 23d, 30th, Jan. 6, 13, 20, at 11 o'clock, in aid of a fund to erect a model tuberculosis camp, the Clara Barton fund. The concert next Wednesday will be given by Miss Clara Barteaux, soprano; W. F. Dodge, violinist; C. W. Dodge, 'cellist; E. W. Harrison, pianist. The other concerts will be given by Mrs. Cade, Mme. Johnson, Clara Sexton, Llewella Olafson and Miss Barteaux.

Pension Fund Concert.

Once more tonight the members of the Boston Symphony orchestra appeal to the generosity of their patrons by giving a concert in aid of their pension fund. The fund has been in existence now just 10 years, and, thanks to the good judgment that is used in its administration, it is gradually approaching the size needed for its work. Payments of pensions began this fall and already 13 former members are enjoying an income from it. As is generally known, practically the sole resources of the pension fund are the annual dues of the members of the orchestra and the receipts from the two concerts which are given each year. For the first 10 years every cent which came in was invested as principal, for there are no costs of administration. Some gifts to the fund have been made by friends of the orchestra. The pensions that now must be paid come out of the income of the fund, but as years go on the obligations will increase, and it will be necessary to add considerably to the principal in order to meet them.

These concerts are attended by the regular patrons of the Symphony orchestra, and they provide the only opportunities of the year for those who are not regular patrons to hear the full orchestra.

The program of tonight's concert is given under "Concerts of the Week."

Miss Duncan's Farewell.

Owing to the great desire of seeing Isadora Duncan, which could not be satisfied by her appearance in Symphony Hall last Friday evening, Mrs. Mudgett has arranged for an extra matinee performance tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and this will be positively her last appearance in Boston this year, as she will sail for Europe at the end of this month. On Monday afternoon she will interpret by dancing the last three movements of Beethoven's symphony in A major No. 7, and also pieces by Chopin. There will be 60 men from the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Gustav Strube as conductor.

The program in full will be as follows:

Part I., Beethoven: Symphony in A major No. 7; Miss Duncan dances the second, third and fourth movements. Part II., Chopin: Mazurka, C major, B minor, D major; preludes, A major, E minor, B minor; nocturne in E flat, valses, C sharp minor, G flat major.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

The performances of "The Merry Widow and the Devil" by Mr. Weber's company at the Majestic Theatre might easily lead a united family to a discord-provoking discussion concerning the utility or futility, popularity or unpopularity, of burlesque as a form of dramatic entertainment in 1908. We all know the platitudes: parody is the highest compliment; the keenest satire is often based on lively appreciation of the person or thing satirized; a burlesque is pointless unless that which is burlesqued be familiar, admired, respected.

There is no doubt concerning the popularity of "The Merry Widow." There are thousands of men and women who believe this operetta to be one of the most delightful entertainments ever offered to a discriminative public. Only a rash man, weary of his life, would dare to say aloud in a crowded street car that he found the book a dull one, and the music, with the exception of the waltz and the Maxim tune, insignificant or jejune. Here is certainly the popularity on which a successful burlesque, it would seem, might be built.

* * *

There is a pun in this burlesque at the Majestic, a pun on the name of a well known restaurant keeper of New York. In itself this pun is of indifferent merit. It is not sufficiently atrocious to be sublime, but it may be considered by the suspicious significant; they may fear a return to the supremacy of the pun in shows intended to raise laughter. Puns made the fortune of Brougham's "Pocahontas" and of a long procession of English burlesques. Even Lydia Thompson repeated without a blush outrageous puns invented for her by shameless dramatists. The period of tights was also a period of puns.

Yet last August some London playgoer mourned in a letter to the Pall Mall Gazette the "vanished art form." He sighed for the days of Constance Gilchrist, Kate Vaughan, with her lace handkerchief and mincing steps; Nellie Farren, rakish as Faust; Edward Terry, who sent him into "gelasmic raptures" as Rob Roy with his gag: "Ye hae nat yet sibdued Rab Ray!" or as the King of Spain in a linen suit and a tiny straw hat. This praiser of days of yore and ages and times long gone before actually had the courage to write out some of the puns that sent him into fits of laughter.

Thus Mr. Terry, hearing negro minstrels in the street, exclaimed:

Deuce take the row; was ever such a shindy!
Those Ethiopians 'neath the oplan windy!

These lines from one of H. J. Byron's pieces, in which Pan curses Narcissus, haunted the "Old Pitite's" memory:

Your wheat shall shrink and shrivel every sheaf,
Your cattle swell the cattle-ogue of grief.
Descend, ye hailstones—bumpers, thumpera, fizzers,
It cuts you like a knife, don't it Narscissors!

And in Byron's "Don Giovanni" the hero and Leporello talk together in Leicester square:

There are the baths and wash-houses, you know—
Built in a neighborhood which once was low,
Noted for vice and everything atrosshus—
The whole place once was wicious, now it's washus.

No wonder that this one pun in "The Merry Widow and the Devil" caused alarm.

* * *

The puns in these old burlesques were accepted as inevitable. In the importations from London they were tolerated as an English institution, like the cricket-bat, "blue ruin," the British barmaid, afternoon tea with buttered toast. The puns were endured for the sake of the blondes who perpetrated them. The villain in these old burlesques was steeped in verbal crime; thus did he

prove as widely.

The evil spread. In burlesque played by undergraduates in the seventies punning was considered absolutely necessary. Not to laugh at a pun was a mark of ill-breeding. After all, we are better than our fathers.

* * *

But is "The Merry Widow," in spite of its popularity, a good subject for a burlesque? Has it substance enough? Has it salient features? An operetta may be built around a waltz, but there must be other material for an amusing burlesque in three acts.

* * *

There was a time in New England when Satan was feared. He lurked in the forest, this Black Man, with his book for signatures. At night women, old and young, flew through the air to the meeting where he presided. He was ever busy in the snaring of souls. Today on the stage he is a comic character. In this burlesque at the Majestic he frankly announces his intention of returning to his home, for he cannot stand the pace in Paris. The announcement of his intention awakens loud laughter. It would seem then that Satan is, in 1908, merely a legendary character. His dwelling-place is no more real than were the cities visited by Hasan of Basorah in search of his wife. We had not arrived at this stage of incredulity when Zamiel caused the Black Crook to tremble.

* * *

All women who show themselves in any way on the stage are now enrolled in the catalogue as actresses; hence, the rival claims of Miss Ray Beveridge and Miss Maude Odell deserve serious consideration. Each one has "contributed" to vaudeville, that is to say Miss Beveridge's "offering" will have its 'premier"—let us respect the modern terminology of the playhouse and all that are connected with it—in New York tomorrow.

Miss Odell has already delighted in "tinted marble groups," and her "new feature" will consist of classic poses in colors, "according to Miss Beveridge's interpretation of the classics." Miss Isadora Duncan is not the only one that goes back to the Greeks for inspiration. And what goddess will Miss Beveridge mime pleasingly tinted? What myth or legend will she "illustrate"? "Incidents in the love affairs of Venus and Adonis will be one of the principal numbers." Possibly some female elocutionist, in a flowing robe and with bare feet, will recite in a clear, bell-like voice verses from Shakespeare's poem, which is still read feverishly by some, although Hazlitt found it hard, glittering, cold, and likened it unto an ice-house, and Mr. Swinburne, yes, the author of the first series of "Poems and Ballads," refers to it in his Watts-Duntonian days, as an "elaborate study of sensual aberration"; a harsh characterization, one that will not bear rigid examination.

* * *

The Herald published about a month ago measurements of Miss Odell that were taken immediately after she landed at New York or were possibly cabled from London the day of her sailing. Measurements published in a New York newspaper last Sunday show that she has both gained and lost in the distribution of flesh during the past month. She has added half an inch to the circumference of her neck; her bust measurement is two inches less, and her hips have lost an inch. Last Sunday the measurements of Miss Beveridge and Miss Odell were given in tabulated form to illustrate a Plutarchian comparison. Let us hope they were taken by an unerring eye and with an approved tape measure.

The former's bust meausurement is 38½ inches, the latter's is 40; the former's waist measures 25 inches, the latter's 24. The foot in each instance is nine inches long. Miss Beveridge's ankle measures seven and three-eighths; Miss Odell's seven and three-quarters. Miss Odell would be judged by the numbers the superior of Miss Beveridge in the matter of hips, for she measures 42 inches to the latter's 39½. There are measurements of upper and lower arms, wrists, chest expansion, etc., but in one respect we are left in distressing ignorance. Miss Beveridge is 5 feet 6¾ inches in height; Miss Odell is 5 feet 8 inches. What proportion of the height in each instance is above the girdle? This is important. Aubrey Beardsley in his "Under the Hill," a romantic novel, which, alas, was left unfinished, describes Helen as measuring from the hip to the knee 22 inches; from the knee to the heel, 22 inches, as befitted a goddess. "Those who have seen Helen only in the Vatican, in the Louvre, in the Uffizi, or in the British Museum, can have no idea how very beautiful and sweet she looked. Not at all like the lady in 'Lempriere.' "

When there was disoussion at a cabinet meeting in Washington, D. C., Mr. Seward had much to say against a statue and, complaining bitterly of a lack of proportion between the legs of the sculptured statesman and his body, he appealed to President Lincoln, who then made the historical remark that a man's legs should certainly be long enough to touch the ground. This opinion may prevail when the sculptured and the unsculptured are ordinary mortals, but Miss Beveridge and Miss Odell dispute the title of the "Ideal Beauty."

* * *

Tallness was considered by the Greeks a great beauty in women. See Aristotle's "Ethics," and certain remarks made by Homer, Xenophon (in his description of Panthea), and others. Tennyson saw Helen of Troy as one "divinely tall," and he had authority for his vision. John Nevizan said that of 30 things which are necessary to make a woman perfectly beautiful, there was not one which Helen wanted. Three of these things were matters of length: The body, the hair, and the hands.

Sit corpore longa,
Et longi crines, sit quoque longa manus.

Whereas, the teeth, ears, and feet of a beauty should be short. For height alone the ancients would have voted for Miss Odell. By way of digression, we remark that when Helen cut off her hair to the roots, in order to show her sorrow for the death of her sister, Clytemnestra, her beauty was not thereby lessened. A hard saying, this; one well nigh incredible, and Mgr. John della Casa preferred to believe that she cut off only the ends, "as is sometimes done to hinder them from branching."

There are plays that are characterized as "tailor-made," plays written to fit snugly some actress, some "young and charming personality." We are now informed that Mr. Moreau, who wrote with Sardou, "Cleopatra," "Madame Sans-Gene" and "Dante," has put together a piece in five acts based on the adventures of Mme. Tallien, who was so proud of her figure that she had her dress gummed to her body. (We are also informed that dancing masters of Paris have decreed that dances this year shall be executed with "more mincing steps" to suit the fashion of clinging gowns.)

Thus is the stage the looking glass of contemporaneous life. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, commenting on the new play of Mr. Moreau, says that it is doubtful if ever the decrees of Paris have sanctioned greater eccentricity in feminine garb. "If it is true that no middle-aged-women now exist—only the young and those who have given up all hope—it would seem to be equally near the mark that only the slim and impossibly stout are to be seen in society. The tight-fitting directoire coat and skirt naturally demand an elegant and irreproachable figure; otherwise, the style becomes grotesque."

If the society woman who is naturally richly upholstered must enter on a severe course of training to wear the costumes now in fashion, the play-actress must follow her example if she wishes to succeed in a play of "contemporaneous human interest," to quote Augustin Daly's once familiar catchword.

* * *

There are some who sigh for a theatre where Elizabethan plays and Greek dramas would be performed with careful attention to detail, where the audience would sit reverently. About a month ago "The Bacchae" of Euripides was performed in London. Unfortunately, there was a division of opinion concerning the character of the play. To some it was a stupendous tragedy; to others, a side-splitting burlesque. One learned critic of academic training asked: "Why should the King of Thebes have been pleased to hear that his mother and elderly aunts were playing the suffragette and holding a kind of Brewers' Demonstration in the Boeotian suburbs? How should he recognize the finger of providence in the spectacle of his grandfather and the local Zadkiel taking to drink in their old age? And why should he not follow up his very natural suspicions that the pert young man so busily promoting a New Theology amongst the softer sex was not establishing an Agapemone upon the sequestered slopes of Cithaeron?" This flippant person advised the turning the part of Dionysius into a Nelly Farren part, accepting Cadmus and Teiresias as the Pantaloons that they are, and letting the tale of how the King found himself 'up a tree' be delivered with all the relish of the bizarre, to which the 'Salome' business of the last scene need impart no discord." And then what would become of

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres?

PHILIP HALE.

Dec 17 08

Music.

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave the first concert of the season in aid of its pension fund last night in Symphony Hall. Mr. Fiedler conducted. The program was as follows:

Liszt, "The Preludes"; Wagner, "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"; "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" from "Dusk of the Gods"; Tschaikowsky, "Nutcracker" suite, Theme with Variations and Polacca from Suite, No. 3, op. 55, overture "1812."

The cause for which the concert was given and the nature of the program should have drawn a much larger audience. Some may say that there should have been a soloist, an admired prima donna or a formidable pianist; but at whatever concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra a virtuoso assists, however famous he or she may be, the orchestra, after all, is the dominating soloist, the true virtuoso. It might be reasonably supposed that any opportunity of hearing this superb orchestra would fill the hall to overflowing.

All the compositions played, with one exception, were familiar to almost any concert goer. This exception was the "Nutcracker" suite of Tschaikowsky, which has been played, I believe, at the "Pops." The music deserves an honorable position in symphony concerts. In 1891 Tschaikowsky worked on an opera, "Iolanthe," and a ballet, "Nutcracker." He had been requested to compose the two for the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg. The subjects were given to him. The scenario of the ballet was based on Dumas' version of E. T. A. Hoffmann's well known tale. Tschaikowsky was at first not at all pleased with the subject, but he gradually became reconciled to it. In Paris he had discovered the existence of an instrument called the celesta, and he wrote his publisher to buy one for him, that he might use it in this ballet. He felt the joy of a child hearing this instrument, and he told his publisher, who, mirabile dictu! was also his friend, that the celesta would cost only 1200 francs. But Jurgensen was sworn to secrecy. What if Rimsky-Korsakoff or Glazounoff should find out about the celesta, and use it before the ballet were competed!

Tschaikowsky, writing the ballet music, was at times discouraged. He told Davidoff, the 'cellist, that he was wearing out, that his talent was going with his hair, his teeth, his feet; but it was the habit of Tschaikowsky to complain of his music before it was performed. The suite was played first—at a concert in St. Petersburg March 19, 1892, and nearly all the movements were repeated. The ballet was first performed with "Iolanthe" at the opera house Dec. 17 of the same year. Neither work was at first successful; the libretto, the story of King Rene's daughter, was found dull; the ballet, on account of the sickness of Petipa, the ballet master, was poorly arranged, and the music was too delicate for ears accustomed to ordinary ballet music.

They who do not know the "Nutcracker" suite are not fully acquainted with Tschaikowsky's genius. This music is charming by reason of its tunefulness, piquancy, euphony, fancy. The various dances are sharply contrasted, and it would be hard to say which one of them is the most delightful. There is more originality, more character, more poetic thought in this little suite than in many symphonies and symphonic poems made in Germany, analyzed laboriously and with awe by commentators, and classed among "important works."

The performance of the orchestra last night was often brilliant, and Mr. Fiedler and the players were applauded heartily by those who were fortunate enough to be present.

PHILIP HALE.

Dec 15 08

Music.

The seventh of Mrs. McAllister's Musical Mornings took place yesterday at the Hotel Somerset. There was a large and brilliant audience. Miss Lina Cavalieri, soprano, sang for the first time in concert in this city. Miss Tina Lerner, a Russian pianist, about 19 years old, a pupil of Pabst and Godowsky, played here for the first time. The program was as follows:

Corelli-Godowsky, Pastorale; Rameau-Godowsky, Tambourin; Schubert, Impromptu, F minor (Miss Lerner); Saint-Saëns, in form of a Rondo Capriccioso (Mr. Willy Hess); Grieg, "Ich liebe dich"; Puccini, Gavotte from "Manon"; Leoncavallo, Mattinata (Miss Cavalieri); Chopin, waltz, F major, Nocturn E minor, Study in Thirds, three Ecossaises (Miss Lerner); Sarasate, two Spanish dances op. 21 (Mr. Hess); Puccini, air from "Boheme," Bizet, Habanera from "Carmen" (Miss Cavalieri); Liszt, Sonnette de Petrarca, Strauss-Schultz-Evler, Blue Danube Waltz (Miss Lerner); two Italian songs (Miss Cavalieri).

Miss Lerner already plays uncommonly well for a woman of her years, and she gives great promise for the future. First of all she has a thoroughly grounded and modern technic. She does not smear her runs, nor does she drop notes in rapid passages, and in this respect she differs from several applauded young pianists of her sex. Her touch is singularly beautiful and she has at command, as a colorist, a great variety of nuances. She has ample strength, and she does not find it necessary to pound, that she may impress or startle an audience. At the end of last season she played successfully in London, but she is still aesthetically too near her teachers. She must begin to think more for herself in the matter of interpretation. Charming as her playing is, there is at present not enough personality behind it. She might also study the art of program making. The nocturne that she chose is perhaps Chopin's most insignificant one, and the Ecossaises are not worth playing even in private. In the finale of the circus transcription of Strauss' waltz, Miss Lerner's technic for once failed her.

Miss Cavalieri made a deep impression here last season by her impersonation of Puccini's Manon. The character displayed her emotional nature, and the music suited her peculiar voice. Yesterday she was radiantly beautiful. She should have been seen, not heard, for neither her voice nor her vocal art stood the test of the concert room. The voice was often shrill; the upper tones were taken laboriously; the intonation was insecure; there were many faults of vocal commission, omission and emission. Yet there were rich and haunting lower tones, and in the first of the Italian songs, which had folk character, the voice in the whole range then employed had a finer quality. Her interpretation of the more important arias and songs was generally unintelligent. That of the Habanera was the most satisfactory, although the accentuation was at times curious, as in the treatment of "L'Amouri" which Miss Cavalieri evidently regarded as one word of two syllables with a heavy accent on "L'a." Yesterday was a feast-day in Boston. Miss Odell, whose bodily measurements have excited the admiration of dressmakers and sculptors; Miss Cavalieri, whose face would be a fortune even though she were dumb; Miss Lerner, whose beauty is of a quieter type, yet indisputable; these three appeared above the local horizon on one and the same day; and yet there was no perturbation of Nature.

Both Miss Cavalieri and Miss Lerner were applauded to the encore point, as was Mr. Hess, although his playing was on the whole below his standard. The accompaniments of Miss Jessie Davis were, as usual, musical and sympathetic.

The second of Mrs. McAllister's mornings will be on the 28th, when Mme. Melba, Miss Sassoli and Mr. Ferir will appear.

PHILIP HALE.

"PAID IN FULL" AT COLONIAL THEATRE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Paid in Full," a play in four acts, by Eugene Walter. Produced by the Wagenhals & Kemper Company.

Joseph Brooks.....Guy Bates Post
Emma Brooks.....Julia Dean
James Smith.....Ben Johnson
Capt. Williams.....William Riley Hatch
Mrs. Harris.....Hattie Russell
Beth Harris.....Leila Smith
Sato.....John Arthur

Augustin Daly used to characterize his plays, original or adaptations, as dramas of contemporaneous human interest. Mr. Walter describes his play as one of contemporaneous American life. "Paid in Full" is contemporaneous; it is American in certain respects; it has both interest and life.

The first act is the best in structure and in the drawing of character. The characters shape the play by their own actions and words. The play is not laboriously fitted to characters. The chief persons in this drama explain themselves. The concise, direct, everyday, almost vulgar, dialogue is singularly lifelike. Remember that the man and wife are living in a cheap Harlem flat. The husband is a clerk on $18 a week. Their days and nights are not spent in discussing the literary style of Walter Pater. The wife herself admits that she is fast becoming coarse and cheap.

Even her mother and sister, who might at first be regarded as unneces

[illegible] al[illegible] instrumen-[illegible] to commit [illegible] of their [illegible] finally takes a [illegible] in the [illegible] his co-[illegible] for the retired sea captain, always a hard, rough man, and now a president of a steamship company, he takes [illegible] because the action is the inevitable sequel of what has gone before. He could not do otherwise. The theft is logical, not merely for melodramatic purposes.

The first act is as though Asmodeus had removed the ceiling of this flat and allowed us to see and hear. The irritability of the husband, his brutality toward his wife, the scene in which he [illegible] his employer, are the more [illegible] the more intolerable to the [illegible] because it seems to him that he is in the room and an unwilling witness of miserable domestic life. And this first [illegible] is a masterpiece.

[illegible] that follow are not so firmly [illegible]. They have life, they have interest, but there is the suggestion of theatrical [illegible]ance, of working for effects [illegible]ned by purely melodramatic me[illegible]. There is often an honest attempt at realism, but this realism is [illegible] only literalism. Side by side with [illegible] attempt is the too evident endeavor to impress the audience by a [illegible] scene.

That the husband is a thoroughly [illegible] person, a vile cad from [illegible] of the curtain to the going [illegible] of the same does not matter. It [illegible] to say in a smug voice that husbands like Brooks do not exist, and if [illegible] do, they should not be put upon [illegible] stage. Any observer of life knows [illegible] are such men, husbands who tacitly allow their wives, if they do not actually encourage them, to assist them [illegible] their own gain or advancement; to [illegible] them in this unsavory Brooksian [illegible].

And why should they not be put on the stage, if only for the purpose of emphasizing the nobility of the women who often act as Emma did? The first thought of a man like Brooks when the penitentiary stared him in the face would be to send his wife to the man whom he had robbed. That he should afterward insist on knowing what actually happened in Capt. Williams' room is the final exhibition of egoism that would kill the love of any woman.

Mr. Walter's great scene has been anticipated. Poor, weak Claudio, dreading death, was willing that his sister should visit Angelo. Monna Vanna went to the foeman's at night, clad only in a cloak. Are there no Claudios, no Monna Vannas among flat-dwellers, or even in the apartments of "semi-fashionable" or fashionable hotels? It will be remembered that the husband of Monna Vanna was curious about what happened between the foeman and Monna Vanna—c[illegible]s, incredulous.

In Mr. Walter's play the thing that may well excite contradictory opinions is the purely psychological problem: Would a man of Williams's antecedents suddenly experience a change of heart? Would a man of Williams' antecedents as he puts it, because he could thus answer charges brought against him by the family of his thieving collector; and also because he had been impressed by the inherent goodness of Emma? Mr. Walter has treated this problem in a frankly melodramatic manner.

As it was acted last night, the scene was of engrossing interest, yet there was the conviction in the breast of the spectator that all would turn out for the best, and when Capt. Williams extolled the nobility of Emma after he had tested her, there was the old familiar tribute to goodness from the audience, the applause that punctuates in any melodrama, however commonplace, the triumph of morality, and commends the repentance of a sinner.

Nor has Mr. Walter strengthened his situation by introducing Smith with his threat of killing the captain in case little Emma, whom he has known and loved from childhood, cannot look him in the face and smile after she leaves the captain's room.

Mr. Walter has weakened an otherwise effective ending by putting into the mouth of Emma, before she farewells her husband forever, a long analysis of his character and a recapitulation of his various offences toward her. Here is straight preaching. Let Emma write it in a letter addressed from her mother's home after the final call of the curtain. On the stage it is mere talk after the true dramatic ending.

All in all, a strong and unusually interesting play that by its directness and its photography of life may not appeal to some. Its great popularity in other cities is now intelligible. For on the whole this play is an episode in daily life, unpleasant perhaps, but for the most part true.

The performance was one of more than ordinary excellence. Miss Dean was wholly admirable as Emma, in the general conception of the character, in matters of detail. She played with a sweet and womanly authority that was the more effective by reason of its simplicity and self-restraint. The other chief characters were well defined.

Perhaps Mr. Post was too high strung in his chief scene in the second act; perhaps he was too explosive and hysterical; but Brooks was not a restful person. Messrs. Johnson and Hatch were excellent. The latter's impersonation of the captain was consistent, forcible and strikingly picturesque.

The drama is well mounted, and with uncommon care for details.

ISADORA DUNCAN. *P.H*

She Dances in Symphony Hall to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

Miss Isadora Duncan danced yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall to music played by 65 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, led by Gustav Strube. She danced and "interpreted" the second, third and fourth movements of Beethoven's 7th symphony—the first movement was played by the orchestra as a prelude—mazurkas, preludes and a valse by Chopin, a "Musical Moment," by Schubert, and one or two other [illegible]. At the end she made a little speech, in which she spoke of her wish to rehabilitate the dance, to raise the terpsichorean muse to the side of the muse of music; she thanked the orchestra and hoped to be in Boston another season with her dancing children. The applause continued, and there were faint cries of "Blue Danube." "Do you really wish me to dance the 'Blue Danube'?" asked Miss Duncan coyly. "Yes, yes." Thoughtful Mr. Strube had the music of this waltz with him. On with the dance! And joy was unconfined.

There was an audience that packed the hall, and many, unable to see Miss Duncan, went away sorrowful. The orchestra in the course of the afternoon played Mendelssohn's overture to "Fingal's Cave" and the familiar andante from one of Tschaikowsky's string quartets.

Some have protested against the use of Beethoven's symphony for dancing. The word "sacrilege" has even been spoken. Why this objection? Miss Duncan quoted remarks of Wagner on her program, the sentences in which he described the seventh symphony as the apotheosis of the dance: "It is the dance in her highest aspect, as it were the loftiest deed of bodily motion incorporated in an ideal mould of tone." This quotation was perhaps illuminative, but it was not necessary. There was no need of a Wagner to tell us that this music is dance music in its highest form. It will be hard for many in the future to hear the symphony without associating the memory of Miss Duncan's postures and movements. The famous allegretto was never more beautiful, more solemnly impressive than it was yesterday. Imagine a dozen Miss Duncans interpreting it on a larger stage! Whether this allegretto portrays, as Ludwig Bischoff thought, "the tender melancholy of a lovelorn youth" is immaterial. The music may to another suggest a solemn dance about an altar; to still another there might be a classic funeral procession with mimes imitating the person and portraying the deeds of the dead man. It is enough to say that Miss Duncan's art was graceful, eloquent, beautiful. And so it was till the end, especially the final bacchanale, with exquisitely rhythmic movements.

The interpretations of the mazurkas by Chopin seemed less significant. That of the preludes and the valse had more character, yet greater pleasure was given by the charming picture exhibited to Schubert's music and by the ecstatic joy which symbolized the waltz by Strauss.

HOFFMANN QUARTET.

Second Concert Given with Richard Platt Assisting. *Tryon*

The second concert of the Hoffmann quartet, with Richard Platt assisting at the piano, was given to a good-sized audience last evening in Jacob Sleeper Hall. Beethoven was represented by the quartet in F minor. The modern part of the program was taken up with Arthur Foote's Theme with Variations for string quartet and with Dvorak's Piano Quintet in A. Beethoven's rather gray-colored quartet in F minor, which has scarcely any sparkle except at the close, was given a straightforward, passionless reading. What expression found voice seemed to come from the two subordinate players rather than from first violin or 'cello, though the bass instrument was outspoken enough at all times.

Mr. Foote's composition was listened to with interest both for its own sake and because it seemed to say something that everybody recognized as native. The theme, in part like a Norwegian folk song, in part like an ecclesiastical German melody, has many designs spun around it, as though it told of people from the old world working industriously and happily together in the new.

Mr. Platt well kept his place as a subordinate member of the quintet. During the conversation between the piano and the viola in the slow movement, the Dumka, there were heard the most expressive utterances of the evening. Mr. Platt was far readier for a change of mood than the players at his back. Indeed, the piano emphasized the temperamental reserve of the string players.

The audience was of a livelier complexion than is usually seen at quartet concerts, because of the presence of many young persons. It gave everybody pleasure to applaud Mr. Foote after the playing of his Theme with Variations. He twice gave those who were quick to look a chance to see him from his place in the audience.

'SAN TOY' AT JORDAN HALL

Boston Operatic Society Gives Performance of Musical Comedy. *K.L*

The Boston Operatic Society gave a performance of "San Toy," a musical comedy in two acts, by Edward Morton and Sydney Jones, last evening in Jordan Hall. The music was by the Odell orchestra, Herbert F. Odell conductor, and the cast was as follows:

San Toy	Miss Louise A. Wood
Poppy	Miss Margaret I. English
Dudley	Miss Yvonne Fortin
Fo Fan	Miss A. Bertha Cote
Capt. Bobby Preston	Harry M. Handy
Sir Bingo Preston	Louis E. McGowan
Yen How	George B. Bigelow
Li	Daniel E. Bowen
Lieut. Tucker	Walter T. Wingfield
The Emperor	Mial Chase
Fo Hop	John E. Thornton
Dancer	Alice Marion Stewart

DRAMA A

The story of "The Antelope," a new comedy with music, book adapted by Adrian Ross from the French, music by [illegible] Hon. [illegible] Felix, produced at the Waldorf, London, Nov. 28, is as follows: Bennett Barker is the owner of the Antelope Agency for insuring husbands against the elopement of their wives. He marries an elderly housebreaker and contractor to an Italian woman, Esperanza, and insures him for £200 against her elopement. The policy has only a month to run when she declares she will run away with Guy Daubeney, an artist. Barker, therefore, encourages flirtations between the painter and two of his models, who turn out to be the agent's own wife and the wife of Messenstein, a picture dealer. Daubeney flirts with them mildly, but he is in love with an artificial flower maker, to whom he is at last betrothed. "In fact it is the conventional French farce, with all that passes for fun in France taken out of it. * * * All the fun," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "is concentrated in the first hour or so, while for the rest of the evening we are treated to a series of excessively mild and excessively uninteresting flirtations." The music is highly praised for its "delicate fancy and skilful musicianship."

Mabel McKinley, soprano at the Orpheum this week, is said to be a niece of the late President.

Harry Lauder has left New York for a tour of the country. He will sing in about 20 cities.

Charles Frohman has secured in Berlin armor for 200 people and also certain scenic effects for the performance of "Jeanne d'Arc," with Maude Adams as the heroine, at Harvard University.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will soon say farewell to the stage. The Pall Mall Gazette says: "Biographers sometimes speaks loosely of 'Madge' Robertson and her brother Tom, the dramatist, playing together as children. Listen to what Mrs. Kendal herself says: 'My mother was married when she was 18, and my brother was born when she was 19; I was born when she was 48, and was her 22d child. So my brother was a grown man with a mustache when I knew him. I was brought up with his two children—little Tom and Madge, my own nephew and niece.' Madge, as a policeman, used to take Maude into custody on a charge of 'murder,' and hale her before Tom, the judge. The prisoner always pleaded 'guilty,' and was always let off on the plea, 'I am the daughter of the author of "Caste."'"

"The Pirates of Penzance" was revived at the Savoy, London, Nov. 30. The Times endeavored to solve a chronological problem. "Frederic, at the commencement of the action, reaches the age of 21 and becomes a full-blown pirate. The opera was produced at Paignton and New York in 1879 and at the Opera Comique in London in 1880. Therefore Frederic was born in 1858 or 1859. But we are told afterward that he was born on Feb. 29, and neither of those years is a leap year. He cannot have been born in 1860, or he would still remain a pirate apprentice; besides, we are told that, reckoning one birthday in every four years only, he would come of age in 1940. Therefore he was born in 1856. Therefore either Sir W. S. Gilbert wrote the book in 1877, which does not appear likely on account of its relation to 'Pinafore,' and forgot to point out the discrepancy, or the action must be supposed to take place in 1877." In the present performance "Mauser" has taken the place of "chassepot" and "Good King Edward" of "Queen Victoria"; but the Times asks: "Was it necessary to substitute 'Right oh!' for 'Very well'?" Rutland Barrington plays his original part, the sergeant of police.

At the Ristori commemoration in London Nov. 30 there was an "Apotheosis: Adelaide Ristori." This was the title of a dance arranged by Mme. Cavallazzi. A crepe-veiled bust of the actress was set in a scene which reminded the spectators of our old Italian palace with a glimpse of an Italian garden beyond. A child danced, and then appeared a troop of Greek robed girls bearing laurels. After their stately dance they wreathed the laurels on the pedestal of the bust. Miss Lilian Braithwaite came in bearing the golden trumpet of fame and Miss Genevieve Ward recited Louis Parker's ode:

The young ne'er knew, the old have half forgot,
The larger methods of that distant day,
When she was passion's mouthpiece and the sway
Of tragic terror, tragic art begot.
We saw and heard! Shall we remember not
The searching voice, the inspired eyes, the play
Of hands so swift to kindle or allay
The seething fires that in the heart wax hot:
All the great language of that splendid form:
Love, pity, peace—or overwhelming storm?

William Heinemann of London will publish at Christmas a book of letters which have been written by children to Miss Pauline Chase in her character of Peter Pan. The book will be entitled "Peter Pan's Post Bag."

Houston S. Chamberlain, who is reported as betrothed to Richard Wagner's daughter Eva, was born at Portsmouth, Eng., in 1855. His father was an admiral. He married a Prussian in 1878. He has been a wild-eyed Wagnerite for many years. He has written much, but perhaps his best known book about music is his life of Wagner.

The second of two plays based on the early life of Count Witte was produced at St. Petersburg Dec. 11. It is entitled "The Leader," and is by Prince Zumbatoff. The first play, "A Great Man," was performed privately.

Mme. Melba will take the part of Desdemona in Verdi's "Othello" while she is with Mr. Hammerstein. She told a New York reporter that she was tired of the demands made on singers in London by the great charity concerts. "I have sung in no fewer than seven this year. They insist upon having one, and you cannot escape." She will sail for London Jan. 18, and on the 29th of that month she will embark at Marseilles for Australia, where she expects to remain a year. With her are Miss Evie Doyle, a young Australian mezzo-soprano, who has studied in Paris and is now Mme. Melba's protegee, and Mrs. Kenyon Mason, her secretary, who was known here as Miss Louise Bennett.

Olga Nethersole will begin a tour at Washington, D. C., on Jan. 11. Her play, written by W. J. Hurlburt, will deal with "a vital subject of American present day life."

Three Paris theatre managers have made offers to Marie Dressler. She has about decided to accept one of them, and will probably go to Paris next week, when she will sing "A Great Big Girl Like Me" in French and other songs in English. She is drawing crowds to the Coliseum in London. Over 1000 people were turned away one night last week. So said the cablegram as it sizzled through the Atlantic.

As in New York, so in Paris. Mr. Messager, the colleague of Louis Broussan in the management of the Paris Opera, has ideas of his own and he wishes to be in full charge. Hence his resignation. It is now said that he will have his own way. So Mr. Gatti-Cazassa intends to have his own way. Mr. Hammerstein has been fortunate in being sole director of the Manhattan Opera House.

Miss Ivy Lillian Chase, who was pronounced by a jury of artists last spring to be the most beautiful living Englishwoman, appeared recently in the Queen's Hall as a concert singer. She, therefore, does not purpose to travel on her shape. What, pray are her measurements? We have those of Miss Odell and of Miss Beveridge.

The World published last Sunday a glowing description of Henry Bernstein, the author of "The Thief." He looks like a prince and he dresses like a prince. He lives with a retinue of servants, a valet, a chauffeur and a charming young secretary. There are soft-toned carpets into which the most roughshod visitor sinks. The fire is bright and it blazes in the grate, a rare sight in Paris. Mr. Bernstein has "luminous, dreamy eyes" and a "splendidly shaped head." He also had an American mother. "I never try to preach or to teach on the stage. And I consider it a low order of dramatic art that has always a moral or a lesson tacked on at the end. The highest order of plays simply presents life as it exists, with its questions as they exist."

Mimi Aguglia of the Sicilian company told a New York reporter that an American audience was a cold shower bath to her, for it would sometimes laugh when she was deeply pathetic, and be distressingly serious when it was the time to laugh. When Mme. Yvette Guilbert first visited Boston she aroused the most merriment when she was singing tragic songs. The audience knew she was a music hall singer, and it thought she must, therefore, be funny all the time. Although some in the front rows prided themselves on their French, they persisted in laughing when the songs were pathetic or grim.

In George Edwardes' new musical comedy to be produced at the Gaiety next month, the first scene opens in a huge department store, and the second represents the grounds of the Franco-British exhibition.

Friends of Mme. Nazimova say she is the despair of photographers because she has the power to change her looks so that she can become at will a small or a tall woman. There is a woman in Mr. Weber's burlesque at the Majestic who shrinks in the twinkling of an eye.

De Wolf Hopper hands down the unbiased opinion that comic opera and musical comedy have become vulgar. After he handed it down he remarked that he has a mother to whom he is devoted, and nothing should be produced on the stage that a man would hesitate to let his sister see. Mr. Hopper blames the public for the present condition of affairs.

Blanche Walsh, who studied singing for three years, will go to Europe next July to continue her vocal studies.

Dec 16 1908

BROWNING SOCIETY.

"Pippa Passes" and Asolo Discussed at Monthly Meeting.

The Boston Browning Society had a meeting yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, where the subject was again "Pippa Passes," and, incidentally, Asolo. After the usual opening of the meeting the following program was presented: A talk on the Asolo country by Arthur Pope of Harvard; a discussion of Hauptmann's drama, "And Pippa Dances," by Miss Helen A. Clarke; and "A Day in Asolo," a monologue for mezzo-soprano, the text adapted from "Pippa Passes," the music by John Beach, sung by Miss Una Fairweather, with the composer at the piano.

Mr. Pope's talk was based upon his own recollections of a recent visit to Asolo, and he was happy in transmitting to the audience something of his own impressions of the scene of Browning's drama. Miss Clarke gave an account of the story and significance of Hauptmann's play, and introduced a comparison of the two Pippas. The musical monologue by Mr. Beach was written for this society. It may be said in comment that the work is intended obviously for those who are familiar with "Pippa Passes," for the adapted text, necessarily brief as it is, gives but little idea of the drama itself. The music is agreeable, and it was especially interesting to hear another version of the song

[illegible] most famous by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's setting. Miss Fairweather's performance was sympathetic, and both singer and composer were applauded.

Dec 17, 1908

Boston Singing Club Gives Cesar Franck's Mass in A Major at Jordan Hall.

The Boston Singing Club, H. G. Tucker conductor, gave the first concert of its eighth season last night in Jordan Hall. The club was assisted by Miss Emma Buttrick Noyes, soprano; Miss Evelyn H. Parnell, soprano; Earl Cartwright, baritone; Stephen F. Pratt, bass; Miss Harriet Shaw, harpist; B. L. Whelpley, organist, and an orchestra. The program included Cesar Franck's Mass in A major for soprano, tenor and bass voices, with accompaniment of organ, harp, 'cello and double bass; H. Parker's "The Shepherd's Vision" and Nevin's "Quest," with orchestration; Kinderstand, by Horatio Parker. There was an audience of good size.

Franck's mass was written especially for the Church of Ste. Clotilde in Paris, where he first served as a chapel master and later as organist. The first performance was on April 2, 1861, but portions of the work were composed as early as 1859, and the present "Agnus Dei" was substituted some years later for the original one, which was destroyed. The now famous "Panis Angelicus" was inserted in 1872, when the mass was published.

As I have already stated, Franck's mass is for three voices. About four years ago some one unfortunately conceived the idea of editing and arranging this simple work. He added a fourth voice, the alto, but, as he said in a prefatory note, he did not in doing this attempt to interfere with Franck's harmony. He took this fourth voice from the organ part, as in the entrance of the chorus "Dona nobis pacem," or he doubled a part, or put in a chord interval that Franck had preferred not to give to the human voices. This edition was duly published. It seems incredible that this liberty was taken with music by Cesar Franck.

Mr. Tucker last night used this "edited and revised" edition, but he did not always follow it. He saw that in certain instances the effect wished by Franck was spoiled by this impertinently added voice and he let the composer have his say in his own manner, as in the beautiful close of the "Agnus Dei." Nevertheless, Mr. Tucker gave the tenor solos to the soprano, and this in the "Agnus Dei" worked injury, for here a tenor solo between that of the soprano and that of the bass is far more to the purpose.

The mass was sung some time ago in the service of one of Boston's churches. It was not easy to gain a fair impression of it last night, for the performance was unsatisfactory. In the allegro of the "Credo" there was an actual breakdown; but one slip is not enough to ruin a performance.

There was, however, an almost continual disregard of the composer's dynamic indications. Thus, where Franck wished a sustained pianissimo in the sentence beginning "Propter nostram salutem" the chorus made a long and delightfully incongruous crescendo. The performance as a whole was unintelligent.

The Mass itself is not to be reckoned among Franck's great works. The "Kyrie" and the "Agnus Dei" are beautiful. The other sections are for the most part commonplace. Franck's symphony and chamber works, music that is absolute and without verbal association or hint at a program are infinitely more spiritual and religious.

It was hardly worth while for the Boston Singing Club to add the Mass to its repertory. If the club thought it worth while, the Mass should have been performed with more accuracy and with a finer aesthetic spirit.

DRAMA A[illegible]

In the great scene in the third act of "Paid in Full," when the drama was first played in Montreal almost a year ago Emma locked the door of Capt. [illegible] room, threw the key on the floor and then defied him. Mr. Walter, the author, yielded to the wishes of the manager and cut this business out. This was the only change made in the play, it is said. Thus again it is shown that a playwright is sometimes wiser in his own generation than the manager [illegible] seeking to please the public.

[illegible] Caine sketched some time ago the [illegible] of a story for Beerbohm Tree's [illegible]. The latter exclaimed: "What a [illegible] romance that would make!" [illegible] separated and Mr. Tree was [illegible] in the thought that the play [illegible] ready for production in London [illegible] next year. A few days after their [illegible] Mr. Caine said to Mr. Tree: [illegible] by the way, that was a capital idea of [illegible] and I acted on it at once. [illegible] have disposed to publishers of the [illegible] and American rights in the [illegible] sum of £4,000. They insist, however, that the dramatic version shall not be produced until 18 months after the publication of the book. Your idea, my dear fellow, was a happy one."

At the concert tonight Raphael Dolling will sing the "Mad Scene" from Donnizetti's opera "Lucia De Lammermoor." This opera is the story of the bride of Lamoor, by Sir Walter Scott. It is the greatest vocal work ever written for the human voice.—Fredonia Herald.

The Chicago Tribune published last Sunday an article telling what certain actresses might have been if the stage had not called them. The sequel should be entitled: "What actresses may yet be."

A pianist, Mme. Ethel Leginska, wishes to institute a reform in the concert dress of her sisters in art. She thinks the present costume is not appropriate. Long skirts may easily embarrass a woman of temperament when she wishes to use the pedals. Low cut bodices glide down the shoulders during a performance and may hamper arms and hands. The very thought of an accident is disquieting. Corsets that fit snugly cramp the movements. Therefore Mme. Leginska has devised her own costume: A large and loose petticoat of a dark color that goes down to the ankles, and a bodice that resembles the blouse of a French workman. The collar of this bodice is open. The sleeves are long and they fit loosely.

"Tess," an opera founded on Thomas Hardy's novel, music by the Baron Frederic d'Erlanger, has been performed recently at Milan. The first performance was at the San Carlo, Naples, April 10, 1906, but the eruption of Vesuvius put an end to opera for a time. The verdict at Milan was not favorable; the libretto was characterized as uninteresting and the music was reproached for its lack of originality. Mr. Shenk, who conducted for Mr. Savage's grand opera company, has composed a "Tess," and there was talk a few years ago of its production. A play founded on Hardy's "Trumpet Major" was performed practically by amateurs last month in England.

The Morning Telegraph (New York) published yesterday this entertaining personal note: "Mme. Emma Eames, whose valuable sympathies bid fair to be wasted on the troubles of elephants, and Miss Geraldine Farrar, the complete letter writer, would spend their time more profitably to themselves and to the public if they would automobile down to the Manhattan Opera House and try to discover how Nellie Melba does it."

Also this paragraph equally personal and pleasant: "The real hit of the Hammerstein dinner at the Hotel Astor Sunday night was made by Marshall P. Wilder, when he did not respond to the toastmaster's call for a monologue."

Miss Marlowe, Mr. Sothern and their managers continue to deny that Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern will play together in a Shakespearian revival at the New Theatre, New York, and the report that they will play together is affirmed with equal industry and pertinacity. All of this helps business.

Rosalind Coghlan, the daughter of Rose Coghlan, has been engaged for a "Travelling Salesman" company.

In Paris fashion has decreed that huge hats should not be worn in theatres at matinees. The matinee fez that fits the head closely and is yet attractive is the thing. This reminds us of the ingenious expedient of Thomas B. Davis of the Queen's Theatre, London. One afternoon an elderly woman left the theatre rather than remove her little bonnet. She said that the removal would injure her health. Now Mr. Davis proclaims that elderly women do not matter since they seldom wear enormous hats and some concession should be made to age. In future ladies over 50 will be allowed to keep their hats on if the headgear is not preposterously large, but any woman who retains her hat will be understood to claim that she is at least 50 years old. "The pit's 'leave the poor old dear alone' should settle matters in future."

Mme. Melba will take the part of Desdemona in Verdi's "Othello" at the Manhattan Opera House Christmas night for the first time in America, it is said. Zenatello will be the Othello and Sammarco will impersonate Iago.

Alan Dale has seen Annette Kellermann. He is glad that she has no speaking part in the show. She "had no lines at all—only curves."

The new Maxine Elliott Theatre in West Thirty-ninth street, New York, will open on the 30th.

Some undoubtedly remember Miss Genevieve Ward, opera singer and play-actress, who in "Forget-Me-Not" used to arouse applause by her passionate delivery of the line: "The world owes me a living," although as a matter of fact the world owes a living to no one. She was once a pupil and friend of Adelaide Ristori. At the matinee in honor of Ristori in London, Nov. 30, Miss Ward appeared in the sleep-walking scene of "Macbeth," and she wore the garments that Ristori had worn and afterward given to her. Miss Ward was suffering from physical weakness, yet her performance, it is said, was indeed memorable. The Pall Mall Gazette, for instance, was moved to say that, in spite of this weakness, "she had given a performance which no one present is likely to forget, a most perfect, beautiful and profoundly impressive piece of acting. The slow walk, the eyes staring into nothingness, the groping of the hands, the wonderful wringing of them in the horror of the blood from which no water would clean them, and the very whispering, inaudible as it was, of the broken sentences which every schoolboy knows—all these made up a performance such as is seldom seen on our stage. We who saw Ristori in this scene saw her again yesterday. The vast majority of the audience, however, can have had no such memory, and their silence and strained attention was one of the finest things we have ever seen in a London theatre and a magnificent answer to those who tell us from time to time that Londoners don't want great drama or great acting. Miss Ward may well have been proud of it and of the cheers with which she was received when the scene was finished; and every lover of our stage who witnessed it may be proud of it, too."

Miss Ray Beveridge continues to be a patriotic and ideal American beauty, and apparently fears no foreign and imported rival. In a letter to chorus girls, she recently wrote: "American women reach as nearly to the standard of Greek perfection as our present foolish civilization will allow; and the mixture of races and the untrammelled open-air life of the children are the causes of their superiority. It is particularly in the children that she notices this superlative beauty, and she claims the American female passes through her most perfect state between the ages of 14 and 22."

But "the two most beautiful" young women in Chicago, Miss Layne Donaldson and Miss Thelma Orr, admired and rival art models, have joined the chorus of a musical comedy instead of going into vaudeville as living pictures. Inasmuch as Miss Donaldson now is seen as a bathing girl, and Miss Orr makes half a dozen changes, there will be a still better opportunity to judge of their respective natural gifts and acquirements. The Chicago Tribune informs us that Hugh Stuart Campbell declares Miss Donaldson's profile to be the finest example of pure Grecian lines to be found in America. Now we are waiting eagerly for the opinion of that well known critic, Eugene John Ferguson. And what does Samuel Bixby Montressor think, or has he not yet seen either one of the rivals?

The ninth concert of the present season at the New England Conservatory of Music will be given by the conservatory orchestra and advanced students, Mr. G. W. Chadwick conductor, on Friday evening. As the date nearly coincides with Beethoven's birthday, the program will include overture and adagio, "Prometheus" Miss Virginia Stickney, 'cellist; L. E. R. Smith, flute; Ralph L. Lick, clarinet, and George Vieira, bassoon); piano concerto in G major for piano (first movement), Miss Lillian Goulston, pianist; romanza for violin, Master Maurice Warner; symphony in E, No. 8.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give a performance of "The Messiah" next Sunday night and one on the following Monday night. The solo singers on Sunday night will be Mrs. Mihr-Hardy, Miss Griggs, Glen Hall and Frank Croxton; on Monday night, Mrs. Grace Williams, Miss Pearl Benedict, Messrs. Hall and Frederic Martin. Mrs. Mihr-Hardy has sung much in oratorio and has an excellent reputation. Mrs. Williams and Miss Griggs are well known in Boston, as is Mr. Martin. Mr. Hall returned recently from a long stay in Europe. In Leipsic he thoughtfully took lessons of Mrs. Arthur Nikisch, and she coached him to a point that incited Mr. Nikisch, her gallant spouse, to allow Mr. Hall to sing at concerts led by him. Mr. Hall sang in concerts in other European cities.

Dec 19, 1908

The American Stage.

"The American Stage of Today," published by Small, Maynard & Co. of Boston, is a volume of articles by Walter P. Eaton. The majority of these articles were contributed to the New York Sun when Mr. Eaton was the dramatic critic of that journal. Although Mr. Eaton says he has made changes and additions, the articles are nevertheless impressions of certain plays, and they will interest or not interest according to the mental condition of the reader and his attitude toward the stage. Mr. Eaton is undeniably honest and enthusiastic. He has proved his honesty, which on more than one occasion was aggressively paraded, for he showed the indignation of a Hebrew prophet when the particular show on the stage was really unworthy of discussion. Like Barbey d'Aurevilly when he was dramatic critic of the Nain Jaune, Mr. Eaton seems to enter the theatre with a chip on his shoulder. He defies the managers and all their dramas. "Bring them on! Do your worst! I am here! Ha! Ha!" After all, managers are human. They are not all desperate villains, nor were they in the days of Barbey d'Aurevilly, whose diatribes, also collected, furnish entertaining reading. Meanwhile the public likes a certain class of plays, and the managers provide them. It is not to be expected that the men and women of 1908, living in great cities, would be pleased by the greater number of the dramas that enthralled their fathers and mothers when they were young.

Mr. Eaton at times writes shrewdly and effectively. His effects are too often laboriously contrived, and on the other hand in endeavoring to be epigrammatic he is sometimes jaunty, or even flippant. He is so cock-sure of everything, that he disconcerts a timid reader, who wishes to know why he himself liked or disliked a play, who would fain have his opinions or suspicions confirmed. Yet there are sound judgments and pleasingly indirect analysis in this book. If Mr. Eaton would only take the drama less seriously! It is not the most important thing in the world. Nor should any one awake at night and toss over the question whether Mme. Nazimova or Mrs. Fiske is "greater" as Nora in the third act of "A Doll's House." Mr. Eaton strives after the picturesque. We are therefore not surprised to find the late Heinrich Ibsen characterized as a "whiskered prober of social sores." What could Mr. Eaton have said if Ibsen had used a safety razor or an old-fashioned hereditary tool?

DRAMA AND MUSI[C]

Another burlesque of "Faust," the one by H. G. Pelissier and Arthur Davenport, was produced by The Follies at the Apollo Theatre, London, early this month. The piece is described as of the rough and ready order and the players were more amusing than the book. Fairies in clouds discuss what the story will be. One of them suggests "Faust," and Mephistopheles makes his appearance. Faust is seen in his study, endeavoring to find a system that will break the bank at Monte Carlo. Mephistopheles lets off fireworks to prove his magic power. This fiend is very fa[illegible]. Marguerite is impatient to be wooed. Mephistopheles as a nurse wheeling a gollywogg in a toy perambulator sings "Since I Walked Out with a Soldier," and he appears at unexpected moments exclaiming "I'm here if I'm wanted and I'm the star!" From the description there must have been heavy fooling.

The Herald spoke recently of the performance of d'Erlanger's opera, "Tess," founded on Thomas Hardy's novel. The opera will be produced at Covent Garden next June. The composer says: "The adaptation has necessarily been free so as to give me the requisite scope for musical coloring and development. The Italian libretto by Illica is inspired by rather than absolutely based on, the novel, but all the principal characters have been retained." Baron d'Erlanger also says that the opera is melodious and built on the lines of the modern Italian school.

Miss Frances Aldes indignantly denies that she is betrothed to Mr. Gatti Casazza. "I said I was engaged by him, not to him." "The day on which I made my first appearance in 'Rigoletto' some of the critics in New York received an anonymous letter, containing the vilest and most unspeakable attack upon my character as a woman and artist. It was so terrible that no one has ventured to show it to me." Then how does she know that it was "vilest and most unspeakable." She is also vexed because some one said last summer that she is one of the Barrison sisters.

Hauptmann's dream poem and symbolistic drama "Hannele" was revived at the new German Theatre, New York, last Thursday night. It may be remembered that when this beautiful play was first performed in New York there was a howl of protest. We are slowly becoming civilized in our attitude toward modern plays, pictures and music.

George Arliss, with Blanche Bates and Hamilton Revelle, will give a one-act play, "My Aunt's Advice," next Monday afternoon in New York to raise funds for the Bide-a-Wee Home for Animals.

The Pall Mall Gazette thus comments on the proposition to form in this country a Playwrights' Trust which will demand a fixed tariff, no undercutting of prices, and a general protection of dramatists' interests. "The idea seems impracticable. How, for example, can there be fixed prices? Is the unknown author, Mr. Popkins, to be assured the same royalties as the well known Mr. Clyde Fitch, or the novice, Mr. Munsey, to expect the same consideration as the illustrious Mr. Kerker? That a dramatist should employ an agent to look after his interests is sensible enough, but an all-round level of royalties seems out of the question."

Edna Wallace Hopper may play a season or two in Australia.

This Mme. Courtenay "from the Opera Comique, Paris," who will have the prima donna part in the American production of "Havana," is an American. Her name is Courtney Thomas, and she comes from Missouri. She first sang at the Opera Comique in 1896, and she was there for several seasons as a useful light soprano. A few seasons ago she went with a section of the Opera Comique company to Berlin. James T. Powers, Lotta Faust and William Pruette will also be in the "Havana" company.

Wex Jones has published certain regulations that govern the prize competition for the best American opera, the competition instituted by Mr. Gatti-Casazza. "The composer must be a native citizen, but he may reside in Jersey. The opera must be 'grand' opera. That is to say there must be nothing light about it, even the characters being such as may fittingly be sung by 250-pounders. The score must be carefully arranged to bring on the most striking solos or duets at convenient times for late diners."

Mme. Chaminade sails home with $20,000 for her Chaminading in America.

The pantomime "Cinderella," which will be performed at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on Christmas eve, was produced at Manchester in 1899. It has since been played at Dublin, Edinburgh, Birmingham (twice), Liverpool, Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Leicester. It brought $120,000 into the theatre in a single one of its seasons, and has altogether been played to a gross sum of over $750,000. Phyllis Dare will be the Cinderella at the Adelphi. The two sisters will be played by good looking actresses, for there will not be any "red-nose humor" in this production. The scene in which Cinderella dresses for the ball will be called "The White Scene." When the godmother and fairies bring her laces and brocades, the scenic background of the garret will become one of lace and brocade. As they hand her jewels, an elaborately set tiara will flash from the scene. And then a crystal carriage illuminated with hundreds of electric lights will appear. One of Cinderella's sisters, by the way, will be a slangy young person, and the other a sort of tragedy queen. Are American children, young and old, too sophisticated to enjoy pantomime of the old-fashioned kind?

Meanwhile, Robert Arthur, who is to bring out a pantomime at the Kenning-

[illegible] Mme. [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] Cour[illegible] [illegible] by performing Sir [illegible] Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," [illegible] the Gervais Bullivant to [illegible]'s sonnet "To Milton," and [illegible] Walford Davies to Milton's "Ode [illegible]e."

[illegible] Pall Mall Gazette referring on [illegible] to the 117th anniversary of the [illegible] of Mozart characterized him as [illegible] most purely musical genius the [illegible] has yet seen.

[illegible] Modjeska, after a visit of [illegible] months, is again at her home in [illegible]ia. She will prepare her me[illegible] in Polish for her friends in Po[illegible]. "There are many things con[illegible] the Polish character which I [illegible] my American friends in [illegible] papers that are to be published [illegible] month or so, but now I must ex[illegible] American traits to my [illegible] of Poland, and they of [illegible] must be told in Polish."

[illegible] Miller has bought a yoke of [illegible] his farm near Stamford, Ct. [illegible] he a stone boat? He pur[illegible], after two more years on the [illegible] to retire and be a "gentleman [illegible]."

[illegible] Fox, Jr., will write a comic [illegible] libretto for his lately acquired [illegible] Scheff. Thus will he [illegible] their happiness. If the new [illegible] talk may not the librettist be [illegible], according to long estab[illegible]ssion?

[illegible] said that there are fully 10,000 ac[illegible] and actresses in New York at pres[illegible] are out of work. "There are [illegible] actresses idle than actors. Ninety [illegible] of the women born in the [illegible]try want to be actresses. They [illegible] all they have to do is to put on [illegible] and walk out on the stage [illegible] a few words; every chorus [illegible] she can take big parts, and [illegible] comes in the cheap manager, [illegible] with his trashy production has [illegible] the stage. Then there is the [illegible] machine. For 5 or 10 cents a [illegible] man can go to one of them and [illegible] the evening; he can dress as he [illegible]ses and in the dark, hold hands [illegible] his best girl. I know of one of [illegible] places that accommodate 4000 pa[illegible] seven days in the week, [illegible] there is no doubt but that it cuts [illegible] the legitimate business."

[illegible] business manager of the St. Louis [illegible] Society has written an article [illegible] praise of the society's conductor, Max [illegible], formerly of Boston.

[illegible] Poussin" ("The Chicken") pro[illegible] at the Odeon, Paris, should be [illegible] amusing play. "Le Poussin" is a [illegible] man who has just qualified for [illegible]. His first client is accused of [illegible] compromised a girl, but the case [illegible] like one of blackmail. "Le Pous[illegible] [illegible] does not wish him to [illegible]. She personally con[illegible] in every way. Thus she [illegible] up an electric alarm so she [illegible] when he gets home. Alas, he [illegible] home at 2 A. M. accompanied by [illegible] friend of the family. [illegible] is a scene, but an uncle from [illegible], who speaks vaguely of 18 or 20 [illegible] stands up for his nephew. He [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible] he has any character [illegible] The mother, however, obtains a [illegible]se from her son that he will marry [illegible], the girl of her choice. The [illegible] prefers Lucienne, but she agrees to [illegible] the [illegible] client now proposes [illegible] and has become a minister. [illegible] on a Jeanonioe marry and get [illegible], but mamma arrives and [illegible] fearful stories about late suppers [illegible] extravagance. Furthermore, [illegible] she had placed there [illegible] of an affectionate [illegible] between her son and Lucienne. [illegible] confides her fears to the [illegible] who contrives to manoeuvre [illegible] out of the house. "All this is [illegible] and amusing, but it is not [illegible] Odeonesque. This is not the [illegible] pabulum for 'a jeune fille'" [illegible] Antoine, the manager, says, if [illegible] will cross the Seine to listen [illegible] al and severe and to [illegible] drama, then they must be of[illegible] something else.

Dec 20 1908

[illegible]H CONCERT OF [illegible]YMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Lhevinne Plays Superbly a Dry Concerto by Rubinstein.

By PHILIP HALE.

[illegible] Boston Symphony orchestra, Mr. [illegible]er conductor, gave its ninth concert [illegible] night in Symphony Hall. The pro[illegible]n was as follows:

[illegible]y in B flat major (B. and H. [illegible] 1-)........................Haydn
[illegible] concerto (E flat major) for piano, [illegible]..............................Rubinstein
[illegible]weben," from "Siegfried".....Wagner
[illegible]ture to "The Flying Dutchman"..Wagner

[illegible]is concert gave pleasure to many, [illegible] neither the program nor the per[illegible]mance calls for extended discussion. [illegible] purely orchestral pieces were all [illegible]iliar, for though the symphony had [illegible] been played at these concerts for [illegible]eral years, in fact, since 1895, the [illegible]lc itself, as far as form and melody [illegible] concerned, has been known to zeal[illegible] players of piano pieces for four [illegible]ds. The performance of these pieces [illegible] fully up to the high standard of the [illegible]iestra and Mr Fiedler's reading was [illegible] and orthodox. Yet it is impossible [illegible] refrain from bearing testimony to the [illegible]ty and suavity which characterized [illegible] interpretation of the symphony.

[illegible] Fiedler is not one of those that [illegible]avor to modernize Haydn, that are [illegible] happy unless they play all sorts of [illegible]s with rhythm and introduce incon[illegible]ous and anachronistic effects, so as [illegible] make this frank, simple music more [illegible]table. It is true that we cannot [illegible] Haydn's music with the ears and [illegible] mental attitude of those who first [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] matters. We are [illegible] farther away from Haydn and his [illegible] before, and what becomes of [illegible] grace of his frank good hu[illegible]mor, of his direct appeal?

Rubinstein's fifth concerto was played for the first time at a Symphony concert. Mme. Schiller introduced the work in 1876 at one of Theodore Thomas' concerts in Music Hall. Either the great difficulties of a purely technical nature or the dryness of the music itself discouraged other pianists. Mr. d'Albert used to play the concerto occasionally, but he, like the Hebrew prophet who displeased Voltaire on account of his name, was capable of doing anything. Josef Lhevinne, who played here at a Symphony concert for the first time, is passionately fond of the fifth concerto. It is his favorite battle horse. With it he won the Rubinstein prize. He chose it when he played in this country for the first time. He goes about with it as though it were his mission in life to persuade all hearers that it is a thing of grandeur and beauty. There is something pathetic in this devotion.

It matters not who plays the fifth concerto; the work is long and it seems longer in the performance. As a whole it is dull and futile music. Here and there is a page that has a faint melodic charm; here and there are pages that excite curiosity for a moment. Much of the concerto is only wearisome. It bristles with difficulties, but this is no longer a recommendation. Rubinstein could probably have written a still more difficult concerto.

Mr. Lhevinne is a virtuoso of the first rank. His uncommon mechanical proficiency is indisputable. He has both power, which last night he did not abuse, and delicacy. He is master of many nuances, and the quality of tone is always charming or distinguished. Since he last played here in recitals he has gained in aesthetic breadth and dignity. Last night he was more than an admirable virtuoso in the restricted meaning of the word. He played that which is for the most part inherently unmusical most musically. By the clearness of his interpretation he showed the deformity of the concerto, so that by the excellence of the performance the concerto was "most intolerable and not to be endured." Furthermore, he accomplished this: the hearer was fascinated by the superb character of the performance and often clean forgot the music. He was conscious only of Mr. Lhevinne displaying with the utmost ease beautiful or impressive arrangements of tones.

PENSION FUND CONCERT.

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in aid of its pension fund will be on Sunday evening, Feb. 28. Dr. Ludwig Wuellner will then recite "The Witch's Song" to the accompaniment of Max Schillings' music, and probably sing a group of songs. The orchestral pieces will be Richard Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" and another piece to be announced later.

FINDS FAULT WITH MISS DUNCAN'S TALK

Dancer Destroyed a Pleasant Illusion by Her Speech, Says Philip Hale.

BY PHILIP HALE.

Miss Isadora Duncan at the end of her last attempt to revive Greek art in Symphony Hall made a speech to the audience. This speech was a mistake. Miss Duncan is not an easy or a graceful speaker; by her speech she destroyed a pleasant illusion; what she said was not true.

It is always a mistake for an actor, a dancer, an operatic singer to make a speech before the curtain unless the occasion be a farewell to the stage, or an acknowledgment of a testimonial of respect and affection. The actor should not suddenly rid himself of Hamlet's personality and appear as one Jones, or one Robinson. As long as the audience is in the playhouse let Hamlet remain Hamlet; let the admired comedian remain the dashing blade, the amusing fellow of the play. Even curtain calls are disturbing, although they may be acknowledged gravely, without undue bowing, without emotional pressing of the hand on the breast. By the way, when did the ridiculous custom of actors bowing to each other solemnly after a curtain call originate? The hero and heroine are applauded; they bow to the audience; then the hero bows to the woman star as though he were thankful for the privilege of being allowed to associate with her; she accepts the homage and bows to him. Too often there is the suspicion of irony on the part of the accomplished male, as though he were chafed by the thought of his being obliged thus to share honors with a "personality" who jumped on the stage without training, who has not mastered the rudiments of dramatic action.

How much more delightful it would now be to remember Miss Duncan by one of her Grecian dances, by Schubert's "Musical Moment" or by her glorious dancing of the Beautiful Blue Danube"! She chose to open her mouth, and she put her naked foot into it.

For Miss Duncan said in effect that music, as we now understand it, is an old, a venerable art; that the Muse of Music has long been worshipped in her temple; that dancing fell into neglect after the decay of Grecian art, and that the Muse of the Dance has been neglected, forgotten; that she fell into evil company; that it is now Miss Dun[illegible] [illegible] purpose [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her resplendent [illegible] temple with her sister. In other words there was no "interpretative" dancing since the days of the Greeks until Miss Isadore studied statuettes, bas reliefs, urns and vases, and revived the Grecian art.

In the first place, music, as we understand it, is a young art, incredibly young. Only in the 19th century did it show "an amazing rapidity of growth." As Mr. William Wallace has well said, "In the history of man music is the youngest of the arts, and what is known as 'classical music' is the work of men who are still, as far as time is concerned, our contemporaries. It can boast of no past like architecture, no ancestry like sculpture or painting." Mr. Wallace might have added, "like dancing." Does Miss Duncan, who is said to be a student of the dance, pretend to deny the genius of interpretative dancers of the 18th and the 19th centuries?

Early in the 18th century there was a dancer in London named Prince. He was an expressive dancer rather than a mere virtuoso. The Spectator said of him: "In all the dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the characters he represents. He does not hope to please by making his performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did; but by motions proper to the characters he represents."

The French, even as early as the end of the 16th century, knew and cultivated the "ballet d'action." They had pantomines illustrated by music and dancing. In a ballet invented by the Duchesse de Maine, two dancers took part who, although they never had acted before, "were so successful that they drew tears from their audience."

Then there was the famous Miss Salle, the idol of Paris and London. She insisted on appropriate costume. She would not wear a costume of her own period in a "Pygmalion" ballet. On one occasion she appeared, "without skirt, without a dress in her natural hair, and with no ornament on her head. She wore nothing in addition to her bodice and under-petticoat, but a single robe of muslin arranged in drapery, after the model of a Greek statue." In one ballet she performed a series of dances under the guidance of Pygmalion, the sculptor; in another she had to express abstract ideas. A correspondent wrote of her: "Do not expect that I can describe to you Ariadne like Pygmalion; its beauties are more noble and difficult to relate; the expressions and sentiments are those of the profoundest grief, despair and utter depression; in a word, all the great passions perfectly declaimed by means of dances, attitudes and gestures suggested by the position of a woman who is abandoned by the man she loves." Could Miss Duncan do more, even with bare feet and legs?

And were not Taglioni, Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, Fanny Elssler, expressive, interpretative dancers? Did they not express feelings, emotions, passions in their dancing?

Nor is it necessary to go back so far. This season a brilliant, entrancing dancer, Miss Genee, was seen in Boston. Unfortunately she appeared in a stupid, vulgar show called "The Soul Kiss," in which she had little or no opportunity to reveal her pantomimic art. She should have been seen here in "Coppelia" or in the little ballet produced this year in London, which she wished to bring out in Boston, but her managers preferred to save it for another season. Mr. Baughan, the music critic of the Daily News, London, wrote not long ago: "As a matter of fact, we have a dancer now in London who is a good example of the grace and beauty which old-fashioned methods are powerless to obscure. I refer to Mlle. Genee. That clever lady has more of the dancer's spirit than is possessed by Miss Isadora Duncan or any of the self-conscious resuscitators of the 'classical dance.' Bare feet and Grecian draperies do not make a dancer, and it is a strange proof of London's forgetfulness that the ethereal grace of Kate Vaughan and the expressiveness of Letty Lind should have been put on one side. These dancers made no pretence to an imitation of Greek ideals; they did not copy their poses from the representations of Grecian dancing girls on vases and urns; but all the same their dancing was informed with what must have been the spirit of Greek dancing, for it has been the spirit of all dancing since the world began—the expression of the joy or sadness of life through the rhythmical movements of the limbs. We may go farther and declare that any attempt to resuscitate Greek dancing must be artificial, for dancing with the Greeks was not an independent art, nor in its stage or public form has it ever been an independent art."

It is not necessary to compare Miss Genee and Miss Duncan, for there is no material for comparison. Miss Genee is a singlarly accomplished, well trained dancer. She would say honestly, and without malice, that Miss Duncan is not a dancer at all. Miss Duncan could not say justly that Miss Genee is not an interpreter.

Comparisons have been made, and they are foolish and futile. Miss Duncan, surely, furnishes much pleasure by her "interpretations" and "illustrations." It is not necessary to inquire whether, in her interpretation of Gluck's music, she really gave a true idea of the maiden Iphigenia and her woes. It is enough to say that in her way she is remarkable. But when she talks, when she deplores the sterile stretch of centuries between Greek dancing women and herself, it is better to forget all this and remember only her grace and expressiveness in certain arrangements of movements. Dr. Wuellner is a poor singer, yet he is an interpreter of extraordinary dramatic force and personal authority.

The Herald, reviewing recently a new encyclopaedia of music, noted the fact that this book described Dr. Wuellner as a tenor and said that his Tannhaeuser was famous. The Herald then asked where Dr. Wuellner had appeared in Tannhaeuser. The leading foreign encyclopaedias say nothing about incursions by Dr Wuellner into the operatic field, and they describe his voice as a bass. (See Hugo Riemann's "Musik Lexikon," Leipsic 1905, a work renowned for its comprehensiveness and accuracy.) Furthermore, we have all heard Dr. Wuellner in Boston and certainly his voice has the quality of a bass-baritone. Whenever he was obliged, at his two concerts in Jordan Hall, to take a tone that lay in the upper part of a tenor's voice of reasonable compass, he took it in queer falsetto.

But we are now told that Dr Wuellner considers himself to be a tenor. What maters it what he calls himself? If it pleases him to be characterized as a tenor, who would be churlish in argument, who would even smile a knowing, provoking smile? It is always better to agree with a composer, singer, fiddler, pianist, or player of any instrument, as to the precise quality and nature of his accomplishments, his art—at least when you are with him.

Dr. Wuellner does not charm us, enthrall us by his voice, but by his pronounced individuality, by the force of his interpretation, especially in intensely dramatic songs. Had he still less voice, were it still less agreeable, did he insist that his voice were in reality a soprano leggiero or a soprano sfogato, he would nevertheless be a remarkable interpreter.

Perhaps it is not enough to put aside vocal evidence and admit that Dr. Wuellner is a tenor, a tenor "more germanico." Perhaps he himself has a more precise characterization. Is he a tenore acuto, a tenore robusto, a tenore di grazia, or a tenore leggiero?

Furthermore, Dr. Wuellner admits that he has appeared on the operatic stage at Cologne and at Frankfort. The Sun (N. Y.) reports him as saying: "The only two roles I ever sang were Siegmund and Tannhaeuser. They interested me, and some of the other Wagnerian roles might have, and so would the part of Joseph in Mehul's opera of the same name. But it is not possible for a singer in an opera company to say that he will have this role and not that. He must take what in the repertoire lies within his line. So I determined to stick to my lieder and have the privilege of singing the songs that appealed to me and offered some interesting problem."

So Stokes' "Encyclopedia of Music" was correct in saying that Dr. Wuellner had appeared in "Tannhaeuser." The Herald did not say that he had not performed this feat, it wondered where he did it. Having heard Dr. Wuellner's voice, who would not wonder how he could have sung the music? His dramatic interpretation was no doubt a most interesting one.

There is talk, by the way, of engaging Dr. Wuellner for the second Pension Fund concert, at which he may recite "The Witches' Song," with Max Schillings' music, and sing a group of songs.

The Herald last Sunday, in a review of the Symphony concert of the night before, said that the second and third Nocturnes of Debussy were performed effectively. This was true, and yet it is easy to imagine a still more effective performance, effective by reason of the absence of "effects." The Herald then wished that the performance of the first Nocturne had been less formal. There was not sufficient vagueness; outlines were too sharply defined. There was too much formality, too much precision. In certain German pleasure gardens there are arrangements of sheet iron Alpine scenery, with rigid glacier streams and still more rigid clouds. The clouds of Debussy were on this occasion too metallic, too immovable. They were without vapor. The Herald referred to Baudelaire's prose poem, "The Stranger." This might serve as motto for the nocturne, and for a hint to performance.

"Enigmatical man, whom do you love best? Tell me? Your mother, your sister, or your brother?"

"I have neither father, mother, sister, nor brother."

"Your friends?"

"You now use a word which to this day has been meaningless to me."

"Your country?"

"I do not know under what latitude it lies."

"Beauty?"

"I would love her gladly, goddess and immortal."

"Well, what do you love, extraordinary stranger?"

"I love the clouds, the clouds that pass yonder, the marvellous clouds."

The Choral Club of the New England Conservatory sang Debussy's difficult music in the "Sirens" with fine quality of tone and, for the most part with praiseworthy accuracy. A false entrance was pardonable. The club sang perhaps with too excellent effect, for it was numerically too strong. Debussy's score cals for eight sopranos and eight mezzo-sopranos. The chorus was much stronger than this, so that in the ensemble these voices, which should have been as purely orchestral instruments, were too often as a chorus with accompaniment. Furthermore Symphony Hall is too large for the perfect enjoyment of such exquisite and delicate music. The second nocturne, the most obvious and direct of the three, stood the test of the hall the best.

How beautiful this music is! Yet, as it is impressionistic music, a performance of it should give only an impression. A too "effective" interpretation does injury to the music.

Concerts of the Week.

SUNDAY—Chickering Hall, 4 P. M. Second concert of the Lekeu Club. Piano trio in D minor by Arensky; piano quintet by Cesar Franck; Vreuls' "Poem," for viola and piano; piano pieces: Bach, Sarabande; Debussy, Pagodes; Chopin, Valse; Liszt, Harp-etude. George Copeland, Jr., piano; Frederick Mahn, first violin; Frank Currier, second violin; Alfred Gietzen, viola; Handasyd Cabot, violoncello.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. First concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, 94th season. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Chorus of 400. Full orchestra. Solo singers,

[illegible] Coullie, [illegible] H. G. [illegible]ker, organist.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Second performance of "The Messiah" by the [illegible] Haydn Society. Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Chorus of 400. Full orchestra. Solo singers: Miss Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Miss Pearl Benedict, contralto; Glen Hall, tenor; Frederic Martin, bass.

Potter Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of chamber music for wind instruments by the Longy Club, assisted by Mrs. Marie [illegible]s, soprano, and P. Fox, flute. H. W[illegible]t, suite for two flutes, clarinet, horn [illegible] (first time here); Bach, aria from [illegible] "According to Matthew," for soprano with flute obbligato (Andre Maquarre) and two English horns; J. Mouquet, Rhapsodie op. 26, English horn solo, accompaniment for [illegible], clarinet, horn, bassoon and string quintet (Messrs. Theodorowicz, Ribarsch, Gietzen, J. Keller, K. Keller); two songs from Wolf's "Tannhaeuser." Sjoegren; Corner, Ancient sacred lullaby (1649); J. Hure, pastoral for three flutes, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, horn, two bassoons, piano; Symphonietta, op. 12, for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons (first time).

TUESDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Hess-Schroeder quartet. Brahms, quartet, A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Max Schillings, Andante and Scherzo from quartet in E minor (first time here); Paul Juon, Trio Caprice for violin, violoncello, and piano, op. 39 (first time here). Ernest Schelling will be the pianist.

Franklin Union Hall. Concert by Music Department of the city of Boston. Orchestral pieces: Mozart, overture to "Don Giovanni"; Tschaikowsky, Andante from a string quartet; Bizet, Adagietto and Carillon from "L'Arlesienne"; Grieg, "Erotik"; Liszt, Second Hungarian Rhapsody. Mrs. Gertrude Holt will sing the Polonaise from "Mignon" and Henschel's "Spring." Carl W. Dodge will play pieces for 'cello by Saint-Saens and Popper. W. F. Dodge, conductor; Louis C. [illegible]sen, lecturer.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Tenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor. Wagner, prelude to "Parsifal"; Tschaikowsky, suite from the ballet "Nutcracker" (first time at these concerts); Beethoven, symphony No. 5, in C minor.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Tenth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Fiedler, conductor. Programme as on Thursday afternoon.

Symphony Concerts.

Owing to the fact that Christmas falls on Friday this year, the public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra will be given on next Thursday afternoon, instead of on Friday, the concert taking place as usual on Saturday evening. The feature of the program will be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony in C minor, which will be an anniversary performance. The symphony was performed for the first time at the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, on Dec. 22, 1808. One of the first performances of this symphony in Boston, if not the first, was at an academy concert on Nov. 27, 1841.

Of all the works on the program of the pension fund concert last Sunday night, the charming "Nutcracker" suite by Tschaikowsky seemed to please the most, and as it is essentially Christmas music, Mr. Fiedler has incorporated it into this, his Christmas program. The music was written for a ballet grounded on Hoffmann's story of the "Nutcracker and the Mouse King," in which all the figures and animals that are hung on the Christmas tree at midnight come to life. There are nine parts to the suite: (1) Ouverture Miniature, (2) Marche, (3) Danse de la Fee-Dragee, (4) Danse Russe, Trepack, (5) Danse Arabe, (6) Danse Chinoise, (7) Danse des Mirlitons, (8) Valse des Fleurs.

Personal.

An international theatrical exhibition will be held at Milan in 1913 in commemoration of the first centenary of the birth of Giuseppe Verdi. The exhibition has been planned on the initiative of the Society "Esposizione Industriale Permanente" of Milan, and [illegible] to receive the assistance of the Italian government. It will be divided into three main sections—(a) the theatre, which will include reproductions of ancient, mediaeval and modern buildings, scenery, fashions, representations of mysteries, tournaments, etc.; (b) music, embracing all manner of instruments; (c) artists and theatrical literature, under which will be included everything appertaining to actors and their work. The committee hopes to make the exhibition additionally attractive by the abandonment of the old system of exhibits in show cases in favor of presenting all the exhibited articles in their proper surroundings, so that the visitor will be able to gather the [illegible] in which each article fulfils in [illegible] to the purpose for which it is intended."

[illegible] Minneapolis Journal was deeply [illegible] by the last movement of Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony: "There has been no such death music as [illegible] Michael Angelo would have understood it. Dante would have wept over it. The atmosphere of grief, [illegible]mable, eternal, hovers like a [illegible]k-winged angel. It is a page torn from Ecclesiastes! It is the cosmos in crepe."

Walter Damrosch remarked lately that a [illegible] to be happy, must have music of [illegible]. The Chicago Tribune, commenting editorially on this statement, says: "A [illegible]n of four ribs of beef, [illegible] and fresh from the oven, [illegible] goes as far toward creating a [illegible] in the family as would a [illegible]n of Beethoven. If faced by the alternative of having the beef [illegible]ably executed or Beethoven eliminated, it is much to be feared that the major portion of American life would dismiss Beethoven, reluctantly, probably, but firmly. * * * There are many [illegible] Philistines among [illegible]—altogether too many. One such whose con[illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] duty [illegible] affairs [illegible] to [illegible] the higher [illegible]

[illegible] that his ambition is to [illegible] himself violently from his seat [illegible] the most thrilling moment of some higher life performance and into the centre of the awed assemblage of higher [illegible]rs where he wishes to shriek, 'O, Shucks!' Thereupon he wishes to depart rapidly, pursued hotly by all the outraged seekers of ideals and to enjoy the sensations of a narrow escape from death. So long as this spirit animates many of our citizens there is occasion for Mr. Damrosch's rebuke."

Mme. Luisa Ardizzoni-Tosi of Boston has been engaged as leading lyric soprano of the Lambardi Opera company, which will begin its American tour in Los Angeles on Christmas night with a performance of "La Boheme." Mme. Tosi will then make her debut in the part of Mimi. The Lambardi company, which first introduced Mme. Tetrazzini to the American public, will make a tour in the West and middle West.

The Daily Telegraph, London, says that Mischa Elman hopes to net the sum of $250,000 by his American and Australian tours. Mr. Elman will fiddle here with the Boston Symphony orchestra at the concerts of Jan. 1-2.

They liked Mme. Yaw's singing in Dallas, Tex. I quote from the News of that city: "The mad scene from 'Lucia di Lammermoor' was given with that brilliance which has won the recognition of all music critics. The obbligato from the flute gave occasion for continual rivalry between voice and instrument in timbre and sustenation triplets, arpeggios, chromatic trills found easy expression in the flexible tones. Caro Nome of 'Rigoletto' gave opportunity for the lighter and more frivolous vocalization. With a poetic instinct the singer emphasized the musical elision that gave the carolling quality to the love barcarolle. She retired from the footlights with the carolling trills re-echoing in the stage wings, to be capped with the climactic note that was perilously near the G in altissima, to which she is famed for soaring."

The critic of the Omaha Bee has his troubles. He went to a concert "which made him do a lot of serious thinking." (Yes, it was a good thing that he went.) A man played. His program was a big one. It must have cost him many hours of hard, hard work and nights of study, alternating with days of practice. The preparing of that one program gave full proof that energy had been expended, energy without stint or pause. And yet what was the matter? It was only to plain that people were not moved; that is, mentally. Some of the leading musicians were moved to leave the building, and some showed their disapproval by leaving in the middle of a number. What was the matter? The Bee music man, as he is called at the office, never had a harder task than writing the truth of that particular concert. He hated to do it. It is always more pleasant to give words of encouragement than to receive abuse for telling the truth. But the critic must be an impartial judge. Ofttimes his sympathies are entirely with the person criticised."

New Songs.

The Herald recently gave the names of new songs with English words that have been sung recently in London and attracted critical notice. Others to be added are as follows:

Henry Oswald's "Ofelia" and songs by George Boyle, especially "The Elves' Ride."

The "House of Life" cycle by R. Vaughan Williams. "Silent Noon" and "Heart's Haven" are characterized as "inspirations."

Hamilton Harty's "Six Songs of Ireland." The Referee says: "They combine Irish musical idiom with modern expression in a singularly successful manner, and place the composer in the first rank of song writers. Each is so good that it seems invidious to particularize, but the touch of mysticism in 'Dreaming' is most fascinating. 'A Lullaby' and 'Flame in the Skies at Sunset' are full of subtlety, and the genuine sentiment in 'Grace for Light' particularly appealed to the audience."

J. B. McEwen's "The Wood's Aglow," Balfour Gardiner's "Roadways" also pleased.

Miss Maude Valerie White's "Lead, Kindly Light" has been sung with success by Mme. Clara Butt. "An organ obbligato gave realistic expression to the 'crag and torrent' and the 'angel faces.'"

A quartet, "The Birth of the Flowers," with prominent contralto solos, was specially written by Miss Liza Lehmann for Mme. Butt's concert. "Among all this atmosphere of false sentiment and bad taste, Mr. Kennerley Rumford still keeps the courage of his convictions." That is to say, Mme. Butt's husband sang songs by Schumann and Brahms.

Sir C. V. Stanford has four new songs with text by Tennyson. "Lazarus" and "Dainty Little Maiden" made the most effect Nov. 17 in London. The Glasgow Herald says that these songs are without charm of melody, without inspiration. The Pall Mall Gazette says "The Silence" is "really beautiful." This is the "Lazarus" song.

A serenade by Cyril Scott is praised.

Herbert Hughes has arranged a set of three Irish folk-songs. "Reynardine" and "Down by the Sally Gardens" are commended.

Songs by Percy Elliott were sung at his concert. "Love and Song" and "The Song of the Seashell" pleased.

The Pall Mall Gazette, speaking of a recent concert in London, said: "There have been a few new English songs brought forward lately; but as the form, to any one but a Schubert, is in some ways the most difficult of all in which to write successfully, one need not expect many to bear the stamp of genius. Even with this reservation, the examples of Roger Quilter, J. Gerrard Williamson, Agnes Lambert and Raymond Loughborough sung last night scarcely rose to the height of good workmanship, except in the case of the first-named composer, who has always a graceful style. His method, however, is for this very reason the more disappointing, one feels that he ou[illegible] with [illegible] excellence of technique, to give one something of greater value, something to stir the emotions and really express the heart in the words chosen. In this respect Mr. Quilter's best song was the setting of the anonymous (Elizabethan) "Fair House of Joy." "O, like a queen's her stately tread" of Agnes Lambert had merit, although the song was in style little different from the ordinary ballad, but the composer was the more successful for not getting out of her depth—there was, at any rate, nothing pretentious in the music."

Coming Concerts.

Josef Lhevinne, at his piano recital in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon, the 28th, will play Busoni's transcription of Bach's Chaconne, Godowski's arrangements of pieces by Corelli, Loeilly, Rameau, Liszt's sonata in B minor and pieces by Chopin, d'Albert, Liadoff, Tausig.

Stephen Townsend, baritone, assisted by Miss Laura Hawkins and an orchestra, will give a concert on Jan. 15. The program will include Chadwick's "Lochinvar," Converse's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," Foote's "Persian" song, Perilhou's Fantasia for piano and orchestra, and other numbers.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch will give a recital in Jordan Hall Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 6.

Dr. Ludwig Wuellner will give recitals in Jordan Hall on the afternoons of Jan. 28 and Jan. 30.

Heinrich Gebhard will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall, on the afternoon of Jan. 18.

Miss Germaine Schnitzer will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall on the afternoon of Jan. 20.

The Flonzaley Quartet will begin the season here in Chickering Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 7. Season tickets for the three concerts are now on sale at Symphony Hall.

The program of Miss Mary Wood Chase's piano recital in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon, Jan. 11, will include Mozart's variations in A; Brahm's variations on theme of Handel, Strauss-Schuett's "Blue Danube Waltzes" and other pieces.

Works Old and New.

A new symphony by von Ahn Carse was performed in London Nov. 19. The Times said: "The present work is scarcely his best. Mr. Carse is not afraid to write melodiously, but his thematic material is not always sufficiently distinctive, and he has a tendency to bridge over weak places with noisy effects on the brass and percussion instruments. The best movement was the second, a bright and sparkling scherzo."

Apropos of Miss Duncan dancing to Beethoven's 7th Symphony, Daniel Frohman has a program that is thus described by the Evening Sun, New York: "In the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, program of Monday, July 6, 1835, as an after piece to the opera of 'Fidelio,' in which New York's friend, Mme. Malibran, sang, there was announced and given in London 'a new mimic divertisement with scenery, dresses and decorations arranged for the occasion, in which an attempt has been made to dramatize the whole of Beethoven's "Pastorale Symphony."'

"This cast was in the bill:

Lubin .... Miss Ryals
Old Woodcutter (Annette's father) W. H. Payne
The Baron .... F. Sutton
Annette .... Miss Thomison
The Baroness .... Mrs. Payne
Peasants, by the whole of the corps de ballet.

"These two features not being considered enough for an evening's entertainment, the performance concluded with a melodrama entitled 'The Forest of Blondy,' the piece that used to form a feature in the repertoire of our own Bowery Theatre.

"It was also stated that 'the free list was entirely suspended.'"

John Powell, an American pianist, played a new and "characteristically American suite" in London recently. The suite "At the Fair" includes these movements: "The Merry-Go-Round," "The Hoochee-Coochee Dance," "The Circassian Beauty," "The Snake Charmer," "The Clowns" and "The Banjo Players." Why should these movements be "characteristically" American?

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

The Herald has been quoted as saying that Eugene Walter's "Paid in Full," now playing at the Colonial Theatre, is "a masterpiece." It has never said anything of the kind. It said last Tuesday morning that the first act of this drama is a masterpiece, and it gave reasons for this opinion. It did not characterize in like manner the play as a whole, for the other acts fall below the first in structure and in the use of purely theatrical and conventional means to shape the story and to sustain interest. It may also be justly said that the last three acts are effective and engrossing, and, while the spectator is in the theatre, plausible.

* * *

The Herald last Tuesday morning said that Smith's speech to Capt. Williams in the second act, when he threatens in a humorous and colloquial manner to shoot the captain if Emma cannot look him (Smith) in the face and smile after she leaves the captain's room, does not strengthen the situation. The captain had been threatened many times before in his days as a sealer. Williams had killed his men, not man; killed them as Emma would kill a mosquito before it had time to bite. He would not have been "decent" toward Emma merely because he was afraid of a pistol shot. As a matter of fact, he had written the letter that freed the cad of a husband before Smith had called. It has been suggested that this threat might have assured Williams of Smith's love for her; but this violent assurance was not necessary. No, the whole episode of the threat, with its talk about "heeled," and "a sore foot," and "pegs," and "stubbed your toe," is not only unnecessary, it is the most ordinary melodrama.

This episode and the final speech of Emma as she is leaving her husband forever might well be cut out. Smith's speech—how he had known little Emma since she wore short dresses, etc.—is what Artemus Ward used to characterize as real pretty shopkeeping talk. Emma's speech is after the last dramatic stroke. When she moves toward the door the play is over. She is then through with her husband. The spectator picks up his overcoat and umbrella. Why this long summing up of Joseph's despicable character? He has revealed his character in the course of the play. On the opening night the audience, which had been deeply interested up to the time of Emma's significant walk toward the door, was restless the moment she began to deliver her harangue.

* * *

And the two women, the mother and the younger sister of Emma, are they both unreal and unnecessary? The part of the sister is poorly played, but is the type unknown? I do not agree with those who say that the two are caricatures, that they belong to farce comedy. The types are familiar to all those who have lived long in boarding houses. They are not sharply defined by the actresses in this performance; but their presence in the play is helpful. They irritate the husband by their taunts and sneers. They have something to do with Capt. Williams' intention to heed Emma's piteous appeal. Does he not expressly say that he will show them he is not the man they say he is, that he will surprise them? Nor is the dialogue of these women inherently unreal except to those who have associated only with our "best people" and are blind and deaf to their foibles and foolishness.

There are cheerful persons who say glibly that the character of the husband is impossible; that there never was such a cad. Physicians, lawyers, clergymen, any close observer of daily life, any recipient of confessions, would smile sadly at the assertion. There are wives in flats nearer than Harlem who might be able to bear testimony. It is said that the character of Joseph Brooks was drawn from life. I have been told the name of the man whose character and actions suggested the play. No doubt an injustice has been done him, for in all probability Joseph is as a composite photograph.

That we all thus discuss the characters in Mr. Walters' play is the highest tribute to his realistic portraiture. His men and women are now well known to us. Perhaps Joseph and Emma were at the Colonial last night. We have all met Smith, and we forgive him his unnecessarily melodramatic account of his parents and his baby years. Here, too, is a speech that really has nothing to do with the development of the drama. And why should Emma for the first time understand Smith after he has told her he is a natural son, and thus casts reproach on his mother, whom he does not remember? Emma is natural and lovable, most lovable in the little flat, especially for the spectator, who is not obliged to share her drudgery; who examines this humble routine as he would watch ants on and about their hill. Then there is Captain Williams? Is he only a creature of the dramatist, called into life only for the "strong scene," in the third act? Emma was the first "lady" that had been in his rooms either by day or by night. His visitors had been "women." The captain had a hard name. Would he suddenly be merciful and decent, especially to the desirable wife of a man who had robbed him, the wife of a cad whom, he knew, she could not respect? Here is the psychological problem that serves for a physiological scene. Who can tell whether the captain's action is natural or only for melodrama? Even Casanova had moments when he was decent, and he plumed himself on his respectable behaviour.

* * *

Mr. Walter has lived and not merely dreamed or invented. From his youth he has been adventurous. He has seen many cities and many men. He knows the West, the middle West, New York. As a boy he was famous in his town for the wild stories he told his playmates, who gaped with wonder and

... incredulous. He has been ... man, a soldier, in business, ... agent, and in other ways h... many opportunities to study ...ture and to lose illusions. His ...James" was performed here ...ven years ago. His "Flag Sta-... one-act "shocker," was brought ... Arnold Daly, but Mr. Walter's ...as not given as the author of .... Then there was "The Under-...

...aid in Full" was written at South-... L. I., in the summer of 1907. It ...s performed for the first time at ...ntreal, Dec. 23 of last year. Then ...re was barn-storming; there was talk ...taking the play off the stage. A ...w York dramatic critic saw a per-...ance in Albany. He begged the ...rs to take the play to New York. ...ess in that city, in Philadelphia, ...oad, performed by different com-... is now a matter of theatrical

* * *

... object to "Paid in Full" because ...pleasant," because the "hero" is ... They do not wish to know such ...nd they call for an ounce of ...ey prefer the romantic, the un-...y wish to leave the playhouse ... memory of a handsome young ...ncing about with a sword, ... noble dame, and appearing ...ll set of decorations and a ...y speech just before the final ... curtain. "Me sword's me ... life's me King's, but me af-...e me own." Hearing this

...y applaud madly and urge Mr. and ...s. Brown, Jones and Robinson to see ... play. They ...ould not be interested ...he true life ... Mr. and Mrs. Brown, ...es and Robinson depicted relentlessly ... the same stage. These neighbors ...d then seem to them purely ficti-...s, impossible characters. The very ...ges in "Paid in Full" that may ...se the genteel are the only ones in ...h Mr. Walter, consciously or un-...ciously, has sacrificed on the popu-... altar of conventionality.

* * *

...hether Mr. Blivens likes or dislikes ...id in Fu"" he must bear witness to ... general excellence of the perform-.... There are some who would have ... Dean more "emotional" in the cap-...'s room. By this they mean that ... would like to see her features con-...ed, to hear her voice raised to the ...ming pitch, to watch her arms ...ng a semaphore when danger is ...ent. A letting down of back hair ...ld also carry conviction to their ...e breasts. Now, Miss Dean, admir-... in all respects in her impersonation ...he part, is never so admirable as in ... very scene with Williams. Emma ... a plain, simple soul. She likes money ... what it brings, comfort, dress. She ...shes becoming dress, because she is a ...man; because she will appear better ... the eyes of her family, her husband; ...coming dress increases her own self-...pect. But this sweet flower of a vul-...r family does not complain when she ... shabby in the love-destroying inti-...acy of a little flat, when she is both-...d by inconveniences, debts, and ...eved by a nagging, selfish, contempti-... husband. She sacrifices herself for ...e of the brute, nor does she admit ...at, through force of circumstances, ...e feels herself becoming cheap and ...mmon in her person, thoughts and ...ays of life until she is goaded to con-...ssion by her husband. Emma was not ...eordained a heroine of melodrama. ...e was not born with the stage strut; ... when Smith knew her in short skirts ...d she the melodramatic voice. Miss ...an's self-restraint in the captain's ...om is admirable, because it is true to ...ture. Emma is not a high-strung ...oman. If she were, she would have ...t her husband and there would be no ...ama. Her love is killed, her heart is ...oken when her husband sends her to ...illiams' room. She has hardly voice ...ough to make known her errand. Un-...rtunately, the melodramatic situation ...as some to infer that the "heroine" ...ould "act" like a "heroine." For-...nately, Miss Dean does not "act." ...e is simply Emma.

* * *

...ere is no use in quarrelling with ... that demand a "pleasant" play ... a happy ending. This cry for a ... ending has ruined many a work .... There are memorable instances ...is, as when Dickens botched his ...t Expectations" by suddenly ...ing the character of the extraor-..., fascinating young woman and ...g her to marriage, for which state ...as eminently unfit. "The Honor ... Family" would have been a more ...ive play if the original French

drama had been followed, if Philippe had been killed, but an American audience could not bear the thought of Mr. Skinner's death, and, if he had fallen by the hand of the Corsican, the box office would have suffered.

When St. John Hankin produced plays in London three seasons ago fault was found because he had not given to them a happy ending. He published the plays in one volume, and replied in the preface to the objection: "All 'endings' are purely arbitrary, and my 'endings' are no more arbitrary than any one else's. There is a sense, of course, in which nothing in life ever 'ends'—just as there is a sense in which nothing in life ever begins. * * * We began ages before our individual birth, and shall continue ages after our individual death. We exist forever in our causes and our results. But for practical purposes we find it convenient to assume that things do begin and do end at some particular period, and so divide our lives more or less arbitrarily into a series of episodes, of which we say 'This one began here,' and 'That one ended there.' That is what I do with my plays."

For years the English novelists have assumed that the marriage of hero and heroine should end their stories. For years the French novelists have assumed that marriage is only the beginning of a dramatic story.

* * *

But why is the ending of "Paid in Full" unhappy? It would be if Emma had forgiven Brooks, and said: "I love you. Now let us begin our life again." This ending would indeed be tragic, horrible. Emma could not have done this, because she was Emma. The true development of her character on the stage could lead only to this farewell. Whether she at last obtains a divorce and marries Smith, or is paid for type-writing or some charitable work has nothing to do with the drama. What becomes of Brooks is immaterial. Nor can any play in which a lovable and noble woman suffers and triumphs be justly called unpleasant. Mr. Walter is far from being a preacher. In "Paid in Full" he goes into the pulpit only once —at the end of the piece—and he then makes a mess of it—but it is a good thing to see a good woman so strongly portrayed.

* * *

It may here be added that all the stage business, which is unusually effective, is of Mr. Walker's own invention. It may also be said that in this business his intentions were realized by the comedians. Seldom is there such intimacy established between the characters in a drama and the spectator as in the first act of "Paid in Full," in the beginning of the third act and in that of the fourth. The spectator in these scenes is a close observer of a domestic tragedy; he is crowded in the Harlem flat; he sits in the captain's room and waits for Emma; he shares the cowardly anxiety of Brooks in the final scene, where the hands of the clock are set back in defiance of theatrical tradition. And some of the most striking effects are matters of pure stage business, pantomime or repose, that arouse expectancy and charge the air with bodement.

* * *

The seal of approbation has been stamped on the brow of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who in private life is Mrs. Arthur Bouchier. She had occasion recently to open a bazaar at Edinburgh. Lord Dunedin introduced her. "In these latter years," said the noble lord, "we had had it demonstrated to us again and again that it was possible for a lady to go on the stage and remain a lady, and more than that, to be conspicuous, if she wished, for all the domestic virtues." Thus is the stage graciously patronized by the nobility. It is necessary for the British aristocracy to take this view, inasmuch as many members of it are wedding gifted chorus girls. Lord Dunedin's remarks remind me of George Moore's line published in his "Confessions of a Young Man," when the author was reckless and not deeply concerned with the establishment of a national Irish drama: "Mrs. Kendal nurses children all day and strives to play Rosalind at night."

Mme. Fred de Gresac, otherwise known as Mme. Victor Maurel, declared in St. Louis a few days ago that "great women artists" can have no place in their hearts for husbands or a domestic life. This opinion should be pondered, for we are assured that Mme. de Gresac has an "intellectual forehead." In other words she is a "highbrow." "There can be no real art without sorrow" "and there was an almost plaintive look in her eyes." Therefore the heroine in Mme. de Gresac's drama, "Cora," in which Bertha Kalloh appeared recently, is an artist's model.

PHILIP HALE.

Dec 22 1908

ORCHESTRA WORK IN "MESSIAH" FEATURE

Playing of Pastoral Symphony by Handel and Haydn Society Enjoyed.

"The Messiah" was sung by the Handel and Haydn Society last night in Symphony Hall under the conductorship of Emil Mollenhauer. The principals were: Soprano, Mrs. Caroline Mihr-Hardy; alto, Miss Adelaide Griggs; tenor, Glenn Hall; bass, Frank Croxton. H. G. Tucker was at the organ. Jiezzy

Handel's wish that "The Messiah" might not only entertain those who hear it, but "make them better," appeared to be realized once more on this occasion. Not more than a dozen seats in the entire building were unoccupied, but despite the generous proportions of the audience there was a marked absence of that air of mere enjoyment-seeking which usually characterizes a large gathering.

This is not to imply that enjoyment was absent. If appearances are not wholly deceptive the rendering of the oratorio gave much pleasure; but the pleasure was devotional rather than aesthetic. Attention may have wandered now and then, but at the favorite airs and recitatives, and especially during the playing of the Pastoral Symphony, the attitude of the audience was one of reverence. Even the applause had a subdued Sabbatical note.

Oratorios Well Rendered.

Save for slight inequality in the singing of the principals, and a tendency on the part of the soprano section of the chorus to get out of hand now and then, the rendering of the oratorio was eminently satisfactory. Mrs. Mihr-Hardy was excellent in some passages, notably in the "Rejoice Greatly" air, but was hardly equal to her final number, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." She lacked the triumphant note which that air demands in its opening passages, and failed somewhat in the pathos of its close.

On the other hand, the singing of Miss Griggs improved steadily through the oratorio. Her first air could hardly have been heard at the end of the hall, but in her subsequent numbers she put more volume into her singing. Her voice is exceedingly mellow and is managed with admirable skill.

Of the male principals much the same may be said. Mr. Hall rendered his opening recitative most enjoyably, and was not less successful with the recitative and air of the second part, but his "He that dwelleth" and "Thou shalt break them" were somewhat slurred and in other respects marred by mannerisms. Mr. Croxton, too, after an admirable rendering of "For behold darkness," became jerky in "Why do the nations" and displayed for the "pe-pl" a startling lack of disrespect.

Excellent Work by Chorus.

Perhaps the most excellent work of the chorus was in the rendering of "For unto us a child is born." The undulations of that chorus were portrayed in a finished manner and the voices were most happily blended. The "Hallelujah" chorus was sung with that breadth and mass which it demands.

Yet it may be that the most enjoyable episode of the evening was the playing of the Pastoral Symphony. The orchestra brought to that pensive symphony just that perfect unison, that plaintive softness and tenderness which make it stand apart in religious music. On a broad veiw, then, last night's rendering of "The Messiah" could hardly fail to give satisfaction to that numerous class who still enjoy Handel's work for the expression it gives to the less complex side of devotional feeling. A new age may have a new theology, and may read into the words of "The Messiah" quite a different creed from that held by the composer, but there are no signs as yet that the music is outworn as the voice of the religious feelings of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Tonight the oratorio will be repeated in the same hall, Mr. Hall remaining as tenor, but with Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams as soprano, Miss Pearl Benedict as alto, and Mr. Frederic Martin as bass.

LEKEU CLUB CONCERT.

Cesar Franck's Piano Quintet in F Minor Accents Brilliancy of Music.

The Lekeu Club (George Copeland, piano; Handasyd Cabot, 'cello; Frederick Mahn and Frank Currier, violin; Alfred Gietzen, viola) gave a concert of chamber music yesterday afternoon in Potter Hall. The program included Arensky's piano trio in D minor, Vreuls' poem for viola and piano, Cesar Franck's piano quintet in F minor, and these piano solos: Bach, Sarabande; Chopin, waltz; Debussy, "Pagodas" Liszt, harp study.

Sunday afternoon often lags heavily, ... a ... pleasure ... the ... older ... to be well attended if ... fill ... gap between the plethoric Sunday dinner and a straggling late tea. Whether at that time the audience is most receptive or the musicians most inspired, is another question. It is an hour when, as a rule, we are in a contented lethargy if we have done our week's work, in a dis...nted lethargy if we have n... either case inactive and ...ually uplifted unless we are fasting or convalescent. The concert givers recognize this peculiarity of the Sunday afternoon atmosphere when they make their programs as a rule light and simple. K. L.

Yesterday's program was an exception in the sense that it would have given equal pleasure on a week day, but this superiority did not detract from its suitability to the occasion. Arensky's trio is familiar, and it is popular because it captivates ear and imagination by its melody, elegance and frank sentiment. The poem by Vreuls gave immediate pleasure, and the piano solos were chosen and arranged with much taste. The performance was good, and the audience might have dispersed in the same mood in which it had entered had not the quintet came at the end of the program like a great light, illuming the entire performance and searching out hidden springs of emotion long forgotten or never before discovered.

There is no more deeply stirring and nobly emotional piece of chamber music than this quintet, but it is brilliant as well, and the players yesterday afternoon were somewhat inclined to make more of the brilliant than of the emotional effects. The performance was admirable in its way—in ensemble, balance and beauty of tone, rhythm, verve—but there are passages of unearthly beauty that, played with tenderness, arouse an almost unbearable, a merciless emotion passages that in very truth draw tears of blood.

Mr. Copeland was at his best in the ensemble numbers, for he did not seem wholly in the vein when he played his solo group. He added an encore, however, in which he displayed all his usual charm of tone, nuance and rhythm. There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

Dec 22 1908

JULIA MARLOWE AT THE MAJESTIC

"The Goddess of Reason," by

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Goddess of Reason," a play in five acts and six scenes, by Mary Johnston, produced by Messrs. Shubert for the first time on any stage. Incidental music by Clarence Rogerson.

Rene-Amanry de Vardes, Baron of Morbee ..... White Whittlesey
Remond Lalain..............Martin Sabine
Abbe Jean de Barbason..Vincent Sternroyd
Count Louis de Chateau-Gui ..... Theadore Hamilton
Capt. Faquemont de Buc.Alexander Calvert
Mellpars de L'Orient....Sydney Greenstreet
Enguerrand La Foret.......Lawrence Eyre
Gregoire...........Frederick A. Thompson
Mme. Malestroit...............Miss Gullder
Mme. de Pont L'Arche..........Miss Wolfe
Mlle. de Chateau-Gui.........Miss Lemmert
Mme. de Vancourt...............Miss Blake
Mme. the Marquise de Blancheforet ..... Miss Temple
Yvette..................Miss Julia Marlowe
Seraphine ....Miss Graham
Mother Superior................Miss Blake
Angelique..........Miss Margaret McElroy

Miss Johnston's drama was published in book form in 1907. It pleased Miss Julia Marlowe; she resolved to impersonate Yvette; she made careful preparation in every way for the production; and the play was performed last night before an audience that filled the Majestic Theatre. Thanks to the firmness of the manager, the audience was punctual, and, for a wonder, the first act was not disturbed by late comers. Miss Marlowe was called before the curtain again and again. It would not be easy to say whether the tribute was paid to her as a favorite actress, to her impersonation of Yvette or to Miss Marlowe as an actress in the new play.

Miss Johnston's drama in the original form is for the closet rather than the stage. She unfortunately chose to write it in blank verse. Her choice was unfortunate for two reasons: her prose is better than her poetry, and even if her verse were sonorous and golden, the art of reciting verse on the stage is now almost forgotten. Pages of her poetry were necessarily cut out for the acting version, and thus we were spared such lines as these in the opening speech of Lalain:

Say to Monsieur the Baron of Morbec,
Remond Lalain, the deputy from Vannes,
In haste is riding north, but hath drawn rein—
Hearing today of Baron Henri's death—
And audience craves that he may homage pay
To Morbec's latest lord!

Miss Johnston has told at great length a pretty and sad story that might have been more effectively told as a short romance in prose. The story is a simple one. Yvette a peasant girl, born of the old "Right of the Seigneur," loves a nobleman. She is at heart a revolutionary, but she loves

the aristocrat. He, in fact, loves her, but he neglects to tell her this, and she believes that he will wed a beautiful Marquise. Wild with jealousy, she denounces the couple. When it is too late the Baron of Morbec tells her he loves her. To join him in death she denounces herself and the lovers are bound and thrown into the Loire. To aid the audience, copies of Mr. Swinburne's "Les Noyades" were thoughtfully distributed with the programs, although the poem has little bearing on this particular case. Nevertheless the poem is one of passionate force, and it is well worthy of extended circulation.

The drama, as it is now arranged for the stage, admits of striking scenery and stirring business. There are howling mobs and there is an admirably managed thunder storm. The dramatic points are chiefly those of situations. The drama is not really in the breasts of the characters. They are for the most part conventional persons, rather dull and heavy, who, to use the ever recurring phrase in the "Thousand Nights and a Night," say their allotted say. As the play is written and as it is performed it is impossible to feel any real interest in either the aristocrats or the red republicans.

The dramatist has not breathed into her cardboard figures the breath of life. The baron is any romantic leading man. Lalain is not well defined. And what about Yvette? It is doubtful whether the playwright herself could analyze the character. Yvette loves and she hates—in strictly melodramatic fashion. The spectator watches her for a time, curious as to what she will do next. Perhaps he is disappointed at the end, not seeing her bound to the baron after the manner in which the noble maiden and the man were tied together in Mr. Swinburne's poem. But whether Yvette is hungry and ready to sack the chateau of Morbec; whether she is in the convent or as the Goddess of Reason on the triumphal car; whether she is in the prison explaining her conduct to the baron, or waiting for him by the Loire, she is not a real, human, passionate being.

Was this Miss Marlowe's fault? Miss Marlowe is always picturesque; she is always an effective figure in the centre of a group; it is always a pleasure to hear her voice, except when she screams her sentences, as she did last night in the third act. Of late years she has not been convincing, she has not been authoritative, she has even suggested insincerity. She has evidently composed with great care her impersonation of Yvette, but in the more dramatic scenes of the drama, scenes in which she might perhaps vitalize the character and give significance to the lines, she does not rise above the level of the playwright. Thus in the prison scene, where she endeavors to redeem herself in the eyes of the baron, she is inconsequential. The love scene, so long delayed, and the farewell are not affecting; they are wearisome.

As a matter of fact, the drama itself is dull. The well-set scenes, the introduction of music of the period—the "Marseillaise", by the way, should be both sung and played at a faster pace—the carefully drilled mob with its dress, demoniacal activity, raucous shouts, the unusually excellent thunder storm—all these do not make a drama. Polished verses do not necessarily provide a drama. It is not necessary to inquire strictly into historical accuracy; to discuss the question whether a Goddess of Reason was ever drawn in procession at [Na]ntes in 1794—Miss Johnston, no [dou]bt, has been careful in matters [of] detail. Detail and accuracy do [not] make a drama. The essential [elem]ents of a drama are not so util[ized] by the playwright that the spec[tator] is held fast, moved, or thrilled. [A] few lines in Carlyle's "French [Revol]ution" concerning the deeds at [Nantes] are far more dramatic, far [more] engrossing. "The Goddess of [Reaso]n" has a certain spectacular [intere]st; it has only this.

[Th]e performance of the supporting [comp]any was for the most part good; [in fa]ct, it was excellent, in considera[tion of the n]atural anxiety of a first [night].

[Firs]t, Mr. Whittlesey played the part [of t]he hero gracefully and with quiet [forc]e. Mr. Sabine did not fill in the [outli]ne left by Miss Johnston, and [Lala]in remained a shadowy villain of [da]rk corners whose sentences were [at] times unintelligible. Miss Temple, [Mis]s Lemmert and Miss Graham were [full]y adequate. The ensemble scenes [of t]he aristocrats were well managed [and], as I have said the mob was un[com]monly well handled, though with [se]vere strain on lungs. The produc[tion], as a production, is worth seeing. [It is] a sumptuous dress for a weak [and] inconspicuous body.

[S]ECOND CONCERT [B]Y THE LONGY CLUB

[At] the second concert of the Longy [Club] held last evening in Potter Hall, [the] wind instruments did not in any [part o]f the program get together in pairs [to] ... their exclusive interests.

[Acc]ording to the first advertisement [there] was to be a new Symphoniette by [...] for wind instruments alone. [I]ts place was taken by the same [comp]oser's Rhapsodie for English horn [with] accompaniment of other wind in[strum]ents plus a quintet of strings. In [a Suit]e by Henri Woollett, played in Bos[ton fo]r the first time, and in a pastorale [whe]re a piano served the purpose of contrast to the rich color of flute, reed and French horn. An aria from Bach with wood-wind accompaniment, and three songs with piano were sung in alternation with the club's pieces by Mme. Marie Sundelius, the soprano.

For the most part it was a concert of the French, by the French, and, to judge by some conversation heard in the corridors after the entertainment, it was to a small extent a concert for the French.

The best number on the program, the one best keeping the character of chamber music for wind instruments with no suggestion of the orchestra about it, was Woollett's Suite. It was in five short movements, the first and last for piano, two flutes, clarinet and horn, a slow movement for piano and horn, a slow movement for piano and clarinet, and a scherzo for the piano and the pair of flutes. When all the instruments played together there was a simplicity and clearness of form which because it was French was subtle and not to be lightly analyzed. In the Nocturne there was scene-painting by the piano, there was acting of a human part by the horn. In the romance for clarinet there was philosophizing as though Voltaire talked in sober mood. The scherzo for the flutes was the banter of two shepherds in Arcadia.

Mouquet's rapsodie was a little concert for English horn and small orchestra, Mr. Longy, soloist; Mr. Lenom, director. The piece was more a test of the player's endurance than of his virtuosity.

Mme. Sundelius sang two songs from a modern romance of medieval love with careful attention to what was the feeling of the heart and what was merely flattery of the old minnesingers. She has powers which her programme last night did not call for, and she wisely reserved them for other triumphs.

"THE MESSIAH."

Second Performance by the Handel & Haydn in Symphony Hall.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave its second performance of "The Messiah" at Symphony Hall last evening.

With the exception of Mr. Glenn Hall, tenor, the soloists were others than those at the first performance. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams sang the soprano part, Miss Pearl Benedict the alto, and Frederic Martin the bass. All their work was keenly appreciated by the audience, which filled the house and showed as much sympathy with the entire oratorio as was shown Sunday evening.

As before, the Pastoral Symphony was beautifully rendered. Most of the chorus work was smooth and strong. The "Hallelujah" chorus and the final one were specially powerful.

DRAMA A

Mme. Emma Albani sang for the first time on the variety stage at the Grand Theatre, Blackpool, Nov. 30. She said to a reporter: "My first impressions are all very pleasant. After all the change is not very great. I am still singing to practically the same public, though under different conditions, and I shall be reaching others who have not heard me before. So long as I am singing to the people, I am happy." She sang an aria by Mozart, "Ye Banks and Braes," and German's "Daffodils Are Blowing." And why should Mme. Albani not sing in vaudeville? Gather ye shillings as well as rosebuds, while ye may. Mme. Albani appeared here at the Globe Theatre 34 years ago this month in "La Sonnambula."

There is a music hall singer of Edinburgh by the name of Jean MacDuff. She is known as the "Lady Lauder," and by this time she has invaded England.

Miss Vesta Tilley's new song is "That's the Time a Fellow Wants His Ma."

The Evening Sun (N. Y.) saw Miss Farrar as Mme. Butterfly. "Surely we had seen just that sort of expression of the emotions, and quite lately! Surely, surely, that liveliness from the lovely feet to the lovely head, and from the lovely head to the lovely hands was Sicilian, not Japanese! Palermo, not Yokohama, breeds such quivering, shuddering personalities. The young lady was charming, but not oriental."

Henry Bernstein and William Gillette will collaborate on a drama of American life. But why bring in Mr. Gillette?

Miss Clara Clemens, who is before the public as a daughter of "Mark Twain" and also a singer, is said to be suffering from a shock due to her being thrown from a sleigh. The accident will be regretted by Miss Clemens' friends in Boston, especially since she is of a highly nervous organization, and this constitutional nervousness affects her singing. Mr Gabrilowitsch, the pianist, who was with her, now has a sprained ankle. He was to give a recital here Jan. 6.

Young Mischa Elman, the violinist, will be the soloist at the Boston Symphony orchestra concerts next week, and he will play Tschaikowsky's concerto. They all quarrel in New York over the operatic singers, but there is a delightful agreement as to Elman's merits. Even the heart of Mr. Henderson is touched, and he praises Elman's tone, bowing, general technic, style, feeling, intelligence.

The Theodore Thomas orchestra of Chicago gave a concert last week in Cleveland. The Leader informs us that "during the second part of the Beethoven Symphony, No. 8, the steam radiators got busy, insisting on playing an accompaniment to a staccato triplet figure in the violoncellos against a melody by the horns." Richard Strauss is ever on the lookout for a new orchestral instrument. Why could not a radiator be used effectively? Of course the player should be a virtuoso. In case the steam cannot be depended on the janitor might give a good imitation by tapping with a hammer on the pipes below.

Edmund Tearle played in an English theatre on Dec. 1 the part of Macbeth for the 400th time.

George Edwardes will bring out "The Dollar Princess," a free adaptation of the German operetta by Wilner & Fall at Manchester, the 24th. Richard Golden will take the part of the American millionaire who is determined that every servant in the household shall be a member of the English aristocracy.

This is the last week of "The Merry Widow" at the Tremont. It is said that when the operetta was performed at the Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg, some months ago $500 was refused for boxes, and $25 was the lowest price for the humblest seat.

Rosalio Guerrero, the Spanish dancer, who is much liked in Paris, especially by reason of her beauty, was paid $2000 a month at the Olympia. That amount was promised her, but when she went to the cashier, he told her that a jeweller had attached her salary, for the jeweller insisted she owed him a large sum. Miss Guerrero protested, but in vain. She swore she had never been in the jeweller's shop, but the attachment held. Then a dressmaker wrote to her and declined to send a dress she had ordered unless she paid for it on delivery, because it was known in Paris that her salary had been attached. At the end of three weeks it was made clear that the jeweller had been grievously mistaken. Miss Guerrero sued him for malicious persecution and was awarded damages to the amount of about $60. The Era (London), which tells the story, adds that in England she would probably have been awarded $6000.

Herve's "Le Petit Faust" has been revived in Paris. Thirty years ago or more there was a burlesque with this title played in New York at a negro minstrel show, Leon was the Marguerite, Kelly was Faust, Purdy was the Valentine, and Sam Price was Lizette. The burlesque was given at Dodworth Hall, where Artemus Ward had lectured early in the civil war; where a "bullfrog exhibition" in 1865 was followed by Blind Tom.

There has been a great advance sale of seats for Maude Adams and her new play, "What Every Woman Knows," which will be produced in New York tomorrow night.

In a recent discussion of the "stage rights" of operatic singers, Mme. Sembrich said that artists of importance should be allowed to interpret their parts both musically and dramatically in the manner best suited to their nature and temperament. "The stage manager is only helpful in deciding on entrances and exits, movements and groupings and like details." Mr. Renaud sees no objection to making young singers conform with routine, with custom and tradition. "When they have gained experience they will have no trouble in asserting their originality, if they have any. "In theory, however, I also believe that artists, or at least great artists should be entirely independent. They should be free to interpret their characters as they think fit. Even though a music director have genius—yes, like Toscanini, if you will—at best he can request the artist to express this or that emotion. He can't explain to him just how he should express it. Only a trained actor can do that. * * * If I were the manager I should insist on having absolute authority. Yes, even over the singers and their interpretations. I can't help it, if I am contradicting myself. One looks at things so differently from different standpoints. After all, it is the public that has the last word to say."

The London Times looked sourly on a concert performance of "Samson and Delilah" by the London Choral Society. "The work is singularly ill suited to such a performance. Its dialogues become tedious and its dance music meaningless without stage action, while the slight use that is made of the chorus gives it very little attractiveness to a choral society. Nor is the fact that English people are debarred from witnessing a stage performance sufficient justification for its frequent repetition in the concert room." Others have thought that the chorus has much to do in this work, so much that a choral society may well find pleasure in the performance.

Pauline Donalda, the Canadian, has engagements at the Antwerp Opera House, the Monnaie at Brussels and the Opera Comique, Paris. Bessie Abott has been singing at Lisbon with success.

Goetz's opera "Francesca" was performed for the first time in England Dec. 3 at His Majesty's Theatre, London, by pupils of the Royal College of Music. It may here be said that no opera founded on the story of Francesca and Paolo has had any stage life. In this version a young woman, Diana, a cousin of the Malatestas is in love with Paolo. When Lanciotto discovers his wife and Paola embracing, he does not kill, as in Dante's story. Paolo is led out in fetters. In the third act there is an attempt to save Paolo. Francesca should induce him to marry Diana. Francesca finally agrees to this. Paolo is brought in, and as he and Francesca are saying farewell, Lanciotto surprises them again, and, mad through jealousy, stabs his wife. It is said that this story is clumsily told by the librettist, and the Diana episode is unconvincing. The music is characterized as "sincere" and there are moments of "great lyrical beauty."

"J. O'N." wrote a pleasant letter to the New York Sun about the burlesques in which the late Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes gave delight. "I carried a spear in those days (they don't know how to carry spears in these degenerate days). I think it was in 'Sinbad' at old Niblo's Garden. I was a guard at her (Pauline Marham's) throne, upon which she sat in regal majesty presiding over a ballet—not the alleged 'ballet' of today, where 'broilers' and such kick flies off their left ears with their right big toe, but a real ballet of beautiful trained Italian and French dancers. Miss Markham was subject to fainting spells, and this night she toppled over into the willing arms of a young stripling, who wishes he could drop his law business and go back and carry a spear once more. There were many assaults from the pulpits and elsewhere upon the British Blondes, but I assure you that they were modesty and decency personified when compared with the vulgar and indecent expositions with which the stage is all too familiar today."

A comic song of 12 verses, words and music by Richard Wagner, has been found and will be put up at auction in Berlin. Why can not Wotan introduce it in either "The Valkyrie" or "Siegfried"? In the latter it might put Mime in good humor, and in the former it might amuse Fricka.

"T. R.," writing to the Musical Herald, London, makes a cruel threat: "I have written some songs, marches, waltzes, etc. My friends, to whom I have played and sung them, without saying by whom they are, tell me they are good, and advise me to send them to a publisher. I have sent them to several, and received them back. I have thought of having 50 or 100 copies printed at my own expense and getting a street piano-organ player to play the pieces in the markets, streets, etc., while I sing them; or of getting phonograph records and setting up the machine in market places, so that people may hear the songs, and thus be tempted to buy them."

The London Telegraph, commenting on the revival of "The Pirates of Penzance" does not rank the operetta with the highest achievements of the librettist or the composer. "Now and again its humors strike one as just a trifle mechanical and forced, and wanting in the point and subtlety which distinguish so much of the librettist's subsequent work. And on its musical side, while spontaneity and melodic grace are to be found in abundant measure the opera has not quite the invigorating freshness of 'Pinafore,' nor yet the higher tokens of musicianship which adorned the pages of Sullivan's later scores." There are many who will not say "Amen" to this opinion.

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HESS-SCHROEDER QUARTET CONCERT

The Hess-Schroeder quartet gave its second concert last night in Chickering Hall. Ernest Schelling was the assisting pianist. The program included Brahms' quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Andante tranquillo and Allegro giusto from Max Schillings' quartet in E minor (first time here) and Paul Juon's trio caprice for violin, 'cello and pianoforte, op. 39 (first time here).

The program should have interested both the conservatives and the radicals among the audience. Brahms worked for some years over the two quartets which bear the opus number 51 before he allowed them to be published. They were first performed in private by Joachim and his colleagues. The one in A minor was first played in public by the Joachim quartet in Berlin Oct. 18, 1873, and from manuscript. Brahms was then 40 years old. Its vein is gentler than that of its companion and in the finale there is a touch of the mysticism, the peculiar spiritual exaltation that characterizes Brahms when in his best estate. The quartet has long been a favorite here.

Juon is known to some chiefly by his translation of Modest Tschaikowsky's life of his brother Peter, but the Adamowskis played a piano trio by Juon at a Sunday chamber concert in Chickering Hall early in 1905. Juon was born in Moscow in 1872. He has lived for some time in Charlottenburg-Berlin, as composer of serious works and as teacher. This Trio Caprice was played last June at a music festival in Munich. The composer was moved to write it by reading Selma Lagerloef's "Goesta Berling," but he says it is not program music for it neither portrays situations nor characterizes persons. Like the book, the music is whimsical, capricious, rhapsodic. With the exception of certain passages that approach dangerously near frivolity, the trio is a work of fine character and much distinction, original and brilliant.

Max Schillings is known here through rather sombre orchestral pieces that have been played at Symphony concerts. He is an earnest soul and takes his art seriously, that is, after the manner of the ultra-modern German school.

The quartet played not as though upon four instruments, but as upon one of homogeneous tone color. The two principals, the name players of the quartet, claimed only such prominence in the music as nature intended them to have. People who must know what the two right-hand players are there for could not have been dissatisfied last night, for so far as instruments hidden in a harmonic organism of uniform tone can be individualized, the two secondary parts had their rights.

In the new trio Mr. Hess and Mr. Schroeder had a brief and brilliant moment to show what sonorous, full part pl[aying] can be done upon two in-

struments when the composer is master of his task. But the interest of the trio centred in Mr. Scheiling, who gave his say in the manner of a man who knows how to take care of himself when he has the floor.

MME. MELBA IN BOSTON.

Mme. Melba will sing at Mrs. Hall McAllister's musical morning next Monday at the Hotel Somerset, and this will positively be her only appearance in concert here, or, in fact, in New England, this season. She will sing the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Othello," "Ah, fors e lui" from "La Traviata" and a group of songs. Emile Ferir will play viola solos—Schubert's Ballade, d'Ambrosio's Canzonetta, Squire's Serenade, Saint-Saens' "Le Cygne" and Hans' "Rustic Dance." Miss Sassoli will play pieces for the harp.

Dec 29, 1908

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Severin is now in New York, and it is to be hoped that he will visit Boston, although this city was cold toward that masterpiece of pantomime, "L'Enfant Prodigue." Mr. Severin is ranked in Paris with Coquelin as an actor; by some he is placed above him. He made his first appearance in New York as a pantomimist in "Conscience." It is the story of an honest fellow, a workman, who, keeping company with Pierrot, becomes muzzy with strong drink and is convicted by circumstantial evidence of robbery and murder. Pierrot (played by Severin) knows the true murderer and holds him through blackmail. He falls into drunken sleep at a cafe, and the whole scene of the execution of his friend is revealed to him in a dream. He himself feels all the tortures and terrors. He wakes and rushes to the magistrate and, telling the true story of the crime, saves his friend.

It is hard, however, for an American to appreciate the higher, more artistic pantomime. Mention the word to him and he at once thinks of the clown greasing the sidewalk, stealing sausages and playing merrily with a hot poker. Arthur Collins, who manages the Christmas annual pantomime at Drury Lane, was asked recently how he would describe the ideal pantomime, ideal according to the manner of the English. He answered, in substance, as follows: The first essential is a well known nursery story, with a simple plot. Children resent any divergence. On this plot new ideas must be grafted which will amuse, yet not obscure, the story. The elders also must be pleased. It has been computed that a pantomime at Drury Lane is seen during its run by half a million persons. Perhaps 25 per cent. of the audience is composed of children. Their taste has changed. They are no longer satisfied with grotesque properties, big heads, spangles, foil papers, etc. They demand expensive silks, satins, brocades, embroidery. The production must be on the lines of musical comedy; but an ordinary Drury Lane pantomime costs 10 times as much. There is no use going back to the old-fashioned pantomime, with its knockabout business. The main ingredients of an ideal pantomime must be fun and frolic, fancy dresses that will please the ladies, scenery that will satisfy the artist, bright songs, merry dances, and over all the spirit of Christmas.

Are American children too sophisticated? Certainly no manager here would venture recklessly to produce a Christmas pantomime.

Mr. Dolmetsch, however, remembers Christmas and Christmas music, and he will repeat next Monday night in Chickering Hall the concert that gave pleasure to many last season.

The program of the Symphony concert next week will include an old overture by Nicolai founded on Luther's choral, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," Tschalkowsky's concerto for violin, and Richard Strauss' tone-poem, "Death and Transfiguration." Young Mischa Elman, who is now ranked among the very few great violinists of the world, will be the soloist. Nicolai's overture with its chorus was once a favorite piece at Handel and Haydn concerts. The chorus part will be omitted next week.

The programme of the Kneisel quartet concert to be given at Fenway Court Jan. 5 will include Brahms' quartet in B flat major, op. 67, No. 3, two movements from Debussy's quartet in G minor, and Schubert's piano trio in B flat major. Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be the pianist.

Paderewski will give his only piano recital in Boston this season on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 6, in Symphony Hall.

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, whose ability was fully recognized at the last Symphony concert, will give a recital in Steinert Hall next Monday afternoon, when he will play Busoni's transcription of Bach's Chaconne, a group of transcriptions by Godowski of old French clavecin music, Liszt's sonata in B minor and pieces by Chopin, Albert, Liadoff and Tausig.

Albert Spaulding, the young American violinist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall on the afternoon of Jan. 4.

The Flonzaley quartet, that club of admirable ensemble players, will give its first concert here this season on the night of Jan. 7 in Chickering Hall.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch will give his first piano recital here this season, the afternoon of Jan. 6.

Eugene Walters' new play, "The Easiest Way," will be performed at Providence, R. I., the night of Jan. 4. It is a drama of extraordinary realism, of uncommon audacity, even in these days of perfect sincerity or speaking aloud."

There will be a special matinee performance of "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York on New Year's day. Mme. Fremstad and Messrs. Burgstaller, Feinals, Bliss, Goritz and Witherspoon will be the chief singers.

As The Herald has already stated, Gerhart Hauptmann's "Hannele" was performed recently in London (in William Archer's translation) and in New York in the original German without shrieks or even murmurs of protest. The London Times published an eminently sane review of the play, and probably of the performance. To show its sanity we quote the opening paragraph:

"It is possible to like 'Hannele' enormously, and possible to dislike it intensely. We ourselves like it enormously, partly because in Hannele herself we find (as many people must find who are not Silesian villagers and have not brutal fathers) a great deal of our own childhood, with its very exact information on heaven and other matters of faith, its keen appreciation of physical comforts and pleasures, and (may we venture to add?) the peculiar kind of selfishness which makes all ordinary romantic children the heroes of their own dreams and imaginings. But one thing is certain—unless one has some idea of what the author was aiming at one cannot fail to dislike 'Hannele' intensely. It must seem either shamelessly profane or merely silly. And it would be no bad thing if Mr. Archer's introduction to his excellent translation of the play were distributed with the tickets, so that people should come prepared. To confess the truth, we overheard yesterday in certain quarters of a very respectful audience, an occasional pishing and tushing which proved that not every one present was in the secret. And perhaps the printed request that there might be no applause is scarcely wise. 'Hannele' is not a religious service. It is a dream poem."

No play ever had better advance advertisement than Octave Mirbeau's "Le Foyer." First of all there was the lawsuit which resulted in the order that the Comedie Francaise should produce the piece. Then there was the talk before the performance of the scandalous dialogue and situations. But they who went to the theatre to be shocked were disappointed from all accounts. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette wrote that the language itself was not terrifying; that plays produced in Paris are often more "raw" in this respect. Some in the audience liked the play on account of its revolutionary tendencies. "Nevertheless, the work leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. A denouement which reposes on a 'menage a trois' must always be objectionable." It appears, however, that the dialogue was toned down a little for performance.

It is said that Everybody's Magazine will publish a series of articles protesting against the salaciousness of many plays now put on the stage. The Morning Telegraph (N. Y.) neatly says that the author of these articles "has observed with feelings of apprehension that clothes do not make the play, any more than they make the man." Many years ago Olive Logan wrote a piping hot magazine article against "The Black Crook," the poor, dear old "Black Crook," which today would seem decorous, if not dull. We believe she also thundered against "The White Fawn." Her descriptions of the enormities committed in these plays were so vivid that as a result the theatres where these spectacular plays were performed were crowded. Highly estimable citizens from Hackanum Ferry and Eustis, reading, took the next train to New York and snatched a fearful joy.

The directors of the New Theatre, New York, gave Miss Geraldine Farrar a diamond pin for singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the laying of the corner-stone.

DRAMA A

Laparre's three-act opera, "Habanera," was performed at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, Dec. 2. According to the Era the plot is as follows: "Act one—A man murders his brother, all through love of a maid; the deed is done to the tones of the Habanera, a national dance of Spain. Act two—The ghost of the murdered man appears and demands a confession from the wicked brother; three blind men are playing the Habanera. Act three—The lady who caused the trouble dies, in consequence of the ghost's demand not being complied with; the dead march reveals a slow adaptation of the Habanera." The opera is described as crude, "a horrible piece of dilettante workmanship." The audience laughed coarsely when it should have been impressed. "So distinct and general a 'refusal' has perhaps never before been witnessed in the Opera House. Alas for all the pains expended on its production! 'Habanera' only lived one night." A performance of this opera was promised to New York this season.

Leo Blech's new comic opera in one act, "Versiegelt," produced originally at Hamburg, was performed in Berlin the same night with "Habanera." Blech was called to Berlin to conduct at the Royal Opera House during Dr. Muck's sojourn in Boston, and Blech is still there and high in favor. His latest opera is heartily praised. The plot is a simple one. "Gertrud is a jolly widow who has many suitors, and the chief one is Burgomaster Braun. A friend of Gertrud, a Mrs. Willmers, is in debt, and she takes a valuable old wardrobe to Gertrud that it may not be seized by bailiffs. Gertrud, not wishing evil talk, hides the burgomaster in the wardrobe, but the bailiff discovers Mrs. Willmers's property and puts his seal on it. Gertrud thinks she will make sure of the burgomaster, so she arranges that the wardrobe will be taken to the meadow where the people are holding a festival, and she leaves Bertel Willmers and his sweetheart, the burgomaster's daughter, to keep watch. They promise to free the burgomaster if he will consent to their marriage, which he has hitherto opposed. He agrees and they take his place in the wardrobe. Of course the ending is a happy one."

What is the matter with Mme. Schumann-Heink that she talks so much about money? She told a reporter in Dresden the real reason why she became an American citizen. "In Germany I never earned more than from $1000 to $1750 a year, though I was a prima donna of one of the richest theatres in Hamburg. * * * In the United States I gave last year 130 concerts; each netted me $1000. In addition, I made considerable money by singing into the phonograph. Now you know why I prefer the United States to the Fatherland." The German singers are devoted to art.

Riccardo Martin, whose Christian name was Hugh, has been singing with success at the Metropolitan. Mr. Martin was for a time a pupil of MacDowell in composition and he wrote a few songs that were published. He sang here in "Il Trovatore" and sang well. In a recent performance of this opera at the Metropolitan Mr. Witherspoon took the part of our old friend Ferrando and his long, yellow boots were highly praised. Emma Eames as Lenora wore a fine red wig.

It is said that Miss Crosman will appear in vaudeville in a "swashbuckling" scene. Is there any verb "to swashbuckle"?

Joseph Lhevinne, who will give a recital here next Monday afternoon in Steinert Hall, will play ducts with his wife at Klein's afternoon concert in New York tomorrow.

L. Frank Baum, author of "The Wizard of Oz" and fairy tales for children, says that a children's theatre will be established in the Carnegie Hall district, New York, and opened about Oct. 1. It will be an octagonal theatre with seats in the form of old-fashioned pews for about 1400. On week days there will be 4 o'clock matinees. On Fridays, Saturdays and holidays there will be evening performances and morning matinees at 11 o'clock, in addition to the afternoon performances. It is planned to set aside Monday for the free patronage of orphan asylums and similar institutions. Three plays are talked of for the opening attractions: One by Mrs. Burnett, one by Baum and one about which Andrew Lang has written in warm terms. The performances will last at least an hour and a half.

A Miss Olga Tremelli, "prima donna contralto from the Vienna Opera House," sang recently in London. Is she a daughter of Mme. Tremelli, the contralto from Vienna that was much liked as an operatic singer in London in 1878? It cannot be the latter—yet German and Austrian singers have wonderful staying powers.

Miss Dazie will dance at the Tremont next week in "The Follies of 1908." This story is told of her: When she first went to Europe she had no friends there and she had no backing; but one day Miss Genee called on her and said: "My dear, you are a stranger in a strange world—and you are wonderful. I have watched you dance. I intend that this tour of yours shall be a most successful one, and I shall take you under my wing. I will see that you win the laurels which you so justly deserve." The press agent adds that Miss Genee fulfilled her promise, and when she was here Miss Dazie, now the wife of Mark Luescher, "saw that all arms were opened to receive her."

Here is another curious play, "Isaac's Wife," brought out Dec. 7 at the Court Theatre, London. The wife is an attractive but vulgar spouse of a quartermaster in the Straits Settlements, a lonely place where women either flirt or die of boredom. Isaac's wife, Mrs. Hunter, is sick of her lot. Her husband does not try to make money through illicit commissions; he prefers to study sanitation. He finds out that she has been flirting desperately, and to the point of scandal, with a local planter. There is a stormy scene, and she leaves her husband, vowing that she will live with the planter and snap her fingers at the neighbors. She carries out her purpose. Eighteen months afterward (Act. II.) the lover has tired of his Alice, and he treats her brutally. A young man is touched by her beauty and also her distress. He is ready to help her to go home to England, where she can start life afresh. And for this he claims nothing; he is willing to wait until she loves him. Unfortunately, Alice, disgusted by the behavior of her planter lover, thinks affectionately of poor old Isaac, rather than of No. 3, and when she meets Isaac, just as she is to embark for England, she falls into his arms. This play, written by F. D. Bone and Teignmouth Shore, has a moral, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, a sound and familiar moral: "Be good to the first, for the second's far worse."

On Dec. 5 "The Merry Widow" was performed at Daly's, London, for the 547th time. Joseph Coyne returned in the part of Prince Danilo and there was an enthusiastic greeting, which the Pall Mall Gazette could not explain. "When we saw him in the part a year and a half ago we said we considered him unsuited to it, and, in spite of Saturday's acclamation, we are still of that opinion. He plays almost entirely in a spirit of farce, and the young prince's underlying affection for Sonia is only expressed in an eccentrically comic way. Consequently, the real dramatic plot of the story is practically lost. Mr. Coyne certainly dances well; and there is some skill in his assumption of inebriety in the first act; but beyond this, we can "find nothing in the impersonation to account for the rapture of Saturday's gallery over it."

Carl Burrian, the Bohemian tenor, who will soon arrive at the Metropolitan Opera House, has been saying mean things about audiences in New York. He told a Vienna reporter that the audience at the Metropolitan did not arrive until 9 and it left at 11. "If the tenor has a solo in the latter part of the opera he must sing to himself. The audience is no more. The restaurants have claimed it." Furthermore, he told the reporter that the large salaries paid to singers in America was overestimated. The singer gets only a small part, and the rest goes to the agents. And then the cost of living is so high! "Why, my two rooms in New York cost me $55 a week." Poor Barrian! Why does he again cross the Atlantic? Perhaps playing the part of Herod in Strauss' opera has fretted his nerves.

The Cincinnati Post was deeply impressed by Walter Damrosch's personality. It saw him in the dressing room in Music Hall. "No languorous, effeminate poses, common to so many musical celebrities, for Damrosch. * * * As he talked he paced back and forth with his hands behind him, his shoulders slightly stooped, and his head thrust forward. He reminded one instinctively of the pictures of Napoleon."

Mr. Belasco says that a woman to succeed on the stage should, first of all, be stagestruck, and he stagestruck all the time. She must read, observe, feel, throb, palpitate. "She should study nature and the naturalness of things, particularly animals, since these are void of self-consciousness, the great obstacle to dramatic art." Mr. Belasco must have been reading Walt Whitman's lines beginning:

"I think I could turn and live awhile with the animals, they are so placid and self-contained.
I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long."

We quote from the first edition of "Leaves of Grass." Whitman rewrote this passage and did not better it.

TENTH SYMPHONY CONCERT OF SEASON

"Nutcracker" Suite of Tschai-

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 10th concert of this season last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Parsifal".....Wagner
Suite from the "Nutcracker" Ballet... Tschaikowsky
Symphony No. 5, C minor.....Beethoven

This program was made with reference to Christmas and also with the thought that Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was performed for the first time at Vienna Dec. 22, 1808. Hoffmann's story, "The Nutcracker and the Mouse-King," on which the scenario of Tschaikowsky's ballet is founded, is a Christmas tale, and a delightfully old-fashioned one. Perhaps American children in 1908 are too sophisticated to enjoy it.

Not long ago a 10-year-old girl told me that she did not care for the Alice who sojourned in Wonderland and went through the looking-glass. She sneered at Alice, the mad hatter, the rabbit, the immortal Queen and Knight, and even at the Cheshire cat who had a habit of disappearing, leaving only a grin behind; she found no pleasure in the walrus and the carpenter; in short, she said the books were silly. She also said she had never read "The Arabian Nights," not necessarily Sir Richard F. Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night"—although this reading would not hurt her—but the plain old "Arabian Nights" according to the Galland version. Truly a pitiable case!

Any conductor wishing to celebrate Christmas by his choice of program might find his hearers sophisticated. Bach's "Pastoral" from the "Christmas Oratorio" was once in fashion for Christmastide. Mr. Paur was once fortunate in thinking of Bizet's pretty "Children's Games." Another conductor brought out "The Shepherd's Song at the Cradle" and the "March of the Three Kings" from Liszt's "Christus." Christmas week of last season we heard the symphonic piece from Franck's "Redemption." Mr. Fiedler made a happy choice in the suite from Tschaikowsky's ballet, and this suite was played last night for the first time at a Symphony concert given here by this orchestra. The music has been played at "Pop" concerts, and it was played recently at the Pension Fund concert.

And what charming music it is for the most part! Written only a little time before the "Pathetic" symphony, it reveals a side of Tschaikowsky's nature that is shown occasionally in his correspondence rather than in his musical compositions. There is a lightness, a gayety of thought, a delicacy of orchestral expression that is seldom associated with him. Nor do I refer only to the employment of the celesta with the remarkable passage for bass clarinet in the "Dance of the Fairy Dragee." How fantastically light, high in the air, is the overture, a fitting prelude to a fairy tale! The hearer is reminded of the strange line in Laforgue's "Salome":

"On a lively and fatalistic mode, an orchestra of ivory instruments improvised a little and unanimous overture." The march with its chief theme repeated and repeated with childlike enjoyment is just the march for the assembling of guests before the lighting of the Christmas tree. The dances, it should be remembered, are in fairyland, in the kingdom of comfits and lollipops.

In the ballet the Arabian dance is entitled "Coffee," and the grotesque Chinese dance—music that in itself is humorous with the humor of genius—is en-

[illegible] They are delightfully exotic in rhythm, melody and harmonies. The waltz of the flowers is of more common stuff. There are much better waltzes even on earth. The suite was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, as [illegible] it were ready again to answer "yes" to the question put by Peter Pan.

Tschaikowsky's ballet was based on the elder Dumas' translation of Hoffmann's story, and this same Hoffmann, composer, conductor, critic, writer of extraordinary tales, the best of which may be classed with those of Poe and Hawthorne, was the first to write a long analysis of Beethoven's fifth symphony in the second year after the first performance. He was the first also to appreciate fully the grandeur of the work. Yet musicians of repute heard its first performance. All that Reichardt could say was: "A great, highly-developed, too long symphony."

It is true that the performance, according to all accounts, was a poor one. When the symphony was first played in Leipsic, the leading music journal of Germany praised the first movement, although it was "rather obscure"; the musical ideas of the Andante were characterized as "heterogeneous"; "as for the scherzo that follows (it is almost impossible for a large orchestra to perform it) we have not been able to find it agreeable by reason of its too salient capriciousness." These honest judgments should teach us all humility in passing an opinion on music of today that seems at first "capricious," "not agreeable," unusual. Enough has been written about the fifth symphony to fill several large volumes. In spite of this the symphony has lived. Even the wildest eyed idolaters have not succeeded in arousing iconoclasts to destroy their idol. It was eminently fit and proper that the 100th year of this symphonic life should be commemorated.

The Prelude to "Parsifal," which has not been played for several years at these concerts, is associated with the passion rather than the birth of the Saviour. But it is good music for the end of the year, with the solemn thoughts, the inevitable regrets, the expectancy that is both hopeful and full of bodement.

All in all, a well contrasted program eminently suited to the time. Furthermore, there was no disturbing soloist, nor was the concert too long.

VOLUME OF BIZET'S LETTERS REVIEWED

Letters written by Georges Bizet to his mother (1857-1860) and to his mother-in-law and others in 1871 were recently published by Calmann-Levy in Paris. The earlier letters were written at Rome, where Bizet sojourned after he took the coveted prize. There have been "prix de Rome" men who sulked in the sacred city while they were maintained by their government, "prix de Rome" men who afterward cursed both the existence at Rome and the system of prizes at the Paris Conservatory of Music and the Academy of Fine Arts. Bizet loved Rome. The French were not then in favor. It seems that one Schnetz was the only one received in Italian society, and of him Bizet wrote: "He's an Italian at heart. He has lived in Italy 20 years and he has espoused their interests and tastes to such a point that he never washes his hands." But, as Bizet wrote, the Italians did not close museums, churches, country, or sky, and any one that appreciated the beautiful would always have something to ponder and admire.

"You can work better at Rome than at Paris. The more I go about, the more I pity the fools who have not known how to enjoy the happiness of being a pensioner of the Academy. I have noticed that the complainers have never done much. Halevy, Thomas, Gounod, Berlioz, Masse, have tears in their eyes when they speak of Rome. Leborne, Galimert, L. Cohen, Elwart and [illegible] attribute their insignificance to time wasted, they say, at the Academy."

And yet Bizet had no illusions about the character of the judges, the sitters in the seats of the mighty. When he sent his first manuscript from Rome to show that he was diligent the wise men in Paris found it too long, an opinion that Bizet thought was not a strictly musical criticism. "It is only the opinion of the orthodox citizens who find it disagreeable to spend Sunday reading music instead of going into the country." Nor was he anxious about his second "envoi," a work entitled "Vasco da Gama." It was a complicated score, and therefore hard to read. "A work of this importance should be studied at home, at leisure, and especially without the aid of a piano, if there is to be a fair judgment. But these gentlemen intrust the reading of manuscripts to a reader it matters not whether he be good or bad. Is it possible to read at first sight a manuscript score? The music is played and only once, then the areopagus passes judgment on a [illegible] man who is equal, if not superior, to the majority of his judges (I am speaking in general, not merely for myself). Then this happens: either the judges do not understand, and in this case then negligence or wounded proper pride suggests a [illegible] adverse opinion, or seduced by a certain form, a certain [illegible], they approve without knowing [illegible] [illegible] result: no real ap[illegible] [illegible] an erroneous one, absurd, or all this at once. [illegible] nothing but the [illegible] can you expect of [illegible] there? Reber [illegible] Berlioz is away, [illegible] and, alas, [illegible] and

Clapisson listen. There's only Thomas—and he is so lazy."

The young Bizet did not change. It is the Bizet who in 1871 says frankly that he has little respect for Academies and none at all for the Legion of Honor. "These two institutions have not distinguished any one; on the contrary, they have been honored by superior men who have condescended to lend them the lustre of their names." No, Bizet did not care for "honors, dignities, titles." And in 1871 he wrote with delightful frankness about the wretched instruction of the Paris Conservatory. "Saint-Saens, Guiraud, Massenet, I and some others could rejuvenate the school that Mr. Auber has turned into a house which I cannot characterize decently because it is not decent. There is a singing teacher who is a most outrageous blackmailer. A certain Mr. Z. compels his pupils to take private lessons with him at ridiculous prices, and when the pupils cannot pay he takes their linen, jewels, personal effects, which Mrs. Z. sells to a dealer in second-hand clothes. Mr. Auber finds this good and proper. Teachers of this kind do not displease him, and, after all, why make a change? All this has gone on for a long time."

Bizet was scarcely 19 years old when he went to Rome. His letters to his mother are full of enthusiasm. He had no doubt concerning the future, but the letters are by no means egotistical, charged with egoism that a mother forgives and secretly admires. He described all that he saw. He gave final opinions with the delightful authority of youth. Stopping at Florence he was saddened by the thought that not one man of talent, musician, poet, painter, dwelt there. "I am persuaded that the decadence of art follows political decadence." There was no greater painter, sculptor and architect than Michael Angelo. All aesthetic questions were solved at once by young Bizet, but not in an unpleasantly bumptious manner. He wrote to his mother gossip about his comrades, descriptions of life in town and country. It seems that the Italian peasant of 1858 did not detest the French: "These people are susceptible to the slightest attention. For a cigar or two they will become your sworn friend. The women are often pretty, sometimes ugly, always dirty."

Writing an operetta, "Don Procopio," the young man did not easily find a libretto. He went from bookshop to bookshop and read at least 200 poems. In Italy of '58 they wrote librettos only for Verdi, Mercadante and Pacini. The other composers put up with translations of French opera texts. For example, they would take one of Scribe's librettos, translate it into Italian and sign it without changing a word. Often they did not change the title. Thus Scribe's "Le Domino Noir" was converted into "Il Domino Nero," and Scribe's name was not printed. Adam's "Brasseur de Preston" became "Il Liquorista di Preston," and the music was completely made over by Luigi Ricci.

Bizet took it into his head to visit an organ factory in Rome. He went to the leading one and asked to see an organ. The builder was greatly surprised and looked at him narrowly. He finally said: "I have no organs and I have not even the frames and wood to make them; but if you wish one, order it and pay in advance, and I'll buy the necessary tools." This organ builder had inherited the business from his father 10 years before this and had never had the opportunity of making an organ for even $400. In winter he played the flute in a theatre and sold tobacco. In summer he sold tobacco and rented carriages. Summer and winter he was in the national guard and received for it $9 a year.

In some of the letters to his mother Bizet discussed the relative merits of the "great" musicians. Young as he was, he believed in the correspondence of arts. "All arts touch each other, or, rather, there is only one art. Whether one expresses his thought on the canvas, on marble or on the stage, it matters little; the thought is always the same." He was convinced in 1858 that Mozart and Rossini were the two greatest musicians. "Admiring Beethoven and Meyerbeer with all my might, I feel that my nature leads me to love pure and spontaneously flowing art rather than dramatic passion." He was fond of Gounod, because Gounod was "the only man among the French musicians of that period who truly adored his art." (When Bizet wrote this, Gounod's "Faust" had not been performed.) In this letter he also wrote: "Up to this time I have wavered between Mozart and Beethoven, between Rossini and Meyerbeer. Now I know what it is necessary to adore. There are two kinds of genius—that of nature and that purely mental. While I admire the latter immensely, the first has my full sympathy. And so I have the courage to prefer Raphael to Michael Angelo, Mozart to Beethoven and Rossini to Meyerbeer. I do not put some in the second rank to put the others in the first, for that would be absurd. With me, it is a matter of taste, and one order of ideas sways me more strongly than the other. When I see 'The Last Judgment,' when I hear the 'Eroica' or the fourth act of 'The Huguenots' I am moved, surprised, and I have not enough eyes, ears, intelligence to admire; but when I see the 'School at Athens,' 'The Dispute of the Holy Sacrament,' 'The Virgin of Foligno,' when I hear 'The Marriage of Figaro' or the second act of 'William Tell' I am completely happy, I experience contentment, I am fully satisfied, I forget everything else."

Bizet did not then appreciate Verdi as he appreciated him in later years. In 1859 Verdi seemed to him a composer of great talent who lacked style, which is the essential quality of a great master. At the same time Bizet recognized and respected Verdi's overwhelming passion. "His passion is brutal, but it is better to be passionate in this manner than to lack passion. His music sometimes exasperates me; it never bores me." Rossini had, as Mozart, both elevation and style, and also the "motive." And to Bizet a "motive" was something more than an idea. Shortly before leaving Rome he wrote that on the days of the Sirocco he could not touch Mozart's operas; they affected his nerves, made him literally sick. Certain pages of Rossini had the same effect on him at the time of the Sirocco. The music of Beethoven and Meyerbeer did not affect him thus. "As for Haydn, he has long put me to sleep, and this is true of old Gretry."

There was a time when Bizet thought of writing an ode-symphony, "Ulysses and Circe," just as he thought of writing a dramatic work based on Hoffmann's "Master Martin, the Cooper, and His Apprentices." The latter scheme, which might have brought out an opera not unlike "The Mastersingers" as far as a scenario was concerned, came to nothing. He was especially struck in Hoffmann's story by the possibilities in the scene of the vocal contest. Nor did the plan of writing music for a Homeric subject inspire him. He thought of a tragi-heroic-comical "Don Quixote." Homer was too much for him; he refused to let a composer arrange or disarrange his verses. So Bizet worked on his "Vasco da Gama" and planned a symphony which would be entitled "Rome, Venice, Florence and Naples." The movements would be a first one, Rome; an andante, Venice; a scherzo, Florence, and a finale, Naples. As is well known Bizet did leave behind him an orchestral suite entitled "Rome."

These early letters are charming both in spirit and in expression. They are affectionate, often loving, but never mawkish. There is no suggestion of a prig or a spoiled child. Even then Bizet had decided opinions of his own and a courage in maintaining them. It is easy to see by these letters that he was loved by his colleagues at Rome, although some could not understand his personal neatness. Bizet's character was always lovable. In later years he may have been brusque, even irritable when he was bored, but the testimony of all that knew him though slightly is to the effect that he was a singularly delightful and noble character.

The few letters of 1871 that are published in this volume are naturally more sombre. Bizet loved France, and his country had suffered cruelly from domestic as well as foreign foes. Yet here again we see the man of strong convictions, close friendships and faithful love, the composer of high ideals. He reproached his mother-in-law, the widow of the composer Halevy, for her injustice toward Wagner. "However, it is the lot of these great geniuses to be misunderstood by their contemporaries. Wagner is not my friend, and I have only a moderate esteem for him; but I cannot forget the immense joy this innovating genius has afforded me. The charm of this music is unspeakable, inexpressible. It is voluptuousness, tenderness, love! The Germans understand well that Wagner is one of their most solid columns. The German spirit of the 19th century is incarnated in this man. You should surely know how cruelly disdain affects an artist. Fortunately for Wagner he is endowed with such insolent pride that criticism cannot reach his heart—if he have a heart, which I doubt."

In these letters Bizet was seldom malicious with the sparkling, good-natured malice that is peculiarly French. Yet writing to his mother about the marriage of Faure, the singer, to Miss Lefebvre, he added: "You should know that a few days before my departure Miss Lefebvre said everything that was disagreeable about Faure to me. And now you will believe what women say!"

One more anecdote and we shall close this book. Bizet wrote to Mrs. Halevy that he was once attacking before her husband the long-approved opera "La Dame Blanche." "I merely spoke the truth: 'It is a detestable opera, without talent, without ideas, without wit, without melodic invention, without anything that should be there. It's stupid, stupid, stupid!' Halevy, turning toward me with his sly smile, answered: 'Well, you are right. Its success is incomprehensible. The opera is worthless—but you should not say so.'"

And on this anecdote Bizet hung a theory, that in art of any kind, talent brought success, talent, not ideas. "The public understands ideas only later. * * * Auber, who had much talent and few ideas, was nearly always understood. Berlioz, who had genius but no talent, was almost never understood. However remarkable in ideas a book may be, it will not be tolerated if it be badly written, while a mere trifle will be praised to the skies, if its form be limpid and clear. Do not speak of science to a composer. That which you call 'learned' music is generally made badly. Mozart and Rossini had the most prodigious talent imaginable; when they had the inspiration they created 'Don Giovanni,' 'The Magic Flute,' 'The Barber of Seville' (it's aged somewhat), 'William Tell'; but with talent alone they have created all these boresome symphonies, 'Semiramide,' nearly all of 'Otello,' etc., and the public has for a long time believed that these scores, which it no longer is willing to applaud, were the 'ne plus ultra' of ideas."

There is as yet no satisfactory life of Bizet. Pigot's is only a collection of material, some of it to be rejected, which the future biographer may use. Letters by Bizet have been published in various magazines and brochures. It is a pity that his correspondence is not collected and annotated carefully. His letters are to be put by the side of Liszt's, von Buelow's, Tschaikowsky's.

The French have a habit of writing graceful introductory chapters, prefaces, and to this volume of Bizet's letters Louis Ganderax has contributed a long introduction which is delightful in sentiment and expression. He tells of Bizet's filial piety, which was a passion; of his natural inclination toward a clean life, although he was not priggish, not a prude, not a hide-bound ascetic or professional moralist; of his genius for making friends; of his shrewd observation in foreign towns; of his calm conviction that he would finally be illustrious [illegible] of Bizet as [illegible] and sane patriot during the Siege and the Commune. Mr. Ganderax draws a delicate and beautiful sketch of the maiden who became Bizet's wife, and speaks lovingly of the late Ludovic Halevy, famous playwright, librettist, novelist, who was to have written the preface to these letters. "But he could not write it; he never will write it."

Elgar's Symphony.

Sir Edward Elgar's new symphony was performed for the first time Dec. 3 at Manchester, Eng., under Hans Richter's leadership. Ernest Newman reviewed the work for the Birmingham Post and found that Elgar had discovered a new vein. "While the symphony is in every way a personal work, reminding us of none of his predecessors in the same line, it exists in a different world from his oratorios and his previous orchestral works. Now and again there is a suggestion of the highly strung mood of Gerontius, and once or twice the more open-air Elgar, the Elgar of Cockaigne and the 'Pomp and Circumstance' marches, peeps out. But, as a whole, the symphony is genuinely new Elgar, new both in feeling in idiom, and in workmanship."

Mr. Newman argues that in previous orchestral works Elgar has been a miniaturist. In this symphony Elgar shows the power of continuous and connected thinking. The work lasts about 55 minutes, yet the thread of it does not seem broken for a moment.

"In the present stage of musical development," says Mr. Newman, "there are four chief ways in which an orchestral work can be written. We may have the pseudo-classical method of Brahms, in which the purpose is almost wholly abstract, the purely musical development of the possibilities of two or three self-existent, non-poetic themes; we may have the symphonic poem, in which the themes come into life as the representatives of certain poetic or pictorial ideas, and in their various evolutions and metamorphoses are intended to express the various stages of a literary program; then there is the blend of those two known as the program symphony, best exemplified in such a work as the fifth symphony of Tschaikowsky, ostensibly built on the normal symphonic plan with four movements, and all the rest of the classical apparatus, but following some vague unformulated poetic idea such as the struggle of men against fate, and with the movements unified by the employment of some one definite theme in each of them. * * * At the same time the composer, set free from the often hampering necessity of having to follow a program, can develop his thematic material with the freedom of the purely abstract symphonist. This is what Elgar has done."

Mr. Newman, who is close to Elgar, denies the story that this symphony was intended to describe in tones the career of Gen. Gordon. The symphony is simply "the expression of various moods in music, and since moods have their logical sequences and interruptions and frustrations, just as ideas have, a composer can really develop a large work out of a couple of moods as easily as out of a story or a drama."

The new symphony is unified by one great theme which is heard quietly at the beginning, is triumphant at the end, and is suggested in all sorts of forms, vague or definite, in the four movements. The adagio is evolved from the scherzo. The rapid theme of the latter at last is stated in longer and still longer notes, till it is merged into the theme of the adagio. This theme is note for note that of the scherzo, but in a wholly different phrasing. Mr. Newman finds the emotional contents of the symphony noble and beautiful. There are a few passages below the general level, as "a bouncing melody" in the scherzo. The first and last movements show "tempered philosophical strength," and this suggests "a Gerontius who instead of dying has continued to live and is all the better for the agony of spirit he has been through."

The symphony was played in London Dec. 7. The composer conducted. The Pall Mall Gazette and the Times were by no means enthusiastic over the work.

Concerts of the Week.

MONDAY—Hotel Somerset, 11:15 A. M. Second of Mrs. Hall McAllister's Musical Mornings. Mme. Melba will sing "Addio" from Puccini's "Boheme," the Aubade from Lalo's "Roi d'Ys," the "Ave Maria" from Verdi's "Othello" and "Ah, fors e lui" from "La Traviata." Miss Sassoli will play pieces for the harp. Emile Ferir, first viola of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will play these pieces for the viola: Schubert, Ballade; d'Ambrosio, "Canzonetta"; Squire, Serenade; Saint-Saens, "Le Cygne"; Hans' "Rustic Dance."

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Josef Lhevinne: Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Godowski's arrangements of Corelli's Pastorale, Loeilly's Gigue, Rameau's Tambourin; Liszt, Sonata, B minor; Chopin, Two Etudes, C sharp minor, A minor op. 25; Valse, A flat major, Tarantelle; d'Albert, Scherzo, F sharp; Liadoff, Etude, A sharp major; Tausig, Zigeunerweisen.

Chickering Hall, 8:15. Concert of Christmas music under the direction of Arnold Dolmetsch: Anon, English, ca. 1400, "Lullybye," for a soprano voice, accompanied by five viols and organ; Corelli, Concerto Grosso, "made for the night of Christmas," for two violins, viola da gamba and harpsichord soli, two more violins, viola, violoncello, violone and organ ripieni, Bach, Cantata for the second day of Christmas, for soprano, alto, tenor, bass, two flutes, two oboi d'Amore, two oboi da Caccia, two violins, viola and basso continuo. The following will take part: Mrs. Marie Sundborg-Sundelius, soprano; Mrs. Dorothy McTaggert Miller, alto; Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor; Ralph Osborne, bass; Chorus, Mrs. Dolmetsch, Miss Alice Kelsey, Miss Laura Kelsey, Miss Holden, Miss Estella Davis, Messrs. Dolmetsch, Bak, Mahn, Kissland, Gietzen, Hadley, Kelsey, Maquarre, Brooke, Longy, Lenom, Sautet, Mueller, Adams, instrumentalists.

WEDNESDAY, Faneuil Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of Music Department of the City of Boston. Orchestral pieces led by W. F. Dodge: Rossini, overture to "William Tell"; Bolzoni, Minuet for strings; Verdi, selection from "Aida"; Wagner, introduction to "Lohengrin," act III; Dvorak, Slavonic Dance No. 8.

Violin . . . . . . Narrative . . . ng, by . . . Chadwick; W. E. Loud . . . Vieuxtemps; La . . . Caprice . . . . . Wilson; violin lecture.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. E . . . public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Fiedler conductor. Overture, "A Mighty Strong . . . God" Nicolai, concerto for violin, Tschaikowsky (Mischa Elman, . . . his first appearance in Boston), Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," R. Strauss.

SATURDAY—The Tuileries, 2:30 P. M. Mrs. Bertha Wesselhoeft Swift's Annual Holiday Matinee of Songs for Children. Miss Ruth Swift will tell stories. — Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eleventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Mr. Fiedler conductor. Program as on Friday afternoon.

Coming Concerts.

The program of the Kneisel quartet concert at Fenway Court Tuesday evening, Jan. 5, will include Brahms' quartet, B-flat major, op. 67; two movements from Debussy's string quartet, G minor; Schubert's piano trio, B-flat major. Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be the pianist.

Stephen Townsend will give a concert in Jordan Hall Thursday evening, Jan. 14. His program will include Chadwick's "Lochinvar," Converse's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," Foote's "Persian Song," a "Romance" by Hill and the prologue to "Pagliacci." He will be assisted by Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, who will play a "Fantasie" by Perilhon. There will be an orchestra of 45 Symphony men, Gustav Strube conductor.

The program of Mr. Spalding's violin recital in Jordan Hall Monday afternoon, Jan. 4, will include Bach's Chaconne, a sonata by Tartini, Lefort's study in thirds and pieces by Schumann and Beethoven. With Alfred Oswald he will play the "Kreutzer" sonata. Mr. Oswald will play a group of piano pieces.

Mischa Elman, the distinguished young Russian violinist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 12.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch will give a piano recital in Jordan Hall Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 6, when he will play Mozart's Rondo, A minor; Beethoven's sonata, op. . . . Mendelssohn's Serious Variations, Schumann's Fantasia, op. 17, and pieces by Chopin, Gluck-Brahms, Henselt, Gabrilowitsch and Liszt.

The Flonzaley quartet will give its . . . concert this season in Chickering Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 7.

Selections from Handel's "Messiah" will be given by the choir of the Eliot Church, Newton, this afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, at the second of the musical services given at this church on the last Sunday afternoon of each month.

Geraldine Farrar will give a concert in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 23. She will have the assistance of . . . orchestra of Symphony men, under the direction of Gustav Strube.

The second concert for the benefit of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be given in Symphony Hall Sunday evening, Feb. 28. Ludwig Wuellner, the song interpreter, will be the soloist. He will recite "Hexenlied" to music written for the poem by Max Schillings. Mr. Fiedler contemplates repeating the "Heldenleben" at this concert, in response to many requests.

Paderewski's Concert.

C. A. Ellis, manager of Mr. Paderewski, announces that the only recital in Boston this season by the great pianist will be in Symphony Hall on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 6. Paderewski sails for America the end of next month, arriving about Feb. 1. It is his purpose to play but 20 times, most of which appearances will be with orchestras. He will play with the Boston Symphony orchestra in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; with the Chicago orchestra in Chicago; with the St. Paul orchestra in St. Paul, and the Minneapolis orchestra in Minneapolis. He will give no more than one recital in any city, and his recitals will be limited for the most part to the larger cities of the East. He is bringing with him his symphony, which will have its first performance anywhere with the Boston Symphony orchestra in February.

Mail orders may now be sent to Symphony Hall for tickets for the recital.

Personal.

There is another "classic" dancer, Mrs. Gertrude von Leth, who danced recently, in London, Beethoven's Sonata with the funeral march. "The dancer might have stepped from some design of Canova or Flaxman, so much of the classicism of the 18th century is suggested in her girlish figure and her facial . . . While she employs very much of . . . same kinds of gestures and steps as . . . of Miss Maud Allan, with the . . . ing smile of Miss Isadora Duncan, she has some of the former artist's . . . rful power of translating the . . . of the music into steps of her . . . so literally that in some of . . . 's studies she seemed to be dancing the right notes while the pianist . . . ertainly playing the wrong. Her . . . of rhythm is very highly developed. Her costumes are in excellent . . . though there is, of course, not . . . of them; and in some of the . . . of Brahms, op. 39, she manip . . . a scarf with remarkable skill."

. . . is an appalling rumor that Mme. . . . Patti will make a "positively . . . farewell tour" in the United . . .

. . . g, O Muse, of the heroic deed of . . . Waterbury of New York, who at . . . ayette, Ind., on Dec. 18, "established a new world's record for continuous piano playing, when he sank exhausted from his stool after playing without a stop for 27 hours and 15 minutes." And as Mr. Fitzsimmons . . . sustained and cheered by a faithful wife in his celebrated fight with Corbett, so Mr. Waterbury knew . . . ler ministrations at Lafayette. . . . Waterbury sat beside her hero, . . . him, watered him, rolled cigar . . . for him. But it was a barber . . . shaved him.

. . . Oregonian informs us that . . . Mme. Nordica sang there a fort . . . ago "she looked as if she had . . . figure of Erda with her commanding figure and voice." The Oregonian analyzed her art: "Nordica is lucky, with her good health and physique. Nothing else could have withstood the immense physical and vocal strain, responsible as she was for the principal part of a heavy program. She sang in 18 high-class songs. Think of it!" And she did this, we are told, without the aid of a springboard or any mechanical appliance. Especially thrilling was her performance of "Erlking." "One verse she was the laughing, plump Nordica, and then by a rapid change her face was haggard with pain and heart-hunger." She sang a song by Schumann with such effect, it seemed, "that surely there must be an end to human vocalism and strength, yet in response to a furious encore Nordica sang with unimpaired voice and vigor the 'Valkyrie's Cry' from Wagner's opera." After this achievement she was "deluged with encores and floral gifts. One thinks of youth and flowers and Nordica."

Sari Fedak, a distinguished Hungarian soubrette, will appear in New York for the first time Jan. 15 in "Die Brettle Graefin," a musical comedy in three acts.

They are endeavoring to re-establish the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Van der Stucken will not be the conductor.

Mme. Zaza B. Makarenko is now a soprano, a "deliciously full, resonant soprano," with a genuine, ever ready, powerful high C. Last season she was with a circus in the West, and she believes that "her vocal efforts beneath a tent served to strengthen her voice."

Choristers and ballet girls are engaged for life at the Paris Opera, so Mr. Messenger, who wishes to be sole manager, is unhappy, but he has forbidden singers to acknowledge applause except at the end of each act.

The Metropolitan Opera House of New York with all its singers has been short in Siegfrieds. At a recent performance of "Dusk of the Gods" the management was obliged to ask Mr. Dippel to take the part. Probably for the first time in his life he was not good-natured enough to say "Yes." He answered that he was out of practice.

The Morning Telegraph (New York) well says: "The nature of the audience at last Friday night's performance of Wagner's 'Goetterdaemmerung' was a striking refutation of the claim so often made by your minor conversational demagogues, 'Ah! the real music lovers are in the gallery at the opera.' Precisely why the possession of $5 to spend on an opera seat should vitiate one's claim to a proper taste in music I could never understand. As a matter of fact, the worst behavior that operagoers have to suffer at the operas comes from the galleries. At no time does the gallery scruple to interrupt a performance by noisy, ill-timed and stupid applause. But the disposition of the house at 'Goetterdaemmerung' settles the question of the superior musical taste of the frequenters of the galleries once for all. 'Goetterdaemmerung' is rarely given. It is a work of colossal intellectual proportions. The appeal to the real music lover is irresistible. Yet when it was given for the second time this season with an acknowledged master at the conductor's desk the orchestra, the boxes and the dress circle were all full and the galleries half empty."

At the Prinzregenten-Theater, Munich, during the summer season of 1909, the following operas will be performed: "Nibelungen-Ring" (three times: Aug. 16 to 21, Aug. 27 to Sept. 1, Sept. 8 to Sept. 13); "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" (three times: Aug. 10, Aug. 23 and Sept. 4); "Tristan and Isolde" (three times: Aug. 12, Aug. 25 and Sept. 6); "Tannhaeuser" (twice: Aug. 14 and Sept. 3). At the Residenz-Theater: "Figaro's Wedding" (twice: July 31 and Aug. 5); "Don Giovanni" (twice: Aug. 2 and 5); "The Elopement from the Serail," Aug. 3; "Cosi fan tutte," Aug. 8.

Meanwhile the blameless Mr. Campanini at the Manhattan Opera House receives threatening letters, supposed to come from the Black Hand.

Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, once well known here as a pianist, gave a recital a few weeks ago in London with success, and she will play with the Queen's Hall orchestra.

Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, of this city, recently played with the Kneisel quartet in Philadelphia to the pleasure of audience and critics, and Miss Lilla Ormond of this city sang in Quebec with marked success a week ago Friday with a local orchestra, at a concert that is one of the chief features of Quebec's musical season.

Prof. John Garstang has been making excavations in Asia Minor, and on one of the sculptures representing the life, manners and customs of the Hitties, who, he insists, were a confederacy of different races and origin united against the Pharaohs, he found a man playing the bagpipes, accompanied by a person who was obviously playing the banjo.

Paul Rubens has written and composed a new musical play for the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London.

Miss Garden will appear as Salome in Strauss' opera at the Manhattan Opera House, Jan. 20. The statement that she will be the first Salome in this opera to dance the dance of the seven veils is incorrect. At least one soprano danced as well as sang in a German opera house.

Mme. Chaminade, who says she "leans toward romanticism," hopes to reproduce in music "some of the grand scenery" of this country. We remember too well Ramenyi's "Hymn to Mt. Shasta."

Jean Gerardy, the distinguished 'cellist, has been appointed a professor at the Liege Conservatory. There is a rumor that Ysaye will also teach there. He has already formed a string quartet in that city with Gerardy as 'cellist.

The deficit of the new opera house, Colon, at Buenos Ayres, at the end of the first season is about $100,000.

Marie Roze is now teaching singing in Paris.

W. J. Henderson has this to say about Miss Farrar having first asked, "What is the matter with her?" "The true cause of Miss Farrar's faults are two. One of them is an unjust conception of tone. Largeness, power, brilliancy, are what this young woman has sought instead of mellowness, liquidity and perfect poise. But this writer is not disposed to lay much stress on Miss Farrar's shortcomings this season, for the excellent reason that she is not enjoying artistic repose. Among the other jarring elements in the present disturbed state of the Metropolitan Opera House caustic remarks upon the singing of some of the artists by the musical director are not the least. Miss Farrar is said to have been a mark of especial consideration."

Mme. Lilli Lehmann is angry because the Wagner family has published without her consent letters written to her by the great Richard.

The Washington Post, commenting on music as a cure for mental maladies, remarks: "It is neither advisable nor safe to prescribe "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" or "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" to a man whose shaking hand and uncertain eye show he has been sitting up nights with a sick friend.

Vincent Thomas' "Enid," a new English opera, was produced by private enterprise at the Court Theatre, London, Nov. 24. The text is by Ernest Rhys. Mr. Thomas has already written an opera, "Gwenevere," which was produced at the Coronet Theatre two or three years ago. The Pall Mall Gazette says of the new opera:

"The music is a mixture of good and indifferent. Mr. Thomas has a gift of expressive melody, a sense of characterization, and occasionally shows real dramatic feeling. Faults lie on the technical side. He does not seem to have discovered the happy mean between writing bald recitative and continuous music. By adopting the latter at great length it is obvious that the lyrical moments proper lose a good deal of their force from want of contrast. This is a point which he should very seriously consider in his next work, which we hope he will write without delay, so much promise does 'Enid' show and so great an advance upon the earlier 'Gwenevere.' Another point where improvement in style might be achieved lies in the treatment of the orchestral accompaniment, which is often too complex in texture for the idea which is being expressed; for stage purposes the simpler the music for simple, ordinary things the more direct and intelligible the appeal. The good qualities in the opera are manifold; the characterization, as said, is true; witness the treatment of the dwarf and of Earl Dwrm; Enid herself stands out clearly, too, as does Geraint, who has a good deal of music of both a passionate and a dramatic kind. In the concerted music Mr. Thomas also has done well; his choruses are varied in character and all have point and significance, while the 'Song of the Candles' is a movement of very genuine beauty."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"The Goddess of Reason" will undoubtedly draw many to the Majestic Theatre. Miss Julia Marlowe herself is a powerful magnet. Her sworn and fanatical admirers rush to see her, and, incidentally, the drama in which she happens to be playing. "The Goddess of Reason" will also please many by reason of its obvious romanticism. A hero who is an aristocrat and wears his Sunday best on every day, who carries easily a sword, who goes to death calmly and with love speeches on his lips, is to them a much more attractive person than a weak young man, the husband of a restaurant waitress, or an $18 a week clerk nagging his wife in a Harlem flat. Then the howling mob, the effectiveness of the scenery, the alarums without, the trial, the alternation between thunder storm and convent music, will impress them. The very length of the piece will please, not the dwellers in the suburbs, but those who wish something substantial for their money, those who prefer the "American system" in hotel life and eat conscientiously through the long bill of fare from soup to nuts and raisins.

* * *

Miss Marlowe is wise in her generation. She herself is picturesque, and she should always figure in romantic plays. To borrow words from the terminology of the operatic stage, she is lyric rather than dramatic. Were she a singer, she should take the part of Micaela, not Carmen. Years ago she was charming in the first acts of "Romeo and Juliet," but not convincing in the final tragic scenes. It would be hard to imagine her as warmly human as the waitress wife in "The Third Degree," as Emma in "Paid in Full," or as the thief in Bernstein's play. No, she should always be seen as a romantic character, a central figure in a spectacle. In a romantic drama, which is itself frequently insincere, the insincerity of some of her methods is less intrusive. And if any one asks "How is Miss Marlowe insincere in 'The Goddess of Reason'?" the answer is easy. She is insincere in her answers to the baron's questions in the first act; there are insincere moments in the two acts that immediate follow; she is wholly insincere in the scene with the baron in prison. The spectator is conscious that she is assuming emotions that she is repeating words just into her mouth by the dramatist.

* * *

There were wild and horrid faces in the mob. Many years ago an American illustrated Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." (He also illustrated Wilkie Collins' "Woman in White" and, I think, "No Name.") His name was McLellan, or something like that. I am not sure of the spelling. No doubt artists would find fault with his technic, but he had the gift of characterization. No one that has seen his pictures can imagine Count Foseo, for instance, otherwise than as he was drawn by this man. His pictures for "A Tale of Two Cities" are singularly effective, and faces as he saw them in his mind, faces of those who swarmed joyously about the guillotine or danced frenetically the carmagnole, are also seen in the stage mob at the Majestic.

* * *

Even the hardened theatregoer trembles when a play compels him to observe noblemen and high-born dames of France in lively conversation. Take the first act in "The Goddess of Reason," where the guests are at the chateau. Did the exquisite women of that period keep up a giggling and a simpering? Laborious lightness, leaden frivolity! The costumes and coiffures help in maintaining an illusion. Yet there were followers of serious fads in those days of patches and powder. There were noble dames who affected to study medicine and surgery. One of them was so enamoured of dissection that she carried about with her in her coach when she made visits a severed arm that she might not be idle, driven in the streets of Paris. The scene in the prison, when the baron's friends are awaiting their call to the Loire or to a still quicker and more brutal death at the hands of the mob is one of the most effective in Miss Johnston's play, and in this scene Miss Marlowe has no part. This ensemble is effective, both in itself and in the performance.

* * *

There was more than one goddess of reason in the dreadful years at Paris. The first, Miss Candeille, play actress and dramatist, was adored in her scanty dress. The opera house and theatres were crowded, and singers and comedians were often obliged to give their services. Miss Maillard was devoted to the Queen, yet she figured as the Goddess of Liberty over 100 times. The poor actors and actresses could not help themselves. Singers at the Opera were obliged to be punctual, nor was sickness sworn to by a physician an excuse. Did any one plead physical inability? He was put on the list of the suspected, of those conspiring against the republic, for did he not wish to deprive the leaders of this republic of their accustomed enjoyment?

But at the great festival of Reason and Liberty at Notre Dame in December, 1793, it was not an actress that represented the former goddess. There was talk of one, Miss Maillard. She at first declined the honor. Chaumette finally persuaded her by saying: "Well, citizeness, if you refuse to be a divinity, you cannot complain if you are treated as a common mortal." The threat was sufficiently plain, but one Momoro, a follower of Marat, a bookseller who had convictions concerning agrarian law, demanded the privilege for his wife, Sophie. She is described as young, fresh, tall, sturdy, beautiful, but with teeth that were a little defective.

* * *

Why should the characters in Miss Johnston's play, speaking English because the dialogue is written in English for English readers and hearers, indulge themselves freely in French terms and phrases? Thus one of the women, entering the convent garden, looks about her and exclaims: "So very triste it is in here." Seraphine calls Yvette "cherie." In the printed version, Angelique has the line: "She said the seigneur's dues were all infame." Count Louis swears "Mort de ma vie," while Yvette obligingly translates her pet oath into the English "name of a name"! Is all this a mistaken attempt at local color, at French atmosphere?

Why in the world did not the baron of Morbec, leaving Yvette in the convent and seeing her heartsick and jealous, tell her of his love, or at least, of his indifference toward the marquise? He might have said that the marquise was only a sister to him. But if he had comforted Yvette in the garden this particular drama would not have been written.

* * *

When Mr. Swinburne's first volume of "Poems and Ballads" was published, there was a loud outcry against several poems, and among them was "Les

Noyades." Last M[illegible] night wh[illegible] the audience at the Majestic Theatre [illegible] have been characterized by the [illegible] as "high-browed," copies of this poem were distributed with the program, nor was the poem expurgated. Mark how we progress aesthetically in Boston. Not many years ago in this city a statue of a Bacchante, a pretty, [illegible] thing, was hooted at as unclean, and Boston became the laughing stock of the nation. Not long ago Boston [illegible] in crowds to see Miss Duncan [illegible] costumes that reminded one of the apparition seen by the noble Ritter [illegible] Hugo von Schwillensaufestein as he came to the banks of the Rhine:

> "Ur[illegible] there rose a meermaid.
> [illegible] hadn't got nothings on."

The distribution of "Les Noyades" was a pleasant act, for in this material, commercial age a taste for poetry should be encouraged in every way. But in Mr. Swinburne's poem the two that were bound together, "naked and wed" and thrown into the Loire were:

> "One rough with labor and red with [illegible]gh
> And a lady noble by name and face,
> Faultless, a maiden, wonderful, white."

In Miss Johnston's drama the nobleman and the peasant girl are bound together.

There were some, perhaps, who, reading Mr. Swinburne's poem, looked forward to a pleasingly realistic ending of the drama. But Miss Johnston, heeding the precepts of the ancients, respected the conventionalities and the lovers moved together "towards the river, into the mist and the shadow of the trees." Medea does not slay her children in the face of the audience, and the "Noyades," or the drownages, are not seen by the eyes. Nor do we know whether the baron and Yvette were sunk on a gabare or merely flung into the Loire.

* * *

The Herald has received a letter from which a quotation is now given:

Wellesley Hills, Dec. 21, 1908.

* * * There was one feature about "Paid in Full" which struck me forcibly. The [illegible] (?) as played by the present [illegible], it seems to me, is without artistic [illegible]. He is not only mean and [illegible]ble, but he is mean and despicable all the time, and you feel sure that, if he had always been such an unshaded [illegible], no good, self-respecting woman would have fallen in love with him. There ought to have been some hint or suggestion of some quality of marital affection and tenderness to make the character tolerable and probable. But this actor was like the sportsman's bull pup, "[illegible] all the time." He is stuttering, incoherently mad, disagreeable, [illegible] and [illegible]rrish. There isn't the trace of even an "imitation" gentleman [illegible]. I know, of course, that you [illegible] (dramatically) any sympathy for him, but a hint or suggestion of [illegible] des insolent ill-nature [illegible] have diverted the audience's [illegible] from the right channel.

J. S.

Many have [illegible] felt in like manner toward the hero of Mr. Walter's "[illegible] in Full." But [illegible] this feeling [illegible] any [illegible]n on the part of [illegible].

Mr. Walter's intention was to portray [illegible] contemptible cad. In this he [illegible]d. Perhaps an actor of still greater personal authority would impersonate [illegible] Brooks so that the audience would accept the character without a question, but Mr. Post's impersonation [illegible] in many ways.

The argument that Brooks could not [illegible] and aggressively cad[illegible] Emma would not have [illegible] polite tribute [illegible] and judgment. [illegible] good women often [illegible] thoroughly de[illegible]. Sometimes it is a case of [illegible] infatuation. Sometimes they [illegible] pity, by a maternal, [illegible] instinct; by sym[illegible] or a wish to [illegible] to save [illegible].

In the present case, only a little episode [illegible] of Brooks is presented; [illegible] little to his [illegible]. When he is [illegible] under the [illegible]. Others are pro[illegible]d, [illegible]. He [illegible] by [illegible]. Emma [illegible] the c[illegible] and comment [illegible] it. He [illegible] the k[illegible]w in [illegible]. A[illegible] saw [illegible], but [illegible] in [illegible] from their [illegible] [illegible], give way. [illegible]

[illegible]'s room. Suppose [illegible] had been misplaced, that Emma had shown less character and the captain had lived up to his reputation. Brooks, freed from the fear of the penitentiary, might have been the first to revile Emma. Does he not in the play ask her, when she is leaving him forever, if she is going back to the captain's rooms? Yes, Brooks is a shocking person, but he is drawn from life, and there are many Emmas in the world.

* * *

If plays are to be divided into "pleasant" and "unpleasant," "Their Daughters," in one act, by Mr. Andre Tridon, is to be ranked in the latter class. The Herald has received a copy, in which the author publishes his apology. Mr. Tridon, it seems, deplores the fact that his play ends with a betrothal. "This is not a concession to the feeble-minded theatregoer on whom the labial familiarities of stage males and females exert a constant fascination. * * * An engagement is, in last analysis, the understanding that a woman shall wear a diamond offered by a certain man until some other man has a chance to present her with a larger stone. Also the man whose ring she wears enjoys the privilege of supplying her with flowers, gloves, candy, theatre tickets, restaurant food and other incidentals her family life provides in insufficient quantities. They may marry in the end. But, then, the fact that a man and a woman decide some day to live in one apartment instead of two, and to club for each other's exclusive advantage his financial resources and her physical attractions, is in itself as uninteresting as the inauguration of a new railroad line between two cities. The live interest of the line, so far as 'copy' is concerned, will only date from the distribution of an unexpected dividend or from the time of some egregious collision, and, of the two, the collision presents the greater dramatic possibilities."

Mr. Tridon's play is better than his preface, perhaps because it is still more unpleasant. Phillis Webster, the daughter, is a more thoroughly disagreeable egoist than Brooks in "Paid in Full." The play, however, would be effective on the stage, and the audience would leave the theatre with an unusually bad taste in its mouth.

PHILIP HALE.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Miss Blanche Ring will go into vaudeville late in January for the first time in several years.

They say that Miss Helen Ware of "The Third Degree" company is also studying French with the hope of going to France next summer.

Mary Boland, who will soon be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre in "Jack Straw," was leading woman in "Strongheart" when that play was first performed.

Ivy Troutman, who will come to the Majestic next week with "Girls," was last seen in Boston in "The Other Girl."

Miss Henrietta Crosman will make her first appearance in vaudeville Jan. 18 in a one-act play, "Peggy O'Conner."

Miss Georgia Caine, is described as studying French verbs in her spare time.

Dec 30 1908

'FOLLIES OF 1908' AT THE TREMONT

TREMONT THEATRE—"Follies of 1908," a musical review performed for the first time in Boston. Conceived and produced by F. Ziegfeld, Jr. Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Maurice Levi. Ensemble numbers produced by Julian Mitchell.

Eve	Pauline Thorne
Adam	William Powers
Satan	Seymour Brown
A mosquito from New Jersey	Grace Leigh
Miss Manhattan	Annabelle Whitford
Nervy Nat	Harry Watson, Jr.
Leery Louie	George Bickel
Diamond Dan	Arthur Deagon
Satanette	Nora Bayes
The Irish colleen	Nora Bayes
The latest Parisian creation	Mlle. Dazie
Miss Columbia	Annabelle Whitford
Carmen	William C. Schrode
Marguerite	William Powers
Cleopatra	Billie Reeves
Coquette	George Bickel
"My Policy"	Arthur Deagon
Ruler of the universe	Harry Watson, Jr.
A perfect lady	Annie Boley
A perfect gent	Billie Reeves
Mrs. Smarte	Grace Leigh
Mr. Fresh	Jack Norworth
Danse du Directoire	Miss Dazie
Fed Leary	Arthur Deagon
Gishy Hooligan	Harry Watson, Jr.
The Nell Brinkley Girl	Annabelle Whitford

They that are solemnly anxious concerning the elevation of the stage are especially disturbed by the fact that entertainments like the "Follies of 1908" are liked by the public; that men and women not only go to these shows, but are pleased and show their enjoyment by laughter and other symptoms. They wisely say that the managers are at fault in thus corrupting the public taste, whereas managers are in the habit of giving the public what it wants. Last night there was ample

Nora Bayes,
Playing in "Follies of 1908" at the Tremont.

evidence at the Tremont Theatre that a great audience thoroughly enjoyed this particular show, and there is every prospect that the "Follies of 1908" will have a long and prosperous run.

Comment on the precise character of this entertainment does not necessitate a comparison between the "Follies of 1908" and Shakespearian comedy, or the comedy of the Restoration, or that of Sheridan, or that of Pinero. "Follies of 1908" is to be compared with entertainments of a similar nature. The chief and only pertinent questions are these: Is the show amusing? Are there funny comedians? Are there good lines and pretty girls and songs that haunt the memory, dances that delight, tasteful and handsome costumes, scenery that is effective? It is not necessary for the singers to be masters and mistresses of tonal emission; it is enough if their voices are pleasant, if their enunciation is distinct, if they have the knack of making a song go over the footlights.

There is a variety of entertainment in "Follies of 1908," and each kind answers fully the plain and expected requirements. The most amusing dialogue is that between Messrs. Watson, Bickel and Deagon, at the beginning of the first act. The explanation of atmospheric pressure, the confidential certificate of character given by Nervy Nat concerning Leery Louie—all this is excellent fooling. But there are other scenes that are mirth provoking, scenes in a spirit of broad burlesque, as that of the entrance of the late presidential candidates, and especially the society prize fight which is irresistibly funny, so funny that it defies description.

There are many songs that pleased at the time and will be remembered. Among them are those sung by Miss Bayes, especially "Since Mother Was a Girl"; those sung by Miss Whitford—it seemed as though the audience would never tire of "The Nell Brinkley Girl"; Mr. Deagon's dashing "Rajah of Broadway," and all the songs sung by Mr. Norworth, whether of a general or of a particularly local character. Nor should "Shine on, Harvest Moon," as sung by Miss Bayes and Mr. Norworth, pass unnoticed.

There was excellent dancing. Miss Dazie was graceful and audacious in her evolutions, and Mr. Watson's imitation of Miss Genee in hunting costume was excellent. The ensemble dances, though conventional, showed careful training. It is to be regretted that the "Apache" dance is introduced in this show. It was well done, but the better the performance the more unpleasant the dance. It is unpleasant because it is neither sensuous nor graceful; it is simply brutal in its cruelty. This dance appears to be in fashion, and it had already been seen in Boston. Last night it was danced effectively, but the applause that followed was slight. No one likes to see a woman struck and kicked on the stage.

The piece is sumptuously mounted. The costumes as a rule are in fine taste. The tableaux during the "Nell Brinkley" song are charmingly artistic. When there are so many handsome women on the stage, it is a pity to disfigure some of them by turning them into "rooster girls." The statue of Venus Callipyge has excited the admiration of the world, but a "rooster girl" with feathers is not attractive, either to a sculptor or to a plain citizen with ordinary eyes for the beautiful. The finales, especially that of the first act, were effective. The performance was spirited from the beginning to the end, and, as I have said, the approval of the audience was hearty and unmistakable.

GLOBE THEATRE Fuller

"The Great Question," an American Play, Capably Presented.

GLOBE THEATRE—Mr. A. L. Wilbur presents "The Great Question," an American play of modern life by Frederic Paulding.

Robert Savernex	A. H. Stuart
Susan May Savernex	Miss Bessie Lae Lestina
Alicia	Miss Bonstelle
Florabelle	Miss Inez Plummer
Philip Infield	Julius McVicker
Berresford Chort	Frederick C. Wright
Harvey Tellifer	Frank Denithorne
Christopher Lawtred, Esq	Bert S. Frank
Daniel	Crosman Sedley Brown
George Deering	George Leach
Miss Grace Carlishaw	Mabel Carruthers
Mrs. Wallabee Wroxeter	Alice Donovan
Mr. Jimmie Rolane	Foster Hackett
Wellin	J. H. Sichler

Music.

By PHILIP HALE.

Josef Lhevinne gave his first piano recital here this season yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall, which was completely filled with a warmly appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Godowski's arrangement of Corelli's Pastorale, Loeilly's Gigue, Rameau's Tambourin; Liszt, sonata, B minor; Chopin, Etudes, C sharp minor, A minor, op. 25; Valse, A flat major; Tarantelle; d'Albert, Scherzo, F sharp major; Liadoff, Etude, A sharp major; Tausig, Zigeunerweisen.

The program was a formidable one. It took strength, endurance and courage to play both Busoni's transcription of Bach's Chaconne and Liszt's Sonata, and some might say that the endurance and the courage of the hearer were equally marked. Mr. Busoni of late years has amused himself by transcribing choral variations and other pieces by Bach, and it was hardly possible that the Chaconne should escape him. This famous piece for violin alone has been transcribed for orchestra. Rabb, who did this feat and gave as an excuse for doing it that the inherent polyphonic nature of the Chaconne led one to infer that Bach originally thought of it for more instruments than the violin, was a master of orchestration in his day. The excuse was a lame one, and there is still less excuse for transcribing the piece for a piano. Some go so far as to decry Liszt's Sonata as a monstrosity. This is eminently unfair, for the Sonata contains impressive and beautiful music. Nevertheless, the Sonata is not for an everyday audience. The transcription of Corelli's pastorale preserves the old world flavor, but Mr. Godowski has given swollen proportions to the simple tunes of Loeilly and Rameau and turned them into virtuoso pieces.

Mr. Lhevinne's performance yesterday was characterized chiefly by strength and brilliance. The strength was exerted occasionally without due recognition of the size of the hall, with its exquisite acoustic properties. In Symphony Hall, for instance, this strength would probably not have been so aggressive, and there would not have been the thought of pounding. For Mr. Lhevinne's strength, as all true strength, includes delicacy and tenderness; witness his playing of the Pastorale, passages in the Chaconne and the Sonata, and his remarkably fleet and charming performance of d'Albert's Scherzo. There can be no doubt about the brilliance of Mr. Lhevinne's art, and this brilliance is peculiar to himself. In fact, his whole mechanism is singularly individual.

The performance was on the whole more engrossing as a technical display than as an awakener of emotion. Perhaps this was due in part to the character of the program. Yet it would not be right to refrain from praising the fine simplicity shown in melodic phrasing, the absence of sentimentalism, the prevailing manliness of Mr. Lhevinne's playing. It seems to me that Mr. Lhevinne has gained in breadth of conception, in appreciation of values since he last gave recitals in Boston. Inasmuch as he will play again in Steinert Hall on Tuesday afternoon, further consideration of his characteristics may be deferred till then. He is certainly a pianist of unusual parts, who should be heard and studied. He may possibly yet reveal an emotional quality that he has hitherto kept locked within his breast.

DOLMETSCH CONCERT.

Program of Christmas Music Rendered in Chickering Hall.

K. C.

The first of a series of three concert. given by Chickering & Sons, under the direction of Arnold Dolmetsch, took place last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was a repetition of that given at the Christmas season last year, as follows: Anonymous, "Lullybye," for soprano, with accompaniment of viols and organ; Corelli, "Concerto Grosso," for strings, harpsichord and organ; Bach, cantata for four solo voices, chorus, flutes, oboes and strings. The following musicians appeared: Mrs. Marie Sundelius, soprano; Mrs. Dorothy McTaggart Miller, contralto; Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor; Ralph Osborne, bass; Mrs. Arnold Dolmetsch, Misses Laura and Alice Kelsey, Holden, Sands, Davis, Messrs. Adams, Bak, Mahn, Rissland, Gietzen, Hadley, Maquarre, Brooke, Longy, Lenom, Sautet, Mueller, Sadony, Kunze and Dolmetsch.

The program and the work of the soloists were familiar to many in the audience, yet there were program notes which were reread with interest by those who had already heard the concert and were helpful to those who may have heard this music for the first time. Thus

...s... that the "Lullybye" w... in a r...ual of a certain conv..., the pastorale at the end of the con...to suggested to Handel his pastorale ...n "The Messiah", that the cantata given last evening is the second of Bach's series of six written for the Christmas season. There was also an English synopsis of the German text, which, however, was scarcely necessary, as the words of the Evangelist have a familiar ring in whatever tongue they are uttered, and the text of the chorales is not for the most part significant.

It is not necessary here to inquire whether a concert of early music gives as keen enjoyment as a modern one, or whether the average listener appreciates the pains that have been taken to reproduce conditions under which the music was originally performed. Mr. Dolmetsch has respected the intention of the composer as to the nature, number and grouping of the instruments and the voices, and the performance was in all respects skilful, keenly sympathetic and a ...tion of the beauty of the music. Nor was the audience indifferent to the significance of the program at this season; many were touched who perhaps, under other circumstances, would have felt a purely cerebral interest in the revival.

Mrs. Sundelius gave so much pleasure ... her exquisitely simple and tender singing of the "Lullybye" that it was a disappointment that she had so little to do in the cantata. As it was, ... delivery of the angel's announcement was the one thrilling and dramatic touch in the performance. The work of the chorus was smooth, and ... other soloists were applauded, ... Osborne giving special pleasure ... his agreeable voice.

MRS. McALLISTER'S CONCERT.

The second of Mrs. McAllister's Musical Mornings took place yesterday at ... Hotel Somerset. The large hall was ... with a brilliant audience. Mme. ... sang the "Addio" from Puccini's "...me," the Aubade from Lalo's "...d'ys," the "Ave Maria" from ... "Othello," "Ah! fors' e lui" from ... "Traviata," Ronald's "Down in ...orest" and Bemberg's "Les Anges ...ent." Miss Ada Sassoli played ... pieces by Zabel, Debussy, Chopin, ... Jensen, and Emile Ferir, first ... of the Boston Symphony orches... played pieces by Schubert, d'Am...so, Squire, Saint-Saens and Hans. ... concert was much enjoyed, and ... Sassoli and Mr. Ferir gave encore ...s. The third and last of these in...esting concerts will be on Monday ...ning, Jan. 11.

DRAMA A

In William Devereux's new play, ...enry of Navarre," Miss Julia Neilson ... take the part of La Reine Margot ... wear the huge farthingale of the ...d.

...r. Pinero's new play will be produced ... George Alexander at the St. James', ...n, early next fall. The play is "of ...us interest, modern, and treating ...ily of London life."

...iss Ray Beveridge is showing her... as the "ideal American beauty" in ...se "numbers": "Venus," "Passion" ... "Allurement." Is she not coming ...Boston? Why tarry the wheels of her ...riot?

They are showing at the Palace, London, ..., a series of serpentine dances, executed in mid-air by young women who ...e from Paris and are known as "Les Aero Femmes."

...rtain English playwrights are en...avoring to rival the younger French...n whose dramas, chiefly "shockers," ...e produced at the minor theatres in P...s. When they do not deliberately attempt to shock, they strive to be "true to life," and are then often trivial. What could be more naive than "Into the Light," by Gerald Lawrence, produced Nov. 30 at the Court Theatre? A blind and poor young German fiddler is loved by a beautiful woman whose ...ughty father has a black beard like a ...e brush and a passion for collecting ...dles. The blind and poor fiddler calls ... his house to sell his own violin, and whiles away "the rosy hours before ... entry of Papa by playing a duet ... the daughter." Papa comes in, ... hears, rages, smashes the fiddle ... the back of a chair and orders the ...r to leave. The daughter is horror...ken; the fiddler smiles a sad, sweet ...e and goes toward the door. "The ...e and the father were the second .... The third act showed papa in ...nating paroxysms of fuming and ...rse; and the fourth act brought ...t the only end possible and finished ...lay."

...e is the story of Miss Margaret ...'s "In the Gates of the Morning." ...y is a young servant who has the ...acter of being "clean, but untruth.... She gives a silver watch and ... to her young man George. She ...aved the money for the present, ...an increase in a dressmaker's bill ... her savings, and she "loses" a ...eign of her mistress' money. The ...ess makes her confess, and per...es her to tell George. He is virtu...o..., ind...nt and would prefer not to have anything to do with her. The mistress tells him before Emily that she has heard him kiss the girl next door, and George and Emily are left alone to fight it out.

Or what is to be said of St. John Hankin's "Last of the de Mullins" (London, Dec. 7)? Janet de Mullin does not wish to die unmarried; she wishes to fulfil "the natural destiny of women." She falls off her bicycle, accepts help and hospitality from Monty Bulstead, younger than herself, runs away to London, passes herself off as Mrs. Seagrave, has in due time a son, whom she names Johnny, and opens a milliner's shop. Eight years pass, and she is called home by her mother to see her father, who is supposed to be dying. She meets by accident her lover in a wood. There is no scene of bitter reproaches. On the contrary, she shakes hands and they chat pleasantly over old times. "He has shirked his responsibilities, but, bless you, she wasn't going to be 'nasty' about that! These little things will happen. Men will be men. She has her Johnny and her hat shop, and is wearing one of her own hats at the very moment of the meeting. Wasn't it pretty!" The mother discovers her secret. So does her father. So does the younger sister, and the curate has practically jilted her, ashamed of the scandal. Jane lectures her parents about their snobbishness, scolds her sister for being modest, leaves the house triumphantly leading little Johnny by the hand and takes the next train back to London. The critics and the audiences are now debating whether the dramatist was in earnest when he wrote the play. Or did he intend to satirize the drama of Bernard Shaw. The Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "Perhaps, then, Janet's views on maternity, Monty's ideas of chivalry and the curate's movable affections are supposed to be funny. If so, it is a pity that they are not presented in lighter and more laughter-provoking terms. If they are meant as a serious picture of ordinary life they are false. If they are offered as an ideal worthy of imitation they are an impertinence. With whatever intention they are offered they are, unfortunately, a bore."

Grace Filkins, now playing in "The Third Degree," is not the wife of "Admiral Merrick," as has been stated, but of Capt. Adolph Marix.

"The Raven," a play in four acts, "dealing with the love romance and sorrow in the life of that erratic genius," Edgar Allan Poe, was produced at Annapolis the 23d. George Hazleton is the author. The part of Poe was played by Henry Ludlowe. Both Virginia Clemm and Mrs. Whitman are introduced in the play, and so are Mr. and Mrs. John Allan. To the true admirers of Poe, one of the most conspicuous glories of American literature, this play, however discreetly written and acted, will seem in deplorable taste. Nor will they be consoled by this statement: "While the life of Poe is a sombre subject, Mr. Hazleton brightens it up with considerable comedy, especially in the character of Erebus, the darky servant of the chivalrous old days of the duello." Gustavus Levick, who has been absent from the stage for at least a dozen years, took the part of John Allan.

Helen Ware, whose impersonation of the young wife in "The Third Degree" deserves the highest praise, first called attention to herself in Boston when she played in "Soldiers of Fortune."

Verner Clarges, whose impersonation of the lawyer's confidential clerk in "The Third Degree" is a masterly bit of character acting, has had wide experience both in tragedy and comedy. In private life he has an unctuous humor and a fund of entertaining, not boresome, anecdotes.

Henry B. Harris has acquired the rights to Channing Pollock's latest play, "Such a Little Queen," and it will be produced early next fall.

It is said that Annie Russell has been offered an engagement in the new theatre that has been built at Manila.

George Ade has sailed for Europe to go round the world.

William Bullock of the Press (New York) hammers Mr. McLellan because he prefers to live in London and write his plays there. "He is a London clubman; he is not without interest in British politics; his circle of acquaintances is English; in fact, he grows as close to English soil as our dimly remembered Henry James. McLellan has got so far away from us that he has indulged his talent in the engaging business of writing English librettos for musical comedies. In 'Glittering Gloria,' it is recalled with mingled mirth and sorrow, McLellan stuck a monocle in his eye, arrayed himself in clothes of vivid pattern and paraded Piccadilly, delivering stolid observations in drawling tongue." This attack is unnecessary. Nor does it follow that because Mr. McLellan dwells in London, he cannot therefore write an "American" drama.

Miss Marie Dressler will start her season at the Aldwych early in the new year. Her first production will be a new musical comedy, called "Little Mena," in which she will appear as the grown-up enfant terrible of the family. The piece is written by two American authors, who have already supplied Miss Dressler with most of her successes at Weber and Field's in America. The comedy, which is in two acts, the scene being laid in Switzerland and Paris, respectively, will fulfil the functions of a revue, for it is intended that a burlesque of every popular performance in town shall be successively interpolated in the play.—The Era

Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Happy Marriage," will be produced at Washington, D. C., the last Monday in January.

Viola Allen will appear late in January in a new play, "The White Sister," by F. Marion Crawford. It has in a measure the same plot as that author's novel now running in a magazine, but the play was written first.

"Peter Pan" was revived the 23d in London for the fifth year in succession, and the enthusiasm was more marked than ever before. Would we could see again Peter, and the little girl, and the wise dog, and Capt. Hook, most delightful and convincing of pirates.

Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney presented at the Coliseum, for the first time in London, early this month, a new version of "Gringoire." It is entitled "The King and the Vagabond."

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DRAMA AND MUSIC

Jane Hading has made probably the success of her life in the new play "La Femme X" at the Porte Sainte Martin Theatre in Paris. The heroine is the wife of a celebrated lawyer, who on account of infidelity to him has been driven from the house. She is passionately fond of her son and goes to her husband's house to see the boy. This is told in the prologue, and the play proper concerns a period 20 years after. The mother is now in a wretched condition. She is a morphino-maniac. She is "protected" by a man who is associated with blackmailers; but she still has some pride, some remembrance of her former estate. The protector with his collegues has arranged a scheme by which the ex-husband should be forced to restore her dot, but she will have nothing to do with the blackmailing. He insists. She struggles with him and at last draws a revolver and kills him. In the third act she is tried for murder. A young lawyer defends her eloquently and she is acquitted. This lawyer is her son, but he does not know it. The father is in court, and the young man says: "I am proud of my success today. I have made my father weep, and it is no mean achievement to draw tears from the eyes of a judge." In the fourth act mother and son are on terms of recognition and affection. This melodrama is the first serious play by Alexandre Bisson, who for 35 years has written amusing pieces for the stage.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "I confess that, until tonight, I regarded Mme Hading as an actress of special parts only. I thought that her talents had become fixed and crystallized in such plays as 'The Ironmaster' and 'The Scrap of Paper,' so well known in England. But she proves that it is not so; she proves that she is possessed of what musicians call virtuosity. She is particularly wonderful as the fallen woman who has given way to drug-taking. As she spreads out the cards before her—her eyes shining with a weird, uncanny light—and reads her fate, reading that she is going to die, you feel that here is a keen student of human nature, one capable of expressing the most poignant parts of an emotional temperament. She moves to tears in the tragedy of her fall, in the vestiges of refinement and of good principle that are left. The 'femme de chambre' in the wretched hotel in which she and her 'protector' have taken temporary quarters is given good advice. She plots flight with a lover—'because her husband is so stupid,' she tells the drug-dosed woman. Jacqueline, for a moment, throws aside her lethargy, foresees the inevitable end of the 'liaison,' and warns the woman against it. In the trial scene she is magnificent, too. For the greater part she remains unmoved, keeping absolute silence. To the police she has told nothing. She is the unknown woman, 'la femme X.' Then she breaks into a piercing, inarticulate cry, into sobs and moans more painful and heart-breaking than words. And finally, when the evidence gives a glimmering of the reasons why she killed, she is impelled to speech and declares she slew to save the name and fame of the man she loved. That man, in court, recognizing his wife, at that instant feels the deepest emotion."

A bloodthirsty monster, a brigand named Salomone, has written a tragedy in jail. This piece, in which he figures as the hero, is said to show imagination and considerable dramatic power. It is filled with details realistic and imaginary. There are nine characters—his family, the woman he loved and one of the many men he had murdered. The play has found a publisher. First-class crime is still glorious in Italy. A brigand, as yet uncaught, wrote to the newspapers a few weeks ago, asking for a wife. He described his inimitable qualifications as a husband, and the chief ones were his skill with knife and gun and his affectionate nature. In exchange he demanded youth, beauty and the desire to work. He has had many answers.

Londoners wish that the repertory system were in vogue in dealing with light opera. One critic writes: "Because a work no longer draws crowded houses night after night and is then taken off, it need not necessarily be inferred that its day is over. But as the true comic opera is always produced in the same way as works of an avowedly ephemeral kind, the same judgment is exercised over its ultimate fate. There are many light operas besides 'Dorothy' and the Gilbert and Sullivan series which would be warmly welcomed again although they may not have the peculiar qualities which would make them successful if produced for a 'run,' and it is distinctly unfair to regard their value only from this point of view."

Sir Edward Elgar's new symphony will be performed for the first time in America by the New York Symphony orchestra Jan. 3 and 5. Mr. Fiedler will give a performance of it here this season.

"Little Nemo" will come to the Colonial Theatre Jan. 25, with Joseph Cawthorn, Billy B. Van and Harry Kelly as the three comedians. The musical comedy has been a great success at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York.

Francis Rogers, baritone, formerly of Boston, contributes to Scribner's Magazine for January an article on "The Use of English in Singing."

DeWolf Hopper again announces his positive withdrawal from "the field of comic opera and musical comedy" to enter into that of legitimate comedy.

Henry W. Savage has sailed for Europe.

The programs at the Maxine Elliott Theatre will not carry advertisements.

Richard Carle will appear in "The Hurdy Gurdy Girl," which will be produced at Chicago on Decoration day. "The Boy and the Girl" will be produced at the Tremont Theatre in Boston early in the summer.

Miss Billie Burke will be in Boston with "Love Watches" late in January.

There will be attractive concerts next week. Mr. Spalding, a young American violinist who has made an enviable reputation for himself in Europe, will play here for the first time Monday afternoon. Mr. Lhevinne will give his second piano recital Tuesday afternoon, and on Tuesday evening the Kneisel quartet will give a concert at Fenway Court, with the assistance of Ossip Gabrilowitsch. The Flonzaley quartet, whose concerts were among the chief musical events of last season, will give the first concert of a series Thursday evening.

There will be no Symphony concert next week, for the orchestra will leave next Sunday for its third trip. Mischa Elman, who is ranked among the very first violinists now living, and some good judges do not hesitate to name him the first, will play Tschaikowsky's concerto at the concert this week.

Apropos of the opening of the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York, Burton T. Beach writes that Maxine, as Mrs. Nat Goodwin, "secured a firm footing in British aristocratic society." This, of course, was wholly due to Nat's intimacy with strawberry dukes and belted earls.

Mr. Bonci will take new parts in South America next summer. He will sing for the first time in "Mme. Butterfly," "Tosca," "La Gioconda" and "Faust."

Montgomery and Stone are to have another play based on adventures in the land of Oz. It will be entitled "Ozma of Oz," and it is a sequel of "The Wizard." Frank L. Baum will write the libretto and Manuel Klein the music.

A few nights ago Gaylard Wiltshire attempted to discuss a socialistic question during the performance in New York of "The Battle" Messrs. Lackaye and Moffett have now request Lieb & Co. to announce that if any gent[le]men of socialistic tendencies who a[t]tend the performance on any night fe[el] called upon to air their views of th[e] play and its aspect toward Socialism, upon the conclusion of the performance an opportunity will be given them to address such portion of the audience as may care to remain to hear them.

Eddie Foy intends to play Hamlet straight on Jan. 15. And why not? The accomplished tragedian should have a light comedy touch.

W. J. Locke's new play, a little one, "A Blank Cheque," was produced at the Empire, London, the middle of the month. Mrs. Mahoney, young, beautiful and a gentlewoman, is in the best society, yet her husband has been jailed for theft, and when he returns after a long absence and asks her to take him back, she declines, for her social position would then be endangered. Furthermore she loves him not. She offers him money—a blank check. He takes it, writes on it, and hands it back. She reads it aloud, and the words are those which bind her to give him her love. She cannot give this, so he leaves her, but she relents, calls him back, and tells him she loves him after all. Then he produces papers to show that he never stole and was a victim. The story is improbable in every way, and the critics say it is "stagily told."

Jan 2 1909.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

"It is said that "Cyrano de Bergerac" has brought in about $1,200,000 since the first night, without counting receipts out of France.

There was a strange stage tragedy recently at Novgorod. The leading actor and actress were appearing as hero and heroine in a melodrama. In private life the leading woman, Ludmilla Rogoskin, married, detested the leading man, one Krasnoff, who bothered her with his attentions. She warned him against being too affectionate in love passages in the play, but not able to control himself, he kissed her again and again. She waited till the entr'acte and then asked him what he meant. The actor said: "I so lost myself that I forgot I was on the stage and acted as my heart dictated." In the last act Ludmilla was required to stab her lover with a property hat pin. She did this, and Krasnoff fell with a yell among the footlights. The woman bent over him with a mocking grin. "Why did you do it, Lud-

[illegible]?" he [illegible]ied. "I so lost myself that I forgot I was on the stage and acted as my heart dictated," was the answer. The actress is cooling off in prison.

They have been playing Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" in Rotterdam. In Dutch, the comedy is entitled "Een Ideaal E[illegible]oot."

They are still objecting to "Le Foyer" in Paris but they still go to see it. "The play," says a London correspondent, "is extremely offensive to every right-thinking person. Though hateful in the manner in which it paints society, it is none the less very interesting in the style of its writing. The chief objection, morally to the play lies in the very for[illegible]uiness and apparent sincerity with which it is written."

Richard Strauss' "Electra" will be produced at Dresden the 25th. The whole week will be devoted to Strauss' music, and the program will include gala performances of "Electra," "Salome," "Feuersnot" and the "Sinfonia Domestica."

Ossip Gabrilowitsch will give his first piano recital here this season in Jordan Hall next Wednesday afternoon.

The programme of the Flonzaley quartet concert to be given next Thursday night in Chickering Hall, will include Beethoven's quartet in G minor, op 18, No. [illegible], Leclair's sonata for two violins and 'cello op. 4, No. 1, and Schubert's quartet in D minor (posth.) The quartet has been playing in Europe with uncommon success.

There is to be a "mastersinger" competition in Boston. Men and women living in Greater Boston, or who have studied or are studying with Boston teachers are eligible. Names must be handed in on or before Feb. 1. Each competitor can sing one selection from a "standard or classical" opera in the repertory of today. The judges will be three "markers," who will be hidden from the singers and the audience. One will judge the voice; one the method; and the third the style. The first of these competitions will be held in Symphony Hall, the afternoon of April 17. A handsome medal will be awarded to the one that shows superiority in the three things.

The first of Mr. Tucker's Sunday chamber concerts, in Chickering Hall, will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch, Mrs. Mathilde Thomson Ward, soprano, and Mr. Adams, harpsichord, on the afternoon of the 10th.

"Paid in Full," the remarkable play by Eugene Walter that will end tonight its engagement at the Colonial Theatre, will be performed at Salem on Monday night, Lawrence, Tuesday and Wednesday nights; Lowell, the last half of the week; Portland, Me., the first half of the week of Jan. 11; Lewiston, Jan. 14; Bangor, Jan. 15-16; Haverhill, Jan. 18; Brockton, Jan. 19; Taunton, Jan. 20; Worcester, Jan. 21-22 and 23; Fall River, Jan. 25 and 26; Newport, Jan. 27; Attleboro, Jan. 28, and New Bedford, Jan. 29 and 30. "Paid in Full" will then go to Washington, Baltimore and Pittsburg, then return to New York.

They say that Sam Bernard will go into vaudeville for 10 weeks at a salary of $3000 a week. This reminds us of a story told of a pianist in Vienna. Returning from a tour, he said to his friends in a cafe: "How much do you suppose I cleared on this trip?" One had the courage to say: "Half." Sam Bernard is called a thrifty person, and he is credited with 16 houses on which he collects rent; he is also interested in a wall-paper business.

Goethe's "Egmont," will be performed in German at the University of Michigan.

Kansas City is boasting of "a really wonderful tenor" who can sing high E straight from the chest. His name is [illegible] Scheliter. He was born in Odessa and is about 23 years old. He came to America 11 months ago.

William H. Crane says that "Camille" is the most successful play of the century.

Apropos of the hat and coiffure problem, a Londoner recalls the fact that when Fanny Burney's Miss Braughton went to the opera, and it was suggested that she would hardly choose to go into the pit with her hat on, she exclaimed: "Oh, as to that if our hats are too high, we'll take them off when we get in. I don't mind, for I did my hair on purpose."

Mme. Germaine Arnaud, who will soon play the piano at Boston Symphony concerts, took a first prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1905. She has played [illegible] in Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, England, Switzerland.

Mme. de Grisac has settled the question. She says that the American "point of view" is the last word in the [illegible] of human character. "The American people do not insist upon American locale, they do not demand [illegible] point of view, nor do they deny the foreign author his personal expression of the story he has to [illegible]; they do insist upon a broad, [illegible] faithful interpretation of li[illegible]. This helps some, but [illegible] What American audience [illegible] perhaps, is to be made to [illegible]

[illegible] tells at least one story [illegible] reminiscences that does [illegible] credible. When Henry Irving was playing Hamlet in Dublin, Lord Ran[illegible] went behind the scenes and [illegible] himself. He expressed [illegible] regret that owing to a reception at the Castle he could not stay through the performance. He said he was [illegible] interested and begged Irving to tell him how the play ended. "Irving was at first so taken aback that he [illegible] his visitor was indulging in a [illegible] at the expense of the [illegible], but a quick glance [illegible] earnest face sufficed [illegible] him, and he then told Lord [illegible] the concluding [illegible] his social en[illegible]gagement did not permit him to see represented upon the boards."

The other day a lady sitting in the front row of the stalls at a West-end theatre was tapping her feet in time with the orchestra. By and by she discovered that one foot had penetrated underneath the plush barrier dividing the musicians from the stalls. What was worse, she saw that she had been "tapping time" on the head of a most respectable elderly gentleman playing the bassoon. As that worthy man had by ill-luck been compelled to exert himself most energetically during the performance of the music then in progress, his indignation could find expression only in a countenance of highly apoplectic hue. The lady comprehended the situation at a glance and retired hurriedly.—Daily Telegraph (London).

Mabel Taliafero, who will be at the Colonial Theatre next week in "Polly of the Circus," began her stage life as Baby Bascombe in "Blue Jeans," when she was two years and a half old. As a child she played in "Patent Applied For," and "Shamrock and Killarney"—with Andrew Mack. With Chauncey Olcott she was in "Tommy the Newsboy" and "The Irish Artist." She attracted much attention in "The Children of the Ghetto" as Ester, both in New York and London. There were other engagements; in "Lost River," "The Prince of Peace," "The Land of Heart's Desire," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and in 1905 she played Dolly in "You Never Can Tell." She went to Australia with William Collier in "The Dictator" and "On the Quiet," nor should her impersonation of Pippa in Browning's poetic drama be forgotten.

January 31 '09

Mischa Elman, Young Artist of Unusual Talent, Makes First Appearance.

MASTERLY PLAYING OF TSCHAIKOWSKY PIECE

Impressive Performance of Strauss' Tone Poem, 'Death and Transfiguration.'

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Fiedler conductor, gave its 11th concert last night in Symphony Hall. Mischa Elman, violinist, played for the first time in this city. The program was as follows:

Overture on the choral. "A Safe Stronghold" .... Nicolai
Concerto for violin .... Tschaikowsky
Tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," .... Strauss

Nicolai's overture, written originally for orchestra, chorus and organ, was once a favorite piece at concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society. There was no chorus last night when the overture was played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the first time. It was once the fashion to build musical works of various kinds on a choral. The Germans have not wholly abandoned the custom, witness the orchestral variations by Georg Schumann on one, and the French have a trick of introducing a choral in unexpected places. Nicolai's overture is at least 65 or 66 years old and it was no doubt a conventional piece at the time of the first hearing. When the chorus is employed the sonority of the opening measures is impressive if only through tonal weight.

Without the chorus these pages are effective. But the contrapuntal treatment that follows is rather cut-and-dried, and the second subject and the use made of it do not enhance the dignity of the choral. The overture was perhaps appropriate at the beginning of the year by reason of Luther's hymn. The inherent musical interest did not in itself warrant the introduction of the overture into the repertory of the orchestra.

Young Mr. Elman is indeed a remarkable violinist. His reputation had preceded him. When he first appeared in European cities as an infant phenomenon, we were assured by grave critics that this boy had the masculine grasp and the emotional qualities of a mature and sensitive artist. Long articles were written about him, inquiries of a psychological nature. It was considered extraordinary that a child played emotional music with the right emotion when he could not have experienced this emotion.

Mr. Baughan attempted to explain the matter by saying that music carries its own emotions. "The performer has it ready-made for him if he does but understand the language." A prodigy, a wonder-child is a musical child of abnormally sensitive mind and body. There were some that preferred the theory of reincarnation, and they believed that a musical soul had entered into the boy's body. Admit spiritual transmigration. How did the boy acquire the ability to play passages which would baffle ordinary students for years? When Elman was asked about his practising, he answered, "I would play for about 20 minutes, and then if I found I could not get the effect I wanted I would stop and think, until I felt how it should be." Here, then, was a boy violinist who actually thought, and thus he furnished a footnote to the old saying: "To some God gives brains; to others, to play on the fiddle."

If there were doubting Thomases at the concert last night they were convinced before the end of the first movement of the concerto that Mr. Elman's great reputation is fully warranted. It is seldom that any famous violinist at the zenith of his fame has so many admirable qualities. It is not necessary to dwell upon the pure intonation, the beauty of tone, now warm, full, sensuous, now exquisitely delicate, keen rhythmic feeling, the astounding mastery of technical difficulties. Mr. Elman has more than all this. He has the rare gift of interpreting Tschaikowsky's concerto as though the music were in a sense his own. His interpretation is in a way a creation.

The music had more dignity, beauty, fire by reason of his own individuality in expression. Nor is he a young man of one concerto. In New York, for instance, he will play with the Boston Symphony orchestra this week the concerto by Brahms and also Beethoven's. It would be interesting to compare the three performances for a violinist may be able to play effectively music by Beethoven and Brahms and yet be tame and even dull with the concerto of Tschaikowsky. According to the testimony of sound and experienced judges, Mr. Elman's best and highest qualities are revealed in each one of these concertos. That is to say, he is wholly rounded as an interpreter. His individuality accomodates itself to that of each one of the composers.

It is easy to declare with an air of portentous wisdom that Mr. Elman is a "born violinist"; that he is a "genius"; but these statements do not solve the mystery of such rare apparitions in the musical world. Here is a youth, who, born obscurely in Russia, is now, at the age of 16 or 17, ranked with the two greatest violinists now living. He is already illustrious, not merely as a virtuoso of the highest rank but as a master of purely musical and aesthetic interpretation. Here is a great mystery. Fortunately it is not necessary to solve it in order to have supreme enjoyment.

To those who are acquainted with the history of Tschaikowsy's concerto the superb performance of last night was not without its irony. Tschaikowsky wrote the concerto intending that Leopold Auer should play it. Auer for some reason or other pronounced the work impossible, and he did not try to conquer its difficulties. The composer went so far as to accuse Auer of intriguing against it. Yet Auer years afterward played it brilliantly, and now his pupil, Elman, ennobles a concerto that to many hearers, warm admirers of Tschaikowsky, has seemed a stumbling-block.

Mr. Fiedler gave a singularly impressive performance of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," which is the noblest of Strauss' symphonic poems. Others are more extraordinary bizzarc, if you will have the word, but "Death and Transfiguration" is imaginative without the suspicion of a too deliberate desire to make the bourgeois sit up. It is to be classed with "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel," but in its loftiness of sentiment it is above them. The magnificent climax was built up with great skill by Mr. Fiedler.

There was continuity that was irresistible. Performances of this work have been given when the "Transfiguration" section was not given time for majestic development, or the section seemed divided into episodes without close connection. Under Mr. Fiedler's direction, these pages of inspired music were as the apotheosis of the human race after the disappointments, sorrows, tragedies of daily life. Man is after all a noble animal, and this music is as the eloquent justification of his nobility even in the grave.

HENRY E. KREHBIEL'S CHAPTERS OF OPERA

Henry E. Krehbiel has written an entertaining book "Chapters of Opera; being historical and critical observations and records concerning the lyric drama in New York from its earliest days down to the present time." It is published in a handsome form by Henry Holt & Co. of New York, and the illustrations—there are over 70 of them—are a true embellishment. There is a carefully prepared and exhaustive index.

The book is entertaining both in the subject matter and in Mr. Krehbiel's presentation of it. Mr. Krehbiel's style was never more charming. It is a delight to read him when he is enthusiastic over a favorite opera or a singer whom he loves. It is also a delight to read him when he is moved to indignation by the thought of ultra-modern composers and their atrocities. For Mr. Krehbiel is by nature and education a conservative. He has little patience with modern tendencies in opera or in orchestral music. It is not surprising that he loathes "Salome" and has little sympathy for "Pelleas and Melisande" and "Louise." How could he be otherwise? The wonder is that he ever accepted the music dramas of Wagner.

Like his colleague, William Winter, he is easily shocked, and when he is shocked he rages in print like a Hebrew prophet. The trouble is that when he is moved to castigate Strauss for his "Salome," he writes pages that are hardly fit for the young person; he not only out-Herods Herod, he out-Salomes Salome. In this respect he recalls Juvenal thundering against the immorality of the Roman women in the famous satire that is read for the frank descriptions rather than for the lessons of morality. Mr. Krehbiel has his opinions and he expresses them manfully and entertainingly. He has a right to these opinions about certain modern operas, their merits or faults, their morality, immorality, or unmorality. He is brave enough to publish these opinions in a book for another generation to read, and he is, no doubt, sure in his mind that the next generation will applaud him. It is to be regretted that he included in his denunciation of "Salome" the remarks of a reporter on the behavior of the audience at the dress rehearsal and sole performance of "Salome" at the Metropolitan Opera House. This reporter wrote that the "effect of horror" on the audience was "pronounced." Listen to this burst: "Many voices were hushed as the crowd passed out into the night; many faces were white almost as those at the rail of a ship. Many women were silent and men spoke as if a bad dream were on them. * * * The grip of a strange horror or disgust was on the majority." This may be cited as a fine instance of "effective writing," but the statement of fact was untrue. I was at the dress rehearsal. No one fainted; no one even looked seasick.

There was no greenish-yellow pallor of moral revulsion. There was hearty applause after the fall of the curtain. The audience, a brilliant one, composed of musicians and critics, men and women prominent in the literary, artistic and social world of New York, seemed highly delighted with the opera and with the performance. I was also at the public performance. At the end of it there was the usual rush for carriages and street cars; but the aisles were not blocked with women in a dead faint and strong men were not clamoring for brandy. During the performance the audience was intensely interested. Furthermore, there was as much applause after it as there was after the first performance of "Parsifal" in the same opera house. It is to be regretted that Mr. Krehbiel admitted into his book this inaccurate, grossly unfair report.

There are delightful books about the opera in London. Lumley's "Reminiscences" is good reading. The pompous vain manager tells good stories and his criticisms are often shrewd. This volume has decided historical worth, as has the "Seven Years of the King's Theatre," written by John Ebers and published 80 years ago. Chorley's "Thirty Years' Musical Recollections" is one of the great books in the literature of music, a book not merely to be read, but to be studied. Yet Chorley was a man of the most violent prejudices. Mr. Krehbiel, in comparison, is the most tolerant of men. There are capital records of the opera houses in Paris and in certain cities of Germany. A history of the opera in Philadelphia has been written by W. G. Armstrong, but it is chiefly statistical and it has no critical worth. The history of the opera in New Orleans is wholly inadequate. Richard Grant White and Max Maretzek contributed chapters to a future history of opera in New York, and Mr. Krehbiel has handsomely acknowledged his indebtedness to these forerunners.

The fact that with the season 1907-'08 the Metropolitan Opera House completed an existence of 25 years led Mr. Krehbiel to write his history. His book might properly be entitled "A History of the Metropolitan Opera House with a Sketch of Former Opera Houses in New York and of the Manhattan Opera House." It is evident from the preface that Mr. Krehbiel still mourns the days of German opera at the Metropolitan, the days when no "Dago" was allowed to apply, whether he were composer, singer or conductor. He speaks of the "overthrow of that regime in obedience to the command of fashion"; he praises the "comprehensive policy" of Maurice Grau. "I have witnessed since then many of the fruits of wise endeavor and astute management frittered away by managerial incapacity and greed, and fad and fashion come to rule again, where for a brief but eventful period, serious artistic interest and endeavor had been dominant."

But German opera under Dr. Damrosch and under Seidl was also a fad, a fashion. Opera was, is, and always will be, the plaything of society. Sometimes social leaders happen to approve the purer forms of operatic art, which is inherently meretricious. Sometimes, like George II., they give an enlightened patronage to bad oysters. As a rule, the singers now, as in the past, have much to say about the policy of an opera house. Today Italian music publishers have a great deal to say about the repertory and also about singers and conductors in many opera houses.

It is a strange fact, as Mr. Krehbiel states, that the entire history of Italian opera in New York should come within the memories of persons still living. "Within the last years Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, entertaining some of her relatives and friends with an account of social doings in New York in her childhood, recalled the fact that she had been taken as a tiny miss to hear some of the performances of the Garcia troupe, and, if I mistake not, had had Lorenzo da Ponte, the librettist of Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni' pointed out to her by her brother." And Manuel Garcia, who was of this troupe in New York (1825-26), died in London in 1906.

Passing over the early years of Italian opera in New York, not superficially, but with interesting statements of fact and with agreeable gossip, Mr. Krehbiel gives graphic accounts of opera at the Academy of Music. He includes in his description of operas and singers critical remarks by contemporaneous judges of repute. When he comes to the years in which he served valiantly the Tribune as its music critic, he speaks with personal knowledge and a clear memory, and these pages are fine examples of lucid and graceful narra-

tion. He analyzes of the vocal and instrumental art of singers known to him are more than photographs; they are admirably finished portraits. The comments on the various operas produced for the first time are pertinent, even when they admit of discussion or provoke it. They are often elaborate studies. Of course Mr. Krehbiel has his favorites among the singers, for he is human, but looking over the list as analyzed and described by him, an admiring colleague can only praise the general fairness, the critical acumen and the fortunate expression in judgment that characterize Mr. Krehbiel's performance of a difficult task. It is easy to say, reading a few lines of eulogy or condemnation, "I do not think so"; "this is too high praise"; "he might have spoken better of her." But let any one, however well equipped, undertake a like task, and still graver exceptions might well be taken against his rulings.

It would be a pleasure to quote from this book, which is one of the very few contributions of historical and permanent value that have been made in this country to musical literature, but if it were easy to begin it would be difficult to know when to stop. This volume, which for its enduring worth, is to be put by the side of Mr. Sonneck's necessarily dry but invaluable studies, will preserve the name of its author long after discussion of "Salome" and "Pelleas and Melisande" has died away, long after the music dramas themselves have disappeared from the repertory of any opera house although there may be revivals to satisfy antiquarian interest. The impressive modernety of a musical composition is in itself dangerous to the life of that composition. Neither praise nor censure kills an opera that has true life within it: witness "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "The Barber of Seville," "Il Trovatore." Compared with them, how old-fashioned "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Mignon" seem today. The latter two are named because they had immediate and enormous popularity.

Mr. Krehbiel says in his preface: "I have been actuated in my work by deep seriousness of purpose, and have tried to avoid everything which could not make for intellectual profit for, at least, amiable and illuminative entertainment." Thus actuated, and with these ends in view, Mr. Krehbiel has crowned with this volume a long and honorable career.

Albert Spalding.

Albert Spalding, violinist, who will play here for the first time tomorrow afternoon, was born at Chicago, Aug. 15, 1888. He showed a taste for music at an early age. When he was 7 years old he asked for a violin and he began to study with Chiti in Florence, Italy, winters, and with Juan Buitrago, New York, in

Albert Spalding.

summer. Prof. Chiti suggested that the boy should undergo the test of an examination for a professorship at the Bologna Conservatory. He secured 48 marks out of a possible 50. Thirty points pass. Mr. Spalding was then 14 years old. He went to Paris to study with Lefort. He remained there two years, and he made his first appearance as a professional player at the Nouveau Theatre, Paris, June 6, 1905. Since then he has played in the leading capitals of Europe and won an enviable reputation. This season is his first in America.

Landon Ronald.

Mme. Melba sang at Mrs. McAllister's Musical Morning last Monday a song by Landon Ronald, "Down in the Forest."

It will be remembered by many that Mr. Ronald visited the United States in 1905 as conductor of the Melba company, managed by C. A. Ellis. Concerts were given in Music Hall Nov. 7 and 9 of that year. The company was made up of Mmes. Melba, Scalchi, Bauermeister and Messrs. d'Aubigne and Campanari. At the second of these concerts Mme. Melba sang Ronald's "Les Adieus." Mr. Ronald conducted overtures by Rossini and Humperdinck and orchestral pieces by Gounod and Wagner. His conducting excited attention and hearty praise for its enthusiasm and intelligence.

He was then only 22 years old, for he was born on June 7, 1873, the son of Henry Russell, the celebrated singer and composer of songs. He is therefore the brother of Henry Russell, the director of the Boston Opera Company. Mr. Ronald began his career as a solo pianist in the pantomime "L'Enfant Prodigue," and he was engaged for Covent Garden where he was busy as "maestro al piano" and conductor from 1891 to 1894. In 1898 he was appointed conductor at the Lyric Theatre and was made an associate of the London Philharmonic Society in 1901. In 1908 he was made a member of this society and he has conducted concerts given by it.

His ability and success as a conductor were recognized and heartily praised in Berlin where he led the Philharmonic, and he was as warmly praised in Vienna, Amsterdam, Leipsic, Bremen, Hamburg; for he was classed by the leading critics as among the leading orchestral conductors in the musical world.

He has composed over 100 songs, a symphonic poem, a coronation ballet (produced at the Alhambra, 1902) another ballet, "Entente Cordiale" (1904), a "Birthday" overture (1906) and other works.

Delius' New Tone Poem.

A new work by Frederick Delius was produced in London on Dec. 11 at a Philharmonic concert. "In a Summer's Garden" is described as "modern impressionistic music." The Pall Mall Gazette said of it: "This new tone poem is distinctly unsatisfactory. It is much too long, to begin with; but if it were shorter the same tediousness would result, though maybe in a lesser degree. Any three or four consecutive bars almost that might be selected have undoubtedly a charm, owing to the sensuousness of the harmony and the sheer beauty of the combination of instrumental tone; but when the same thing is the physical sensation page after page the physicial sensation exhausts itself by the repetition, and a reaction sets in, ultimately turning to something approaching weariness. Mr. Dellus has done better thing than 'In a Summer Garden,' and it is because of the undoubted merit of those we have previously heard that this latest work from his pen is disappointing. Even, on the other hand, if one accepted this system of formless composition as being satisfactory, and looked only for emotional suggestion, for 'atmospheric' expression, the music must still to our mind be said to fail somewhat, for we could not feel that it conveyed any very definite thought of summer or gardens."

The Referee had this to say:

"Very much may happen in a summer garden, and, truth to tell, the presence of three bassoons, three tenor trombones, bass clarinet, chromatic tympani and three tubular bells led me to expect a summer thunder storm; but, although there is one mighty climax, the prevailing tone color is sombre, and this, combined with a prevalence of melancholy, and toward the close the frequent sounding of bell notes, suggested an autumn rather than a summer atmosphere. There are two principal themes, the second of which is expressive of tender yearning; but the distinction of the work lies in its scoring, the rich interweaving sounds rising and falling like a heaving sea, often producing beautiful effects, describable generally as poetic vagueness. The composer conducted, and secured a very fine interpretation. The tone of the strings in particular gave him satisfaction—a 'tone,' he said to me subsequently, that 'you never get anywhere but from a British orchestra.'"

The Times, which is bitterly opposed to modern music, when it is original or imaginative, says: "As there is no organic idea in the piece, no thematic germ of any consequence, it is a little like a play in which there should be nothing but scenery and limelight, or still more like the efforts of an unimaginative country organist who is obliged to extemporize until the clergyman is ready to begin the service. The poverty of material would possibly be unnoticed if it had not been necessary to augment the orchestra for the realization of the composer's desire for effects of orchestral coloring; but the list of extra instruments at the end of the description of the work in the program leads ordinary hearers to wonder what is the object of employing so many players to say so very little. The work, played under the composer's direction, was received with favor if without much enthusiasm."

It may here be remarked that in London the talent of Gabriel Faure was described last month as "attenuated," and it was remarked that his music "is heard at its best when separated by compositions of a stronger and more emotional character, in which case the general neatness and polish of his style would stand out by contrast." So Gabriel Faure's music is "neat." The Londoners are just beginning to learn that Debussy's "Faun" is not spelled "Fawn."

Delius, though of German parentage, was born at Bradford, Eng., in 1863 and was educated in England until he was 20 years old. He studied music at the Leipsic Conservatory. He lived for a time in the southern states of this country, but since 1890 he has dwelt chiefly in France. His later works (opera, orchestral pieces, cantatas for solo voices and orchestra), have aroused much attention in Germany. Mr. Fiedler has announced one or two of the orchestral pieces for performance in Boston.

Concerts of the Week.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Albert Spalding, violinist, assisted by Alfred Oswald, pianist. Beethoven, Kreutzer Sonata (Messrs. Spalding and Oswald); Bach, Chaconne (Mr. Spalding); Mozart, Fantasia and Fugue (Mr. Oswald); Schumann, "Garten Melodie," "Am Springbrunnen," Beethoven, Romance in F. Lefort, Study in Thirds (Mr. Spalding); Scarlatti, Capricc, Pastorale, Gigue (Mr. Oswald); Tartini, sonata (Mr. Spalding).

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Second piano recital by Josef Lhevinne. Schumann, Toccata; Scarlatti-Tausig, Sonata, F minor; Mozart, Pastorale varie; Weber, Momento Capriccioso; Rubinstein, variations, D major, op. 88; Chopin, Nocturne, G major, Mazurka, op. 59 No. 27, Etude, B minor, op. 25; Liszt, Etude de Concert; Schulz-Eiler, Paraphrase of "Beautiful Blue Danube."

Fenway Court, 8:15 P. M. Third concert of Kneisel Quartet. Brahms, quartet B flat major, op. 67; Debussy, two movements from quartet in G minor; Schubert, trio, B flat, for piano, violin and 'cello. Ossip Gabrilowitsch will be the pianist.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Mozart, Rondo, A minor; Beethoven, sonata, E minor, op. 90; Mendelssohn, Variations Serieuses; Schumann, Fantasia op. 17; Chopin, Impromptu, A flat major, Nocturne, G major, Etude F major, Mazurka, B minor, Scherzo, B minor; Gluck-Brahms, Gavotte, A major, Henselt, "If I Were a Bird" (by request). Gabrilowitsch, Melodie, E minor, op. 8 (new); Liszt, Tarantella, "Venezia e Napoli."

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Apollo Club, Mr. Mollenhauer, conductor. Luther, Chorale; Protheroe, "De Sandman"; Male, "Suomi's Song"; Wolfrum, "Serenade"; Krug, "From Every Zone"; Weinwurm, "Love Songs"; MacDowell, "Cradle Song"; Wohlgemuth, (Hegraven), "Piper of Dundee"; Grieg, "Discovery." Frederic Martin will sing Mendelssohn's "I'm a Roamer," Handel's "Droop Not, Young Lover," MacDowell's "Sea" and German's "Song of the Sturdy North."

Steinert Hall, 8:15. Pianola recital. William Dodge, violinist, and Carl Dodge, 'cellist, will be the soloists.

THURSDAY—Chickering Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Beethoven, quartet in G minor, op. 18, No. 2; Leclair, l'aine, sonata for two violins and 'cello, op. 4, No. 1; Schubert, quartet in D minor (posth).

South Boston High school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. W. F. Dodge, conductor. Orchestral pieces; Massenet, overture to "Phedre"; Boisdeffre, Adagietto for strings; Wagner, selection from "The Valkyrie"; Weber, "Invitation to the Dance"; Elgar, march "With Pomp and Circumstance." Clarence H. Wilson, baritone, will sing Bullard's "Sword of Ferrara" and Sargent's "Blow, blow, thou winter wind." Ernest C. Gatley will play Weber's Recitative and Polonaise for clarinet. Louis C. Elson will lecture.

FRIDAY—Roxbury High school, 8 P. M. Concert by the music department of the city of Boston. Mr. Dodge conductor. Orchestral pieces: Mendelssohn, overture to "Son and Stranger"; W. E. Loud, Allegretto from string quartet; Lacombe, suite "Espagnole"; Grieg, "Erotik"; Chopin, Military Polonaise. Miss Nora F. Burns, contralto, will sing Goring Thomas' "My Heart Is Weary" and Becker's "Springtide." F. H. Eaton will play German's "Saltarello" for flute.

Coming Concerts.

The first of Mr. Tucker's series of six Sunday chamber concerts in Chickering Hall at 3:30 P. M. will take place next Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Dolmetsch, Mrs. Mathilde T. Ward, soprano, and C. W. Adams' harpsichord, will take part. The programme will include pieces for viols and harpsichord by Lewes; harpsichord pieces by Daquin and Rameau; Prelude and Sarabande for viola da gamba by Marais; clavichord pieces by Bach; sonata for viola d'amore by Ariosti; harpsichord pieces by Handel, Scarlatti, Bach; Rameau's Third Concerto for harpsichord, viola d'amore and viola da gamba. Mrs. Ward will sing an air from "Rinaldo" and Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful."

Mischa Elman will give a recital in Jordan Hall Tuesday afternoon, the 12th, when he will play: Lalo, "Symphonie Espagnole"; Bach, Andante and Allegro from the third sonata; Handel, Sonata, E major; Beethoven, Menuet; Dittersdorf, Deutscher Tag; Gossec, Gavotte; Schubert-Wilhelmj, "Ave Maria"; Paganini-Auer, Etude Caprice. Waldemar Liachowsky will be the accompanist.

Heinrich Gebhard will give a piano recital in Steinert Hall Monday afternoon, the 18th, when he will play these pieces: Brahms, Rhapsody, G minor, Beethoven, "Waldstein" Sonata; Franck, Prelude; Faure, Impromptu No. 2; Debussy, "Reflets dans l'eau," "Jardins sous la pluie"; Chopin, Scherzo, B flat minor, op. 31; Hopekirk, "In the Ruins"; Farwell, Navajo War Dance; Johns, Canzone; Liszt, "Waldersrauschen," Fantasia on "Rigoletto."

Mrs. Edith Rowena Noyes will give a concert of her own compositions in Steinert Hall on Monday evening, the 18th. Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, Mrs. Edith M. Woods, the Misses Patten, Messrs. George J. Parker, Frederick Mahn, Emile Ferier and the composer will take part.

G. L. Lansing will give his annual festival mandolin and banjo concert in Association Hall on the evening of the 26th. The Boston Ideal Club, Nina Bearse Wilbur, entertainer; Thomas Cotton, baritone; Gladys Moore, banjoist; the Misses Cotton, banjoists; Lansing's Boston Mandolin Orchestra and a grand orchestra of mandolins, banjos and guitars will take part.

Miss Germaine Schnitzer, pianist, will give a recital in Jordan Hall on the afternoon of the 20th.

Miss Terry's concerts will take place in Fenway Court this season. Jan. 18, Miss Susan Metcalfe, soprano, of New York, and George Proctor, pianist, will give the concert. On Jan. 25 Walter Damrosch will lecture on Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" and give musical illustrations on the piano. On Feb. 1 the "American Quartet" (C. M. Loeffler's pupils) will give the concert, assisted by Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child, contralto.

The program of the Hess-Schroeder Quartet concert in Chickering Hall Tuesday evening, the 19th, will include Beethoven's quartet, E flat major, op. 74; Sinigaglia's Serenade for violin, viola and 'cello, op. 33 (first time here); Mendelssohn's Octet, op. 20 (in memory of Mendelssohn's birth, Feb. 3, 1809). The Hoffmann Quartet will assist.

Miss Anita Davis, soprano, and Mrs. Dorothy Taggart Miller, contralto, will give a song recital in Potter Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 13th.

The People's Choral Union, F. W. Wodell, conductor, will give its first concert in Symphony Hall, Sunday night, the 17th. The solo singers will be Miss Virginia Listemann, Miss Janet Duff, Mortimer Howard and Giuseppe Pizco. Forty-five members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will play.

Mr. Perabo will play two groups of piano pieces, one of classical dances, in his second concert, Wednesday evening, the 20th, in Chickering Hall. Miss Virginia Listemann, soprano, and Alwyn Schroeder, 'cellist, will also be heard.

Stephen Townsend's concert with the aid of Miss Laura Hawkins, pianist, and an orchestra of Boston Symphony players led by Gustav Strube, will take place in Jordan Hall Thursday evening, the 14th. Mr Townsend will sing ballads by Chadwick and Converse, Foote's Persian song, Hill's "Romance" and the prologue to "Pagliacci."

A Boston Musical Concours is to be established. The first competition of a specified class is planned for the afternoon of April 17, when an "operatic concours" will be held in Symphony Hall under the patronage of Messrs. Barnabee, Bradbury, Allen A. Brown, Carr, Chadwick, Giudice, Fabri, Flanders, Jordan, H. F. Miller, Mason, Henry Russell, Steinert, Tucker, G. E. Whiting, Winch and S. B. Whitney. The competition will be open to men and women singers who are residents of Greater Boston or have studied or are studying with Boston teachers. Applicants must record their names with the musical directors of the concours on or before Monday, Feb. 1. Each will be limited to a single selection from standard or classical operas in the repertory of today. The judges will be three "markers," who will be concealed from singers and audience. One will mark for voice, one for method and one for style. A gold medal, "The Boston Medal," will be awarded to the one that shows superiority in these three things. Competitors can bring their own accompanist, or they can have one chosen for the concours, or they can have an orchestra led by S. L. Studley, the musical director of the concours. Further information may be obtained by addressing Boston Musical Concours, Pierce building, Copley square.

Personal.

Pauline Donalda will make a concert tour in Canada in November and December of next year. Her company will include her husband, Mr. Sevelhac, baritone; Miss Tremelli, contralto; Mr. Salignac, tenor, well known to us here; Edmund Burke, a Canadian bass, and Miss Renee Chanet, violinist.

Tosti, the celebrated song writer, has been made a Knight Commander of the Victorian order. Sir Francesco Paoli Tosti is said to have the hobby of upholstering. His working day is divided, like Gaul, into three parts—composition, teaching and mending chairs and sofas. And yet he has figured more than once in bankruptcy proceedings.

Miss aus der Ohe recently gave a concert in Berlin of her own compositions.

Actors themselves are protesting against a form of dramatic entertainment that is now exceedingly popular; the play in which women who are thought to be handsome or beautiful are exhibited after the manner of female slaves in oriental markets. The young women in these plays may sing a little, and their little may be too much; they may dance a few steps, although as a rule they glide or wiggle their way across the stage; but they are always scantily attired.

The modesty or the immodesty of a woman on the stage is not merely a matter of costume. The occasion of her appearance, the situation in which she is placed, the expression of her face, the words, if there are any, that are put in her mouth—these determine in large degree modesty or immodesty. Modesty by no means depends on a long skirt and a high-necked bodice. Thus Miss Gertrude Hoffmann, in her "Vision of Spring," was modest and innocent, yet her drapery was scanty. To those who sat close to the stage when Miss Duncan danced, the "reviver of Greek art" was not immodest; she was simply unpleasant, for the soles of her bare feet were quickly soiled and the inevitable results of physical exercise were too apparent. Seen at the other end of Symphony Hall, she was a poetic vision.

When there was an outcry against the tights worn by the "British Blondes" in 1868 and 1869, Richard Grant White, who then spoke with authority as a "Shakespearian Scholar," wrote a defence of the costumes worn by the women in the burlesques, and he said in the course of the article: "If there was a likeness to Venus in the costume (that worn by Lydia Thompson), as well as in the manner, I must confess that I saw in it no chance of harm to myself or to any of my fellow-spectators, young or old, male or female. Indeed, it seems rather to be desired that the points of a fine woman should be somewhat better known and more thought of among us than they have been. They seem to me quite as important, and I think they are quite as interesting, as those of a fine horse, and I should be sorry to believe that they are more harmful either to taste or to morals. Some of the outcry that we hear against the costume which the burlesque actresses wear, in the way of their profession, has in it such a tone of personal injury that it might come from mammas and papas who, having a very poor article of a young woman lying heavy on their hands, are indignant that there should be so good and so easy an opportunity of trying it by a very high standard. As to any impropriety in this costume, in its place, that is, seriously speaking, a matter of individual opinion; but if there is

[illegible] it is far less, both in degree and kind, than that of the ordinary ballet dancer, with her flying petticoat alternately concealing and revealing the attractions of her figure, which we have looked at ever since we were children, even in this dear old Niblo's Garden, without a thought of shamefacedness, and very much less than that of the [illegible] hoop, which lent such peculiar attractions to the German in fashionable society only two years ago."

* * *

Mr. Wilton Lackaye does not blame the managers for the "piffle and vulgarity that hold the stage these days." He puts the blame on the public itself. And what is the remedy he proposes? Not the grotesque censorship of the [illegible], not the censorship of professional and pruriently prudish sniffers of gallery, but "the censorship in the home." Mr. Lackaye cannot understand how a mother can give her daughter $4 "and send her down town to buy herself and her schoolgirl chum matinee seats for any theatre that the daughter elects to patronize." He asks passionately whether the same daughter is allowed to read any book she chooses to read, or to look at vulgar pictures. It may here be remarked that it is a wise mother that knows her own daughter. It is unfortunately true that young girls read books they should not read; they not only read them—for they are to be found in the book shops and in the railway cars—but they discuss them with young women and with young men. This discussion is often flippant, and thus they show that, after all, they seldom understand the true character of the plot, situations and author's observations. Nor is it too much to say that girls of naturally pure instincts, and these girls form an overwhelming majority, would be much less harmed by an acquaintance with the Elizabethan drama and the works of Rabelais, Henry Fielding, Balzac and Zola, than by reading many novels issued by respectable publishers and found on the tables of highly smug and orthodox parents.

It is doubtful, however, whether the average young woman of intelligence cares to go to the shows of which Mr. Lackaye complains. In nine instances out of ten she would prefer a modern comedy of the legitimate school, a romantic play, or any drama in which Miss Adams or Miss Barrymore might happen to be playing.

* * *

That stern moralist, DeWolf Hopper, who has always had the highest forms of dramatic art at heart, is also seriously disturbed by the vulgar and garish shows that draw crowds to the theatres in which they are given. He has a test to apply to any dramatic performance: "Would you hesitate to let your sister see it?"

"Et ta soeur?" to quote the once popular Parisian catch-word. Well, it depends largely on what sort of a young woman sister is: Whether she has a sense of humor; whether she is broad-minded or a little prig; whether she is greedily receptive or easily bored. There are eminently respectable plays to which a sensible man would not take his sister, for she would not enjoy them. If a play is grossly vulgar, he would certainly not take Sister Jane. But does it follow in the case of plays that are not grossly vulgar, but are witty and amusing, with a delicate freedom which may be characterized as Gallic, that Eugene should not take Sister Arabella to see it? Mr. Hopper argues that if sister should not see a show, brother and Uncle Amos should also keep away from that particular theatre. How is brother to know whether his sister will be harmed if he does not see the show, if only to confirm his suspicions?

* * *

Mr. Lackaye thinks that the present conditions will be corrected in time by the public itself. In his talk with a reporter of the New York Herald last [illegible] year he said: "I think possibly in a future generation the masses will learn to have 'the bicycle eye' gotten in exchange for the dollar, and when the public begins to give the theatre serious [illegible] then there will arise a general dissatisfaction, and when the multitude grows dissatisfied a reform is bound to follow. Then, let us hope, a lot of the piffle now holding the boards will be thrown in the theatrical discard, and good, serious plays will be given the respect and patronage they deserve."

* * *

There are funny scenes in "Follies of 1908," and one or two of them are indescribably funny, so funny that Sister Jane should see them if she has the slightest sense of humor. Sister Jane will also enjoy many of the songs, and she will appreciate the dancing of Miss Dazie, especially in her dance of the Directoire, in which she is graceful and charming. Furthermore, if Jane has any appreciation of the beautiful she will long remember Miss Dazie, the woman, as revealed with modest frankness by her becoming costume. I doubt whether Jane will care for the Apache dance, for its only merit is its uncompromising brutality.

* * *

There is an effort in this country to make the Apache dance popular. Let us inquire into the precise nature of this dance: Some years ago a Parisian was on his way home from a cafe when he was attacked by a band of thieves, beaten cruelly and robbed even of his clothes. He was found, naked, bound, gagged, in the gutter. A reporter of Le Petit Parisien, describing the event, declared: "This is not the work of Frenchmen, but of Apaches." The name is still given in Paris to these villainous birds of night. They were pleased at the glory thus thrust upon them, and they began to dress for the part. They wear, as a rule, a hard felt hat or a cap, a colored shirt, without a collar and cravat. The hair is brushed and often slushed with pomade. The Apache wears the best boots he can obtain. If he is the hero of a peculiarly atrocious crime he has a little tattoed spot on his forehead. About a year ago an Apache declared to a reporter that the newspapers had given him and his comrades the only thing worth living for, i. e., "la gloriole," the halo of notoriety. "This is a title, and we Frenchmen like to have titles."

There are, of course, female Apaches, and when the male is without money and is unable to rob and kill a bourgeois he sends his mate out to find francs, or even sous, and bring them to him. If the wretched woman comes home empty-handed he beats her savagely. All this is nothing new, nor is this trick confined to Paris. The male in Paris has been known by many names, many of them unprintable. You will find them in Vidocq's "Les Voleurs," published 70 years ago, and in the horrible dictionary of French slang of the 20th century, edited lovingly by Aristide Bruant.

This Apache dance represents a male alternately striking or kicking and savagely embracing the female of his kind. His embracing includes the joyous idea of strangling her. The more brutal his treatment, the more she loves him with animal passion. Mr. Anthony Jenkinson in 1557 observed the manners and customs of the dwellers in Moscovia. Describing their matrimony "in most points abhominable," he wrote: "One common rule is amongst them, if the woman be not beaten with the whip once a weeke she will not be good, and therefore they looke for it orderly, and the women say that if their husbands did not beate them they should not love them." The female Apache looks forward to a daily beating.

No, Sister Jane will not like the Apache dance. She will prefer to see Miss Annabelle Whitford as Columbia and as the Nell Brinkley girl, with the charming tableaux accompanying the song; she will prefer to hear Miss Bayes and Mr. Norworth in their haunting duet.

* * *

Mrs. Fiske's "Salvation Nell" is still praised and blamed. This is not the first time that a Nell in the Salvation Army has appeared on the stage. A dozen years ago or more the Rosny brothers wrote a realistic novel, "Nell Horn," and on it they based a play of the same title which was produced at the Theatre Libre, Paris, May 25, 1891. The scenes are in London, and what, pray, would those who are shocked by the realism of "Salvation Nell" say to the photographic drama of the Rosnys?

Mr. Bullock of the Press (New York), although liberally minded, is disturbed by the "vulgarity" of a play now running in New York. "It is a crime against good taste for a performer to present herself as a blushing schoolgirl and then proceed to talk and sing with abandon." This young woman, in one of her disguises, appears in the costume of a Salvation Army girl. She sings a song of "covert impurity," and in the chorus she gives "a winking burlesque of a Salvation Army member with her tambourine."

Others are thundering against dancing women now on the stage, and even Miss Isadora Duncan does not escape. Mr. Holcomb of Washington, D. C., characterizes Miss Duncan as a "terpsichorean Trilby." He adds, without a sense of humor, "therefore we must handle the subject with gloves." Mr. Holcomb has little patience with the phrase mongers who prate about "the art of daneing" and the "poetic significance of the oriental idea." "Like most of the odors of the Orient, it is unmentionable."

Another critic—he lives in Chicago—contributes to a newspaper a "footnote on Miss Duncan." He was disappointed in her. His impression was one of "insipid prettiness, calculated delsartean gambols and posturings, placid, cold and pale." He also informs us that the first object of "delsarte schooling"—he will not even give the late Delsarte a capital D—"seems to be to manage the arms and legs as if they were in imminent danger of dropping off." No, this critic could not wax enthusiastic. "We must confess that an evening of mild virginal dalliance with delsarte failed to arouse a pyrotechnic outburst of hectic adjectives." It should be remembered that in Chicago Mr. George M. Cohan is ranked as the leading American playwright and a singularly gifted actor.

* * *

Let us note another word in the terminology of the playhouse. A headline stated recently that "a capacity audience was enthusiastic." What, pray, is a "capacity" audience? There is no adjective "capacity." Did the writer wish to say that the audience had the ability to grasp or take in impressions, ideas, knowledge? Oh, no. He wished to say the audience was so large that it filled the theatre. Only this and nothing more.

William H. Thompson, an excellent actor of established reputation, was so imprudent as to play Corporal Brewster in Sir Conan Doyle's "Waterloo" last week in Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre. And why was he imprudent? The New York Tribune gives the answer. Because Sir Henry Irving played the part. "Some things have been done so perfectly that it is not agreeable to have the memory of them disturbed." Could hero-worship be more fatuous?

James Huneker has a heavy responsibility on his shoulders. Miss Grace George said to a reporter: "The reading of Mr. Huneker's study of modern dramatists has turned my thoughts to Maeterlinck, Ibsen and Strindberg. After the production of Ibsen's 'The Lady from the Sea,' which I hope to make early next year, I shall begin to prepare for a production of one of Strindberg's plays, two of which I am now translating from the French."

* * *

Some of Shakespeare's plays are still performed in England. This may surprise some, and they will be still more surprised to learn that there are audiences for these plays. Mr. Lewis Waller reopened the Lyric Theatre in London, Nov. 25, with a revival of "King Henry V.," and the drama will run until the end of January. Furthermore, Mr. Waller will revive "Henry IV." at a series of matinees. The performance of "Henry V." was highly praised, though it seems from the remarks of the Pall Mall Gazette that the death of Falstaff was regarded as a good joke on the fat knight. Mr. Bolder played Bardolph. "We were astonished to hear that actor punctuating the Hostess' description of the death of Falstaff with loud groans that brought laughter from the pit and gallery. Shakespeare suggests no interruption of the speech, and Bardolph was too fond of his old master to make comic sounds at such a moment. * * * To hear an audience laughing after such a line as the Hostess' 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I. 'What, man! be of good cheer.' So a' cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times, is to feel a positive hurt." In this revival Miss Fay Davis delivered the speeches of the Chorus.

The Pall Mall Gazette, praising Mr. Waller's impersonation of Henry, said: "He played the title part as well as he has ever done, and no English actor within living memory has played it better." And is the Henry the Fifth of George Rignold so soon forgotten? There are today many middle-aged women in this country who remember how they went to see him in their youth; how they hung on every word of his sonorous, manly voice. He was a handsome fellow, and he played the King with dignity and reserve force. How admirable his quiet talk with the soldiers when he went about unrecognized the night before the battle! Charming, too, was his wooing of the French princess. Some of his colleagues in the play are gratefully remembered—Frederick Thorne, a capital Fluellen, and C. B. Bishop as Pistol.

* * *

Otis Skinner personally enjoyed taking part in Browning's "In a Balcony," "a play so full of imaginative and poetic power." The enthusiastic few who saw the performance patted him on the back and told him how he was raising the standard of the drama, educating the public, etc. "But," says Mr. Skinner, "the cultured playgoers who came to see 'In a Balcony' really stood in no need of educational inspiration. If the play had attracted the masses, the educational value of my production would have been unequivocal. Inasmuch as it made an appeal to the ultra-cultured few I am afraid that its influence did not extend far. Great literary men like Browning are often so hopelessly and essentially undramatic that they can never get over the footlights with the slightest effect. Admirers of 'In a Balcony' may retort that such a play is not intended for stage representation. In that case, why choose the dramatic form? A drama not meant to be acted is as futile as a song not meant to be sung."

PHILIP HALE.

"THE PRIMA DONNA."

Acton Davies of the Evening Sun (New York) says of "The Prima Donna," in which Fritzi Scheff is playing: "If it be true that the piece was founded on certain episodes in the life of the star, then all we have to says is that, for an actress, Miss Scheff must have passed a singularly drab and distinctly monotonous existence."

PERSONAL NOTES

The Ohio State Journal of Columbus (Dec. 27) published this pleasant paragraph: "One is inclined to feel a little suspicious of Mr. Winthrop Ames, the director of the New Theatre, since reading his comment on "Salvation Nell." He wrote to the author, young Mr. Sheldon, as follows: "It seems to me a very fine, sincere piece of work, with a precious accent of life throughout." Whatever that may mean, it certainly sounds like a precious piece of nonsense."

The North American (Philadelphia), referring to the fact that Richard Carle's name is Edward Nicholson Carleton, said he was born in "Summerville," Mass. It's a wonder "Maulden" was not named as the birthplace.

These lines were recently attributed to Wilton Lackaye:

> He talked beneath the moon;
> He slept beneath the sun;
> He lived a life of going-to-do,
> And died with nothing done.

Several years ago James Albery, the playwright, wrote his epitaph shortly before his death. This epitaph began:

> He walked beneath the moon;
> He slept beneath the sun.

"Handsome Jack" Barnes was fond of reciting this epitaph when he was in this country.

Idah McGlone Gibson, who writes for the Woman Beautiful Magazine, is much disturbed because Mme. Nazimova is reported as saying that good women were not interesting on the stage. "Did you ever know," she asks, "a man to care for the Norahs, the Hedda Gablers, the Rebecca Wests, the Second Mrs. Tanquerays, or even the Camilles?" Why, certainly. They do in these plays, otherwise these plays would not have been written.

Helen Bertram left the stage forever, at least she says so, in Milwaukee, Dec. 20. "What's art to the home?" she exclaims passionately; "I have a home and a daughter. Applause is all right. Today it is mine; tomorrow it goes to somebody else. Nature gave my voice to me. Next week she may take it away. But my home and my daughter are mine—and they are the things worth while in life." We first were attracted by the face and figure of Miss Bertram when she was seen here, over 18 years ago, at the Hollis Street Theatre, in a dull operetta, "The King's Fool." In the company were Della Fox, Jennie Reiffarth, J. F. McGovern, J. W. Herbert and J. A. Libbey, the Libbey of "After the Ball." If we are not mistaken, Miss Bertram may have been here before 1890, but it was in March of that year that she first attracted marked attention.

Mary Anderson, now in New York for a short visit, also prefers home to the stage. "There is too much real life happiness for me to wish to go back and pretend happiness for others to enjoy. * * * The theatrical profession is an easy one to enter. It is a hard one to leave and a hard one to live in unless one has great talent. The stage smiles on talent and punishes mediocrity. The mediocre actor or actress has a hard time of it. * * * To my mind the average young woman should not seek a stage career at all. Unless she is very sure that she is born to reach the top rung of the ladder and be a leading woman of note, she would better take up the teaching of music or even school teaching. Every one has some certain talent. The thing is to discover that talent and develop it. All cannot be actresses." How seriously Mary Anderson takes herself. She must have been reading William Winter's dithyrambs in her honor.

Now that the corner-stone of the New Theatre in New York has been dedicated, John Blair comes to the front and says that he started a "New Theatre" in New York at least 10 years ago. He was associated with Messrs. Meltzer and the Kesters, Paul and Vaughan. He now remembers that the experiment brought to light Miss Florence Kahn, "a young woman with real notes of genius." And some of us remember Mr. Blair and Miss Kahn in Boston. Not all, for as Mr. Blair says: "The real void is not in the drama, but in the public, for often I have seen them neglect many beautiful things and allow

... Mr. Blan nor ... has actually withered ... Mall Gazette, noting the revival in London of "King René's Daughter" as a curtain raiser, remembers a ... told by Bram Stoker. "In the ... production of the play—in ... Miss Ellen Terry acted most ... the part which will this ... he performed by Miss Dorothy Baird—the late Mr. Mead impersonated one Ebn Jaira, an eastern wizard, and at one part of the piece, where ... look very black indeed for the ... of the blind girl, he had to ...

... shall be well in that immortal land ... God hath His dwelling.

... night he got shaky with his ... and surprised the audience with: ... that immortal land where God hath ... Him—His—apartments."

... again stated positively that Miss ... Marlowe will take the part of ... in a performance of Shakespeare's play at the New Theatre, New ... but that an English actor will be ... while Mr. Sothern will take ... part.

... B. Cross brought to an end last ... a continuous tour of seven years ...

... "The Manxman." He played the ... Pete nearly 2000 times.

... Dodson, the admirable actor, has ... to the stage and is playing in ... states a character part in "... of a Tomorrow," adopted ... Robson by Mrs. Burnett ... novel.

Jan 5 1909

MUSIC.

By PHILIP HALE.

... Spalding, violinist, assisted by ... Oswald, pianist, played for the ... in Boston yesterday afternoon ... Hall. The program was ... Beethoven, "Kreutzer" sonata; Bach, Chaconne; Mozart, fantasia and fugue for piano; violin pieces, Schumann, "Garten" melody and "Am Brunnen"; Beethoven, Romance in ... study in thirds; piano pieces, ... Caprice, Pastorale, Gigue; ... sonata for violin.

... Spalding is a young American, ... playing has been praised warmly in certain European cities. He was born in Chicago a little over 20 years ago, ... he has studied in New York, Florence and Paris. His first appearance in public was at a concert in Paris June ... 1905, not 1906, as stated by the little pamphlet which contains a biographical sketch and newspaper notices. From the time of this concert to his arrival in New York the friendly cable glowed with reports of his movements and achievements. These reports awakened ... scepticism and high anticipation. ... an injury was done to the young ... by friends who were working, as ... thought, for his welfare. The story is an old and oft-repeated one.

Mr. Spalding himself is modest in his bearing and sincere in his performance. It is evident that he has studied for a long time, industriously and with an artistic purpose. He is therefore to be treated with respect and consideration. Musical by nature, he is not a virtuoso in the evil meaning of the word, nor does he put his trust in tricks that appeal to gapers. He is a serious-minded violinist, who wishes to gain a reputation by legitimate and honorable means. He has studied now for many years. ... performance yesterday prompted the question whether his studies have been wisely directed. While he has a certain facility, while his mechanical efficiency in some ways is clearly ... his tone is often disappointing. Playing lightly and in passages of amiable sentiment, his tone is pure and it has an agreeable quality; but when he comes to sturdier pages, when he would be brilliant, impressive, warmly emotional, his tone as a rule is strident and coarse. Now euphony, whether it be that of orchestra or chamber club, violinist or pianist, is a matter of great importance. We all have a right to demand that the saying of Mozart be heeded: "Music must sound," and "sound" implied in Mozart's saying, "sound well." Mr. Spalding's tone is too often hoarse, raw, aggressive. This is a serious deficiency, harmful to violinist, composer and hearer.

Yesterday Mr. Spalding revealed little individuality in his interpretation. He led us through the Sonata, the Chaconne and the pieces by Schumann little ... nothing about himself, his dreams, desires, aspirations. He played like a patient, industrious pupil who by hard work has arrived at a certain stage of mechanical proficiency.

The program was poorly arranged. To follow the "Kreutzer" Sonata with Bach's Chaconne and then to introduce the uninteresting, meaningless composition by Mozart was merely to test the good nature and endurance of any pleasantly disposed hearer. Mr. Oswald, a pupil of Buonamici of Florence is not without talent, and he was often excellent in Beethoven's Sonata. In Mozart's Fantasia and Fugue he abused the damper pedal, and the music, which needed every aid to make it endurable for the moment, was blurred.

The audience was a comparatively small one. It welcomed Mr. Spalding heartily and it recalled both him and the pianist.

JOHN DREW AT THE HOLLIS ST. THEATRE

'Jack Straw,' Comedy, Proves

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Jack Straw," a comedy in three acts, by W. Somerset Maugham, played by John Drew and his company for the first time in Boston. Production by Charles Frohman.

Jack Straw	John Drew
Ambrose Holland	Edgar L. Davenport
Lord Serlo	Frank Goldsmith
Count Adrian von Bremer	Mario Majeroni
Mr. Parker Jennings	E. Soldene Powell
Vincent	Edwin Nicander
The Rev. Lewis Abbott	Walter Soderling
Mrs. Parker Jennings	Rose Coghlan
Ethel	Mary Boland
Lady Wanley	Adelaide Prince
Rosie Abbott	Helen Freeman
Mrs. Withers	Grace Henderson
Flossie Squaretoes	Isabel Erhardt Lee
Head waiter	Charles B. Hopkins
Servant	J. Crane

"Jack Straw" is an amusing comedy, which, as played by Mr. Drew and his company, is at times an amusing farce. The material out of which Mr. Maugham constructed this play is old and widely known, but his fancy has given an entertaining twist to the main idea, or rather the two main ideas. There have been many stage imposters since Mascarille, the valet, was turned into a nobleman of high degree to rebuke the folly of the "precieuses." In "Ruy Blas," "Don Caesar de Bazan" and many other plays a valet is disguised as a hero, or a hero is changed for the dramatist's purpose into a valet. The other main idea of "Jack Straw," the punishment of vulgar Mrs. Jennings for her rudeness toward little Rosie Abbott, seems like a burlesque on "The Lady of Lyons."

That which was romantically melodramatic in the latter is openly comic or farcical in "Jack Straw." But Mr. Maugham has been ingenious in this: his nobleman, masquerading as a waiter, is persuaded to assume a dignity, as the long lost Grand Duke of Pomerania, and as a matter of fact he is this Grand Duke. The fun of the play lies in the contrast between the snobbish behavior of the Jennings family toward the Grand Duke when they are firmly convinced that he is this dignitary, and their coarse rage when they are told that he is a rank imposter. This fun is accentuated by the apparently preposterous behavior of the imposter, who, unlike many Grand Dukes, has the keenest sense of humor.

The comedy is carefully constructed, but it is not merely an adroit piece of stage carpentry. It is spontaneous and it is continuous. Situations arise inevitably. The action is not designed only for the sake of a few striking scenes with a quick curtain. There is ample opportunity given to the comedians for character drawing. Nor is there any wild improbability about the plot. We all know that grand dukes have in times past disappeared mysteriously and have been seen in out-of-the-way places happily busy in some humble calling. We all know the story of Angelica Kaufmann, her romantic and pathetic marriage to a servant who was presented to her as noble and in every way an honorable match. Even in Boston foreigners of ordinary birth have been welcomed as lions of high extraction. They have roared in the drawing rooms to the delight of palpitating hostesses and their guests until some prying person discovered that the manes of these lions were mangy. Nor is it beyond the bounds of probability that an adventurous grand duke would enjoy immensely the situations contrived for him by Mr. Maugham.

The dialogue is not brilliant with the dazzling brilliance of Wilde or of Shaw at his best. There are few epigrams; but it is of lively and sustained interest and it is always natural, pertinent, entertaining. The first two acts go briskly and with sparkle. The interest would flag a little in the third were it not for the untiring spirit and the personal authority of Miss Coghlan.

This comedy which presents no problem, which has no deliberate moral, but aims only to entertain and to present incidentally amusing types of snobs, was well acted by the company. It is true that Jack Straw might be impersonated in a more romantic vein, with still greater dash and with marked elegance, and in the third act, especially, with more chivalric dignity, and yet be intensely amusing. In this case what would become of Mr. Drew? For Mr. Drew is far from being romantic. Were he to play the part romantically, the comedian whose very mannerisms have endeared him to many would not be recognized. The audience would be perplexed, disturbed, discontented. "Why, this is not John Drew?"

Let the plausibility of Mr. Drew's composition of the part be admitted; let it be taken for granted that the Grand Duke was at heart a practical joker, whose natural dignity had been so rubbed by contact with all classes and conditions of men that he would be frankly farcical in the house of his hostess and indulge himself in grimaces and in "mugging"; it follows that Mr. Drew's impersonation is most amusing. It is easy to say that Mr. Drew as Jack Straw gave us another glimpse of the delightfully odd and entertaining John Drew. But let any one attempt to imitate Mr. Drew as Mr. Drew in the character of Jack Straw, and the imitation would fall flat. For the individuality of Mr. Drew is pronounced, unmistakable, inimitable and this individuality has long been a delight to thousands. Last night it was as sympathetic and ingratiating as ever.

It was a pleasure to see Miss Coghlan again, an admirable actress of a school that is fast disappearing. Seeing her as Mrs. Jennings, vulgar, snobbish, but yet a woman, there was never the thought of an actress deliberately assuming a character not her own and striving diligently to maintain it. The character was vividly drawn. The picture was full of detail that contributed to the boldness of the sketch. There was nothing incongruous. There was no undue emphasis, no cheap use of italics or exclamation points.

Mrs. Jennings was there in the flesh, vulgar as she could be, hopelessly vulgar by birth and surroundings, and condemned to a still greater height of vulgarity by the acquisition of money. There was no suggestion of caricature either in action or in speech. The wonder is that an actress of such resources, technic, personal force, has been for some years kept in the background to make room for women of no training and little experience, women whose only excuses for being on the stage are a pretty face and what is vaguely described as an "interesting personality."

The other parts were played in an adequate manner. Mr. Goldsmith as Serlo, Mr. Majeroni as von Bremer and Mr. Nicander as Vincent were excellent, and Miss Boland was a charming Ethel, who gave attractive substance to a rather vaporous part. The play is prettily mounted. A large audience thoroughly enjoyed the comedy and the performance, which should crowd the Hollis Street Theatre to the end of the engagement. For the comedy is ingenious in its motive, fresh and piquant in its treatment, and the performance is on the whole a capital one.

COLONIAL THEATRE — Frederic Thompson presents Mabel Taliaferro in "Polly of the Circus," a play in three acts and two tableaux, by Margaret Mayo. First performance in Boston. The cast:

The Rev. John Douglass	Earl Brown
Dea. Strong	James Cherry
Dea. Elverson	J. B. Hollis
Dr. Hartley	Paul L. Warren
Hasty Jones	Guy Nichols
Uncle Toby	John Findlay
Big Jim	Joseph Brennan
Joe Barker	Mart E. Heisey
Mrs. Willoughby	Mathilde Weffing
Willie Willoughby	Burton James
Jennie Willoughby	Ethel Downie
Julia Strong	Nellie Lindroth
Miss Perkins	Jennie Weathersby
Mandy Jones	Mattie Ferguson
Polly	Mabel Taliaferro

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Girls," a comedy in three acts by Clyde Fitch; with this cast of characters:

Pamela Gordon	Florence Reed
Violet Lansdowne	Ruth Maycliffe
Kate West	Amy Ricard
Lucille Purcelle	Zelda Sears
Mrs. Dennett	Phyllis Young
Edgar W. Holt	Charles Cherry
George H. Sprague	Herbert Standing
Frank Loot	John Cumberland
Augustus Dennett	John S. Marble
The Janitor	John S. Marble
The postman	Harry MacFayden
Messenger boy	Edward Morrissey

GLOBE THEATRE—Lew Dockstader and his minstrels in an unnamed curtain raiser, an interpolated sketch, "The House of Rest"; a dancing interlude, "When Matilda Sings," and a subterranean dialogue, introducing the victor and the vanquished in the last presidential election, entitled "Politics Under Water." ... included several ...

Drama and Music

Some regretted the entrance of the deliberately comic mother-in-law and her younger daughter in Eugene Walter's "Paid in Full." They thought the characters unnatural, mere caricatures, disturbing. While we would not go so far as this—for we have met women like the two—we wondered how Mr. Walter, with his uncompromising, stern sense of the necessity of naturalism, allowed them so much verbal license. He now says that the managers insisted on the "comedy element." To quote his own words: "Characterization is vague and remote on paper, but a 'gag' stands out with the brilliancy of the electric sign in front of his theatre." And then Mr. Walter grew darkly confidential and melodramatic: "Had not 'Paid in Full' been written by an unknown man, such as I was at that time, and especially an American; had I hung to the grim tragedy of the sordid life of the Brooks family with the tenacity such as marks the work of great playwrights, it would still be complacently resting in the upper bureau drawer, in a hall bedroom in New York, while I looked out upon the dank, gray aspect of the city, biting my finger nails in the realization of material poverty and artistic pauperism."

Let no one henceforth say anything about Beth Harris and her mother. Were it not for their airs and chatter, we should have the unpleasant thought of Mr. Walter in a hall bedroom, looking out on a dank aspect and, worst of all, biting his finger nails. And now good Mr. Belasco has let Mr. Walter have his own way with "The Easiest Way."

This "Easiest Way" will not please the genteel person; the person that does not like to think in the theatre (or out of it); the person that demands a happy ending. These estimable frequenters of the playhouse should wait for Clyde Fitch's new drama: "The Happy Marriage," which Charles Frohman will soon produce, "distinctly a modern, gen... teel ... of ideas." The plot was described a day or two ago in the Morning Telegraph. "There is a young couple who have married for love, but have not yet learned to give in to each other, to make allowances, to regard each other's point of view. The husband is absorbed in his business and in his men friends, whom he finds more interesting than his wife's company, especially since he sees in her no effort to interest herself in what pleases him. In spite of the fact that these two persons really love each other, they drift apart until they arrive at a real break in their relations."

Dr. Wuellner will give song recitals here the afternoon of the 25th and of the 30th. At the first he will sing, or rather interpret, songs by Schubert, Schumann, Wolf, Weingartner, Hermann, Strauss, Arnold, Mendelssohn, Brahms.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, will play with the Kneisel quartet tonight at Fenway Court and give a recital Wednesday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The Apollo Club will give its second concert Wednesday evening and on Thursday evening that most excellent chamber club, The Flonzaley Quartet will give its first concert this season in Chickering Hall.

Mr. Fiedler has not yet determined the program of the Symphony concert next week, except that the symphony will be Schubert's in C major. There will be no solist.

So Miss Isadora Duncan's talking and dancing in behalf of her adopted children have been in vain and she will be obliged to disband her school. "It is out of the question for me to struggle any longer under the load of supporting it. Every cent that I have earned here this winter has been sent back to Europe for the support of the 20 little girls that form the school. It is too much of an undertaking for any woman to assume. * * * I have tried in every possible way to interest Americans in my efforts to make the art of dancing beautiful and dignified, but I have failed."

Mme. Bernice di Pasquale, who took the part of Violetta last Saturday night at the Metropolitan Opera House, was born James, and she came, we hear from Hull. The New York journals say her voice is of agreeable quality, but she has, unfortunately, a tremolo. An American girl, Miss Hume, made her first appearance at the Manhattan the same night in the small part of Alisa in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and was praised. She was trained as a member of Mr. Hammerstein's chorus.

An eight year-old girl, Elise Craven, attracts much attention as the Fairy Queen in "Pinkey and the Fairies," a Christmas play at His Majesty's Theatre, London. She has been engaged at $500 a week for eight weeks at a music hall after her present contract expires.

The New York Herald, not liking "long-haired critics" in New York and London, retains a short-haired critic in the latter city. He heard Miss Giula Strakosch sing and he cabled the expression of his rapture: "I heard her warble once and went to sleep, forgetting all I owed." This is the higher criticism.

A good deal has been said recently about the bethrothal of Eva Wagner, daughter of Richard, to Houston S. Chamberlain. Little has been said in the past about Eva. A correspondent of the World writes that she is nearly 50 years old "and has not inherited the musical genius of the father, nor the striking beauty of her mother, but she is extremely well versed in the literature of her father's art." But is not Eva the daughter of Hans von Buelow and Cosima Liszt, who left her husband, von Buelow to mate with Wagner? Richard Wagner had by Cosima a son Siegfried. Our impression is that Eva is von Beulow's daughter and was born in 1867. Mr. Chamberlain has written several serious works, and among them is a life of Wagner which is hard reading, furthermore it contains at least one striking misstatement of fact, one concerning Siegfried's birth, in the endeavor to save the good name of Cosima. Mr. Chamberlain will now marry for the second time. His first wife, whom he wedded in 1878, was a Prussian.

There is talk of raising the price of an orchestra seat in the Metropolitan Opera House to $6, and the prices in the rest of the house proportionally to all but regular subscribers.

Oscar Hammerstein has engaged an Irish tenor for the Manhattan Opera House, John McCormack, who studied in Milan and made his first appearance in London at one of the London Ballad Concerts, March 1, 1907. His first appearance at Covent Garden was in "Cavalleria Rusticana," in October, 1907. He is now about 25 years old.

Female suffragists in New York will listen next Saturday to the reading of Elizabeth Robin's play, "Votes for Women." Aristophanes wrote a play in which women demanded their rights, but we doubt whether any manager here or in New York would have the courage to put it on the stage, or whether the most intrepid suffragist would dare to take the leading part.

The remarks of the Daily Telegraph (London) about James Friskin, who recently played Beethoven's sonata op. 111 at his concert, may well be pondered by pianists in this city: "Was it wise in him to select for his chief solo so exacting a work as this last? It is the mode today, perhaps, for young musicians—and not only they—to seek to begin where the past masters have stopped. It is seen over and over again in composition, and only a little less frequently in instrumental and vocal music. Does Mr. Friskin, who appears to be a mere youth, imagine sincerely that it is humanly possible for a youth to plumb the uttermost depths of a composition that, though it figures with some frequency on programs, is yet rightly translated (not merely played with mechanical accuracy) for

[illegible] who [illegible] their [illegible] through [illegible] perhaps [illegible] half [illegible] Mr. [illegible] and his [illegible] not yet [illegible] realized this. [illegible] together in life."

Mary Garden [illegible] a dress in the [illegible] for [illegible] skin. In the [illegible] Yellows [illegible] well because they [illegible] for the [illegible] costumes [illegible] eyes [illegible] me." All this [illegible].

Germaine [illegible] will make her first appearance in America this season [illegible] of the Russian Symphony [illegible], New York. She will play [illegible]'s "Ukrainian" [illegible].

[illegible] Charles W. Needham, president of [illegible] Washington University, has [illegible]. He said at the convention of the Music Teachers' National Association [illegible] of mechanical music playing [illegible] the human [illegible] not the soul; you can copy [illegible] not interpretation. These [illegible] are wonderful—as inventions, but I have yet to hear machine-made [illegible] which moves me [illegible] music which [illegible] directly from the human mind."

Jan 6 1909

LHEVINNE GIVES SECOND RECITAL

[illegible] gave his second piano recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Schumann, Toccata; Scarlatti-Tausig, Sonata F minor; Mozart, Pastorale Variée; Weber, Momento Capiccioso; Rubinstein, variations op. 88; Chopin, Nocturne, G major, Mazurka op. 59, No. 2, Etude, B minor, op. 25; Liszt, Etude de Concert; Schulz-Euler, Paraphrase on "Beautiful Blue Danube"—waltz.

Mr. Lhevinne is an extraordinary apparition in the world of pianists. He has a technic that may be justly described as colossal, and yet he is sometimes indifferent toward purely technical matters. He has at his command a great variety of nuances, but he is inclined to use only black and white. He frequently shows music that is "intimate" and deeply emotional, yet an attentive hearer suspects him of repressed emotion. And, pray, why does he find delight in playing the Variations of Rubinstein, those that he played yesterday, not those based on "Yankee Doodle"—op. 9? Perhaps if he gives another recital he will pay this homage to the United States. In New York he has stunned or fatigued his hearers by playing music by Rubinstein that is seldom heard, music that is dry, uninteresting. Because he took the Rubinstein prize, does he feel it a sacred duty to put on his programs music that has been neglected by great pianists, and with sufficient cause?

Yesterday Mr Lhevinne gave an engrossing performance of Schumann's Toccata, a performance long to be remembered. But why should he have followed this with Tausig's improved version of Scarlatti? Domenico Scarlatti was like Hannibal, a very pretty fellow in those days. Much of his music is charming today. Nor is it for everyone to play. It needs no tinkering, no augmentation of difficulties." Mr. Lhevinne played Tausig's version de[illegible], and his performance of Mozart's variations was a masterpiece of crystalline clearness and exquisite [illegible]. Then came Weber's Caprice, now [illegible] years old, and dedicated to Meyerbeer, who was then known more [illegible] as pianist than composer. This example of old-time elegance and [illegible] the first group of pieces, [illegible] there was no true contrast.

Mr. Lhevinne surely has no sense of [illegible] or he would never have had the courage to put Rubinstein's variations [illegible]. To hear them patient[illegible] of endurance, and it [illegible] that in hearing [illegible] half an hour is wasted. Mr. [illegible] and lightened; [illegible] matter of technical [illegible] and then was inclined to [illegible] for him, for his [illegible] so high that he [illegible] to expect perfection. And [illegible] and moaning [illegible]? The [illegible] for the most part [illegible]. Only here and there [illegible] thought of worth. There [illegible]; there [illegible] little that [illegible] Rubinstein was a wonderful [illegible] songs that are [illegible] today [illegible] wrote [illegible] and one of them [illegible] but he had the [illegible] the spirit [illegible] far away and [illegible] spirit were [illegible] work—opera, symphony, what-not—by this man of indisputable genius found the way quickly to Time's huge dustbin. Why search in it and pick out these variations?

Yet Mr. Lhevinne had his reward. An audience of good size applauded vigorously and recalled him more than once. Perhaps he was thus persuaded that the variations are after all a masterwork.

THIRD KNEISEL CONCERT.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch Assisting Pianist at Fenway Court.

The program of the third concert of the Kneisel quartet given last night at Fenway Court was as follows: Brahms, quartet in B flat major, op. 67; Debussy, two movements from quartet in G minor; Schubert, piano trio, B flat major. Mr. Gabrilowitsch was the assisting pianist.

Brahms' quartet has long been a favorite here. It was written while Brahms was spending a summer on the island of Ruegen, or at least it was completed there, and it was first played in public by the Joachim quartet in Berlin in 1876, the year of the first performance of the symphony in C minor. The joy of the first movement is in strong contrast with the strange pathos of the slow movement, and those who are fond of variations find in this quartet an excellent example of the composer's mastery of this form.

Debussy's quartet no longer seems wild and incomprehensible. Only 14 years ago Maurice Kufferath, by no means a hidebound conservative, still less a Philistine, found it "terribly fatiguing in consequence of the excessive accumulation of the most super-refined harmonies"; it was in his ears music that was more "literary" than truly musical; and at times this music seemed to him absolute cacophony. At the same time he prudently said: "Our grandsons will, perhaps treat us as old fogies because we did not know how to understand Debussy, just as we have sometimes treated our predecessors who were not able to divine Wagner." These words were written only 14 years ago and they seem singularly old-fashioned today. Even in England the author of this quartet is now something more than a name, and his music is at last treated with respect, and not as though it were the ravings of a madman.

The Boston of today is not the grandchild of Kufferath's generation, yet there were no doubt many who, reading last evening's program, wished for the whole of Debussy's quartet in exchange for two movements of the Brahms. In fact, if the direct testimony of the audience be any indication, these radicals were in the majority, for the two movements by Debussy commanded by far the more rapt attention and the more impulsive applause.

It was as though the audience considered beforehand its pleasures in Brahms' quartet as an accomplished fact, and beamed affectionately upon music and performance; but the spell of Debussy came to disturb the emotions strangely and stirred them to expression. The performance was exquisite, and twice after the andantino were the players obliged to respond to the applause.

The eminent abilities of Mr. Gabrilowitsch as an ensemble player have long been recognized here and his appearance last night was indeed welcome. He was heard in Schubert's trio, op. 99, which is peculiarly dear to all lovers of chamber music who easily pardon Schubert's loquacity and repetitions on account of the melodic wealth, the indefinable charm, the evident spontaneity of this music.

It loses significance by coming after that of Debussy, and if the program was a steady crescendo of interest it is due partly to the personal curiosity that always attaches to the entrance of any soloist or assisting musician and greatly to the almost impeccable performance of Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

There is no opportunity for the display of great emotion in this trio, but there is call for exquisite grace, rhythm, poetic sentiment and gayety. All these qualities, and more, distinguished Mr. Gabrilowitsch's playing, and not only sustained, but intensified an interest which might easily have flagged after the second number of the program.

Yet the performance was not that of a solo pianist conscious of the limelight; it was wholly impersonal, hand in glove with that of the other players, authoritative or self-effacing in just proportion. So one in sympathy were the three players that the opening passages sounded curiously like the beginning of a sonata, and the ensemble was equally admirable throughout.

There was a large and applausive audience.

Jan 7 1909

BY GABRILOWITSCH

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Mozart, Rondo in A minor; Beethoven, Sonata, E minor, op. 90; Mendelssohn, Serious Variations; Chopin, Impromptu, A flat major, Nocturne E major, Etude F major Mazurka B minor op. 33, No. 4, Scherzo, B minor, Gluck-Brahms, Gavotte A major; Henselt, "If I Were a Bird" (étude); Gabrilowitsch, Melodie E minor, [illegible] (new); Liszt "Venice and Naples," Tarantelle.

While Mozart's rondo in A minor is charged with melancholy, the musical thought is not so woful that it cannot be uttered fluently; nor is the composer in the doleful dumps which were said to characterize the dramatist John Ford. The rondo is melancholy but not lachrymose. Mr. Gabrilowitsch played it with exquisite clarity of tone, but as though he were voicing hopelessness, as though he were consumed with a secret grief, and in his playing there was the singular deliberation that marked his performance some time ago after he emerged from his "Sturm und Drang" period. This deliberation was here incongruous, for the music of Mozart even in melancholy vein should flow.

Beethoven Sonata a Pleasure.

It was a pleasure to hear the Sonata of Beethoven, though Mr. Gabrilowitsch was inclined to turn the first movement into a little cabinet piece, painfully polished, ornamented after the manner of the 18th century, fit for the boudoir of a powdered dame of high degree. It is not necessary to accept the fanciful story that this first movement paints the passion of Count Lichnowski for an actress, and there was originally a motto: "Conflict between Head and Heart," while the second movement describes the joy of the count in his union with her; but this first movement has more breadth and fire than Mr. Gabrilowitsch found in it. He played the second movement with appropriately caressing touch; nor is it too much to say that he sang it with eloquence and rare tenderness.

For some reason or other pianists play Mendelssohn's variations, and play them as though they enjoyed them. Mr. Gabrilowitsch went through them with the utmost seriousness and thus respected the title. Why did Mendelssohn describe them as "serious"? Was he afraid lest some one hearing them should accuse the composer of being jocose or even flippant? Yesterday they interested chiefly by the display of the pianist's admirable qualities. For Mr. Gabrilowitsch is now eminent in many ways. First of all, he looks with a friendly eye on the piano and does not abuse it merely to show the triumph of human force over that which is inanimate.

Has a Varied Touch.

He is fond of the instrument for itself; he respects its inherent limitations and does not attempt to turn it into an orchestra or a brass band. His touch is varied and, whatever be the degree of dynamic force exerted, it is beautiful. He can be lyrically poetic, and he has true strength. His brilliance has warmth; it is not mere glitter; it does not recall the verse of the prophet Nahum: "The noise of a whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots." His phrasing is musical and his expression is seldom mannered. In his fleetness there is the suggestion of something that is both sparkling and liquid, as in his performance yesterday of Liszt's Tarantella.

The gavotte of Gluck was played with entrancing simplicity, and yet there was the suggestion of Watteau's ladies, with their cavaliers, who were surely far from being simple folk. Those that requested Mr. Gabrilowitsch to put Henselt's study on his program requested him to play it a second time. But the feature of the concert was his admirable performance of the pieces of Chopin. Mr. Gabrilowitsch is not of those who think to ennoble Chopin and give him heroic stature by putting a great and thundering speech into his mouth. He accepts him as he was, the poet of all poets, one that chose the piano for the expression of his thoughts, hectic or serene, confident or hopeless, and in the expression regarded always ideal beauty and found new forms of it.

An audience of good size was warmly appreciative. Mr. Gabrilowitsch will give his second recital on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 3.

APOLLO CLUB CONCERT.

Second of Season in Jordan Hall Has Appreciative Audience.

The Apollo Club of Boston gave its second concert of the season in Jordan Hall last evening. There was the usual large and appreciative audience, and chorus and soloist were warmly greeted. Mr. Mollenhauer offered a well chosen and varied program and Frederick Martin the basso, who assisted the club, was happy in his selections. The "Suomi's Song" of Franz Mair, with its exquisite harmonies, was delightfully sung, as was the "Love Song" of Rudolf Weinwurm.

The solemn and ponderous "From Every Zone" of Arnold Krug, a dainty little cradle song by MacDowell and Grieg's remarkable setting of Bjornson's poem, "Discovery," were all effectively performed.

Drama and Music

The young men and maidens witnessing the revival of an operetta that was once the rage wonder what their uncles and aunts found in the text or music. To them the operetta is here and there interesting by reason of its quaintness, but on the whole the thing is a bore, a deadly bore. The attitude of the older generation was expressed delightfully by the London Times when "Dorothy" was recently revived: "It is 21 years since 'Dorothy' was produced and nearly 20 since we ceased to play its tunes on the piano by day and let them run in our heads by night. Clearly, it is impossible to bring a cool mind to bear in judgment on 'Dorothy.' It belongs to the golden past; it is enshrined in memory; to hear it is to grow young again. To analyze it or criticise it would be to question the beauty of the ladies with whom we were then in love. Of course they were [illegible]—were we not in love with them? And the pleasantest feeling of all is the conviction that 'Dorothy' completely deserves the admiration we lavished on it. There need be no innermost trace of apology for a youthful indiscretion. It is one of the merriest, most tuneful, most charming and most shapely of English comic operas."

We, too, remember "Dorothy" with affection, chiefly by reason of Miss Marie Tempest and her freshness, grace, coquetry as the heroine. Was it 18 years ago that she charmed us? There were later performances of Cellier's opera with other heroines, but they were heavy, leaden in comparison.

There will be an eminently serious season of opera in English at Covent Garden beginning the 16th. Hans Richter will be the chief conductor, and the repertory will include "The Ring," "The Mastersingers," "Faust," "Madame Butterfly" and other works, among them the new opera, "The Angelus," by E. W. Naylor, which gained the £500 prize offered by Messrs. Ricordi for the best opera by a British composer.

"Jack Straw" in London filled a theatre for nine months, and it was withdrawn only on account of the sickness of Charles Hawtrey. "He was essentially 'Jack Straw,' and, naturally, his regretted absence made itself seriously felt."

They revived in Paris for the Christmas season an old mystery play of the Nativity by Arnoldu Grebon, a bachelor of theology in the 15th century. The play was cut down to suit modern taste and theatrical convenience. Reynaldo Hahn set music to it. The spirit of the original play was zealously preserved. Mark the directness of the exposition. A house to the right of a mediaeval street bore a sign, "Nazareth," and one to the left bore a sign, "Bethlehem." The Virgin entered and told of her high hopes of motherhood. St. Elizabeth came and led her into the house marked "Nazareth." A herald and a trumpeter appeared, and the former read a proclamation of the Emperor of Rome, which ordered all persons to go to their birthplace. Joseph appeared with Mary and Elizabeth, for they were forced to go to Bethlehem. He lifted her on their ass and they farewelled Elizabeth. The Virgin prayed "Thy will be done," and the curtain fell. The scenes at Bethlehem were equally simple, yet effective as that between Joseph and the rough innkeeper, that of the shepherds telling wonderful stories before they went to rest with their flocks. In the last scene Joseph returns with supper. The child has been born in his absence, and he now worships it. The shepherds come in awesary, and each tells what he will give; one a lamb, another his wooden calendar, a third a reed pipe, a fourth a rattle, and so on. They kneel and adore the child. Hahn's music is said to be in the spirit of the work.

Charlotte Walker, who is now Mrs. Eugene Walter, says she hopes to be a grand opera singer. "She expects to be proficient in her studies in about four years." Here is unexampled modesty. A woman, and a woman of the stage who has already won success, is willing to study four years before taking the part of Isolde, Bruennhilde, Alda, Tosca or any other operatic heroine of high degree, adventures of life and indisputable volubility. There are young women even in Boston, who will wonder at her lack of confidence in herself.

A comedy in four acts, "Management," by Curtis Brown, was produced in London, Dec. 20, by the English Play Society. According to the Pall Mall Gazette, the author of this singular play has a trick of suddenly turning a serious situation into a farcical one. "For example, in the third act a thoughtless young girl enters a young gentleman's bed sitting-room at night prepared to make any sacrifice for his benefit. While she is there her lover bursts in, discovers her, and knocks the young gentleman down. That seems as serious a situation as melodrama could offer, particularly as it is presented in no other illumination than the blood-red light of the fire. But when the girl's father also appears, accompanied by a young lady who loves the owner of the apartment, the prostrate man lets the audience see that he is only shamming to be hurt." Nobody is real in this play, "and as comedy should deal with real persons, it follows that this is a bad comedy." "Nor do editors of monthly magazines put unknown young men on their staff at the request of feather-headed daughters; or assistant editors of magazines spend their time correcting the spelling of contributors; or gentlemen accept half-crowns from unknown elderly ladies in drawing-rooms to pay for their cabs."

A quartet composed of Marie Rappold, Marianne Flahaut, Mr. Bonci, the distinguished tenor, and Herbert Witherspoon, will go on the road. The tour will begin, it is said, at Symphony Hall, Boston, Feb. 9.

The Morning Telegraph is discussing the question whether the giggle or the wriggle is the more important element of a successful show. This may be said at least: The giggle and the wriggle make up the successful show. To leave either one out would be a dangerous experiment.

Eva Tanguay, who is now characterized as "the madcap comedienne," has some new songs. "Who Discovered Love?" and "If I Had a Theatre on Broadway" are the most striking of them, according to report.

Alan Dale is not courteous toward Mrs. James Brown Potter. "It was a curious figure that blinked in the blinding spot light. It looked like a poster to advertise champagne—or perchance nerve food. Probably not ve food. Two long locks of Mrs. Potter's beautiful front hair creeped like horns from a hat of immaculate white fur. These

[illegible] her [illegible] and a cloud of powder arose to envelop her. Possibly it was some of the stuff used to whiten her into that lovely picture of the vampire advertising champagne. At any rate, it got abroad and she did not smile herself again. Ladies prone to smile themselves on the chest should save that chest unpowdered to the world. Or—surely there is grease. Oh, I know there is grease, and it sticks, even when smote." Mrs. Potter, by the way, wishes to be known as Mrs. Brown Potter.

The personality of Gatti-Casazza, his habits and tastes, have been exposed to the eyes of the curious. He does not drink wines or rebellious liquors. He eats "slender" meals, one at noon, the other at 7 P. M. He smokes fully 25 cigarettes a day. Reading, he prefers books by Carducci, Taine and Poe. He has not kept up his mathematical studies. But what weight of underclothes does he wear? Let us not burst in ignorance.

Antonio d'Annunzio, a brother of Gabriel d'Annunzio, has written the music of a new musical comedy, "Pietro of Italy," which will be produced at Short Hills, N. J., on Saturday night.

Miss May Irwin, in a highly nervous condition, has gone to Jacksonville, Fla. She will probably not be on the stage for a few months.

Mme. Melba has given a fine set of musical instruments to the Marshall Hall orchestra of Melbourne.

Charles B. Dillingham has been asked to go into the business office of the Metropolitan Opera House and remain there for two weeks in order to make a report on the present business management.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, singing at a grave concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, wore "great furs, a trailing mister and a canopy hat that enveloped her face in gloom."

The Metropolitan Opera House Company will visit Chicago for two weeks beginning April 12.

Marc Klaw, in Chicago, said: "The western half of the country, using Chicago as a boundary line, is more prosperous from a theatrical standpoint than the East. New England, which forms the backbone of the East, has been overdone theatrically on account of its proximity to New York." He also said that Chicago is becoming a more important theatrical centre than New York or Boston, because it influences patronage in more territory. But Indianapolis is still the literary centre of the United States. If New England has been "overdone theatrically," it is because she has often been roasted by managers.

Messrs. Shubert of New York, who will produce the dramatization of "Ganton & Co." the 1st of February, have secured George Fawcett for the leading part. Mr. Fawcett is remembered as the belligerent alderman in "The Man of the Hour."

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wo French. In the subscription season there were sixty-four Italian performances, twenty-nine German and ten French. Since the character of the repertory is looked upon as an index of the state and progress of popular taste or of that of the director, or of the capacity of the company, the following résumé of Mr. Conried's five seasons may be found interesting:

SUBSCRIPTION SEASONS.

Season.	German. Ops.	German. Perf.	Italian. Ops.	Italian. Perf.	French. Ops.	French. Perf.
1903–'04	6	37	13	50	4	10
1904–'05	6	16	16	35	3	12
1905–'06	8	24	16	43	2	6
1906–'07	6	17	12	41	5	14
1907–'08	*10	20	15	64	2	10
EXTRA PERFORMANCES.						
1903–'04	9	21	8	9	1	1
1904–'05	10	25	7	7	4	5
1905–'06	12	25	7	10	1	1
1906–'07	10	16	9	11	4	4
1907–'08	7	8	11	13	1	1

*"Marta" is counted among German operas.

Following is a statistical recapitulation of all the seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House since it was opened in the fall of 1883. The seasons from 1884–'85 to 1890–'91, inclusive, were devoted to performances in German exclusively:

Season.	Weeks.	Total representations.	Operas.
1883–'84	14	61	19
1884–'85	14	57	12
1885–'86	13	52	9
1886–'87	15	61	14
1887–'88	16	64	14
1888–'89	17	68	16
1889–'90	17	68	19
1890–'91	17	68	17
1891–'92	13	56	23
1892–'93	—	—	—
1893–'94	13	60	18
1894–'95	13	68	22
1895–'96	18	87	26
1896–'97	13	72	24
1897–'98	—	—	—
1898–'99	17	105	27
1899–'00	15	104	30
1900–'01	15	86	28
1901–'02	11	68	25
1902–'03	17	100	32
1903–'04	15	90	27
1904–'05	15	95	30
1905–'06	17	104	31
1906–'07	17	97	29
1907–'08	20	123	27

In a fortnight it will be necessary to add a performance each of "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung" to this record in order to make it cover all the local doings of Mr. Conried's forces in the season 1907–'08.

When Mr. Conried issued his prospectus for the season it was already an open secret that some of the men whom he had invited to share the glories and the profits of his administration had already decreed his downfall. The air was full of whispers of scandalous doings in the business department, and the chorus of dissatisfaction with the artists' results of his direction which had begun after his first season had been steadily swelling. Two seasons ago Mr. Conried put forward a disingenuous apology for his administration, comparing the cost and difficulties of producing opera in the preceding season with the cost and difficulties under Mr. Grau. The matter was one which concerned the stockholders of his company only so far as finances were concerned; as to the difficulties, it was not easy to see how they could be greater when there had been so much more money to spend and so much had been spent in improving the facilities for opera giving. As for the patrons of the establishment, they found plenty of ground for complaint in contrasting the artistic achievements with the gorgeous promises which were made when the new administration came in. These promises, by the way, have found almost a literal echo in the utterances of Mr. Kahn and Mr. Dippel, who are speaking now for the season to come. Mr. Conried's first aim was to raise the standard of performance and the thought of profit was foreign to his mind. He was to continue the employment of the finest "stars" in the world, but not the "star" system. The season in Philadelphia was to be abandoned, so that there might be more time for rehearsals and less exhaustion of the artistic forces. Opera in English was to be made a new feature, French and Italian works were to be given as they had been under Mr. Grau, in the languages native to them, and German opera be raised to a higher level. Nearly all this may be read again in the pronunciamento of the reorganized company, published in the newspapers of yesterday. But the Philadelphia performances were not abandoned, and there is no intimation that they will be next season; instead, plans are making to give a series of representations besides in Brooklyn. But this is a matter which concerns the future, and may be left for discussion in the future. There were evidences of a lofty striving at the outset of Mr. Conried's administration, in the engagement of men like Mottl, Lautenschläger and Fuchs and the reconstruction of the stage. But little came of the strivings, as was told over and over again in the reviews of the records of the four seasons immediately preceding that which has just closed. There were sensational features, like the production of "Parsifal" and "Salome," and humiliating features like the performance of "Die Fledermaus" and "Der Zigeunerbaron." The men of large capabilities brought over from Germany found no opportunity to do the things for which it was said they had been engaged, and in respect of stage management and the other factors of prime importance in ensemble work there was steady retrogression toward the doleful depth which was reached in Mr. Conried's fifth season. The season was heralded, however, as its predecessors had been. Mr. Mahler was to bring out "Don Giovanni," "Fidelio," "Der Freischütz" and "Nozze di Figaro" in the manner which had caused so much admiring comment in Vienna. He succeeded in getting two of the operas upon the stage, but "Don Giovanni" had to make shift with an improvised stage dress, and after two performances its carefully prepared musical ensemble was disrupted by the departure of artists hired for only a portion of the season. "Fidelio" was produced too late to win the recognition which it deserved and which it indubitably would have received in time, for it was a delight to the eye and its only musical defect was the unconscionably bad chorus—the one feature which should have received attention if Mr. Conried had known how to realize the reforms which he promised five years ago. Its incapacity delayed the production of "Fidelio" till the closing weeks of the season, yet Mr. Hammerstein organized his chorus only two years ago, and in his second season produced more operas new to singers as well as the public than Mr. Conried has done in five. It was due to the inefficiency of the choral and mechanical departments (coupled with the Philadelphia season) which made it impossible to produce four of the operas which Mr. Conried in his prospectus inviting subscriptions to his fifth season said had already been "prepared" for performance—"Otello," "Andrea Chenier" (which Mr. Hammerstein brought forward after five other novelties, though he had not included it in his prospective list), "Der Freischütz" and "Das Nachtlager in Granada." Other promises made and not kept referred to the reorganization of the chorus (the best singers to be retained and new members to be selected "from the principal opera houses of Italy, France and Germany"), the retention of the "flying ballet" brought over last year for "La Damnation de Faust" and to be "introduced in other operas" as well. The latter statement smacked of the ludicrous, as did the inclusion of Conradin Kreutzer's "Nachtlager," a moss-grown German work of which students of musical history alone had knowledge. But a truce to the old prospectus; we shall meet its like again very soon.

One new opera was added to the Metropolitan list, and that was a failure without parallel—Cilea's "Adrianna Lecouvreur." It is not likely to be heard of again even under the administration of the men who are coming from Milan to introduce the methods of La Scala at the Metropolitan Opera House. "Mefistofele" was revived for the sake of Mr. Chaliapine, the story of whose engagement, if told with all its details, would be the most remarkable tale in local operatic annals. It had all the representations that could be given to it, and the Russian basso was put into as many performances as his extremely limited repertory admitted; indeed, he had to add "Don Giovanni" to his list, and even then he could not be employed in as many representations as his contract called for. He spoiled Rossini's "Barber of Seville," but made the thoughtless and ignorant laugh, and this was set down to his great credit. Had Mr. Gilbert been a spectator of his acts in this opera, he would probably have applied to them the remark which he made to one of his comedians who defended an irrelevant bit of stage-play by saying: "But, I get a laugh, sir." "So you would if you sat down in a pork pie," said Mr. Gilbert. But Mr. Chaliapine, it is to be hoped, also belongs to the past so far as New York is concerned, though he has been enumerated among the stars discovered by Signor Giulio Casazza.

There is a text for a preachment on the subject of the ravages made in musical appreciation by Puccini's opera. Out of sixty-four Italian performances this season, twenty-three were devoted to the works of this composer. There were four of his operas in the list; all of them but one had the full number of subscription performances allowed by the policy of the management, all but one had an extra performance on Saturday night, and one of them was given twice to the Saturday night audience. Assuming that it was a popular craving which was thus satisfied, it will be interesting to note the effect of this taste upon future repertories. More need not be said at this juncture, unless it be to express a hope that the singers of the Metropolitan Opera House in the years to come may be as ready to learn the music of other contemporary composers as they have been to learn "La Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca" and "Manon Lescaut."

H. E. K.

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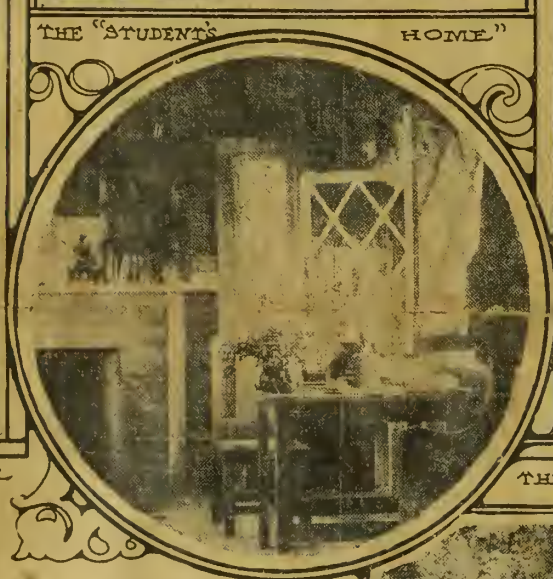
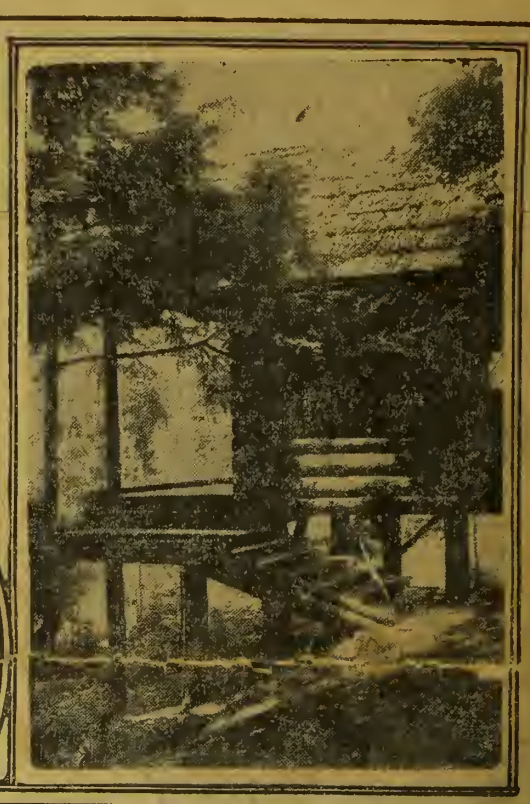
COMPOSER MAC DOWELL AND SCENES ON PETERBORO ESTAT

THE LATE EDWARD MACDOWELL

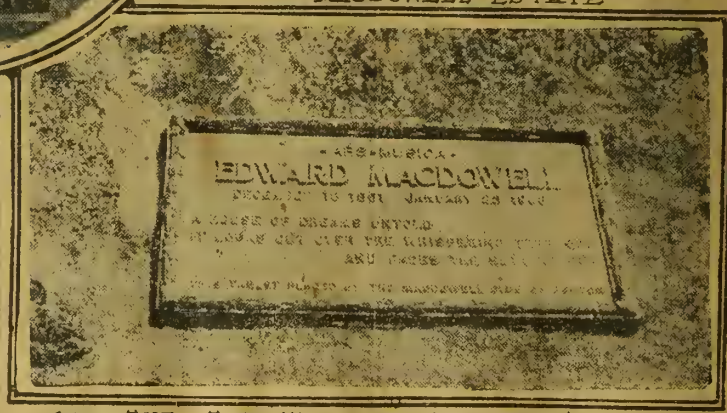
THE "STUDENT'S HOME"



A CORNER OF THE STUDIO



THE FAMOUS LOG CABIN ON THE MACDOWELL ESTATE



THE TABLET ON MACDOWELL'S GRAVE

MacDOWELL HAVEN FOR ART STUDENTS

Beautiful Retreat in Peterboro to Be Memorial to Noted Musician.

COMPOSER'S IDEA CARRIED OUT BY WIDOW

Studios Where Those with Talent May Work Without Interruption.

The romanticism of a distinguished life never perpetuated itself more beautifully than has that of the late Edward Alexander MacDowell, the composer, whose retreat in Peterboro, N. H., where he found inspiration for his music, is forever to furnish a similar retreat for the elect of all students through the generosity of a wife who so thoroughly understood his wonderful genius.

Herald-

The estate where he found inspiration and rest, where his greatest compositions were done, where in the woods he built his log cabin, that "house of dreams untold," where he lived for so many summers and where his brilliant mind finally failed, has been turned over to the Mendelssohn Society of New York, which he led for two years, to perfect the plans which he had for a permanent MacDowell Association, whose object should be to give men and women of genius in the arts a place where undisturbed their might put into being thoughts that, like MacDowell's own, might live forever.

Jul 1 1908

Homes for Students.

Mr. MacDowell, who was the most vitally creative force in American music, knew well that there are plenty of places where the student may get room and board, but he knew how hard it is to find a place where one may work, and before his living death began in 1905, when his brilliant mind broke under the strain of overwork, he planned what his wife and friends in America are now carrying out, and already the sound of the saw and hammer are heard about his beautiful 175-acre farm among the New Hampshire hills, making homes for students in all lines of efforts. The axe swings against the uglier trees and the rougher places are being smoothed down into fields and lawns.

The list of those who have contributed $40,000 to the work and those who patronize its continuance shows full well the esteem in which the man was held, as well as the measure of admiration of his work, by those who know. And Boston and New England are not last on that notable list.

The idea is as poetic as was the music of this American master, and as individual, and MacDowell owes his success to individualism. And in his individualism Edward MacDowell came to know the meaning of environment, and he proposed to give the environment that meant so much to him to others who may need its influence.

To carry out his ideas there was none better than his wife, Miss Marian Nevins, his pupil, who knew him in his first great sorrow, the death of the composer, Raff, and in his last, when he knew that no longer could he put to music the poetry of his soul.

Quiet Peterboro Retreat.

And it is thus that the MacDowell estate at Peterboro is destined to become one of the most famous in American art. Perhaps there is none other like it. At least, none is recalled, for the student of today is forced to seek his inspiration where his teachers are, and in America they are in the hum of the larger cities, ever disturbed, however earnestly they may be at work.

When Mr. MacDowell went to Peterboro it was to place himself in an atmosphere of beauty, and the young composer set valiantly to work to make the place as pleasing to the eye and restful to the mind as he could, for his own sake. He wished it to be the most artistic in the country, and in all this work he had the assistance of an artistic wife. His first thought was ever of her, and when the log cabin was completed he wrote with steady hand in the soft clay over the fireplace "Edward and Marian," and there the names will remain as long as the cabin shall last.

Here he spent some of the happiest hours of his life, here his very soul flowed out in song, the poetry of which so marked it that it were hard to tell if it were art. It was melody and harmony, romance and realism, frank imagination and daring fancy that came from the keys of the piano that remains behind for other hands to play. It was here alone that the master interpreted his own compositions, for he was timid in the presence of his own genius, and seldom permitted them in the classroom.

Dedicated to Music and Art.

It was here that Mr. MacDowell had hoped to establish one of the most magnificent estates in the country dedicated to the world of music and art—for he knew full well that he had found helpful influences among the artists in other lines—only to have his ambitions rudely shattered by ill health and finally by death. His body was brought here and a suitable tablet now marks its last resting place close by the field of his labors that he loved so well.

The cutting off of his brilliant mind in the full vigor of his manhood, in the midst of which he had so thoughtfully formulated his plans, caused it to seem for a time as if the project of which he was enamoured, to assist and encourage lovers of art, might never be realized, but through the generosity of his wife this misfortune has happily been averted.

The initiative was taken by the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York, one of the oldest and most famous of the male choruses in the country. When Mr. MacDowell's illness became known this club agreed that something should be done not alone to relieve his distress, for he was sadly in need of money, but that some fitting memorial to the man and his genius should be established at once.

Mrs. MacDowell Aids by Teaching.

Wishing to honor the great American tone-poet and at the same time realizing the enormous expense that his peculiar illness would entail, the club proposed and carried out a plan of raising a memorial fund to be used for him as long as he lived, and to provide a suitable memorial after his death. This is the work that is now going on, assisted by a wife who has gone to New York to teach pupils the melody of his works. Mrs. MacDowell was consulted and asked what form the memorial should take. She at once suggested the endowing of the home at Peterboro, knowing that that was her husband's dearest wish. He knew the need of a suitable "workshop"—that is what he called it—and he thought that he could no better serve the craft than to provide a haven for them at the best periods of their lives.

Men and women of artistic temperaments, from all parts of the world, and from many walks of life came forward. They were not all musicians by any means. There were men of letters like Howells and Wister, actresses like the immortal Bernhardt, publicists like Seth Low, editors and critics like Richard Watson Gilder, musicians, painters—all are found on the advisory board of the MacDowell Association. Scores are Bostonians. Others were from France, Germany, Italy and England. In fact, men and women everywhere were ready to indorse the plan of the eminent composer.

Memorial Fund.

It was Mrs. MacDowell's suggestion that the property should be deeded to the MacDowell Association of New York, which is rapidly becoming one of the most powerful and artistic organizations in the country.

The plan was a source of great happiness to Mr. MacDowell, and the fact that the property was in Mrs. MacDowell's name made the plan feasible. Within a few months after this decision was made the memorial fund was founded, and the pledge was made by the association that whatever funds might be raised should go toward an endowment fund for the maintainence

of the Peterboro property.

Mrs. MacDowell immediately deeded the place to the Memorial Association to which it now legally belongs, though—and this point should be made clear—the property is under Mrs. MacDowell's control during her lifetime. Should she so desire, she could dispose of the wood and lumber on the property, or she might rent the various buildings.

The work already started in connection with the artistic development of the place is entirely in her hands and is progressing as rapidly as funds will permit. On their part the directors were most grateful to her for being willing immediately to set about the task, for it will be readily seen that no one so understands how Mr. MacDonald desired the work carried on as she.

The income from the MacDowell fund at present is about $1200 a year, which is about one-half sufficient for the running expenses. At the present time Mrs. MacDowell's own income from the royalties of Mr. MacDowell's music makes up this necessary amount, and she is now devoting all her income in addition to the income of the MacDowell fund to the development of the improvements in progress. The Memorial Association generously added a certain sum to be expended the past summer for the improvements under way.

More money, however, is greatly needed, not only for a larger MacDowell fund, but for the building of separate studios.

The opportunities offered are not extended to the mere amateur, save he be of exceptional ability, but are for those more or less advanced on the road to success.

The MacDowell Association is in no sense a charitable one. Those who go to Peterboro may be rich or poor. They come in a way, to secure what money cannot always buy, inspiration and the opportunities for work under congenial surroundings.

Beautiful "Hill Crest" Estate.

During Mrs. MacDowell's lifetime the beautiful residence, 'Hill Crest," will be her home, while the other large house on the estate will be used by the students for living quarters.

At present only women interested in the arts are acommodated. In the future, as fast as new studios are built, men will also be permitted to share the beauties and they will occupy a room at the studio and take their meals at the Students' House on the estate. This house, which is a beautiful structure of colonial type, is in charge of Miss Sarah Dwyer. Under her supervision the meals are prepared and the students enjoy the atmosphere of home in congenial surroundings.

The foreman on the estate is Michael Wallace. Under his management roads are being built, lawns laid out, the landscape is being beautified and fields are being cleared from nature's obstructions and made into fine tillage land.

On one portion of the estate a pond is being formed which will not only be a thing of beauty, but will furnish ice for summer use.

Far out in the midst of the virgin forest is the MacDowell log cabin. This building was designed by Mr. and Mrs. MacDowell, and many happy hours they spent together there. It was built from huge logs. A large brick chimney just outside the building gives it a homelike appearance, and across the western front a broad veranda welcomes one who is hot and tired.

It was from this porch that Mr. McDowell uttered the words which are engraved upon the tablet that marks his grave: "A house of dreams untold. It looks out over the whispering tree tops and faces the setting sun."

The interior of the cabin is still much the same as he left it. Portraits of the old masters of art adorn the walls. There is his piano, and there also are his desk and writing materials, eloquent though silent, tokens of the dead master.

In another part of the estate is MacDowell's grave. A rustic fence surrounds the spot, and a bowlder of granite stands at the head. On this the MacDowell Association of Boston has caused to be placed a bronze tablet, giving the name, date of birth and death, and the words already quoted as he stood on the porch of his log cabin.

Directly in front of the cabin and but a few feet away, Mr. MacDowell, with the help of a divining rod, located a spring, which later he had carefully walled up.

The Studios.

The matter of building studios is yet in its infancy. Two have already been built under the supervision of Harry Miller, the chief carpenter on the place. More will be built as the money comes in until about 20 have been erected. These studios will be designed for men and women and will be for the general arts, and confined by no means to music. During the past season there have been as students on the estate three musicians, one sculptor, two painters, two writers, one dramatist and a decorator.

The studios are all designed as near to nature as possible and their decorations are from the forests. They are clapboarded with the bark of the trees which surround them. Mrs. MacDowell's artistic taste is shown in all this work.

With Mrs. MacDowell in her household since the death of her husband has been Miss Anna Baetz. She was the nurse who attended Mr. MacDowell in his last illness and has been a pillar of strength to Mrs. MacDowell since her bereavement.

Mrs. MacDowell will spend the winter in New York city at the Westminster Hotel, and it may be of interest to lovers of Edward MacDowell's music to know of Mrs. MacDowell's return to the ranks of those who teach. Though she will not confine herself to her husband's compositions, she will naturally give them first place in her work. She will receive a limited number of piano students during the coming winter months.

Mrs. MacDowell is greatly beloved in Peterboro. Her generosity and kindness, coupled with a charming personality, endear her to all.

Members of the MacDowell Club.

The names of members of the MacDowell Club are a guarantee that the work begun on his estate will be pushed forward to completion. Following is a complete list:

President, John W Alexander, New York; first vice-president, Hamlin Garland, New York; second vice-president, Walter Cook, New York, third vice-president, Herbert Adams, New York; treasurer, Frederick A. Stokes, New York; secretary, Mrs. James H. Robinson, New York.

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Active members—Herbert Adams, John W. Alexander, Miss Clara Louise Arms, H. R. Baker, Miss Josephine Bates, Miss Marjorie Benedict, Mrs. George S. Bixby, H. L. Brainard, Players' Club, Miss Emma L. Gates, David G. Gibson, Lawrence Gilman, Mrs. C. K. Goldberg, Mrs. J. D. Goldberg, Mrs. James Goldmark, Miss Rose Gruening, J. Ben All Haggin, Miss Eleanor Hague, Mrs. Richard S. Harvey, Mrs. Carl Hausmann, Eugene Heffley, Mrs. Frederick T. Hill, Rupert Hughes, L. M. Isaacs, Miss Louise Kerr, Mrs. Emily S. Kellogg, Miss Marion Gordon Kerby, Miss Elizabeth King, Mrs. Henry Spies Kipp, Miss Gertrude Klamroth, Jan Kubelik, Miss Claire E. Kunstler, Mrs. William Laimbeer, Benjamin Lambord, Miss Lillian Littlehales, Mrs. Alfredo Lobo, Miss A. G. Lockwood, Miss G. C. Lounsberry, Horace B. Mann, Mrs. Richard Mansfield, Henry R. Marshall, Miss Ruth Martin, Miss Olive Mead, Miss Helen F. Mears, Mrs. John D. Mehan, Miss Annie Nathan Meyer, Albert Mildenburg, Miss Lillian Miller, Miss Edith Mills, Frank D. Millett, Miss Aimee O. Moore, George L. Moore, Miss Florence Mosher, Robert Nichols, Miss Edith K. Oliver, Frau Johanna Poehlmann, Miss Maud Powell, Mrs. George Riggs, Walter H. Robinson, Miss Marguerite E. Ross, Orlando Rouland, Mrs. Clara Howard Royal, Oscar Saenger, Mme. Olga Samaroff, Robert L. Shafe, Mrs. Dyas Standish, Sigismond Stojowski, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stewart, Miss N. M. Treat, Mrs. George M. Tuttle, F. J. Walls, J. Alden Weir, Mrs. Frances Wellman, Irving R. Wiles, H. W. Wilkinson, Miss Mary T. Williamson, Miss M. Woodman, Mrs. Julia H. Worthington of New York city; Stanley R. Avery, Yonkers N. Y.; Mrs. W. R. Belknap, Louisville; Walter Bogart, Flushing, L. I.; Miss Imogene M. Bradin, Hartford; Mrs. Alfred Brandeis, Louisville; Mrs. Eugene S. Bristol, New Haven; Mrs. Archibald Freer, Hamlin Garland, Chicago; Miss Viola G. Gernon, Plainfield, N. Y.; Miss Margaret Goetz, Los Angeles; Miss Halleine Hall, Spokane; Miss Marie Hall, Miss S. A. Ingalls, Brooklyn; Mrs. S. Olin Johnson, Detroit; Miss M. Catherine Locke, Youngstown, O.; Carlton Noyes, Cambridge; Mrs. F. E. Partington, Forest Glen, Mich.; Graham Reed, Brooklyn; Mme. Pauline D. Sevelhac, Marmaude Franee; Miss Jean S. Sinclare, Brooklyn; Miss Theodora Snow, Richmond Hill, L. I.; O. G. Sonneck, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. William L. Stoddort, Maywood, N. J.; Miss Josephine R. Thorp, East Orange, N. J.; Miss Catherine Wyman, Ludlow-on-Hudson, N. Y.

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Sketch of MacDowell's Life.

Edward MacDowell was born in New York city in December, 1861, at 220 Clinton street, which was in those days one of the important residential districts. Mr. MacDowell received his first piano lessons from a friend of the family, John Bruitrago, when he was about eight years old, and early exhibited wonderful proficiency in piano technique. He continued his lessons with Mr. Bruitrago for several years, when he was taken to Paul Desvernine, with whom he studied until he was fifteen, receiving occasional supplementary lessons from Teresa Carreno. At the age of 15 he was sent abroad for a course in piano and theory at the Paris Conservatory, and in April, 1876, he left America for Paris with his mother. While there he was a pupil of Marmontel in piano, and of Sarvard in theory and composition.

At Paris MacDowell was also given a full course of tuition in French, as a knowledge of the language was imperative in conjunction with his musical studies. While at school he exhibited such talent in drawing that many advised Mrs. MacDowell to allow her son to become a painter, but it being left for the young man to decide it was agreed that he should continue his studies at the conservatory.

In the autumn of 1879 MacDowell entered the conservatory at Frankfort as a pupil of Heymann in piano and Raff in composition, which was followed by a continuation of studies with the best masters of the old world.

When he returned to America in the autumn of 1888 he found himself already established in the minds of the musical public as a composer abundantly worthy of honor at the hands of his countrymen. He settled in Boston, where he found a considerable field for his activity as a pianist and a teacher.

Mr. MacDowell made his first public appearance in the double capacity as pianist and composer at a Kneisel quartette concert in Chickering Hall, Boston, November, 1888, playing in prelude intermezzo and presto fro mthe first piano suite, and the piano part in Goldmark's B flat quintet, and achieved an immediate and emphatic success. From this on his prestige grew steadily and surely. At a concert given in New York in January, 1896, the Boston Symphony Orchestra paid him the noteworthy compliment of placing upon the programme two of his works, both of large dimensions, the first piano concerto and the "Indian" suite for orchestra.

In the autumn of 1896, Mr. MacDowell accepted the newly created chair of music at Columbia University, New York, and left Boston for his native town. Wishing to devote more of his time to composition, he resigned in 1904.

Mr. MacDowell was married in 1881 to Miss Marian Nevins of New York. His death occurred Jan. 23, 1908.

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